DEADPOOL

Dracula's Gauntlet

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR "STAKE", FANG-BOY?
RARE, MEDIUM, OR IN YOUR STINKIN' HEART?!

POSEHN • DUGGAN
BROWN • KOBLISH

MARVEL

A TALE OF BOY MEETS GHOUL

— AS ONLY THE DEMENTED WRITERS OF DEADPOOL CAN TELL IT!

It's the twilight of Wade Wilson's life as a bachelor. But in this vampire love story, the only thing that sparkles is the dialogue.

Dracula has chosen a bride. She's a succubus queen of the undead, and their union will end eons of conflict and bring the monster world under his rule. Only one problem: He's hired Deadpool to find her. The stakes are high, middling and painfully low as wascally Wade goes all Indiana Jones in a bid to dig up Drac's long-buried intended. But as teleporting assassins, Greek legends and the vampire hunter Blade get in his way, it's clear not everyone's on board with this unholy matrimony. And when Deadpool finally meets the bride-to-be, even he gets cold feet. If Wade won't run this gauntlet, Dracula will throw down the gauntlet. And that means sending Werewolf by Night and the most literal Frightful Four of all time to retrieve his quarry. As an all-out Monster Mash looms, how far is Wade willing to go to stop this wedding?

"FUNNY, VIBRANT, ACTION-PACKED"
— *NEWSARAMA.COM*

"PLENTY OF ADVENTURE, LAUGHS AND HILARITY"
— *COMICVINE.COM*

Collecting *Deadpool: The Gauntlet Infinite Comic #1-13* — written by Brian Posehn and Gerry Duggan; and illustrated by Reilly Brown, Scott Koblish and Khary Randolph.

MARVEL

PARENTAL ADVISORY

DEADPOOL®

Dracula's Gauntlet

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR "STAKE", FANG-BOY?
RARE, MEDIUM, OR *IN YOUR STINKIN' HEART?!*

POSEHN • DUGGAN
BROWN • KOBLISH

MARVEL

LONDON, ENGLAND.
ENGLAND IS NOT AS *FUN* AS YOU THINK IT IS.
AND DON'T GET ME STARTED ON THE CUISINE--HOW DO YOU RUIN FRIED FOOD?

WHEN YOU CHASE SOMEBODY DOWN, YOU DON'T PICK UP A DIRTY OLD MAN, A LONDON COPPER AND A BIKINI GIRL.

WORST. HELICOPTER TOUR. EVER!
DON'T YOU EVER SHUT UP?
I CAME TO EUROPE TO ESCAPE MY PROBLEMS AND OF COURSE I LANDED SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A LATVERIAN ASSASSINATION CAPER.

I FORGET WHY WE'RE EVEN FIGHTING, TO BE HONEST.
HOW MUCH MONEY WILL IT TAKE FOR YOU TO GO AWAY?
I WANTED A DISTRACTION FROM NORTH KOREA, AND A MAN THAT TRIED TO RUIN MY LIFE.

I'LL GO AWAY IF YOU *GIVE ME THE GIRL.*
IT'S *TOO LATE* FOR THAT.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM

THIS IS THE PRICE YOU PAY FOR TRANSGRESSING AGAINST LATVERIA. IN THE NAME OF DOOM, I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH!
AEEEIIII! HELP!

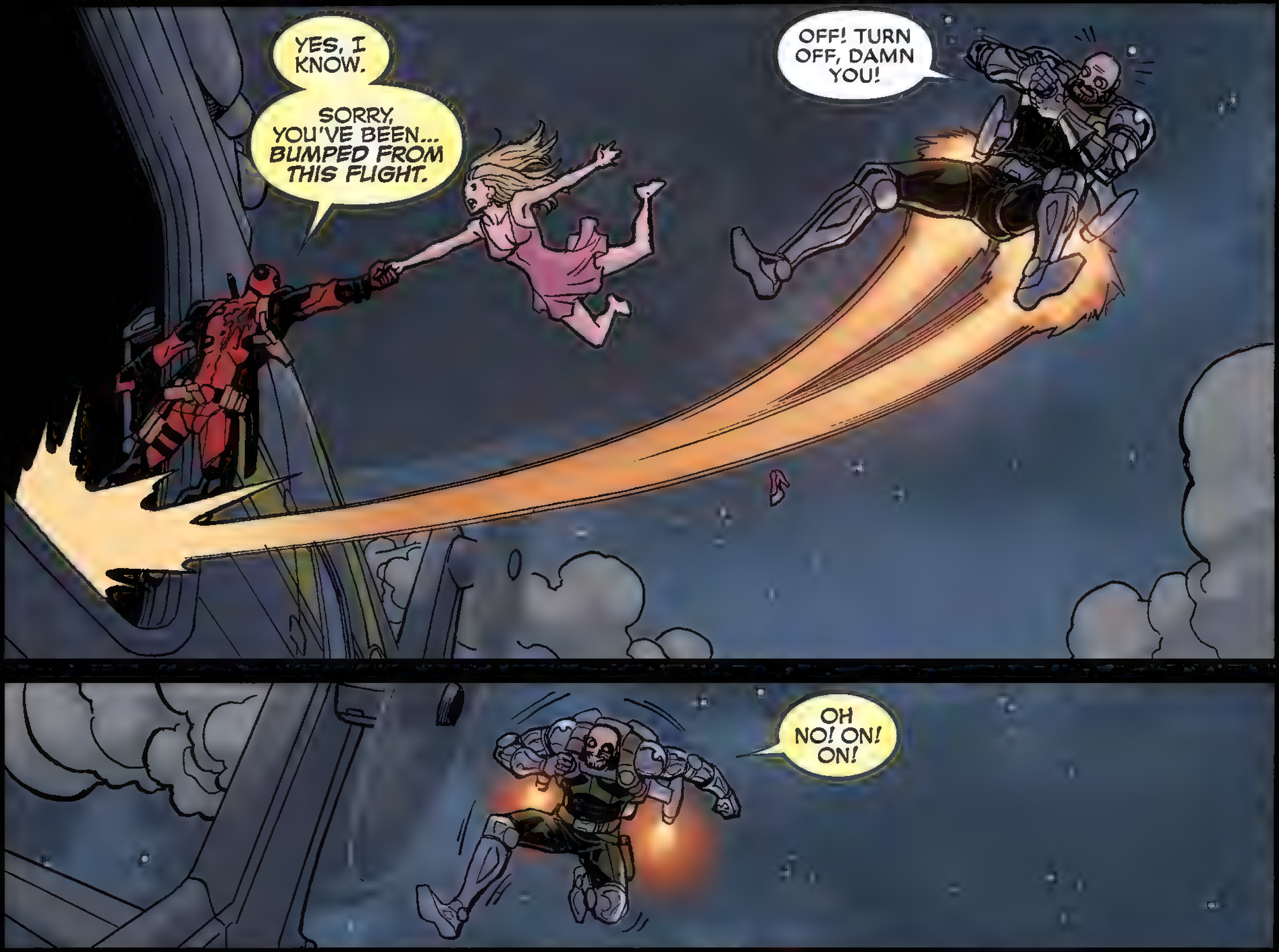
DANGER
BLE
HANDLE WITH CARE
I DIDN'T LIKE THIS GUY TO BEGIN WITH. NOW HE *INSULTS* ME BY JUST SHOOTING ME A COUPLE OF TIMES AND TURNING HIS BACK ON ME?!
WHO AM I? PASTE POT PETE?
OW. WAIT. THAT BULLET IS PRETTY CLOSE TO MY HEART.

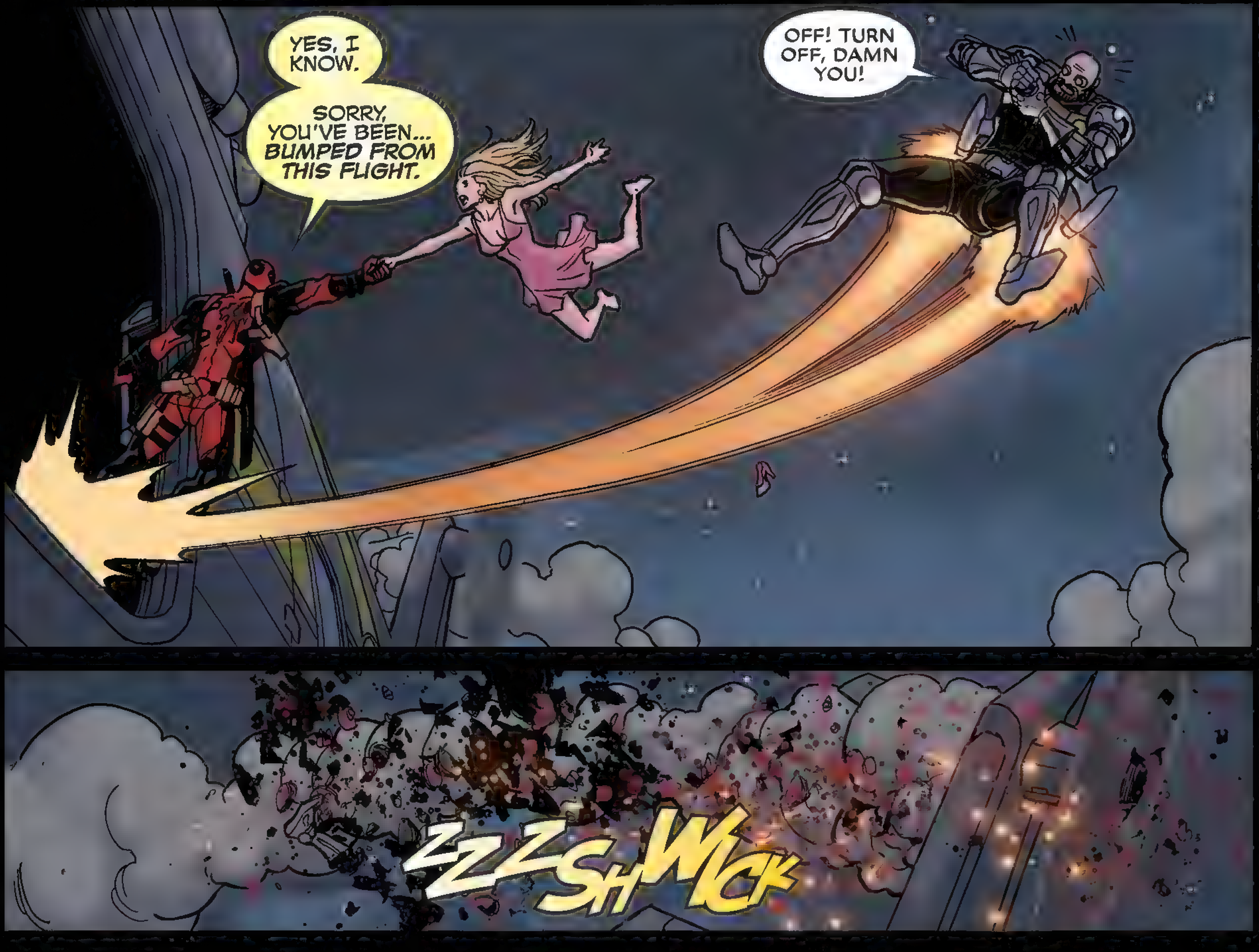
DANGER
HANDLE WITH CARE
I DIDN'T LIKE THIS GUY TO BEGIN WITH. NOW HE *INSULTS* ME BY JUST SHOOTING ME A COUPLE OF TIMES AND TURNING HIS BACK ON ME?!
WHO AM I? PASTE POT PETE?
OH GOD, I DON'T WANT TO DIE LIKE *JOHN DENVER.*
IT'S *TRUE,* YOU KNOW. I WAS ON BOARD THE PLANE WHEN HE DIED. HE'S A LEGEND IN THE MERC COMMUNITY. THAT WAS SOME BADASS CAPER.

DANGER
BLE
HANDLE WITH CARE
I DIDN'T LIKE THIS GUY TO BEGIN WITH. NOW HE *INSULTS* ME BY JUST SHOOTING ME A COUPLE OF TIMES AND TURNING HIS BACK ON ME?!
WHO AM I? PASTE POT PETE?
THIS IS HARDER THAN IT LOOKS. PUSHING A BULLET FROM YOUR CHEST IS LIKE YOUR HEART TAKING A DUMP. IT'S HURTS LIKE A SON OF A BITCH...
AND IT MAKES ME ANGRY.
PLOOSH

WHOOOSSSH
SPTING

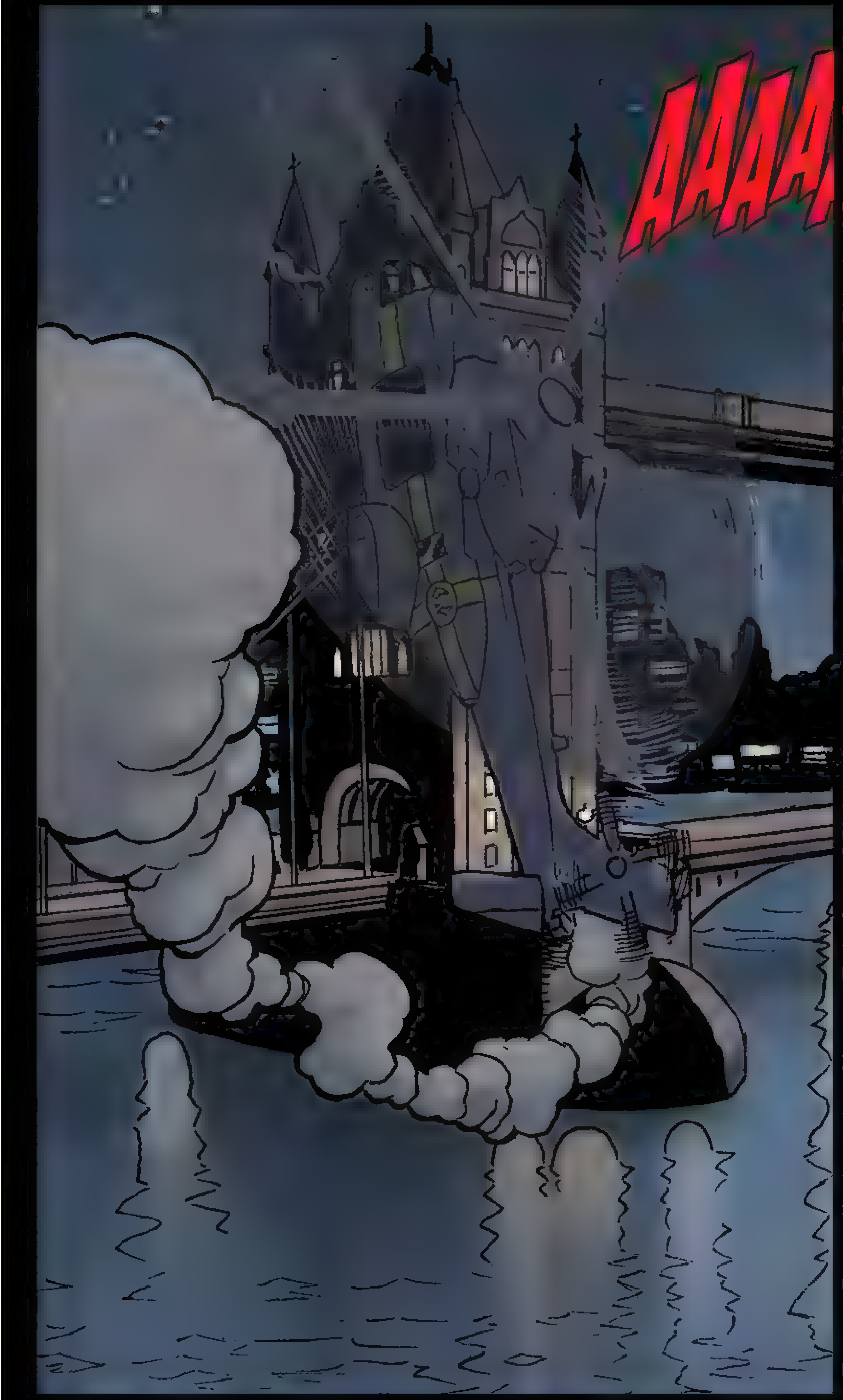
WOOOSSSH
SPTING
YOU JUST STARTED MY JETPACK.

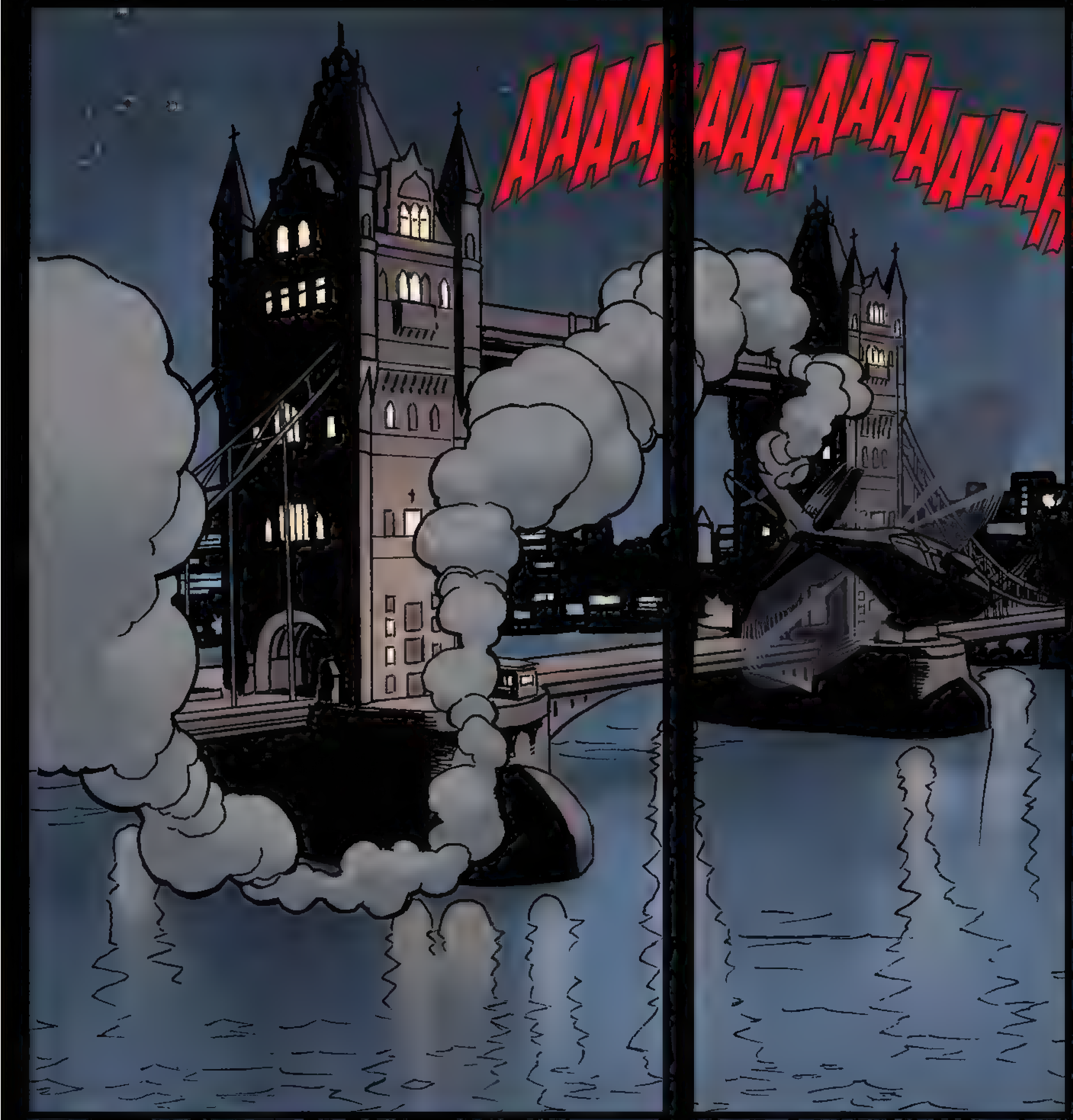

YES, I KNOW.
SORRY, YOU'VE BEEN... *BUMPED FROM THIS FLIGHT.*
OFF! TURN OFF, DAMN YOU!
OH NO! ON! ON!


YES, I KNOW.
SORRY, YOU'VE BEEN... BUMPED FROM THIS FLIGHT.
OFF! TURN OFF, DAMN YOU!
ZZZSHWICK

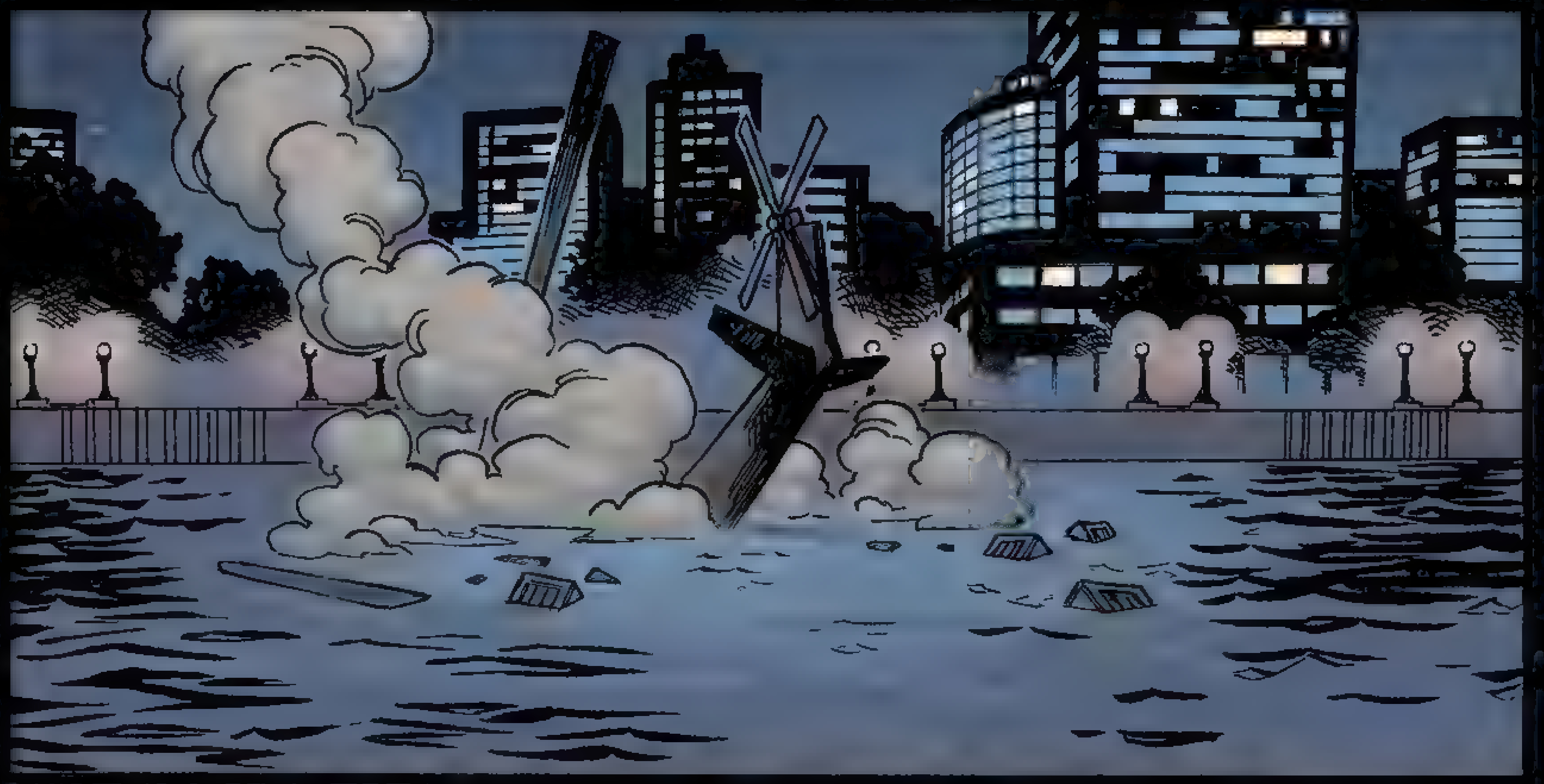
ALWAYS HARD SEEING A MAN LOSE THE GIRL AND THEN *GO TO PIECES* LIKE THAT.
OH, DEADPOOL. I LOVE A GOOD SWORDSMAN.
OH, *LADY I DON'T KNOW*. YOU JUST REMINDED ME, I'M *MISSING A BLADE*.

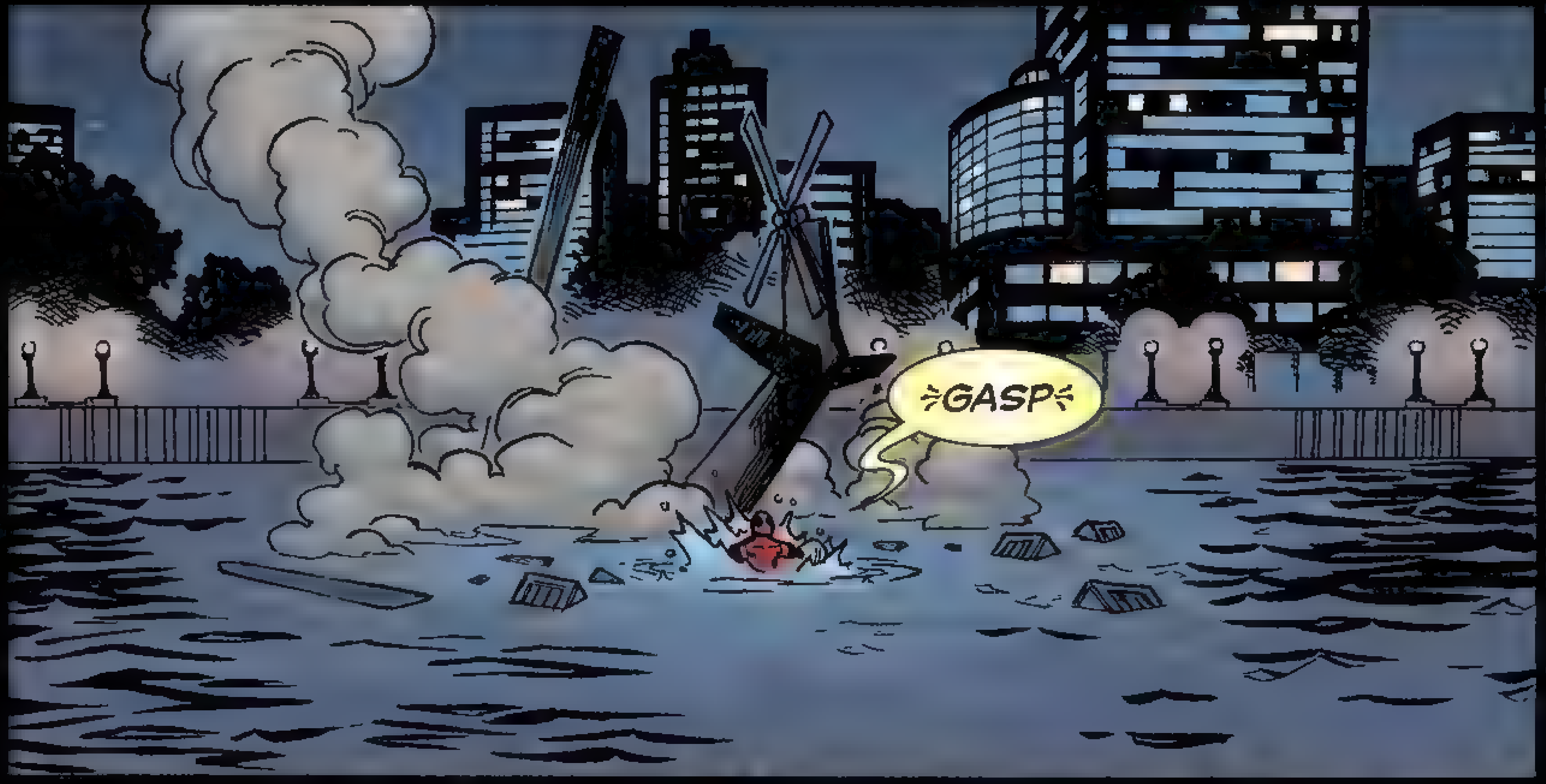
ALWAYS HARD SEEING A MAN LOSE THE GIRL AND THEN *GO TO PIECES* LIKE THAT.
OH YEAH, *THERE IT IS.* IN THE BACK OF OUR PILOT'S HEAD.


AAAA


AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH
SPLOOOOSH




GASP

DAMMIT. THIS IS EXACTLY HOW *NATALIE WOOD* DIED.
READ BETWEEN THE LINES OF THE OFFICIAL POLICE REPORT. *WAKE UP, SHEEPLE!*

DEADPOOL

ALIAS: WADE WILSON
"THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH"
HEIGHT: 6'2"
WEIGHT: 210 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: GOOD. ISH.

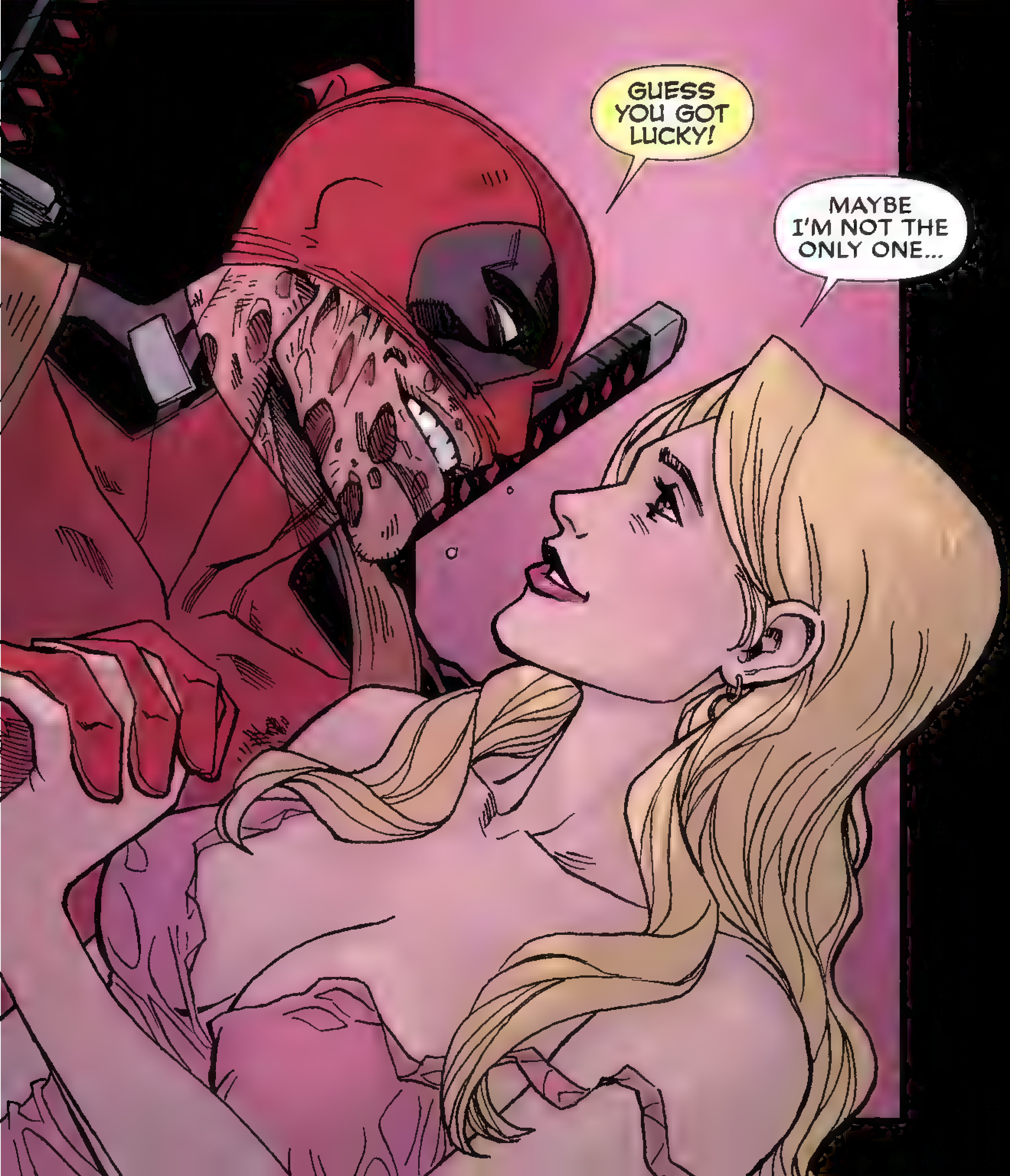
POWERS & ABILITIES:
INSANELY POWERFUL HEALING FACTOR. EXTREMELY ANNOYING. YELLOW WORD BALLOONS.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
KATANAS. VARIOUS HANDGUNS. CHIMICHANGAS.

PLEASE DON'T THROW UP IN MY MOUTH. I DO THAT ENOUGH FOR TWO PEOPLE ALL BY MYSELF.

PLEASE DON'T THROW UP IN MY MOUTH. I DO THAT ENOUGH FOR TWO PEOPLE ALL BY MYSELF.

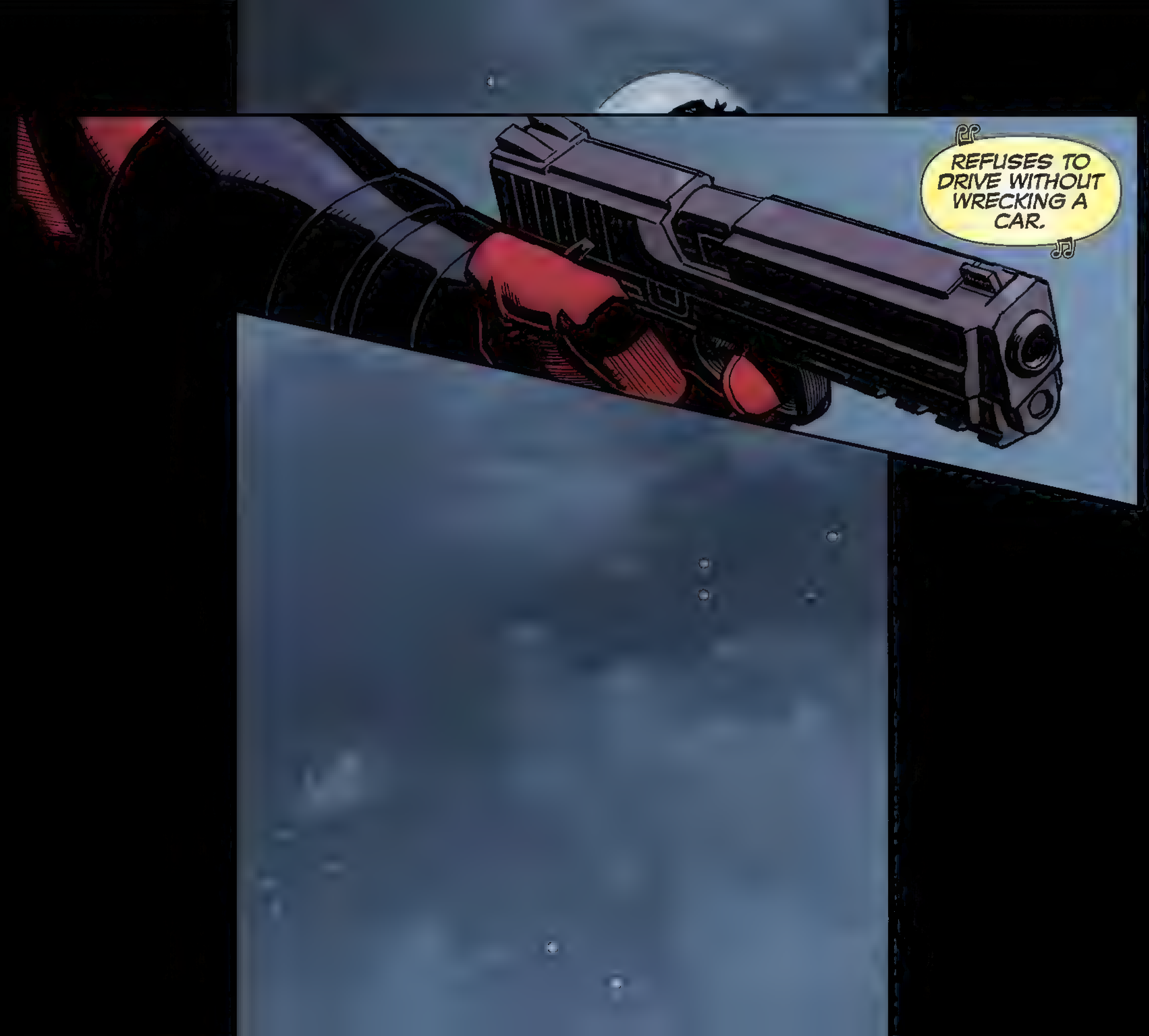
PLEASE DON'T THROW UP IN MY MOUTH. I DO THAT ENOUGH FOR TWO PEOPLE ALL BY MYSELF.
COUGH!
GASP!
OH MY GOD, I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT WORKED.
DOING THE HEIMLICH HAS NEVER WORKED FOR ME.


GUESS YOU GOT LUCKY!
MAYBE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE...

GUESS YOU GOT LUCKY!
MAYBE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE...
C'MERE, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE *REAL YOU.*

GUESS YOU GOT LUCKY!
MAYBE I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE...
C'MERE, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE *REAL YOU.*
HI, I'M WADE WILSON!
YOUR FACE--*IT'S RUINED!*

♫ HE...IS THE MAN WHO GOES TOO FAR. ♫
I'LL GO FOR HELP!
COME BACK! THIS IS HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO LOOK!
NOPE! NOPE! NOPE!


REFUSES TO DRIVE WITHOUT WRECKING A CAR.

SPENDS THE WHOLE TIME RIDING THE CLUTCH.

UNTIL THE DAY HE BLEW TOO MUCH...
...UP.
DEADPOOL

HE...ONLY SWIMS WHERE HE MIGHT DROWN.
story by BRIAN POSEHN

HE...ONLY SWIMS WHERE HE MIGHT DROWN.
ONLY FLIES PLANES THAT MIGHT GO DOWN.
I'M SHOCKED HE CAN WALK WITHOUT A CRUTCH.

and
GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN

I'M SHOCKED HE CAN WALK WITHOUT A CRUTCH.
HE IS THE MAN WHO BLEW TOO MUCH... UP.

storyboards
and art by
REILLY BROWN

ONLY DATES GIRLS WHO WILL GO DUTCH.
WE CALL HIM A NO GOOD SUCH-AND-SUCH.

colors by
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS

letters by
VC's JOE SABINO

NO ONE KNOWS HOW HE ISN'T DEAD.

production
ARLIN ORTIZ

BAD IDEAS ARE NOT THE ONLY THING...
BANG!

production
ARLIN ORTIZ

production manager
TIM SMITH 3

BANG!
BANG!
...TO PASS CLEAR THROUGH HIS HEAD.

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

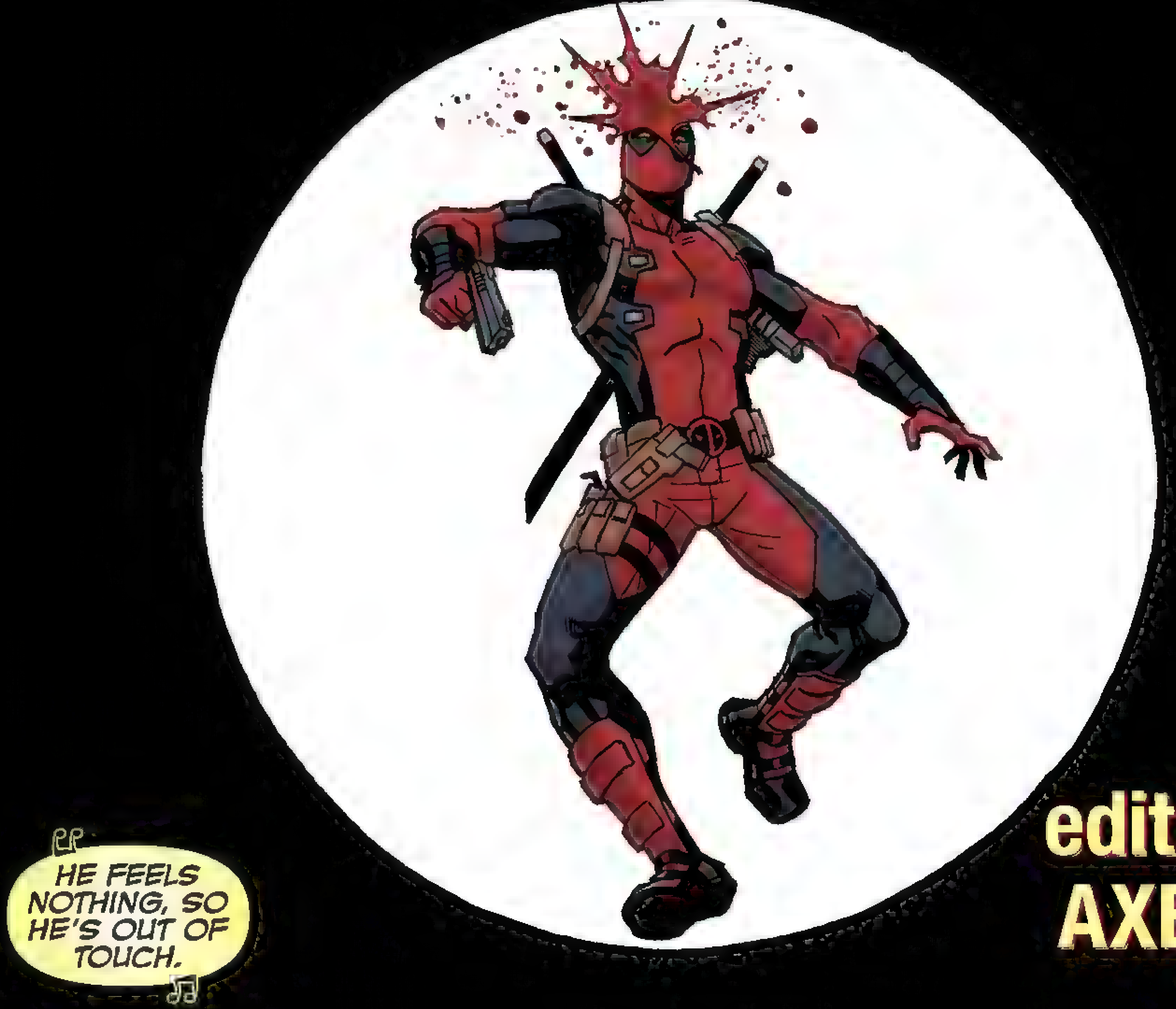
production
ARLIN ORTIZ

editor
JORDAN D. WHITE

production manager
TIM SMITH 3

HE...NEVER SEEMS TO GIVE A CRAP.

HE'S LOST SO MUCH HE CAN'T FIND A MAP.


HE FEELS NOTHING, SO HE'S OUT OF TOUCH.

editor in chief
AXEL ALONSO

THAT'S WHY HE'S THE MAN WHO BLEW TOO MUCH...

chief creative officer
JOE QUESADA

chief creative officer
JOE QUESADA

publisher
DAN BUCKLEY

chief creative officer
JOE QUESADA

publisher
DAN BUCKLEY

executive producer
ALAN FINE

DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 1:

FROM AMERICA WITH LOVE... AND NO BACKSIES!

I AM...

THE MAN WHO BLEW TOO MUCH...

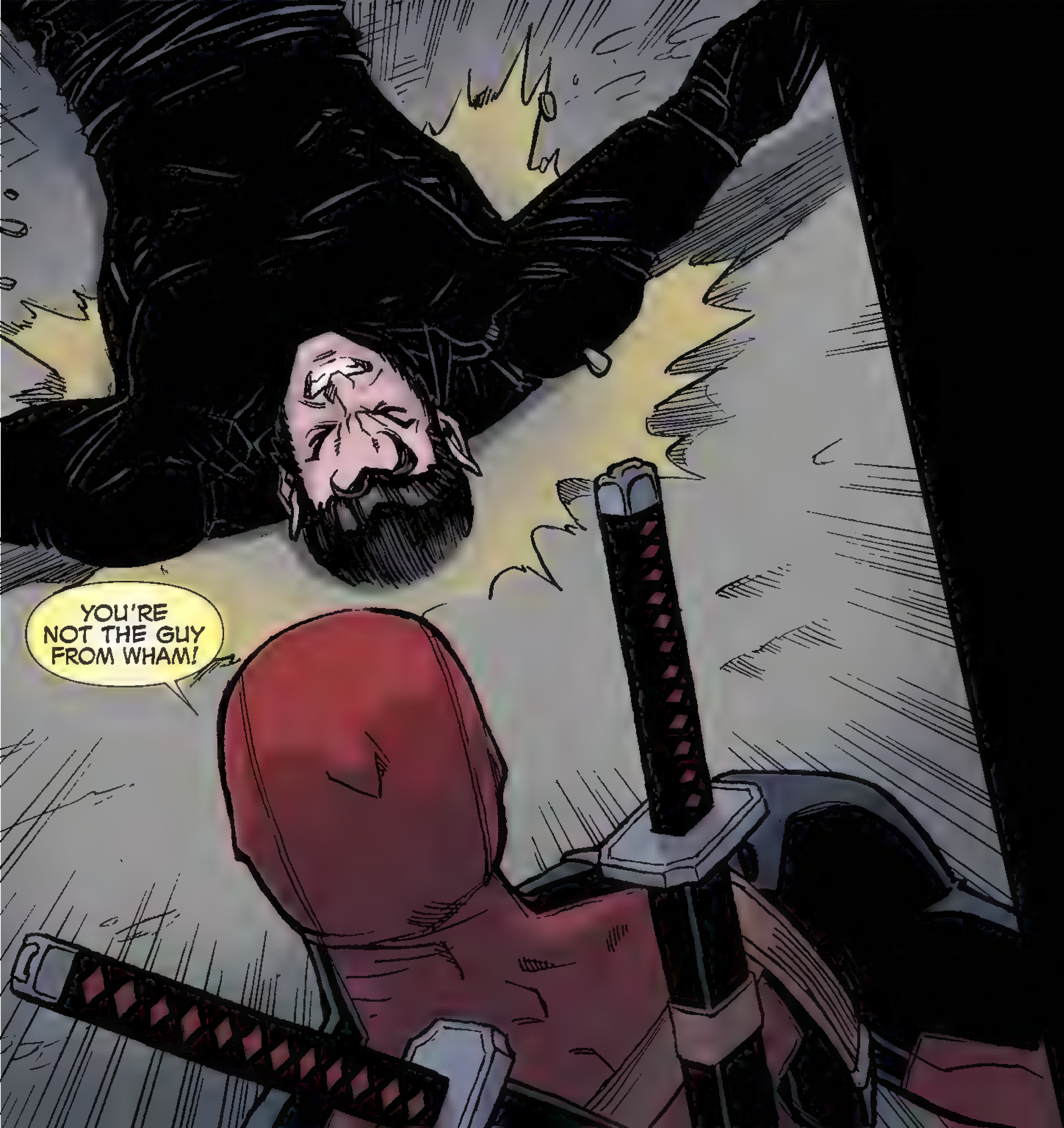
...UP

KABOOM!

ZZZZZZZZZ
SNORE

A LONDON PARK AFTER DARK-- A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AFTER ME *FAMILY JEWELS,* ARE YE?
THAT MEANS YOU CAN ONLY BE--

WHOA!


YOU'RE NOT THE GUY FROM WHAM!

YOU'RE NOT THE GUY FROM WHAM!

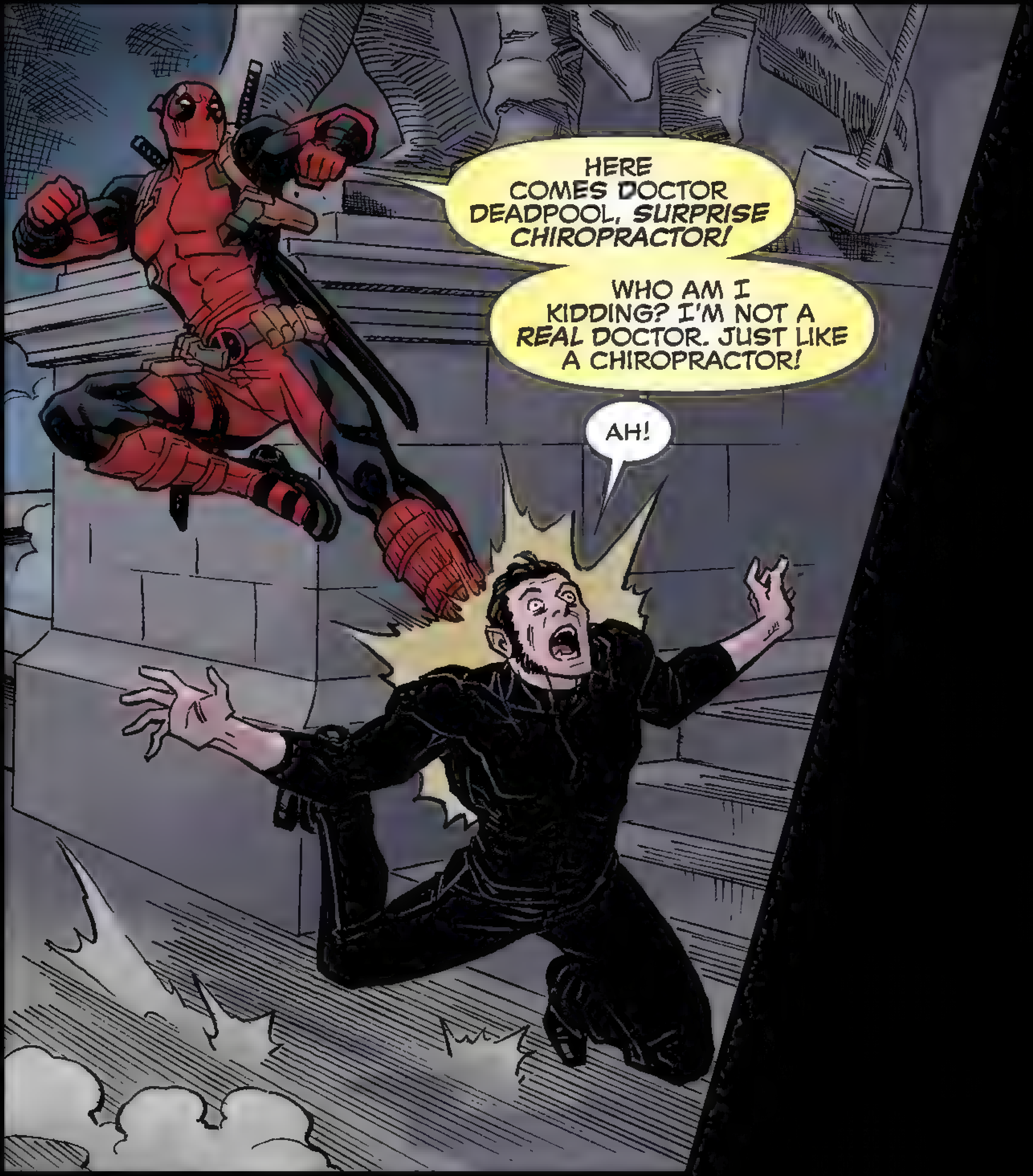
YOU'RE NOT THE GUY FROM WHAM!
VAMPIRE!

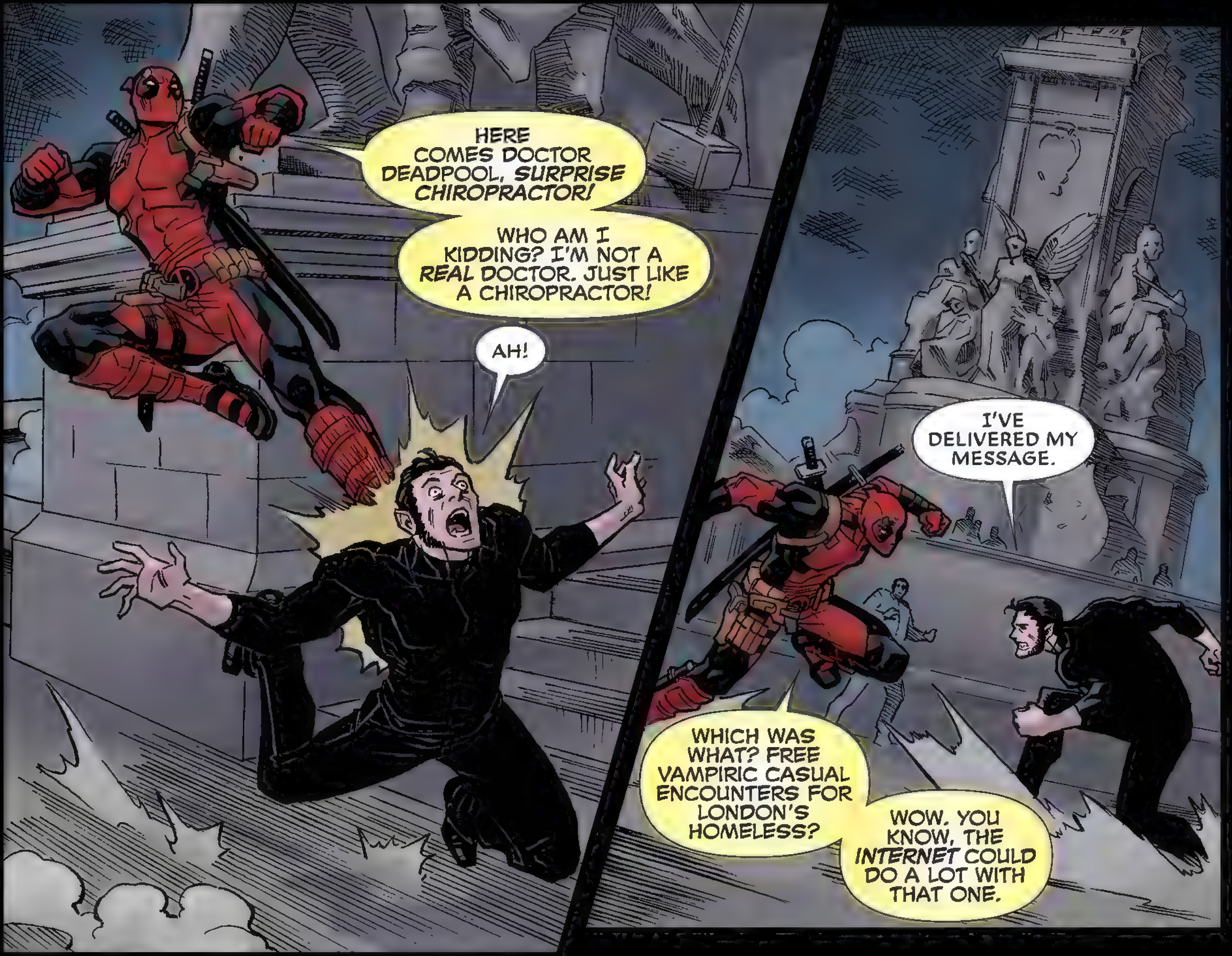
AT LEAST YOU'RE NOT *TWINKLING* AND YOU HAVE A *SHIRT ON.*

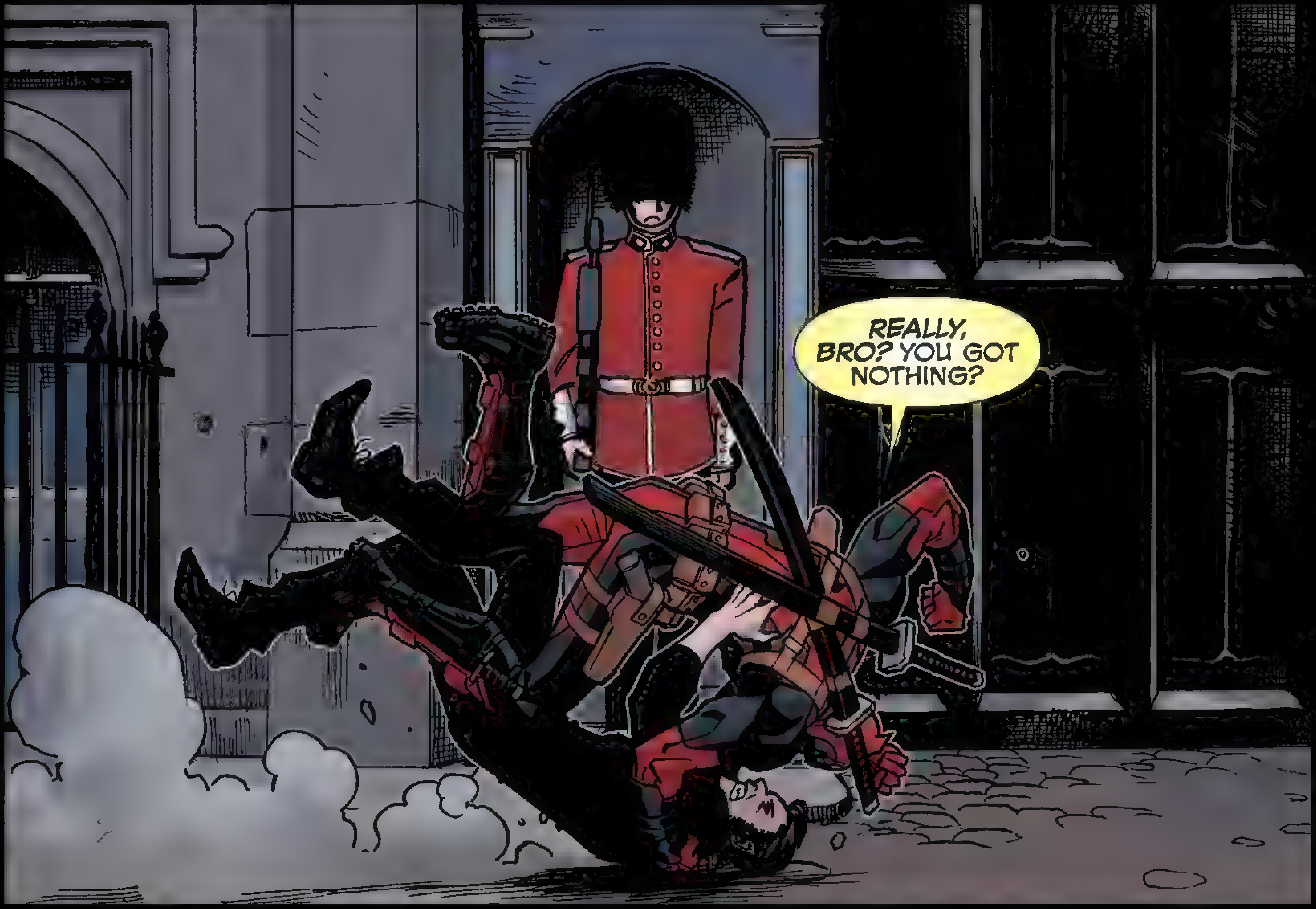
DAMN IT!

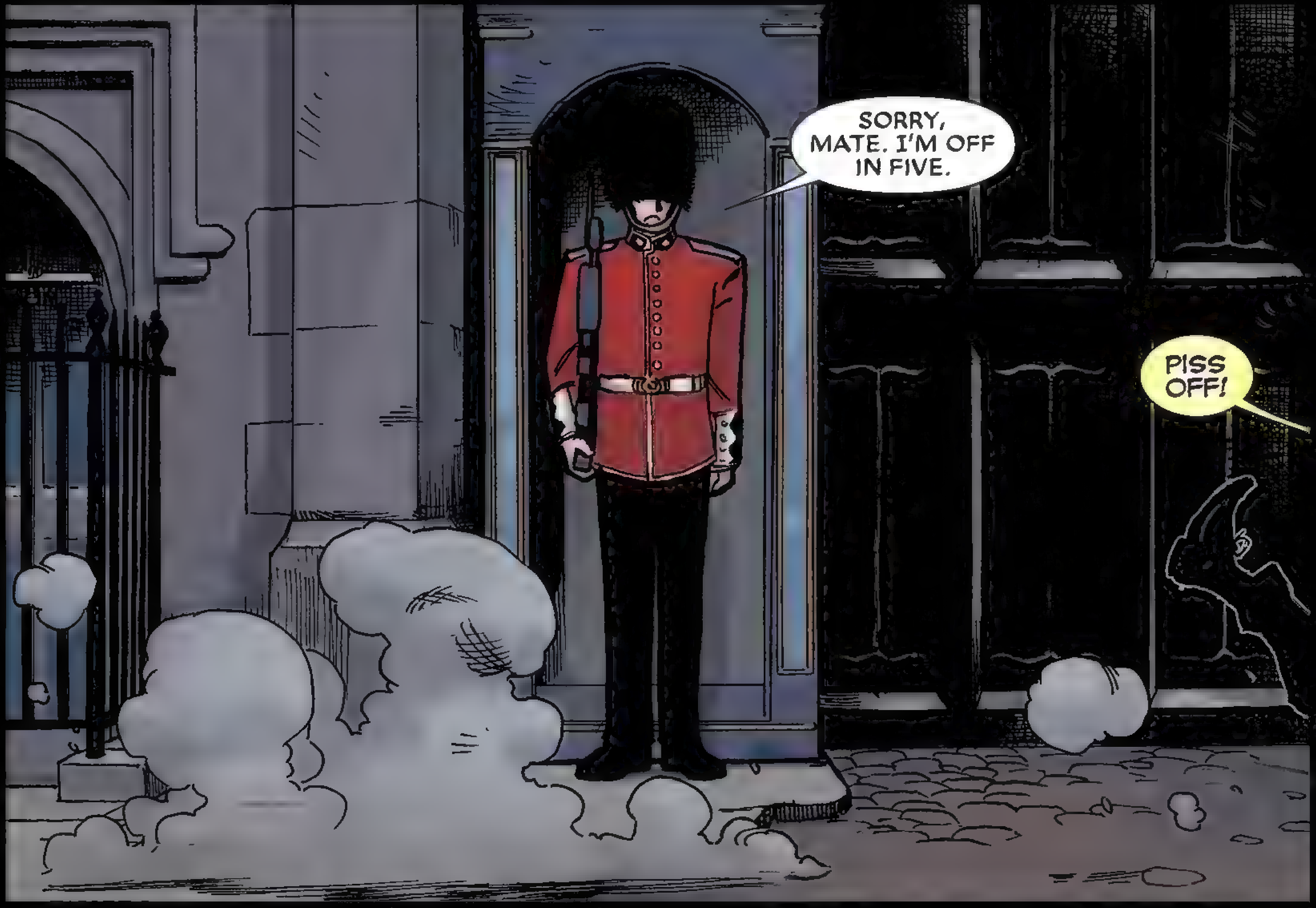
DAMN IT!
SURE, I COULD LET HIM GO... AND THAT WOULD BE THE END OF THIS STORY. BUT I'VE BEEN IN AN *FOUL MOOD* RECENTLY... *LONG STORY.* ANYWAYS, I'M IN THE MOOD TO *FIGHT.*

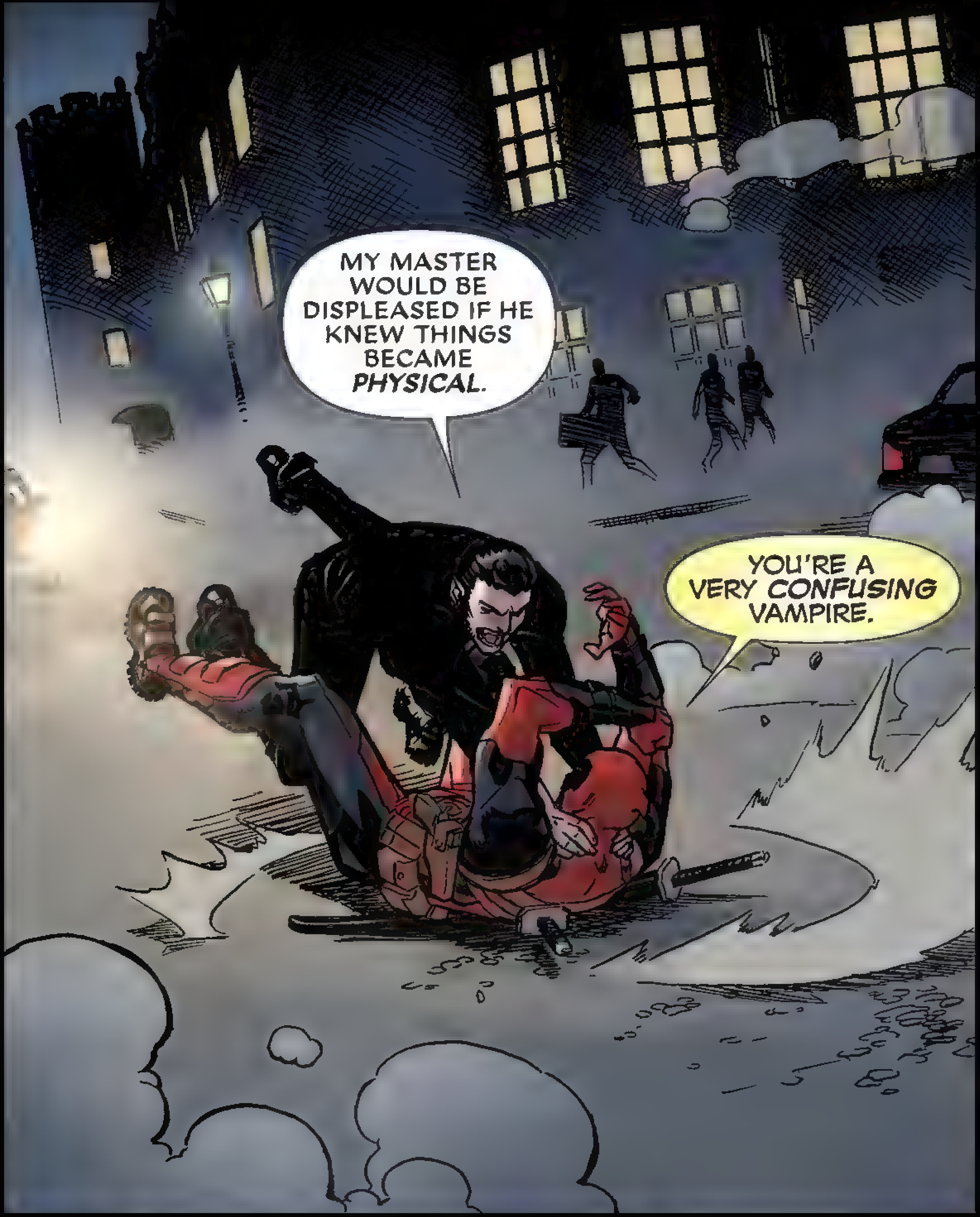
DON'T MAKE ME RUN!
YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME AFTER YOU MAKE ME RUN!


HERE COMES DOCTOR DEADPOOL, *SURPRISE CHIROPRACTOR!*
WHO AM I KIDDING? I'M NOT A *REAL* DOCTOR. JUST LIKE A CHIROPRACTOR!
AH!


HERE COMES DOCTOR DEADPOOL, *SURPRISE CHIROPRACTOR!*
WHO AM I KIDDING? I'M NOT A *REAL* DOCTOR. JUST LIKE A CHIROPRACTOR!
AH!
I'VE DELIVERED MY MESSAGE.
WHICH WAS WHAT? FREE VAMPIRIC CASUAL ENCOUNTERS FOR LONDON'S HOMELESS?
WOW. YOU KNOW, THE *INTERNET* COULD DO A LOT WITH THAT ONE.


REALLY, BRO? YOU GOT NOTHING?


SORRY, MATE. I'M OFF IN FIVE.
PISS OFF!


MY MASTER WOULD BE DISPLEASED IF HE KNEW THINGS BECAME *PHYSICAL*.
YOU'RE A VERY *CONFUSING* VAMPIRE.

SLICE

THWAM
AND SOON YOU'LL BE A *VERY DEAD* CONFUSING VAMPIRE.

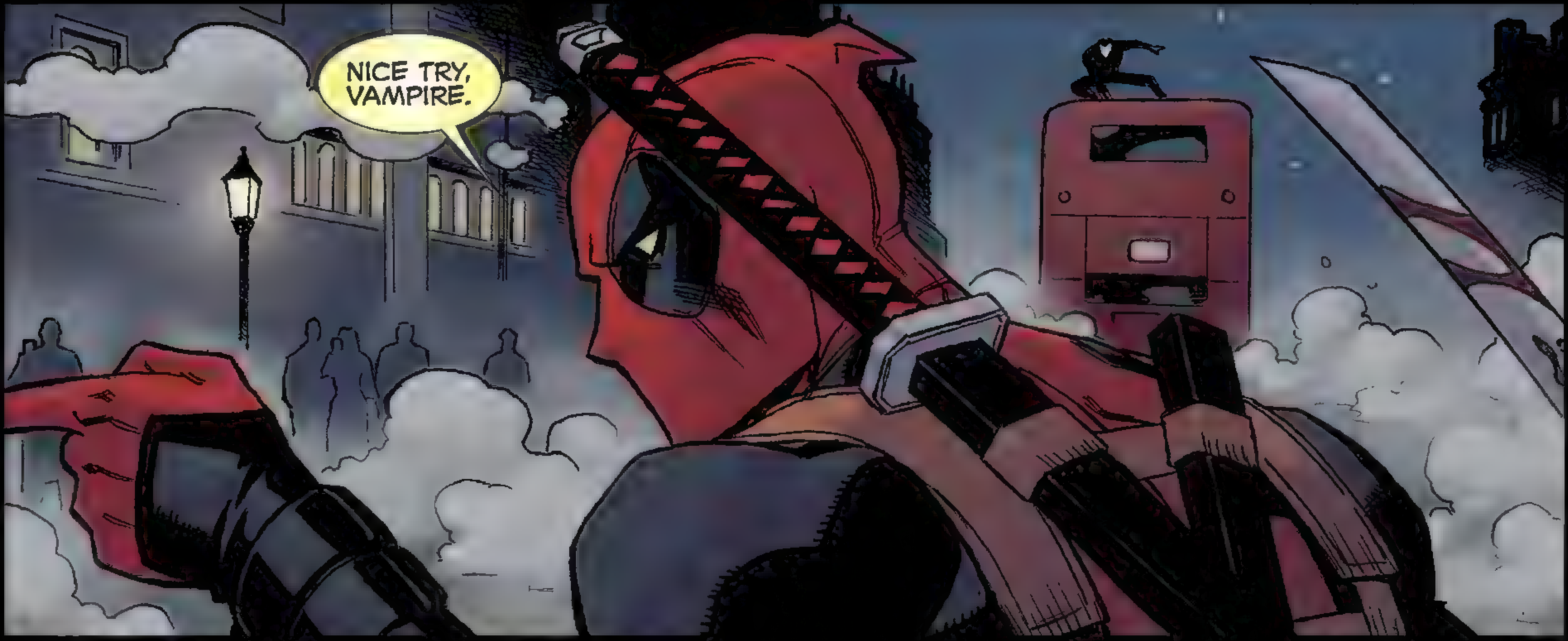
HURK.

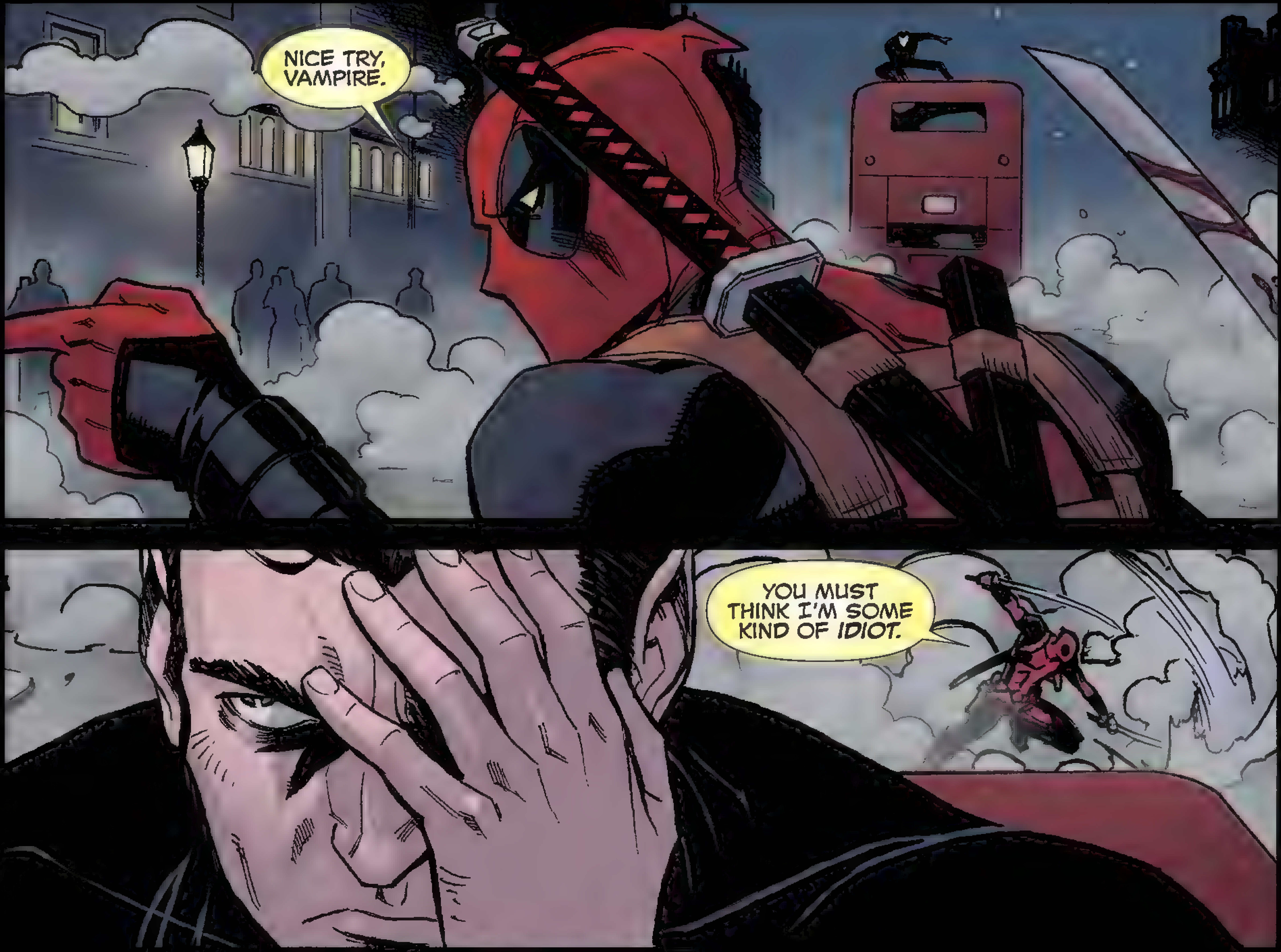
LAST CHANCE TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF.
PTOO!
YOU TASTE *AWFUL!*

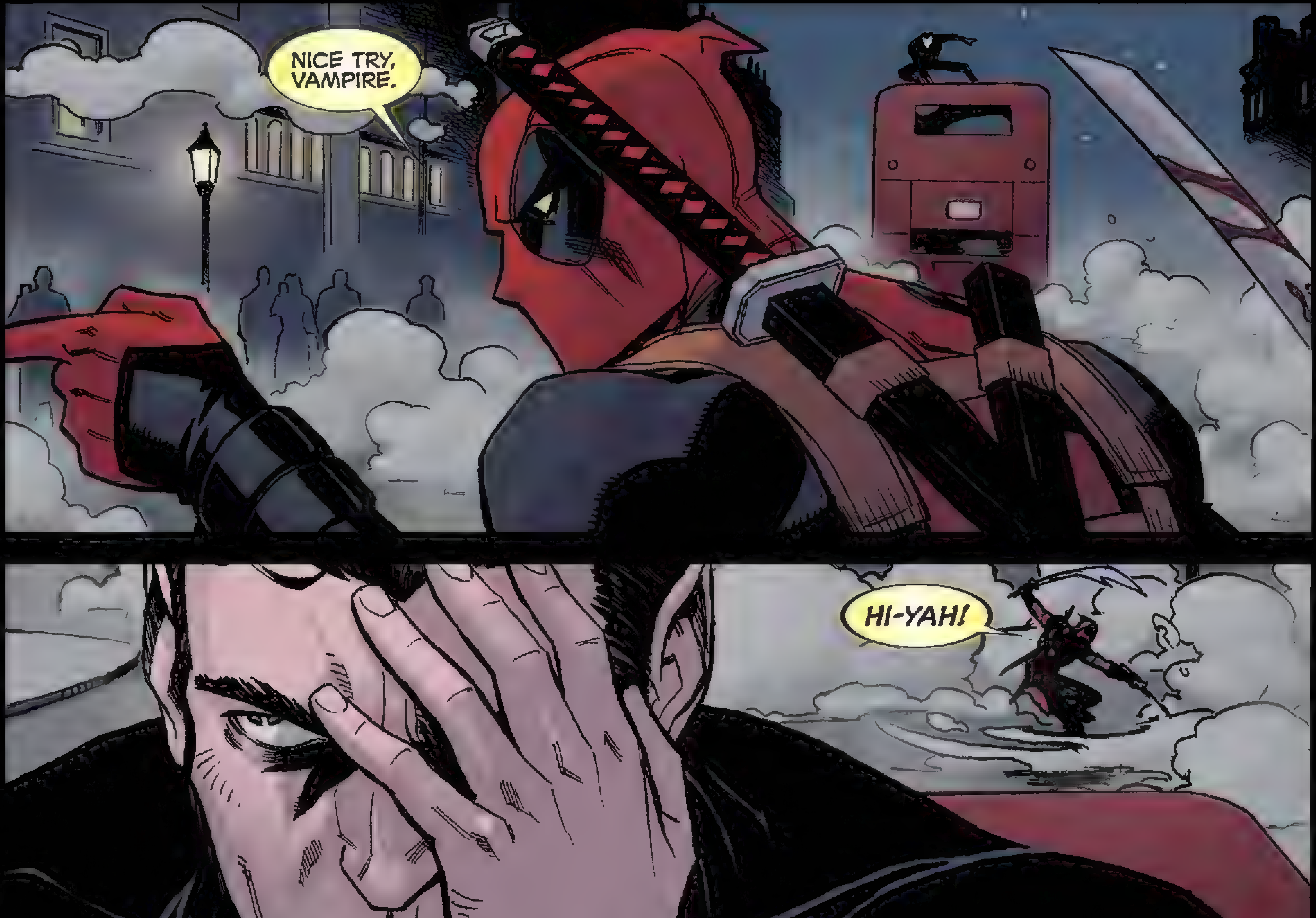
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THERE ARE WORSE-TASTING PARTS OF ME.
JUST... GET THE MESSAGE!

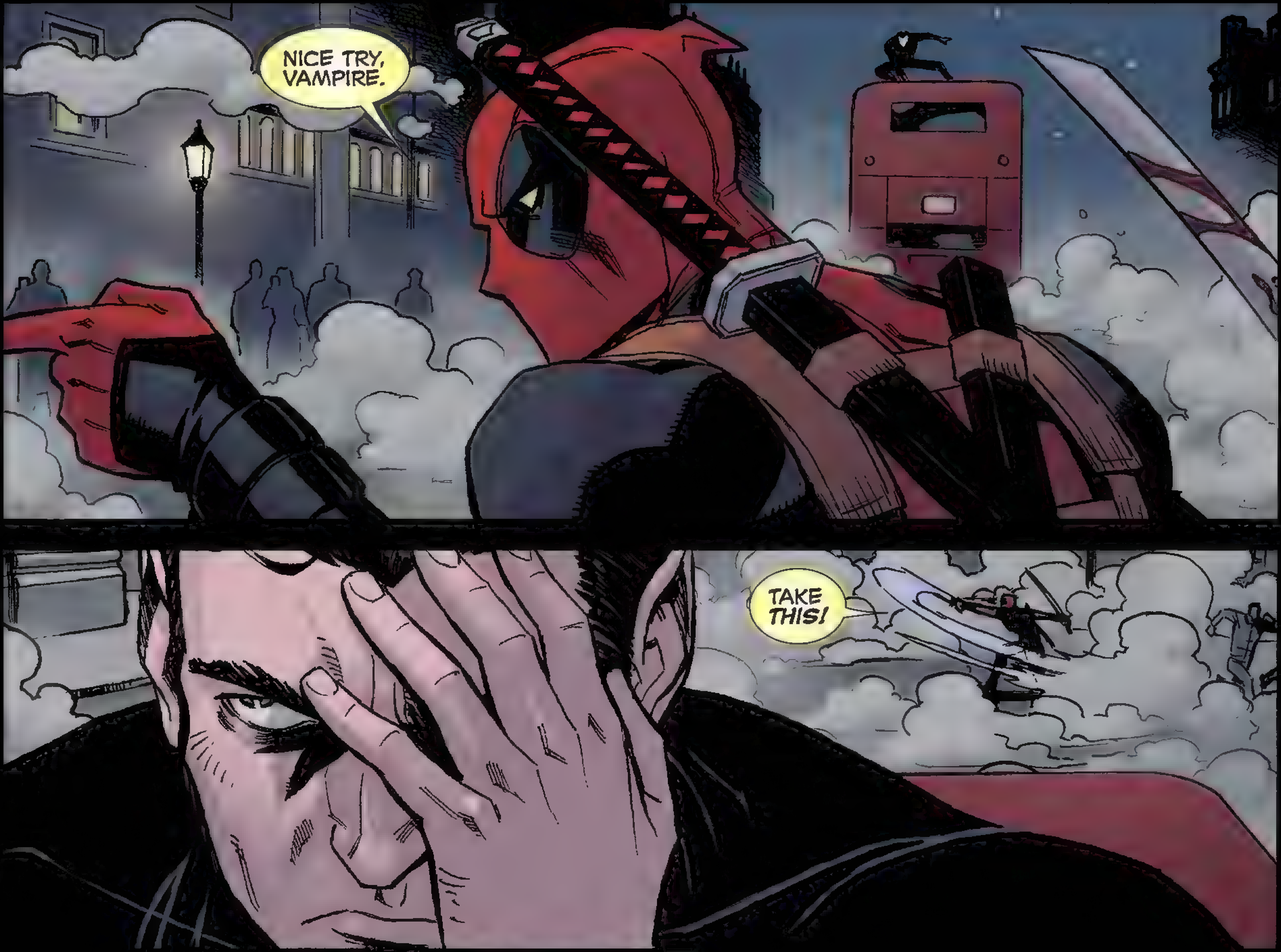
THIS CHASE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH! FACE ME LIKE A MAN! ER, MAN-TYPE THING OR WHATEVER.

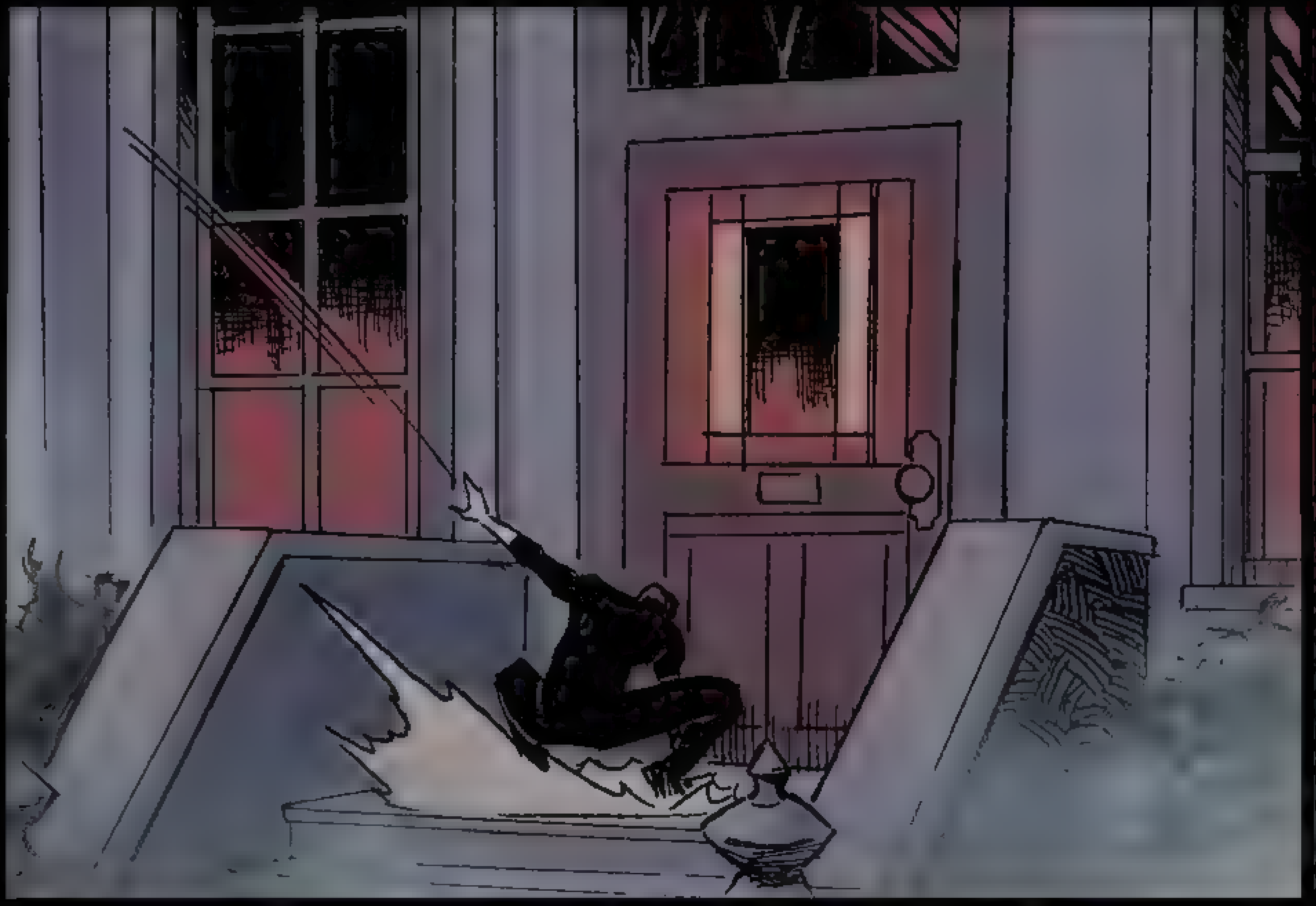
WAIT, I FORGET--CAN BRITISH VAMPIRES TURN INVISIBLE?!

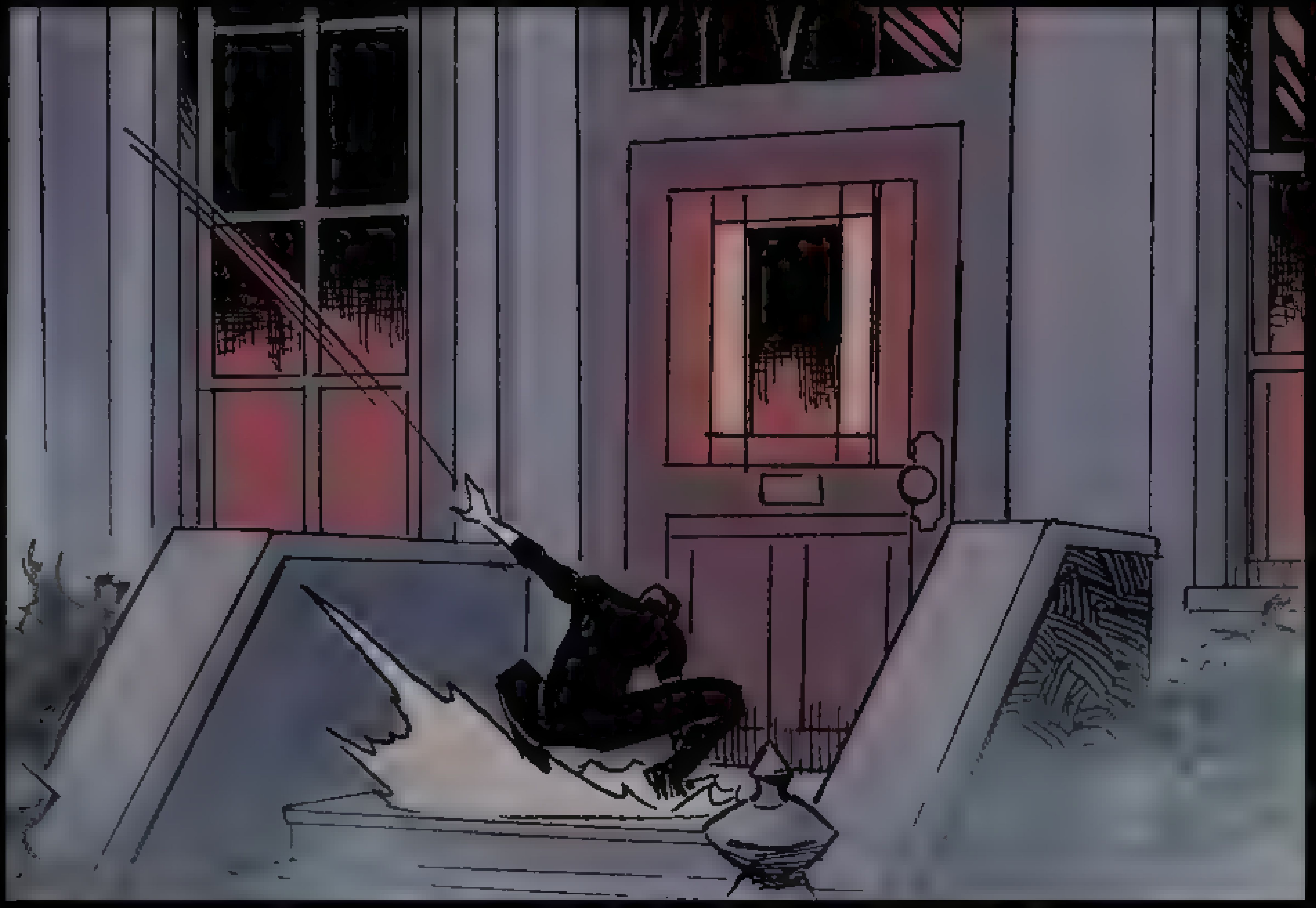

NICE TRY,
VAMPIRE.

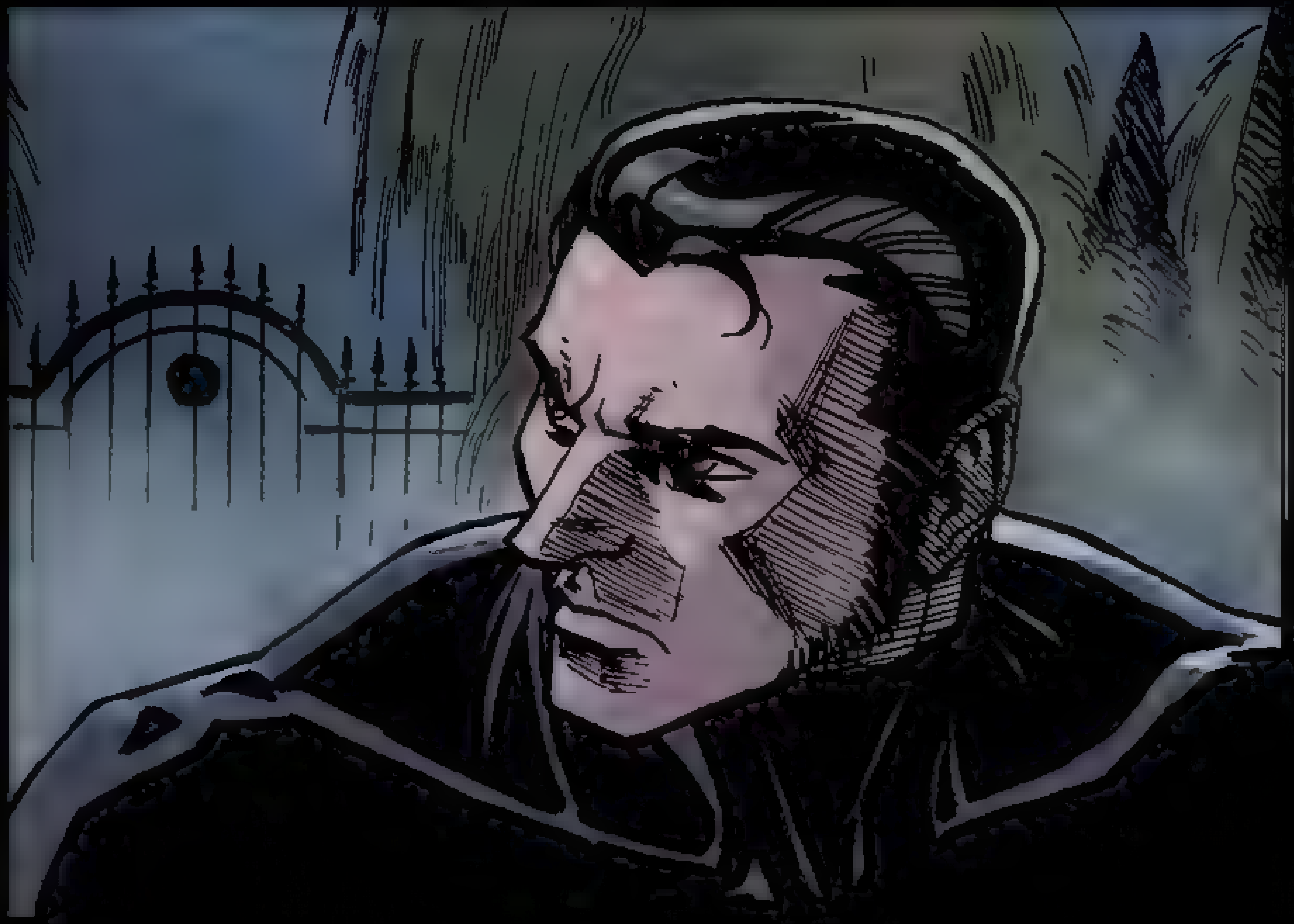

NICE TRY, VAMPIRE.
YOU MUST THINK I'M SOME KIND OF *IDIOT*.

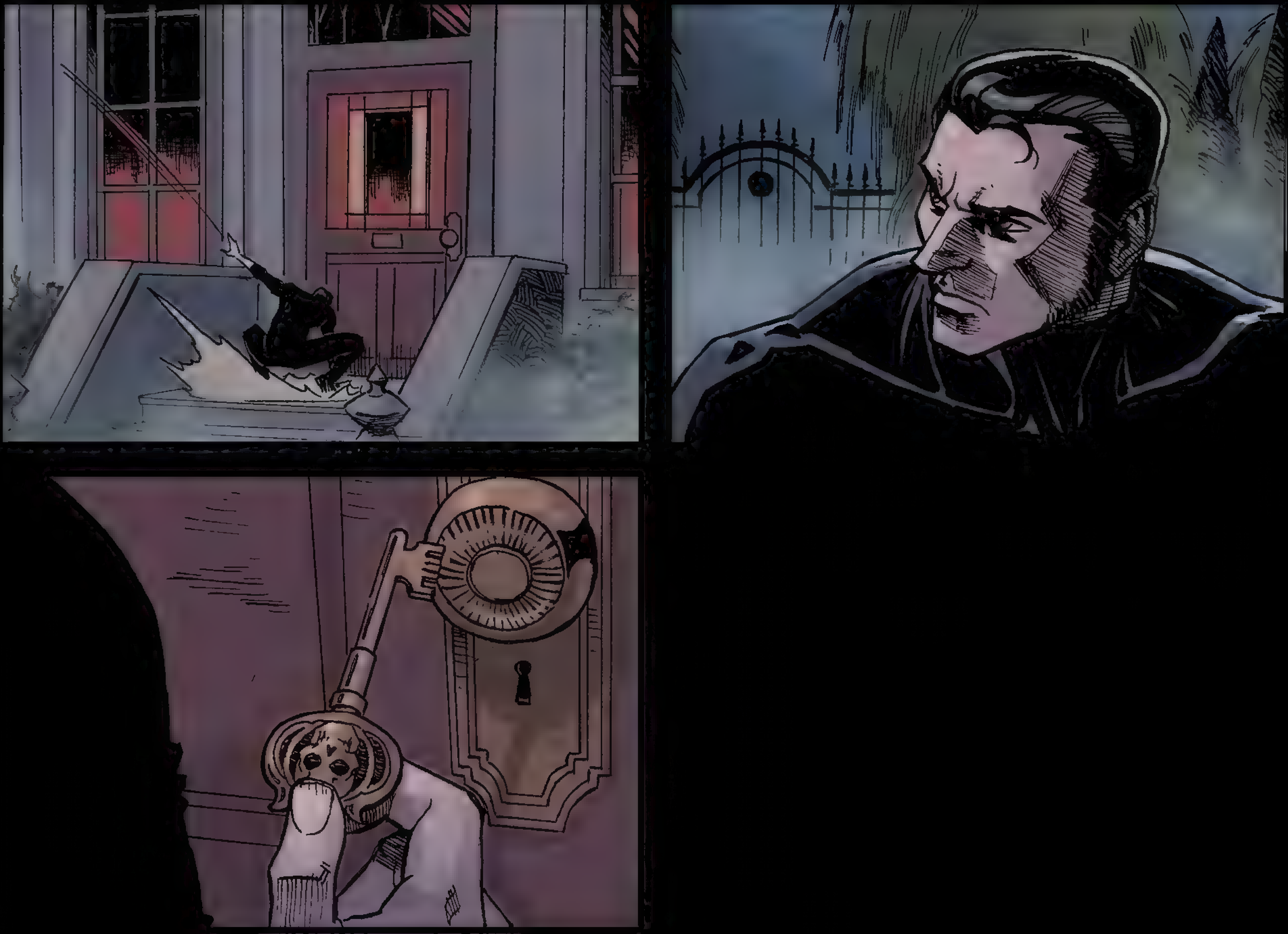

NICE TRY, VAMPIRE.
HI-YAH!

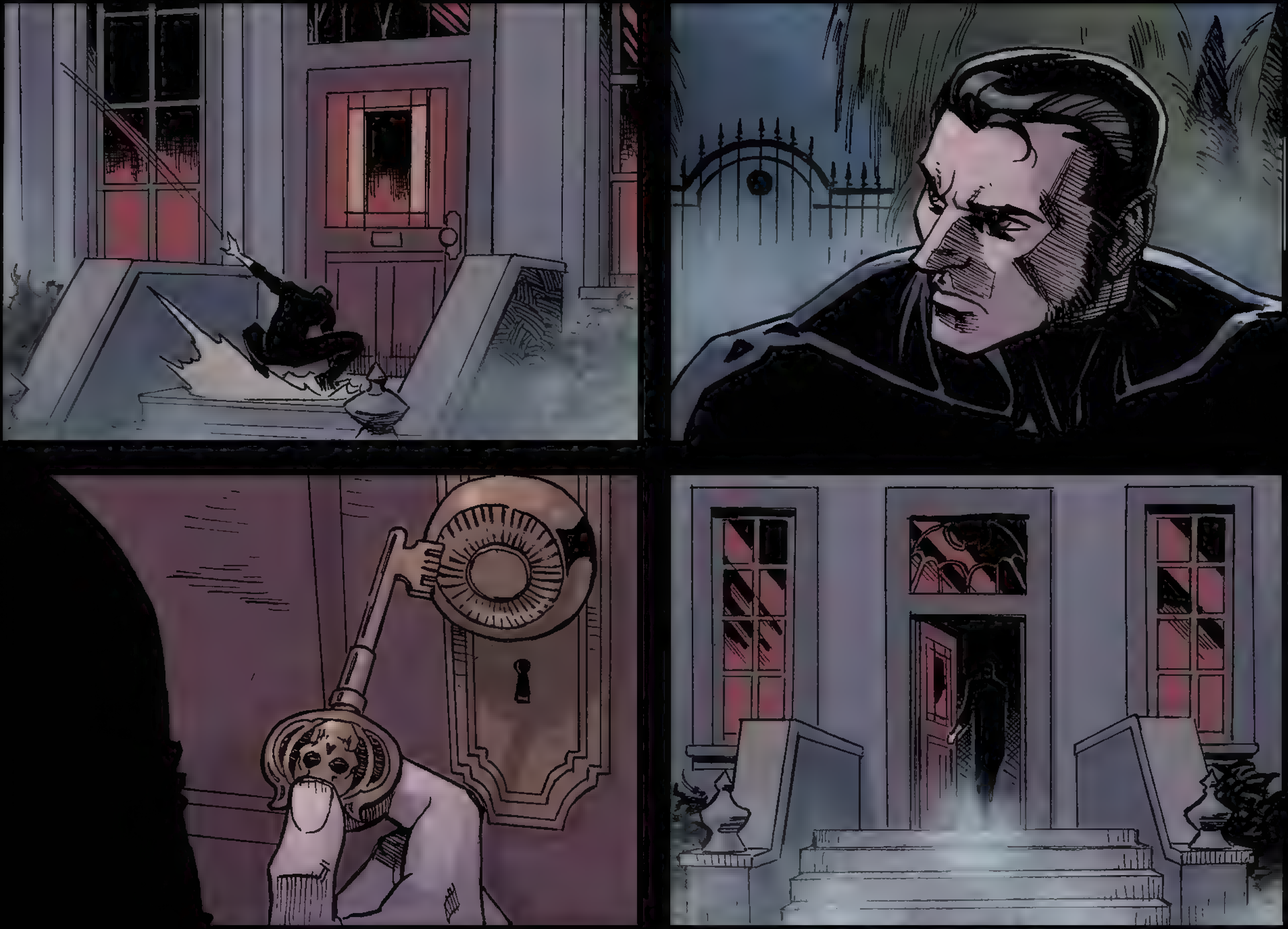

NICE TRY, VAMPIRE.
TAKE THIS!







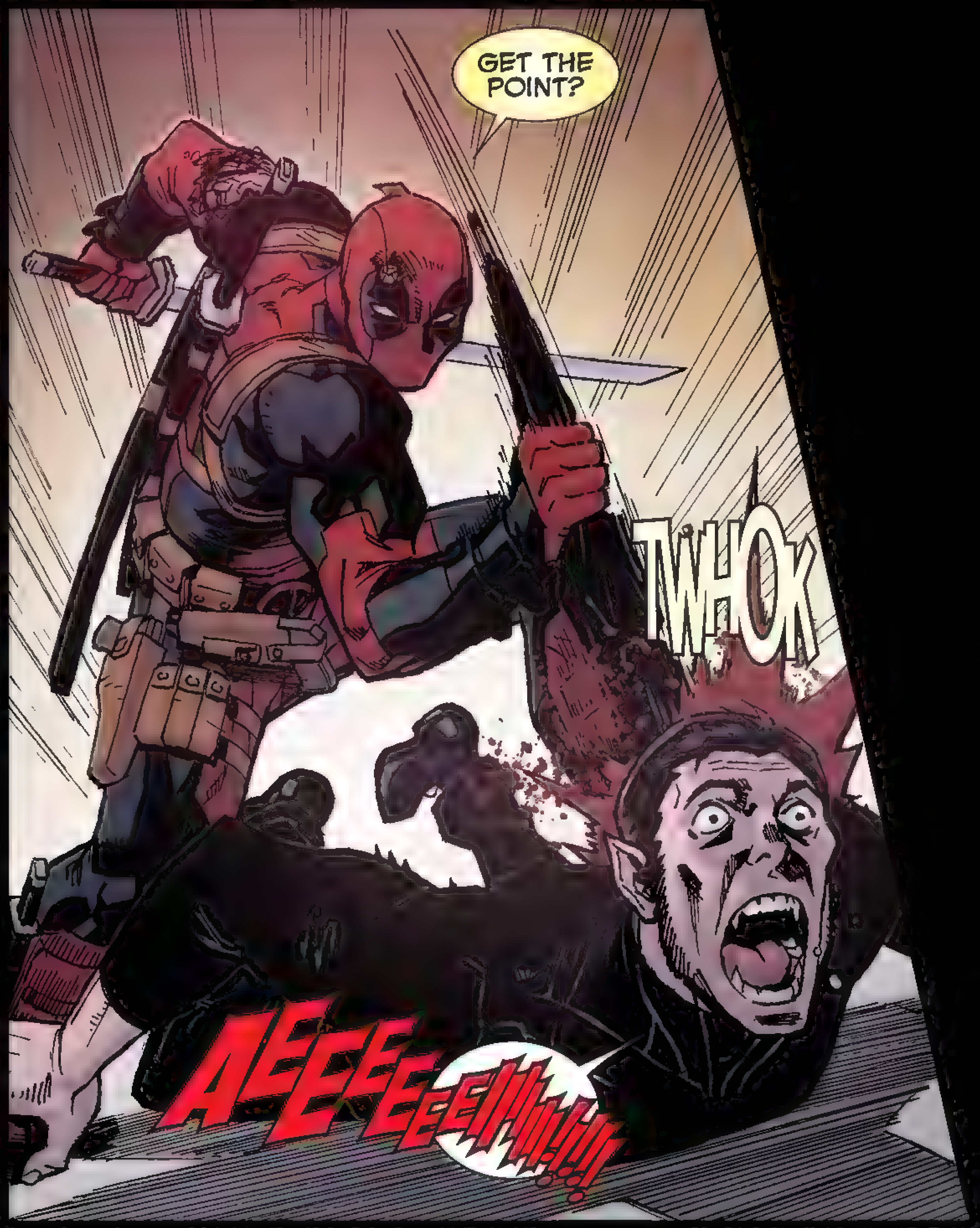


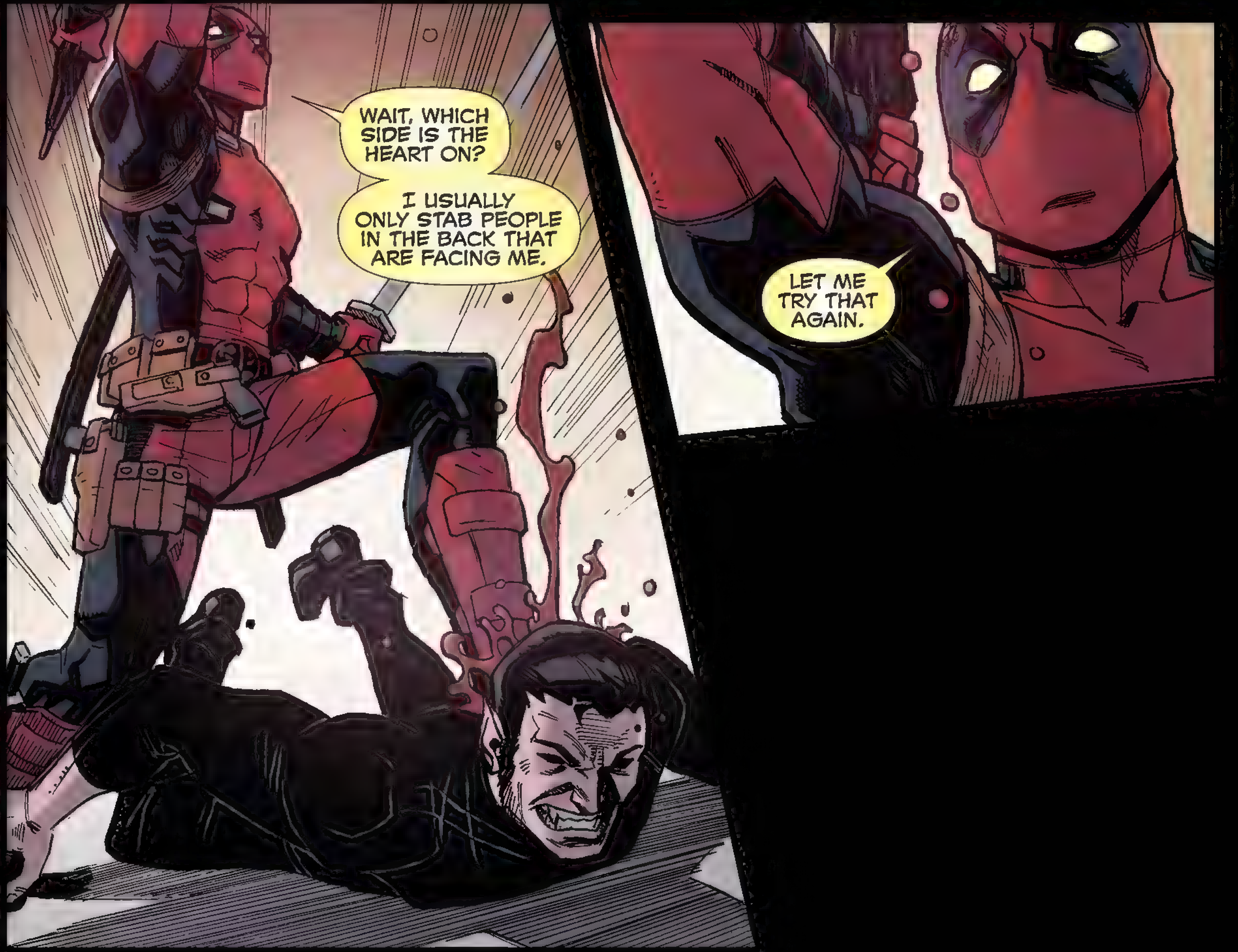


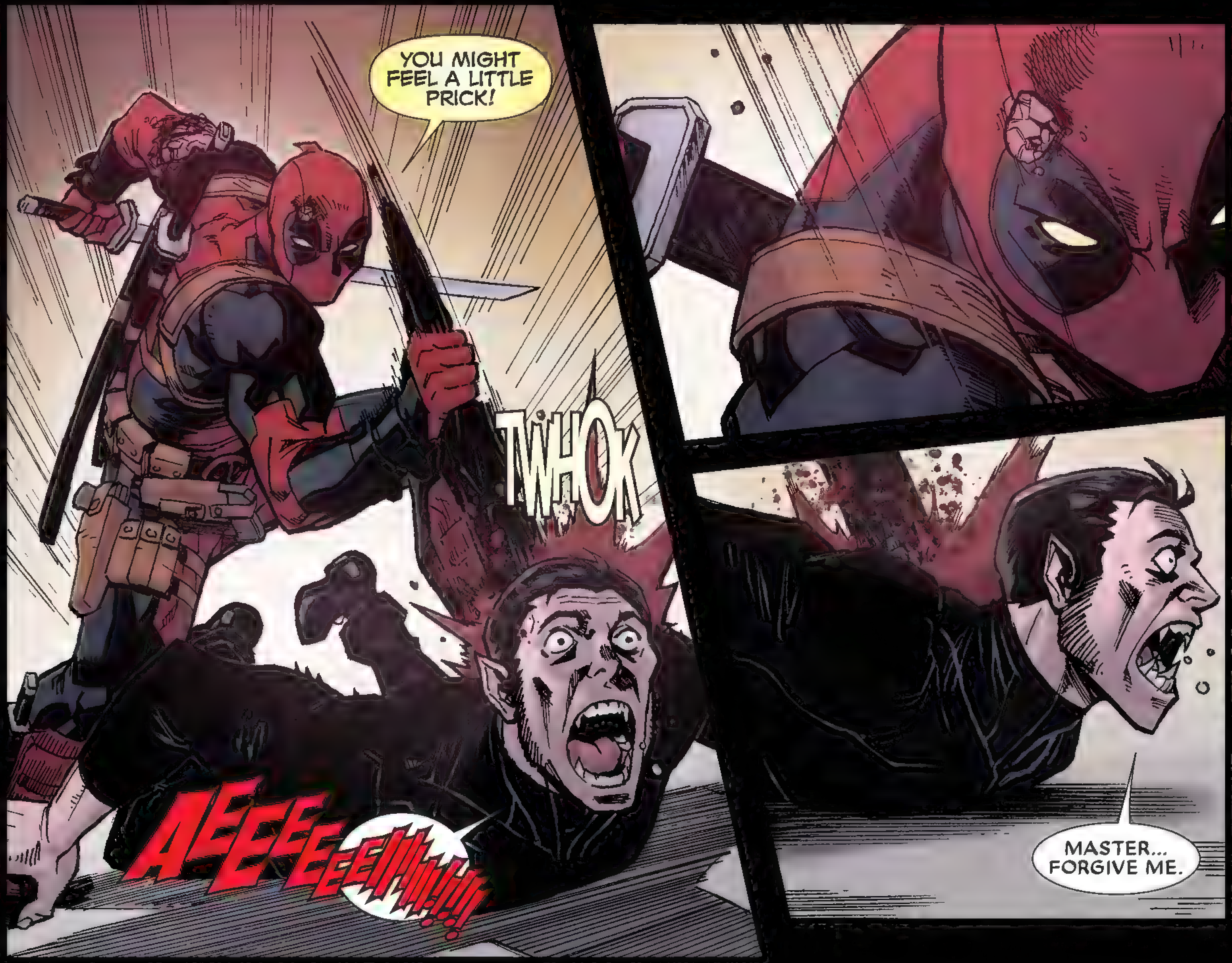
THE MESSAGE HAS BEEN SENT. I WAS *NOT FOLLOWED.*

YES, YOU WERE.
THIS ISN'T PERSONAL. IT'S JUST *BUSINESS*. IF WORD GOT AROUND THAT I WAS SEEN FIGHTING DIRTY AIR AT A BUS STOP...
KERTHWAM
UHN!

YES, YOU WERE.
THIS ISN'T PERSONAL. IT'S JUST *BUSINESS*. IF WORD GOT AROUND THAT I WAS SEEN FIGHTING DIRTY AIR AT A BUS STOP...
KERTHWAM
...IT WOULD BE *BAD* FOR BUSINESS.
UHN!


GET THE POINT?
TWHOK
AEEEEEEIIIIIII!!!


WAIT, WHICH SIDE IS THE HEART ON?
I USUALLY ONLY STAB PEOPLE IN THE BACK THAT ARE FACING ME.
LET ME TRY THAT AGAIN.


YOU MIGHT FEEL A LITTLE PRICK!
TWHOK
AEEEEEEIIIIIII!!!!!
MASTER... FORGIVE ME.

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?
I'LL ASK THE EXPOSITIONEY QUESTIONS. WHO ARE YOU?
I AM...

DRACULA!

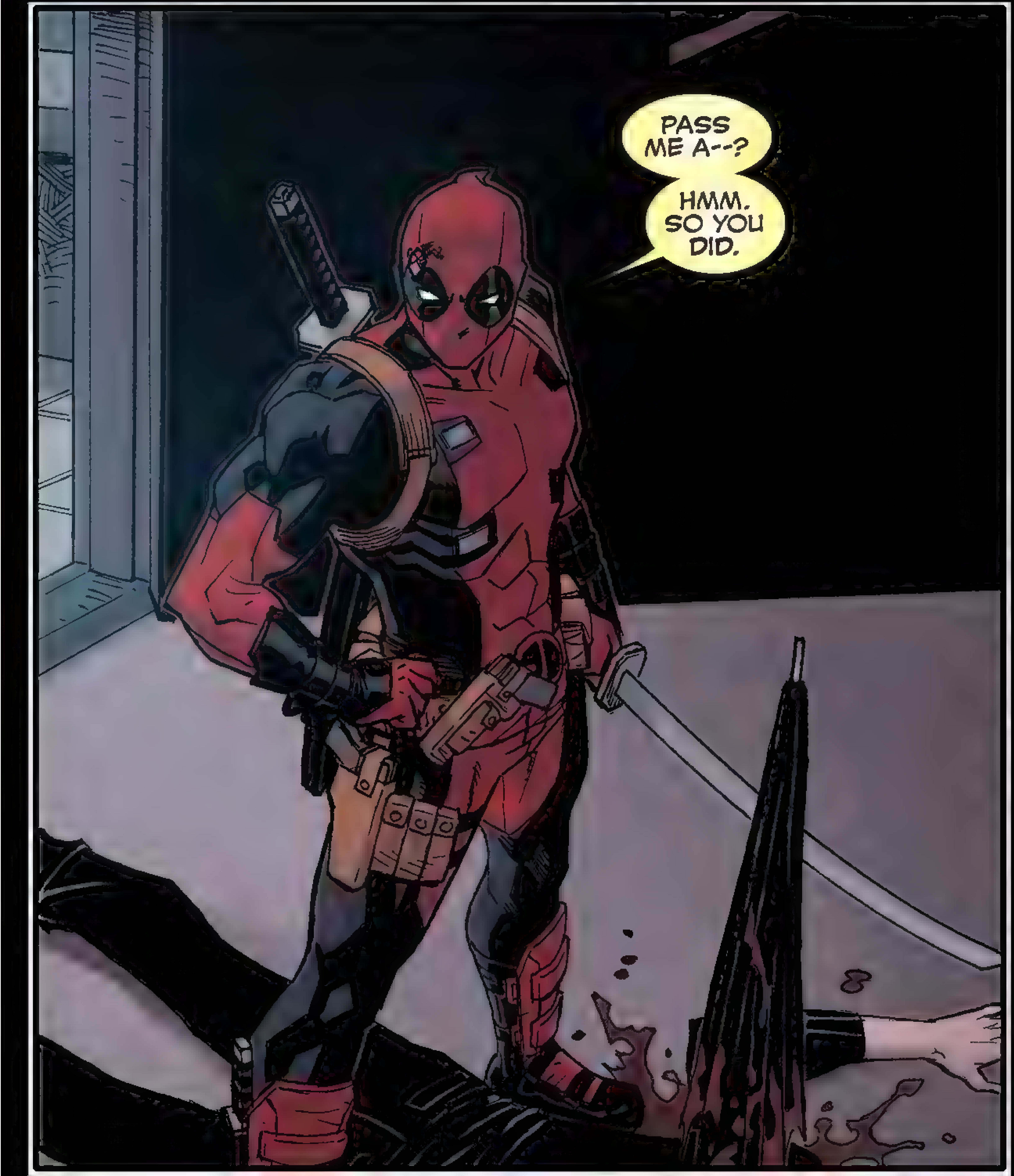
DRACULA

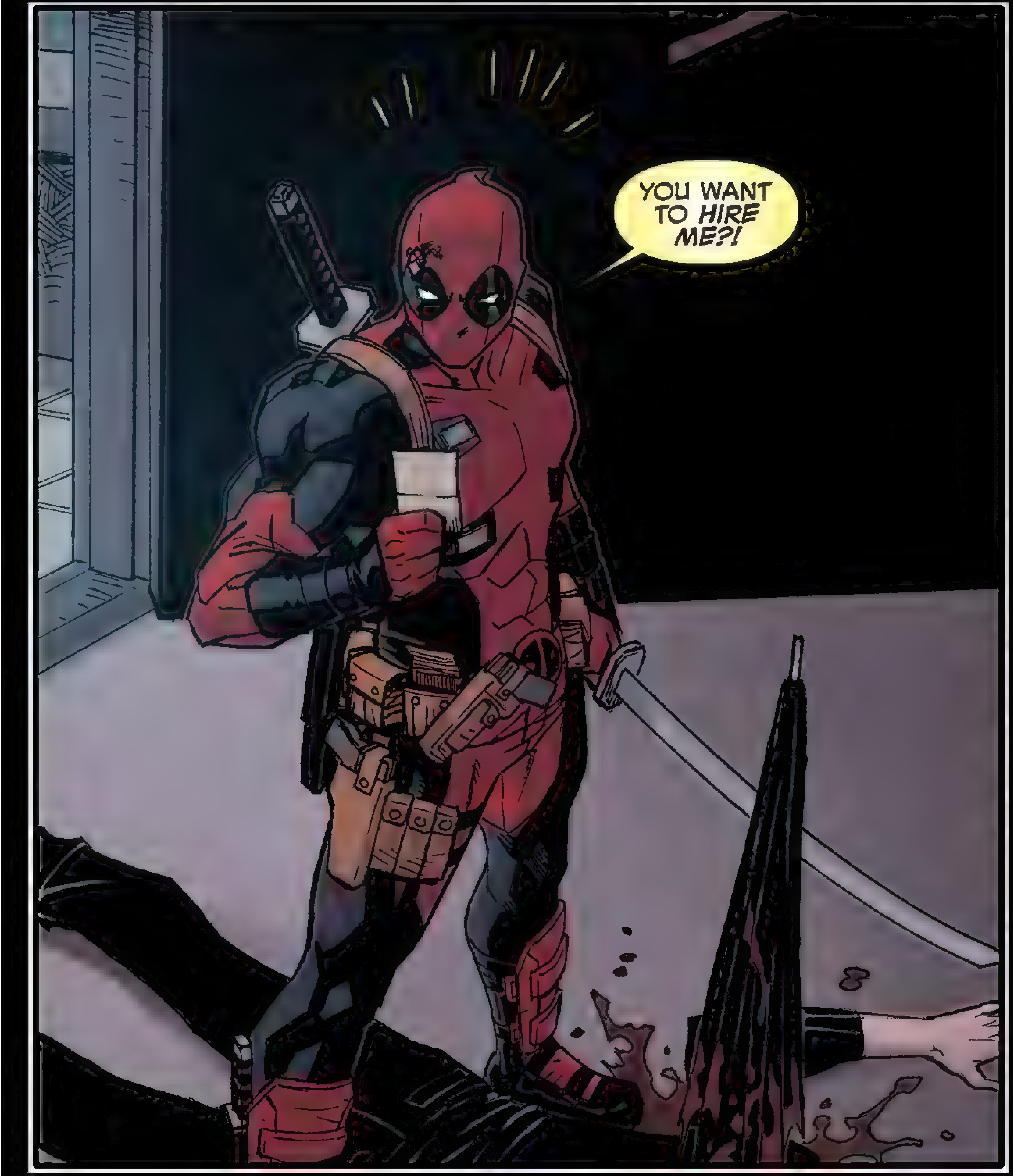
ALIAS: VLAD TEPES DRACULA
"THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS"
HEIGHT: 6'5"
WEIGHT: 220 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: LORD OF EVIL

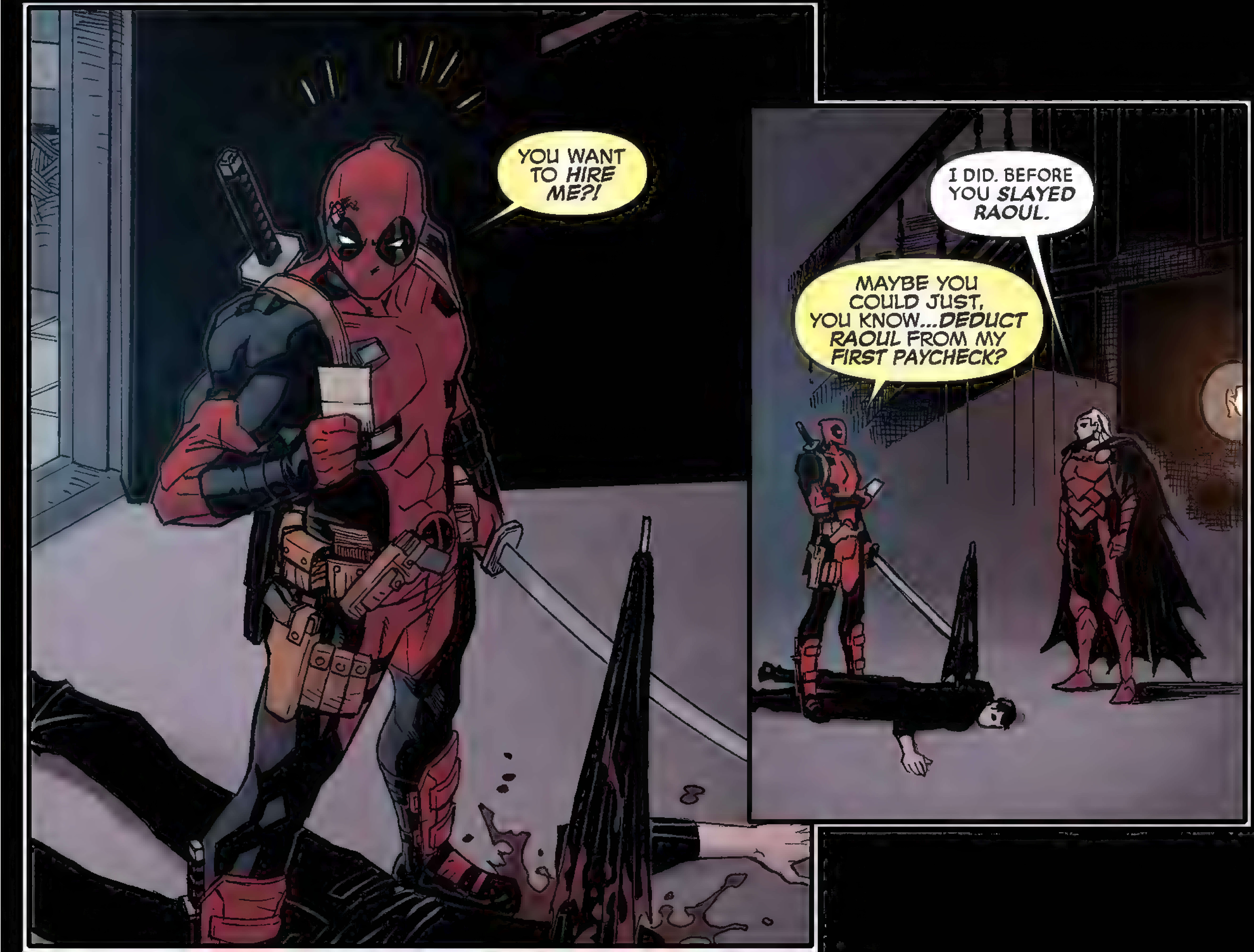
POWERS & ABILITIES:
SUPER-STRENGTH AND SPEED. HEALING FACTOR. NON-AGING. SHAPE-SHIFTING INTO A BAT, WOLF, OR FOG. HYPNOTIC GAZE.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
FANGS. DUH.

I WANTED TO SPEAK WITH YOU. THAT'S WHY I HAD MY SERVANT PASS YOU AN *INVITATION.*


PASS ME A--?
HMM. SO YOU DID.


YOU WANT TO *HIRE* *ME?!*


YOU WANT TO *HIRE ME?!*
I DID. BEFORE YOU *SLAYED* RAOUL.
MAYBE YOU COULD JUST, YOU KNOW...*DEDUCT RAOUL* FROM MY *FIRST PAYCHECK?*

POOF

PAFF

ON SECOND THOUGHT, I COULD JUST *SNAP YOUR NECK* AND DRINK YOUR *LIFE'S BLOOD.*

TO BE CONTINUED...

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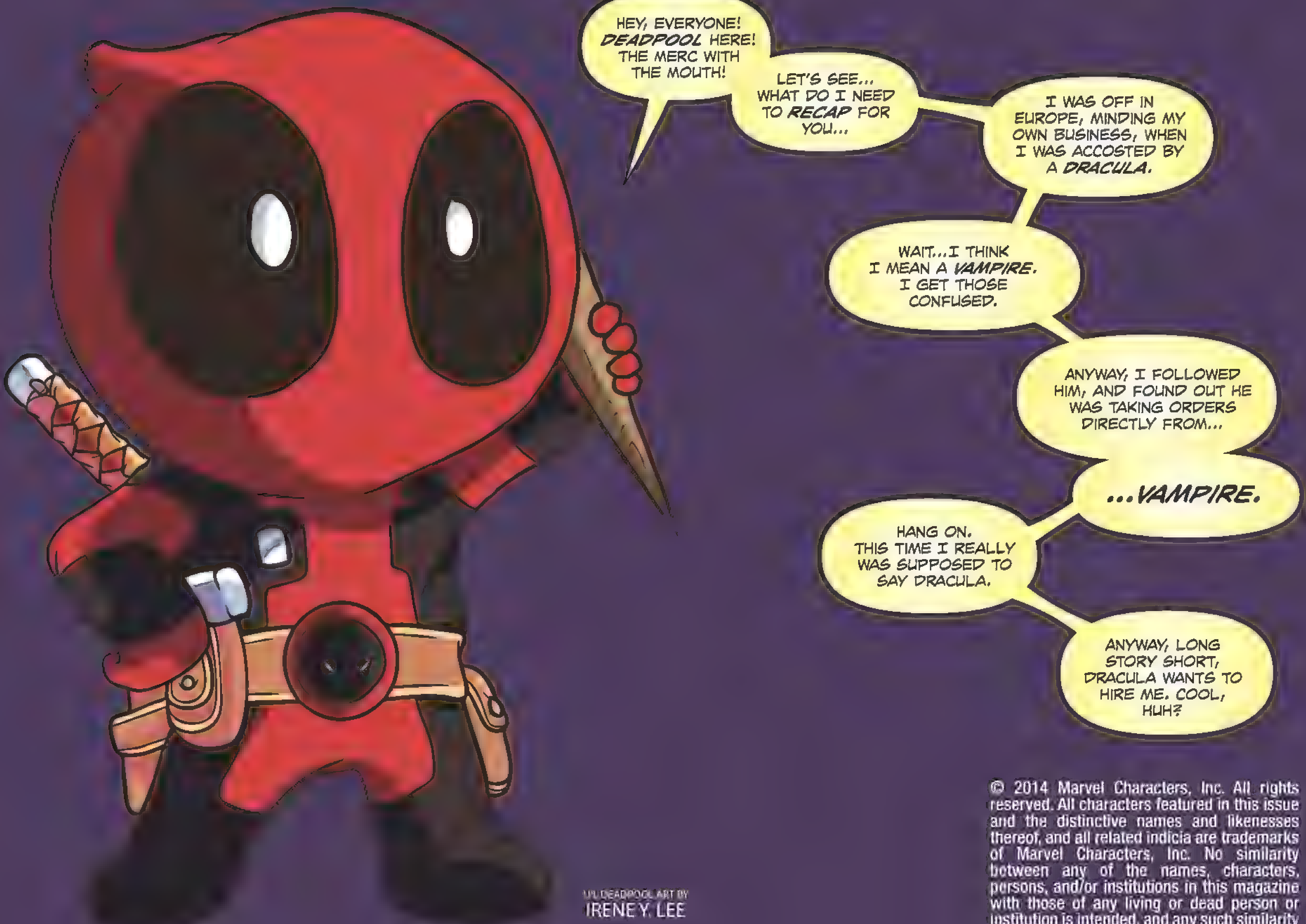
HEY, EVERYONE! *DEADPOOL* HERE! THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH!
LET'S SEE... WHAT DO I NEED TO *RECAP* FOR YOU...
I WAS OFF IN EUROPE, MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, WHEN I WAS ACCOSTED BY A *DRACULA.*
WAIT...I THINK I MEAN A *VAMPIRE.* I GET THOSE CONFUSED.
ANYWAY, I FOLLOWED HIM, AND FOUND OUT HE WAS TAKING ORDERS DIRECTLY FROM...
...VAMPIRE.
HANG ON. THIS TIME I REALLY WAS SUPPOSED TO SAY DRACULA.
ANYWAY, LONG STORY SHORT, DRACULA WANTS TO HIRE ME. COOL, HUH?

LIL DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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"SO THIS IS LIKE 'JOB INTERVIEW WITH THE VAMPIRE'?"

I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU HAVE A *SPECIAL TALENT.*
HEY, MAN. HAVE YOU BEEN TALKING TO *SQUIRREL GIRL?* SHE AGREED SHE WOULND'T BE GOSSIPING ALL OVER TOWN.
SILENCE!

LOOK INTO MY EYES...

YOU MUST DO AS I COMMAND.

YOU CANNOT RESIST MY ORDERS.
WHAT... WHAT IS IT YOU WANT ME TO DO?
PULL YOUR REVOLVER, PUT IT TO YOUR HEAD-- AND SHOOT YOURSELF.

OKEY-DOKEY. USUALLY PEOPLE HIRE ME TO KILL SOMEONE ELSE.

CURSES. IF YOUR MIND CAN BE SUBVERTED BY SUGGESTION, THEN YOU'RE OF NO USE TO ME.
WAIT--YOU HAVEN'T PULLED THE TRIGGER?!

NO, MAN--I THOUGHT WE WERE DOING "THE DEER HUNTER" OR SOMETHING.
YEAH, ANYWAY YOUR VAMPIRE WHAMMY DOESN'T WORK ON ME. AFTER I "GRADUATED" FROM THE WEAPON PLUS PROGRAM I'VE BEEN IMPERVIOUS TO MIND CONTROL. EVEN FROM ME!

EXCELLENT.

story by
BRIAN POSEHN & GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN

storyboards and art by
REILLY BROWN

colors by
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS

letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO

edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE

production by
ARLIN ORTIZ

production management by
TIM SMITH 3

editor-in-chiefery by
AXEL ALONSO

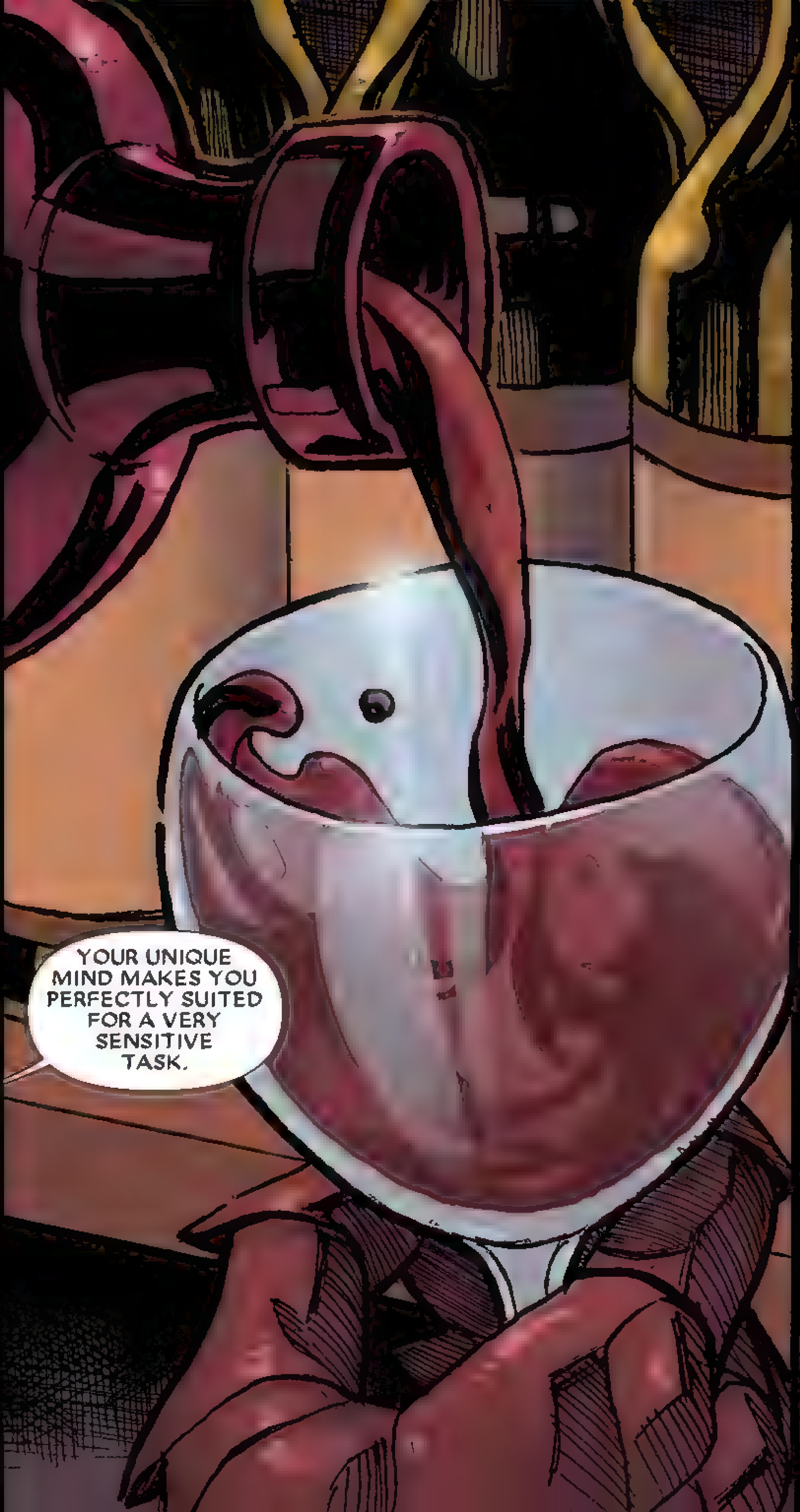
chief creative officiating by
JOE QUESADA

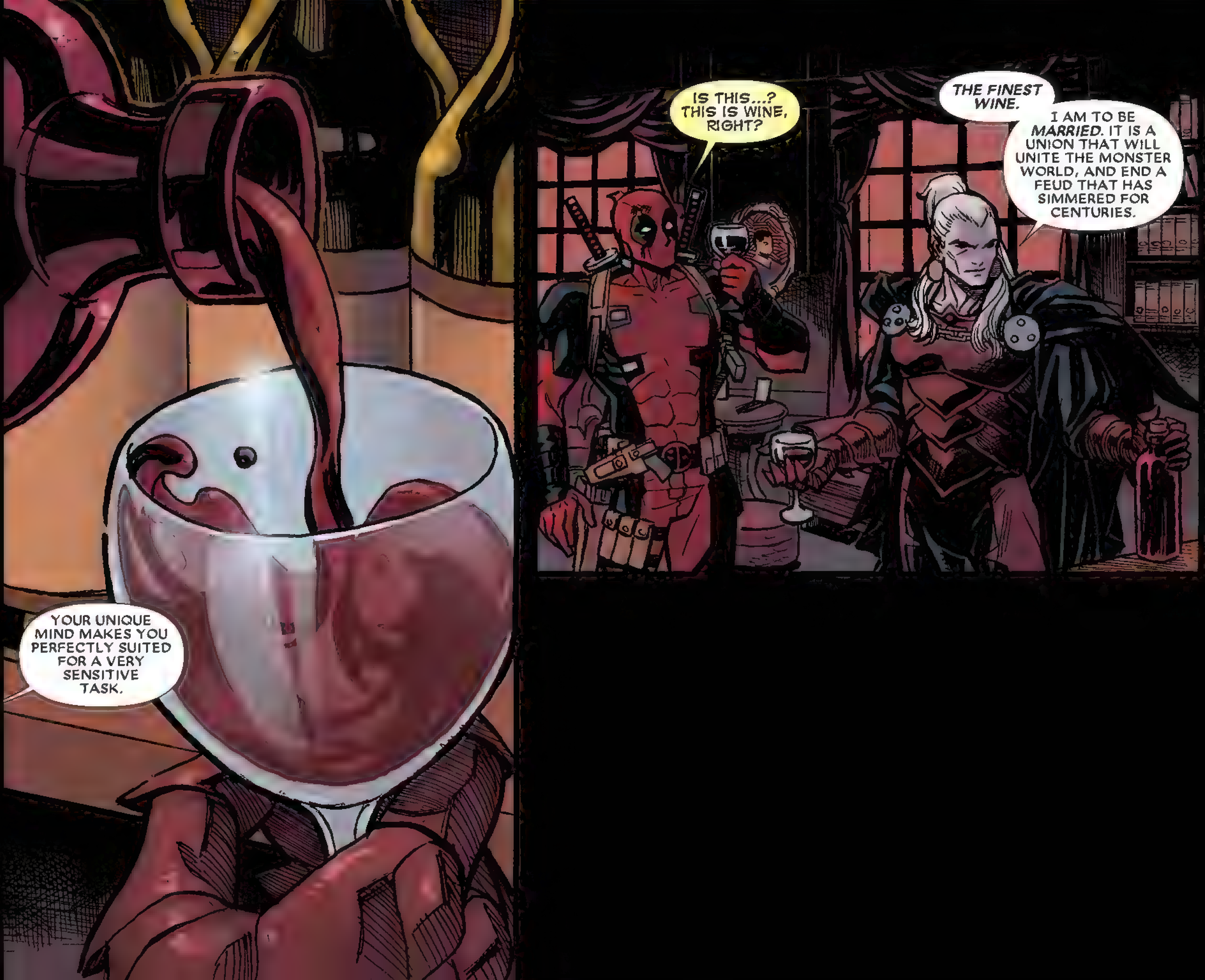
publishing by
DAN BUCKLEY

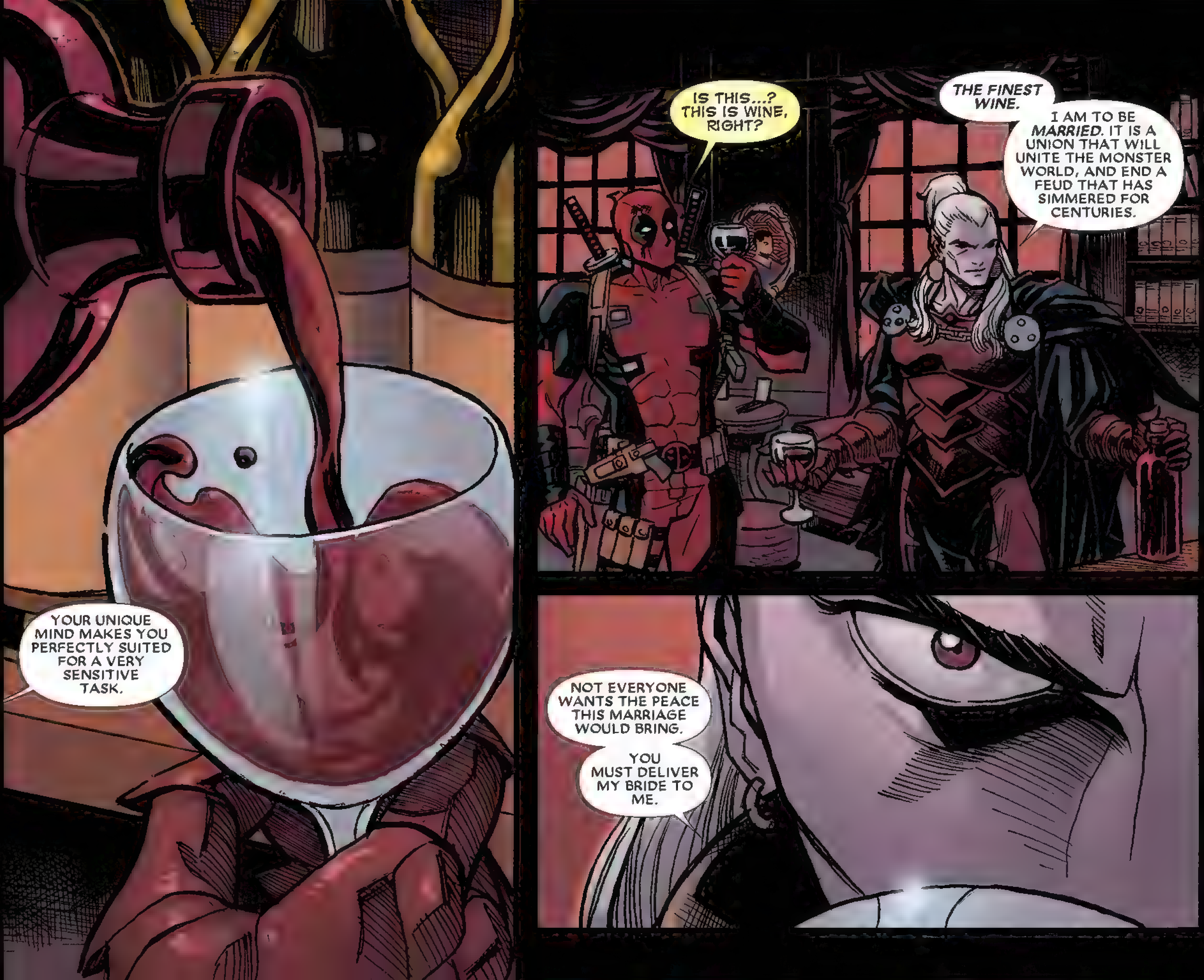
executive production by
ALAN FINE

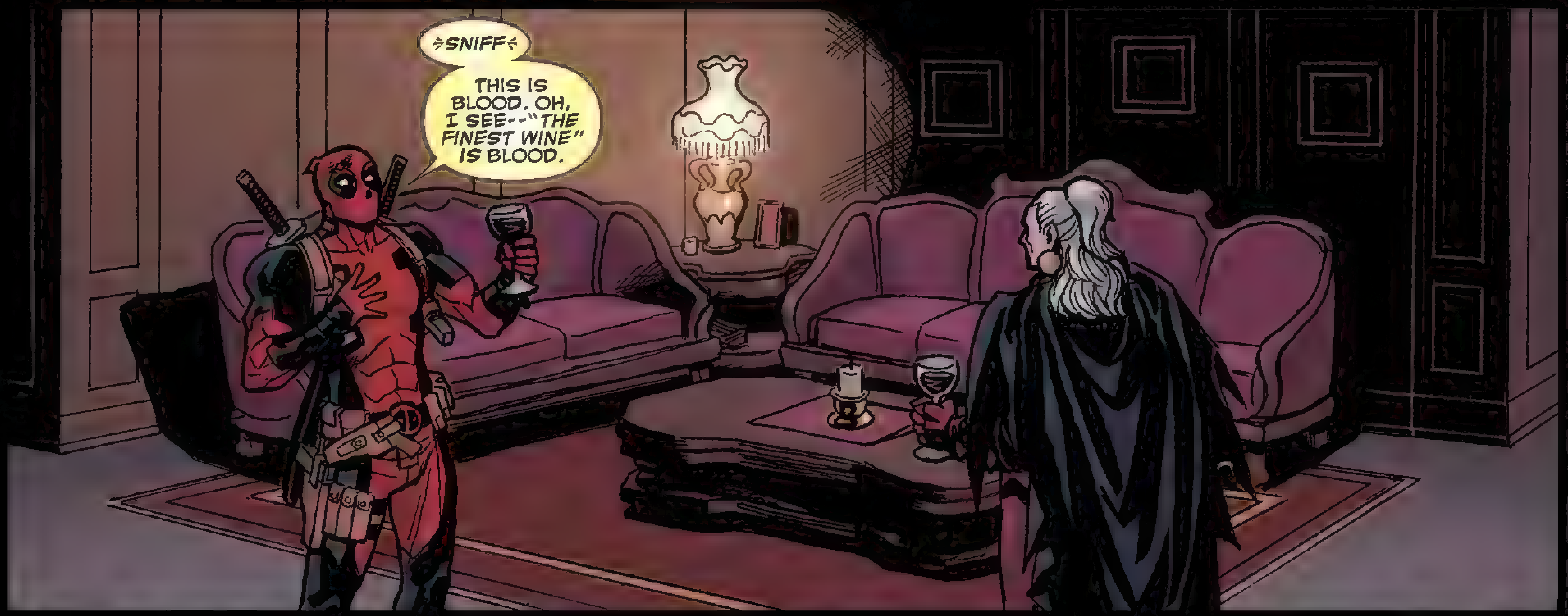
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 2:
DEADPOOL & THE TEMPLE OF BOOM!


YOUR UNIQUE MIND MAKES YOU PERFECTLY SUITED FOR A VERY SENSITIVE TASK.


YOUR UNIQUE MIND MAKES YOU PERFECTLY SUITED FOR A VERY SENSITIVE TASK.
IS THIS...? THIS IS WINE, RIGHT?
THE FINEST WINE.
I AM TO BE *MARRIED*. IT IS A UNION THAT WILL UNITE THE MONSTER WORLD, AND END A FEUD THAT HAS SIMMERED FOR CENTURIES.

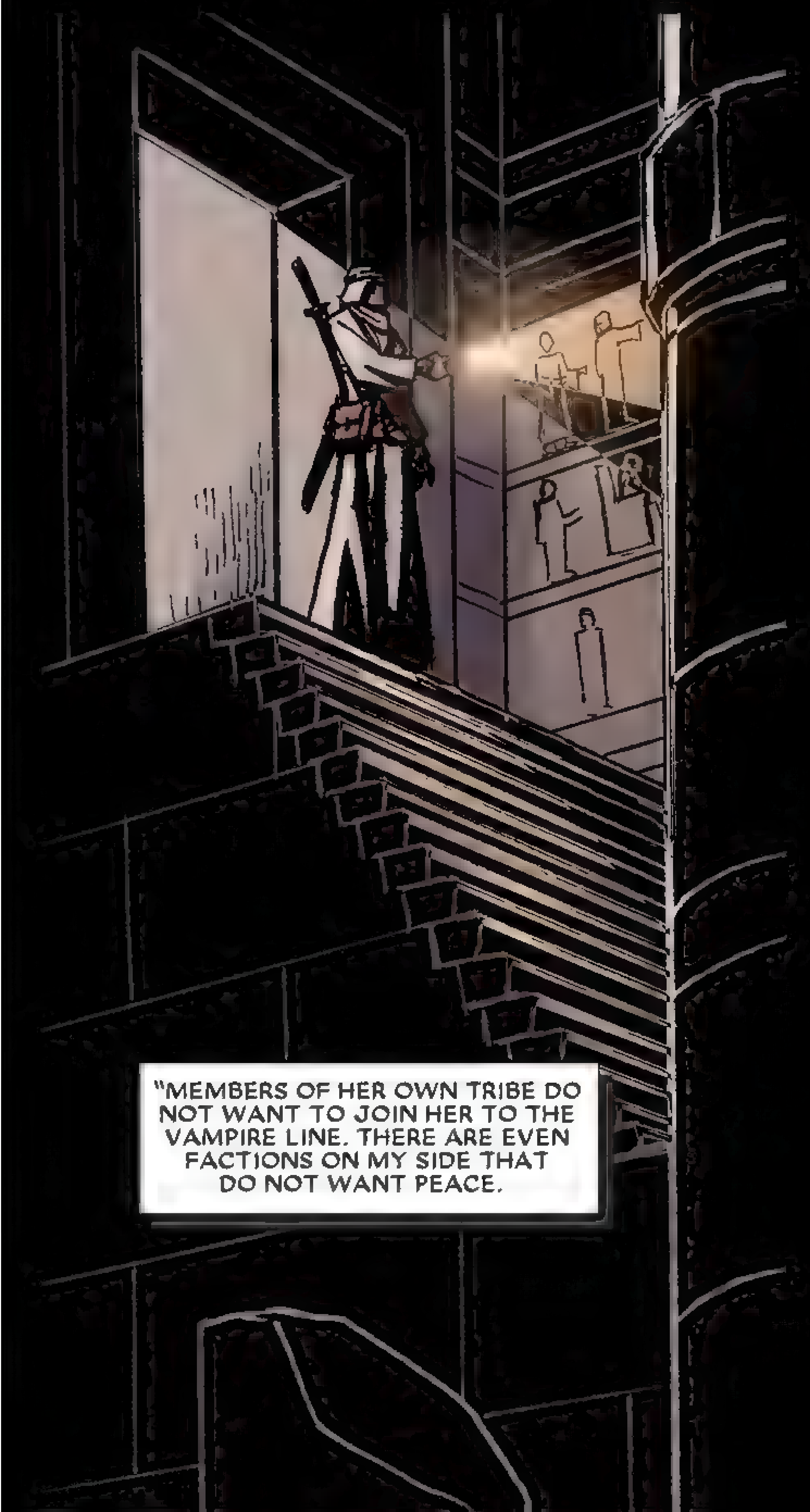

YOUR UNIQUE MIND MAKES YOU PERFECTLY SUITED FOR A VERY SENSITIVE TASK.
IS THIS...? THIS IS WINE, RIGHT?
THE FINEST WINE.
I AM TO BE *MARRIED.* IT IS A UNION THAT WILL UNITE THE MONSTER WORLD, AND END A FEUD THAT HAS SIMMERED FOR CENTURIES.
NOT EVERYONE WANTS THE PEACE THIS MARRIAGE WOULD BRING.
YOU MUST DELIVER MY BRIDE TO ME.


⚟SNIFF⚞
THIS IS BLOOD. OH, I SEE--"THE FINEST WINE" IS BLOOD.

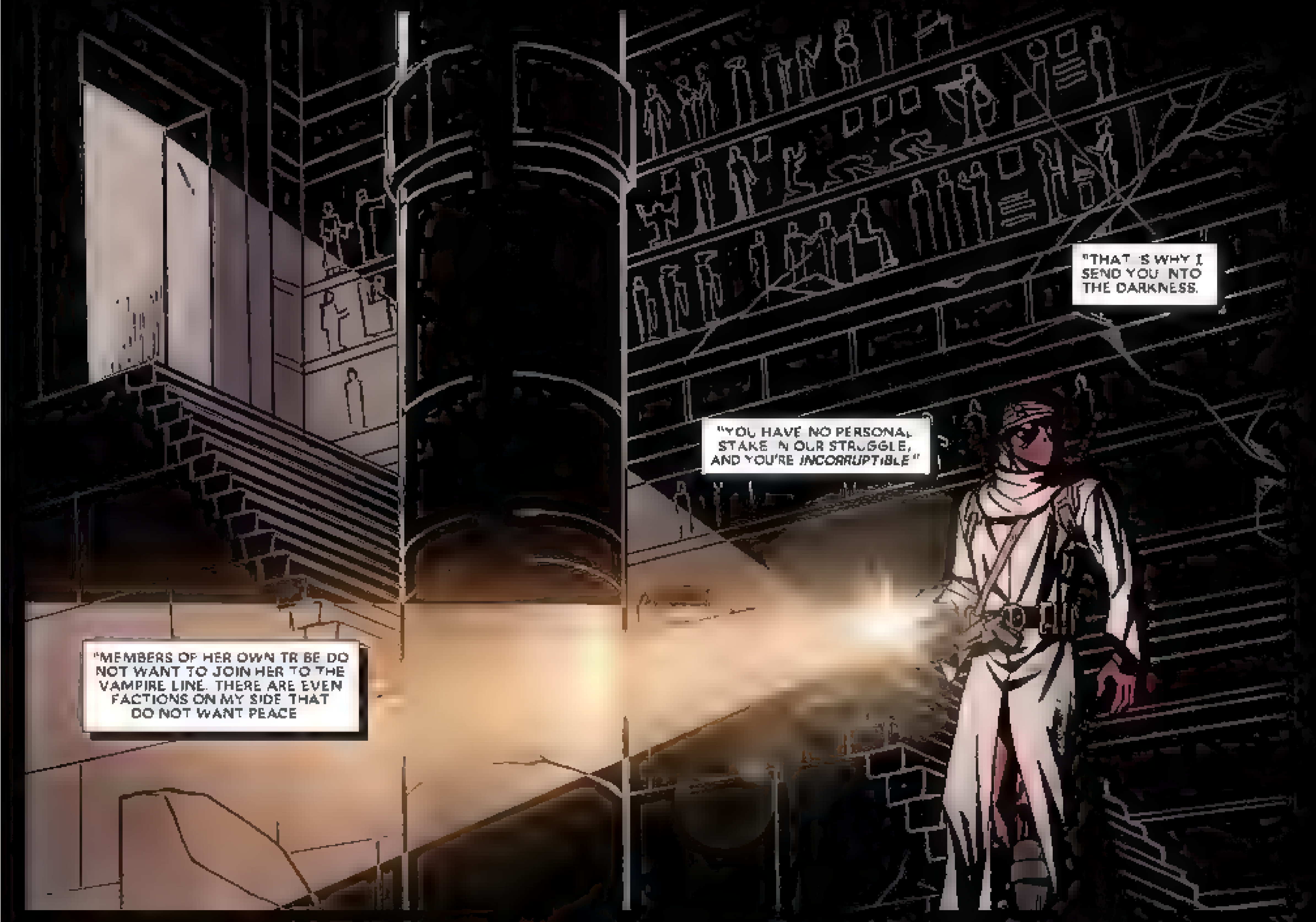
⸗SNIFF⸗
THIS IS BLOOD. OH, I SEE--"THE FINEST WINE" IS BLOOD.
⸗SIGH⸗
YES, THAT'S WHAT I MEANT.
I WAS GONNA TRY AND NOT BE RUDE AND POUR THIS BLOOD INTO A PLANT, BUT I DON'T SEE ONE ANYWHERE.
JUST... LEAVE IT.

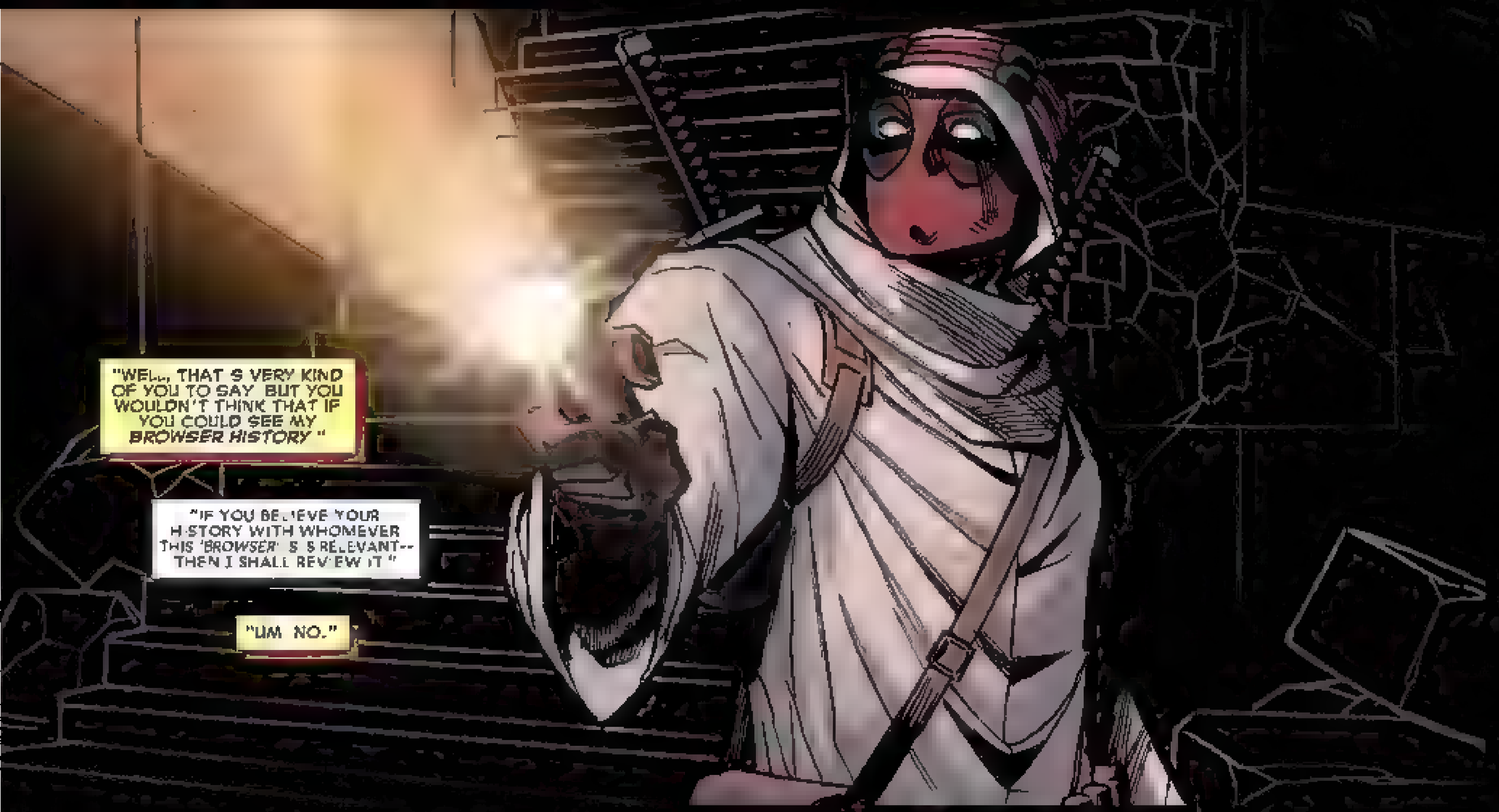
"ANYWAY, SURE. I'LL GO PICK UP YOUR FIANCÉE.
"WHERE IS SHE?
"OR IS THERE A LUCKY *GENTLEMAN...?"
"*SHE'S* ON THE ARABIAN PENINSULA, AWAITING THE DAY THAT HER FAMILY OFFERS HER HAND IN MARRIAGE.

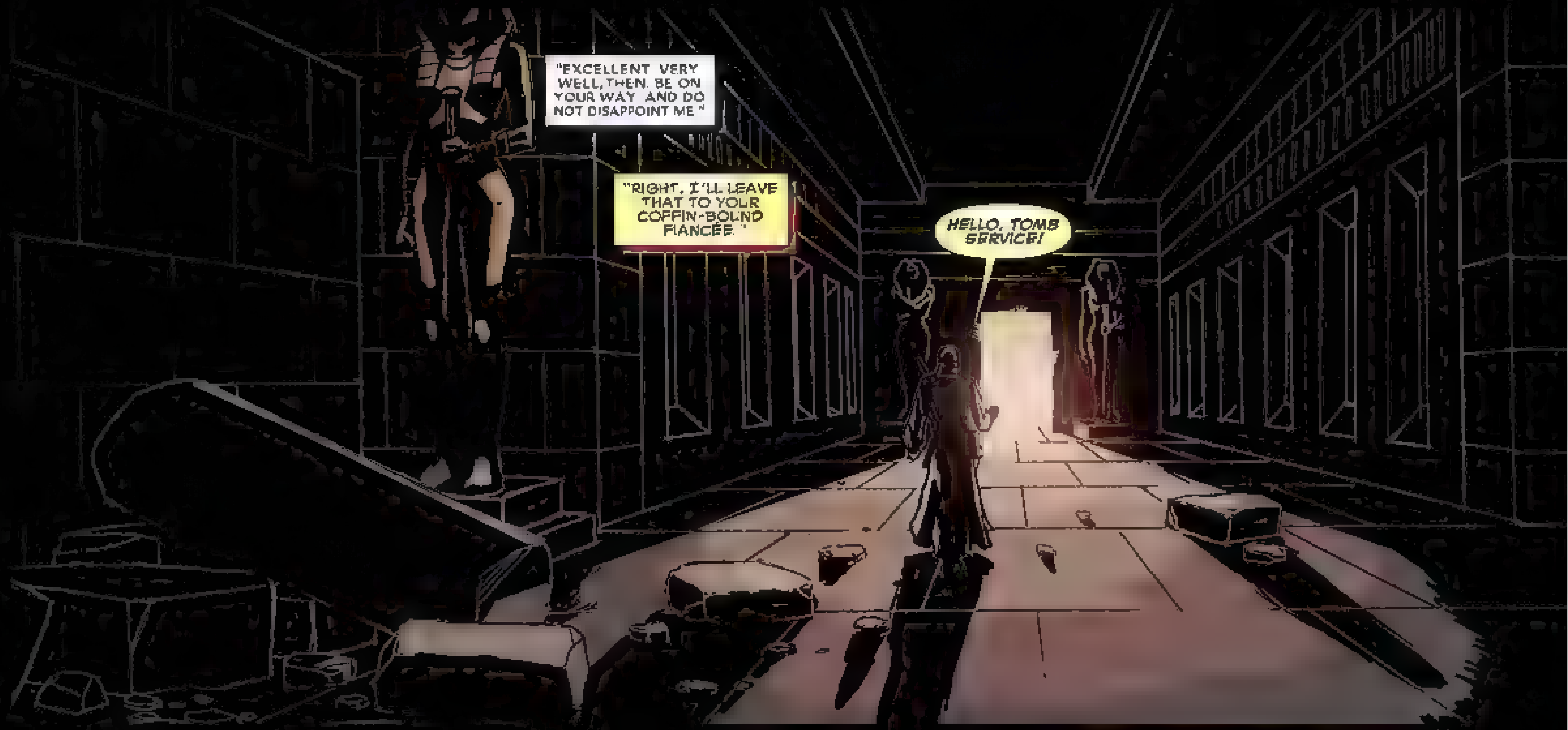
"SHE'S NOT SEEN THE SUN IN CENTURIES."
"WOW, YOU'RE THE BRAVEST DUDE I'VE EVER MET."
"YOUR JOURNEY WILL BE FRAUGHT WITH *PERIL*.

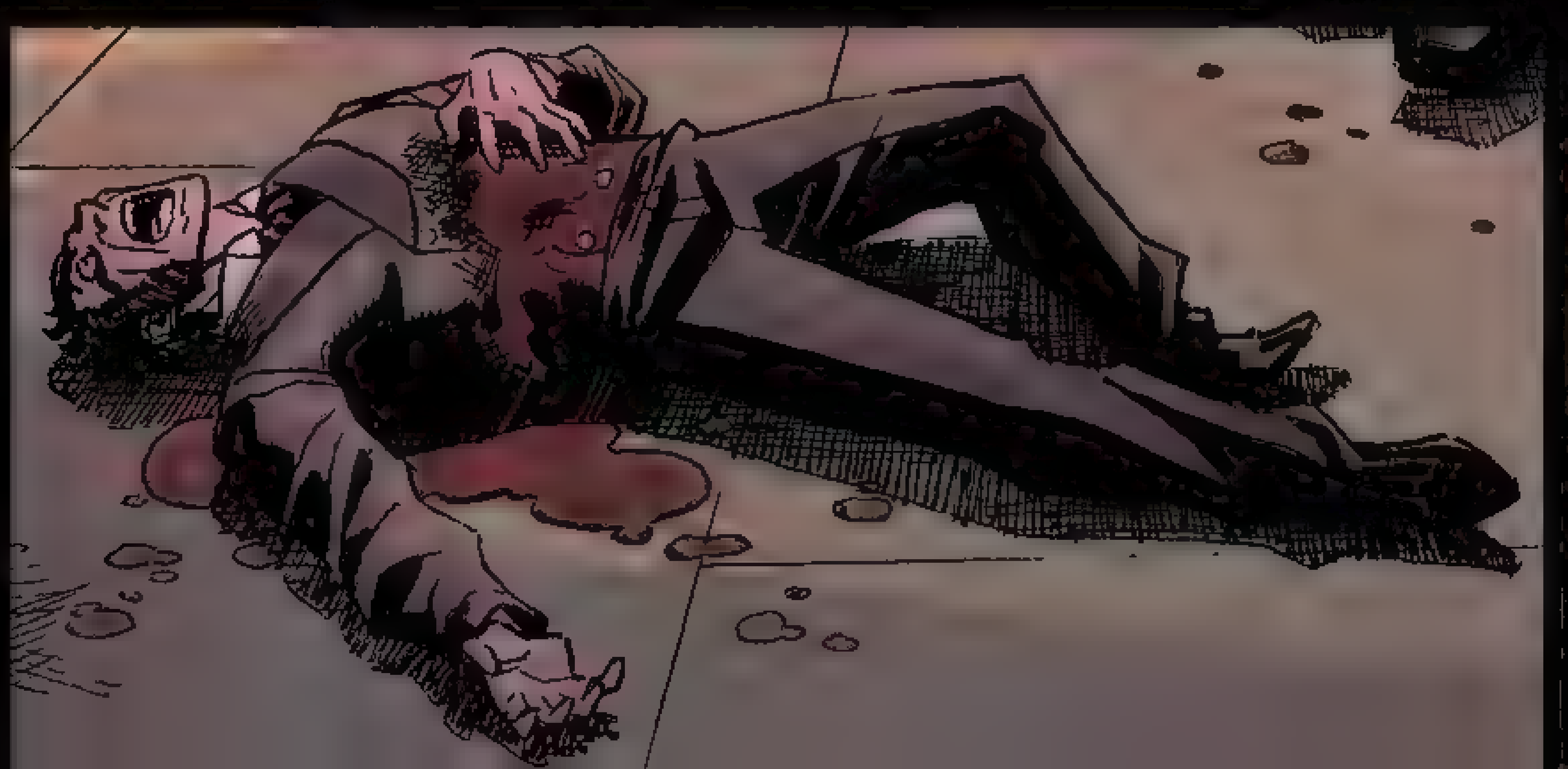

"MEMBERS OF HER OWN TRIBE DO NOT WANT TO JOIN HER TO THE VAMPIRE LINE. THERE ARE EVEN FACTIONS ON MY SIDE THAT DO NOT WANT PEACE.

"MEMBERS OF HER OWN TRIBE DO NOT WANT TO JOIN HER TO THE VAMPIRE LINE. THERE ARE EVEN FACTIONS ON MY SIDE THAT DO NOT WANT PEACE.
"THAT IS WHY I SEND YOU INTO THE DARKNESS.

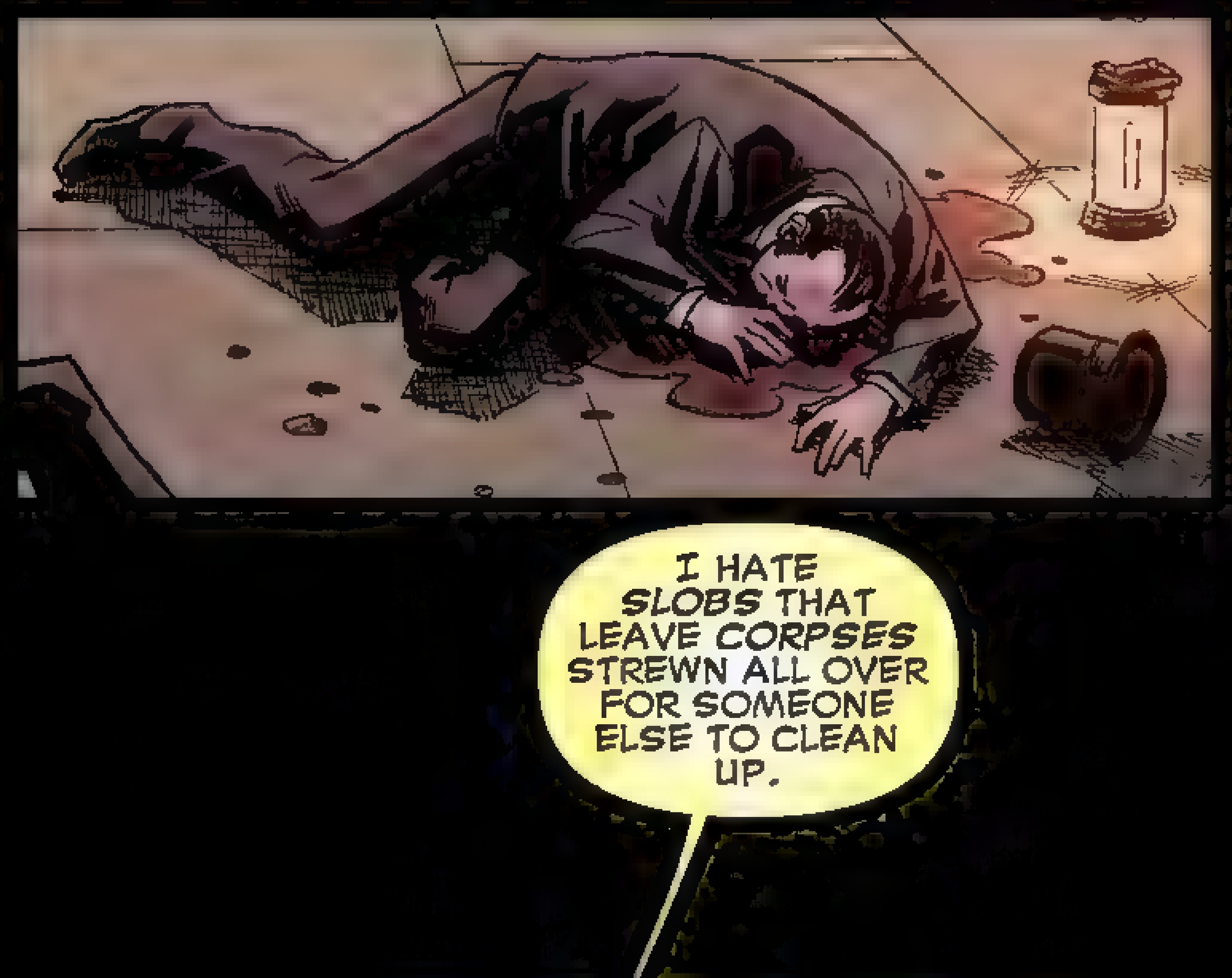

"MEMBERS OF HER OWN TRIBE DO NOT WANT TO JOIN HER TO THE VAMPIRE LINE. THERE ARE EVEN FACTIONS ON MY SIDE THAT DO NOT WANT PEACE
"YOU HAVE NO PERSONAL STAKE IN OUR STRUGGLE, AND YOU'RE *INCORRUPTIBLE*."
"THAT IS WHY I SEND YOU INTO THE DARKNESS.

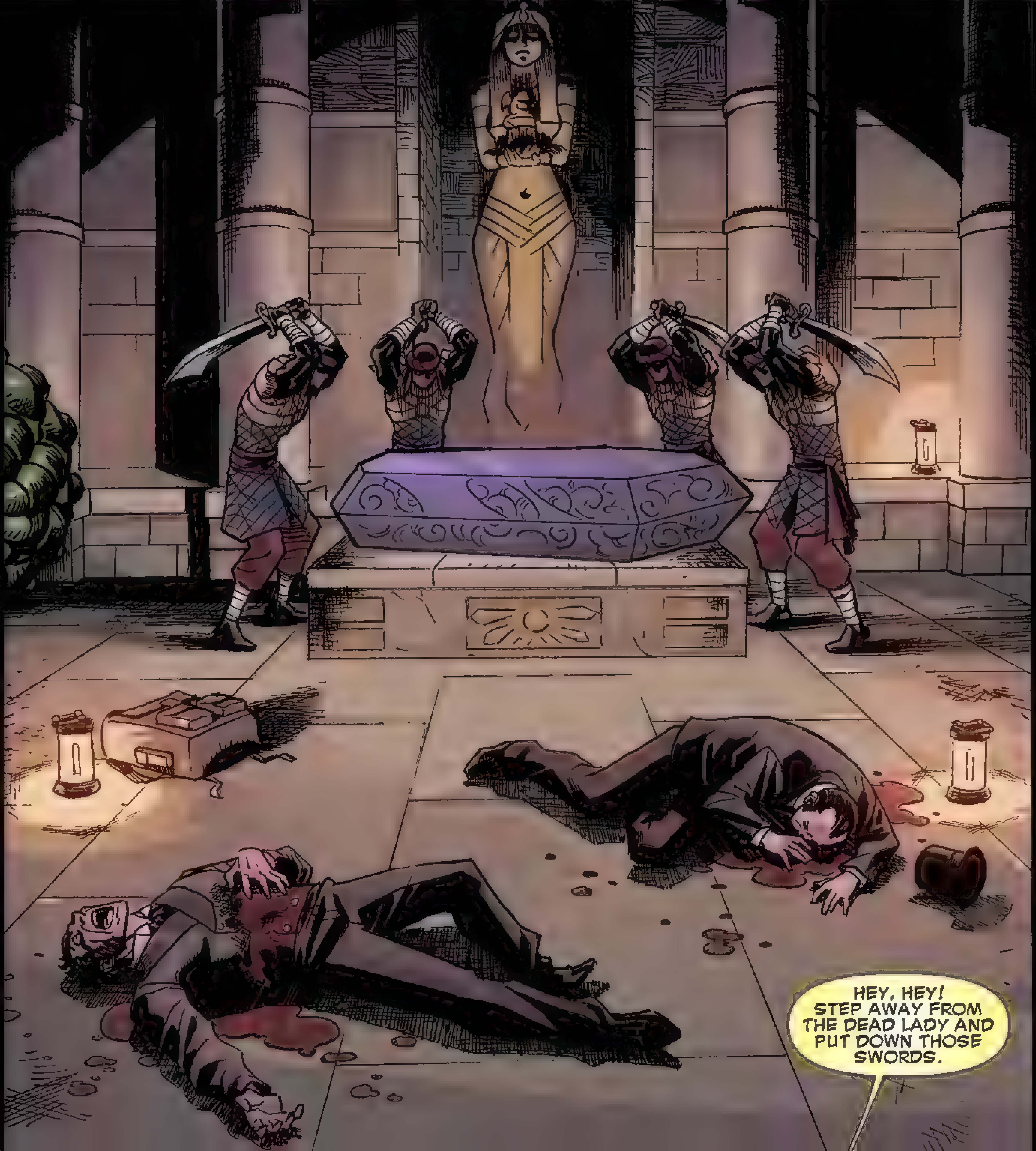

"WELL, THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU TO SAY, BUT YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT IF YOU COULD SEE MY *BROWSER HISTORY*."
"IF YOU BELIEVE YOUR HISTORY WITH WHOMEVER THIS 'BROWSER' IS IS RELEVANT--THEN I SHALL REVIEW IT."
"UM, NO."

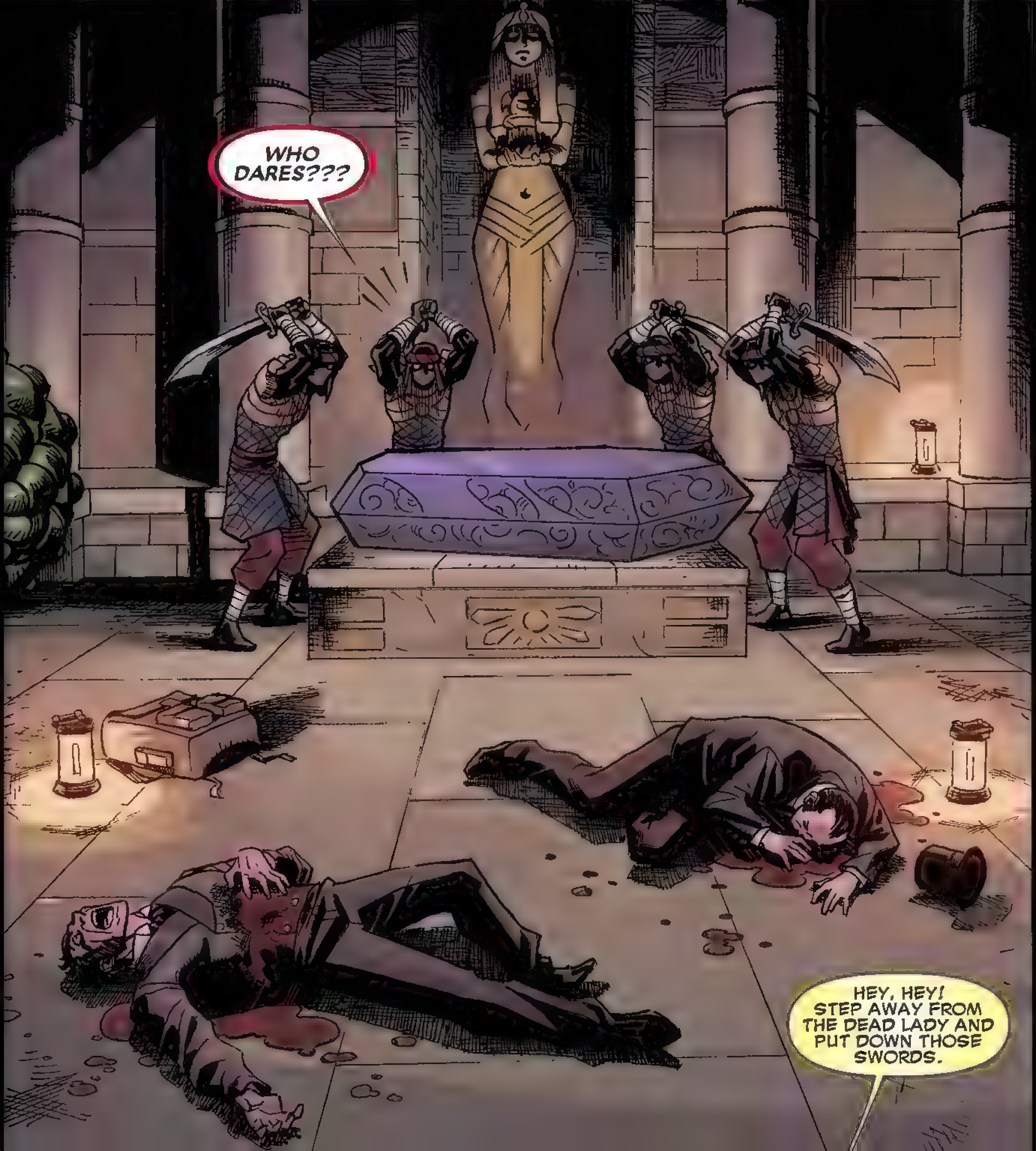

"EXCELLENT. VERY WELL, THEN. BE ON YOUR WAY, AND DO NOT DISAPPOINT ME."
"RIGHT, I'LL LEAVE THAT TO YOUR COFFIN-BOUND FIANCÉE."
HELLO, TOMB SERVICE!

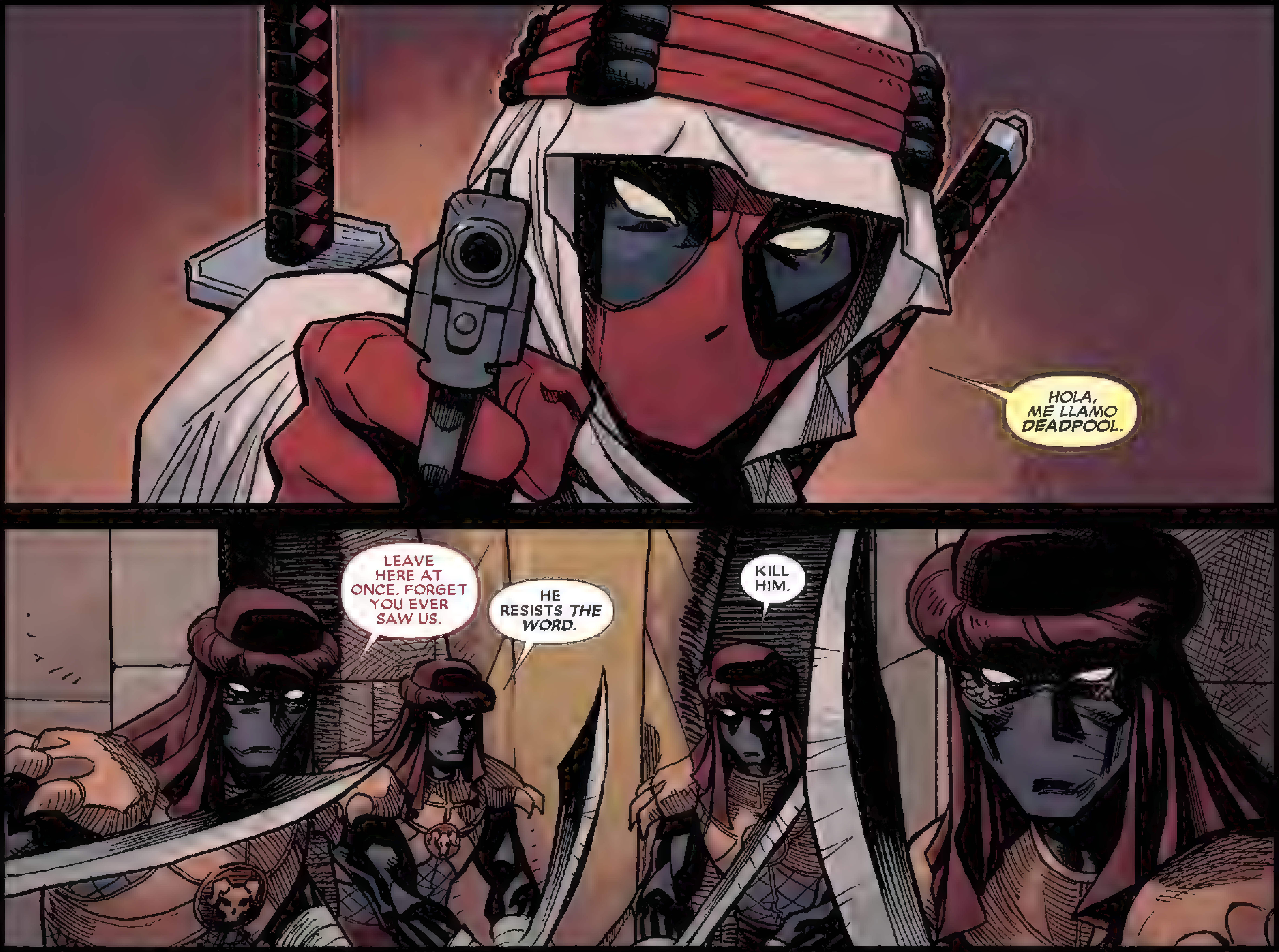


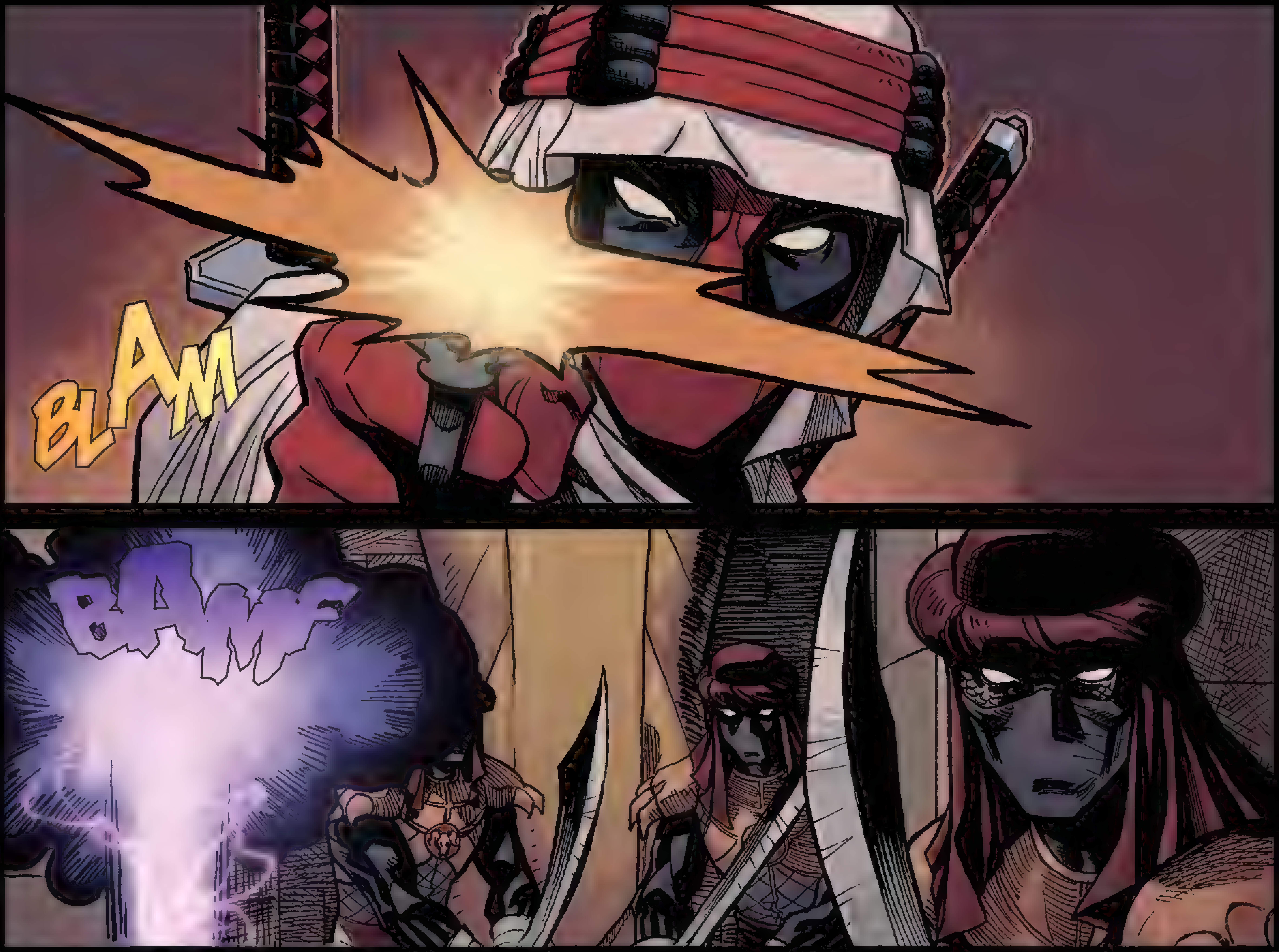
AY YI YI! WHAT A MESS.

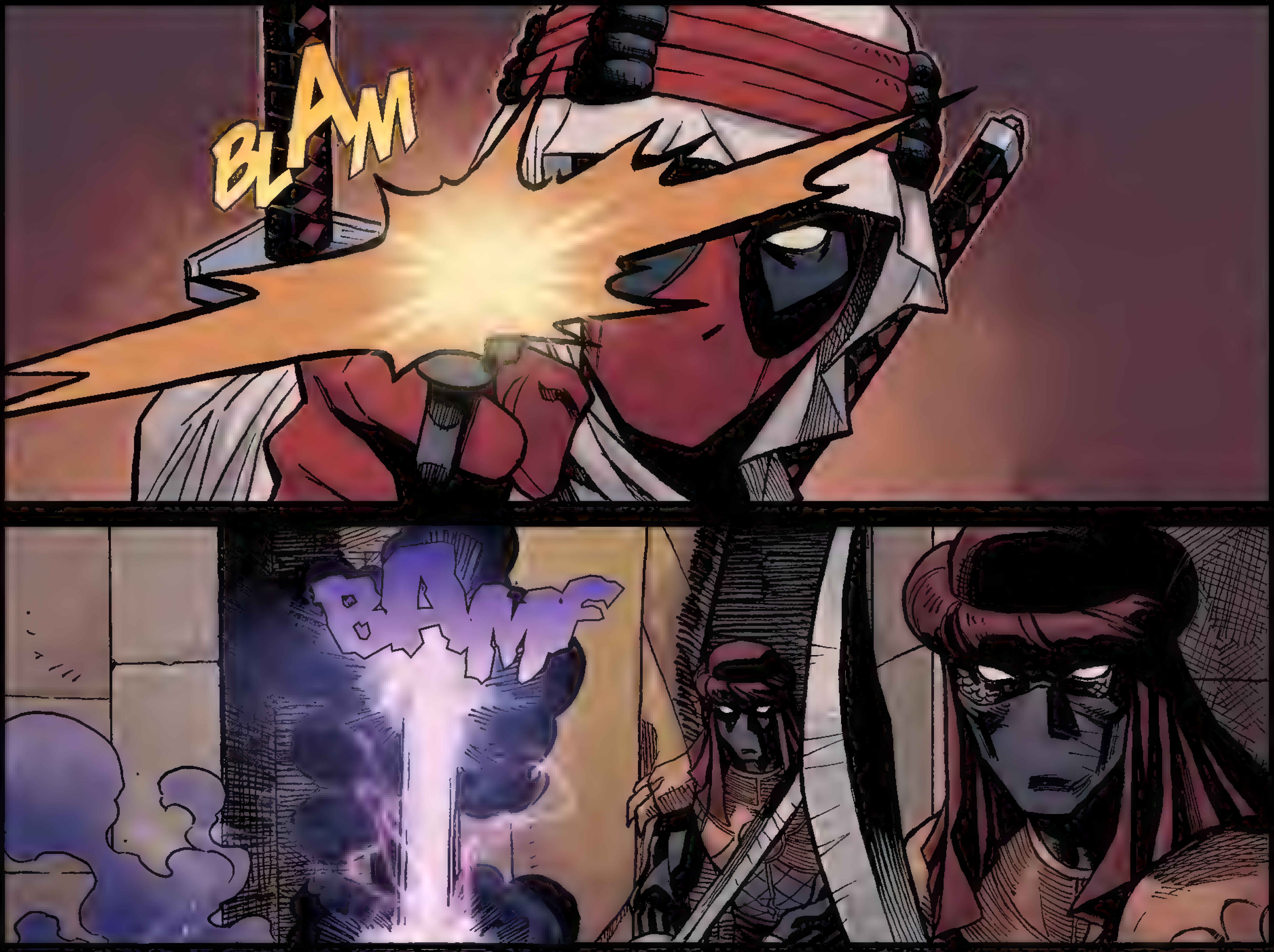

I HATE *SLOBS* THAT LEAVE *CORPSES* STREWN ALL OVER FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO CLEAN UP.

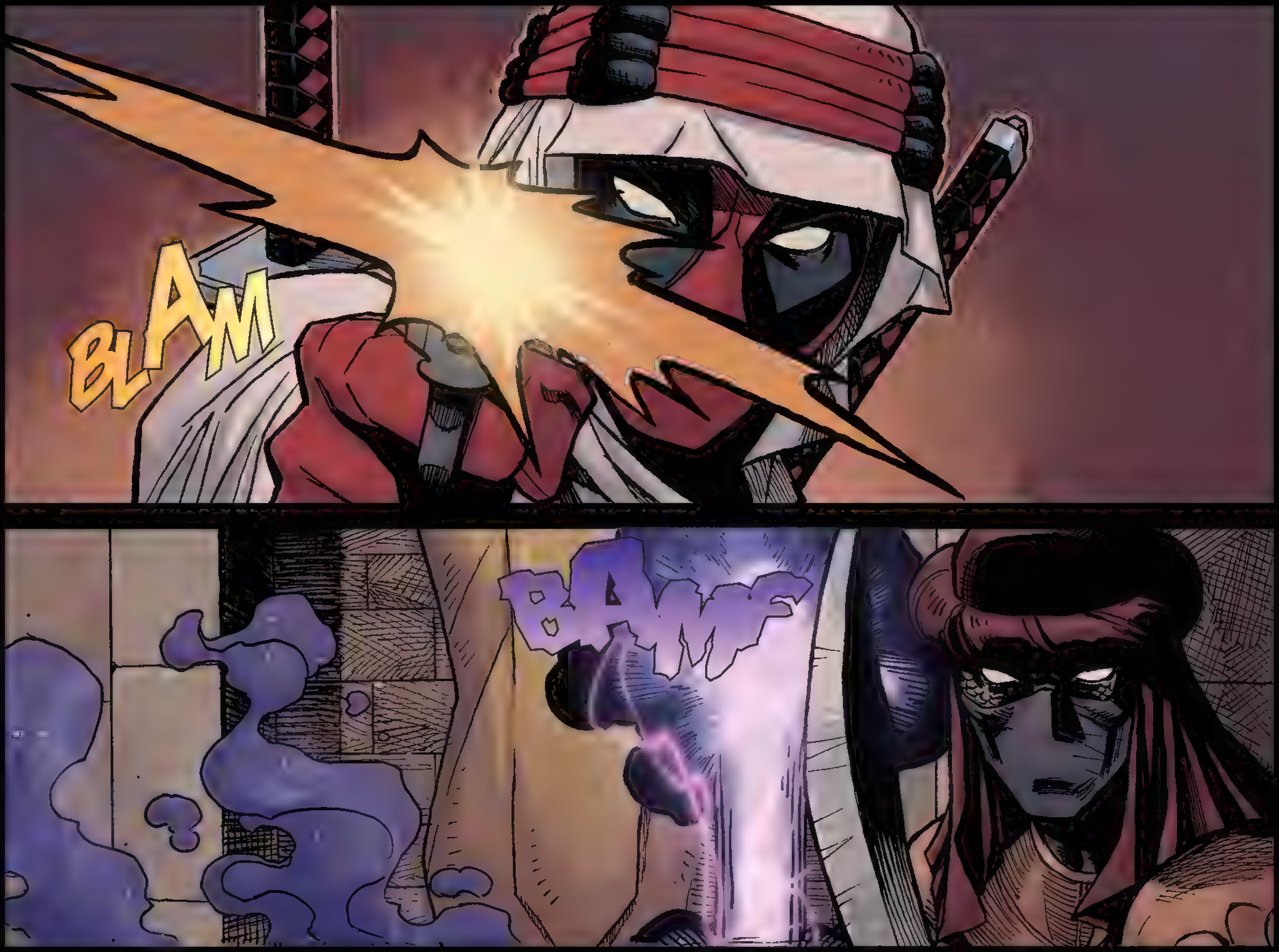

HEY, HEY! STEP AWAY FROM THE DEAD LADY AND PUT DOWN THOSE SWORDS.

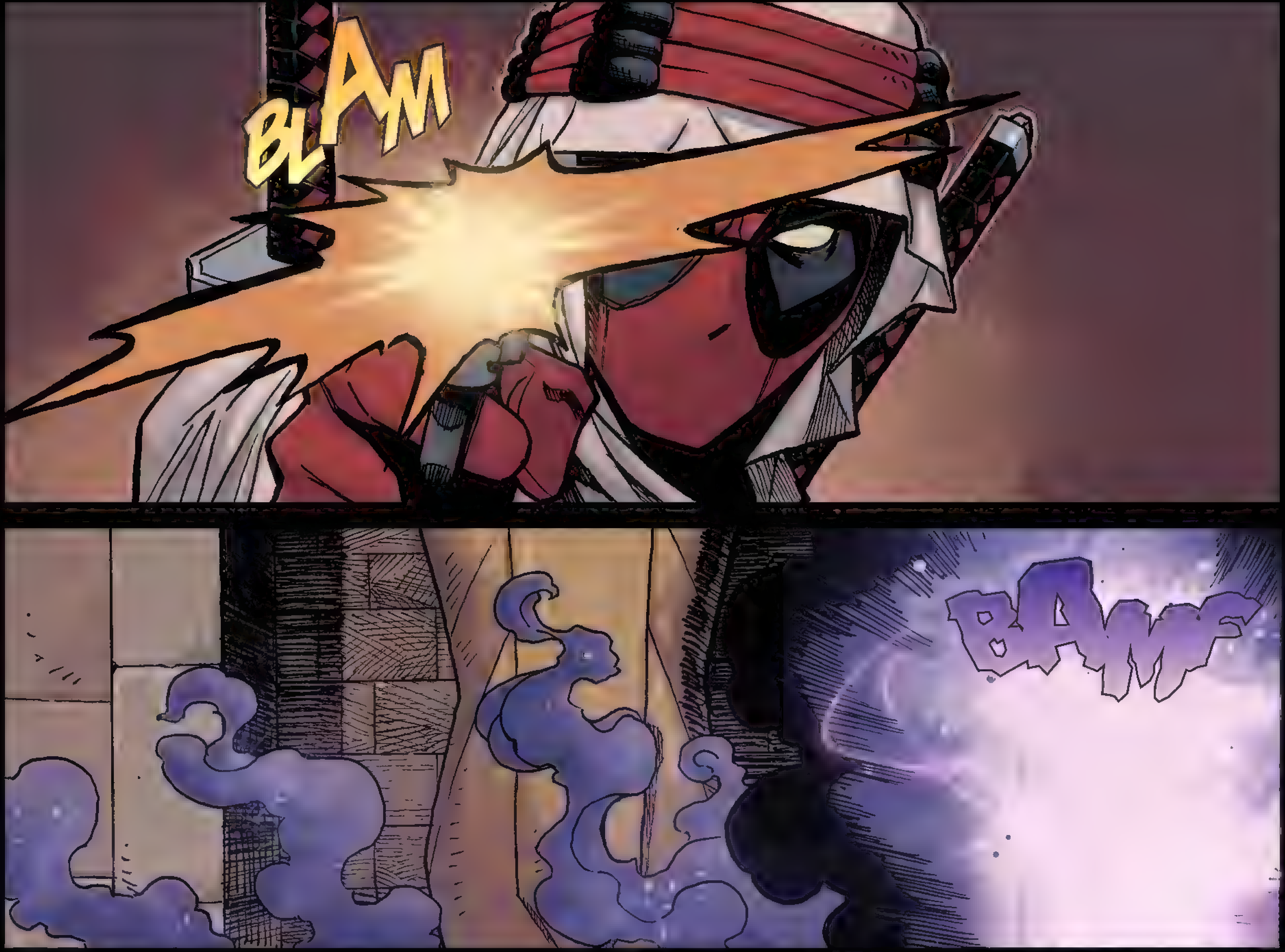

WHO DARES???
HEY, HEY! STEP AWAY FROM THE DEAD LADY AND PUT DOWN THOSE SWORDS.


HOLA, ME LLAMO DEADPOOL.
LEAVE HERE AT ONCE. FORGET YOU EVER SAW US.
HE RESISTS THE WORD.
KILL HIM.


BLAM
BAMF


BLAM
BAMF

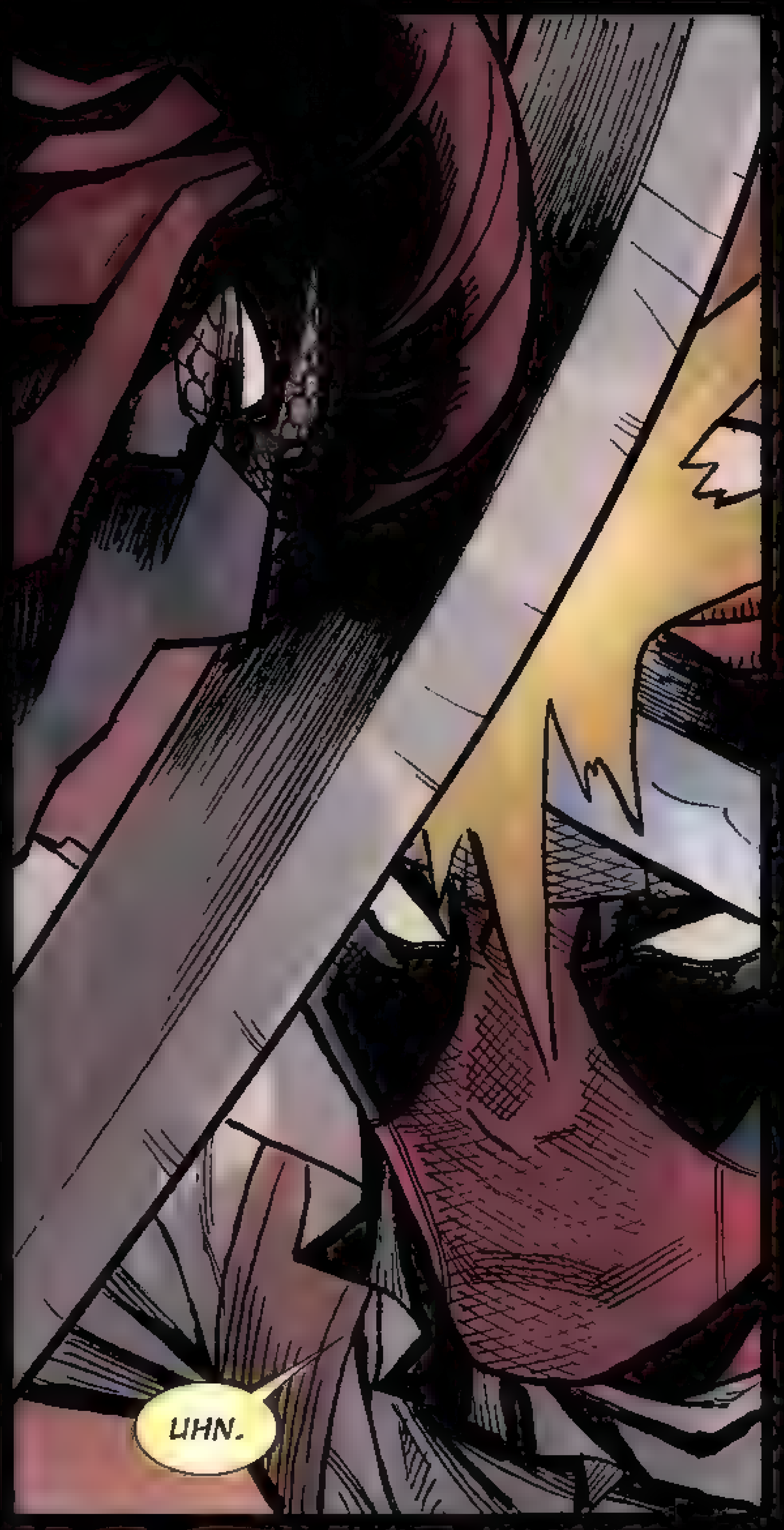

BLAM
BAMF


BLAM
BAMF

THAT WAS SO EASY I'LL THROW IN ME SHOOTING MYSELF FOR FREE!
CLICK

BAMF
UH-OH!

BAMF'RS. WHY'D IT HAVE TO BE BAMF'RS...


UHN.

UHN.
SWOOSH
BAMF

UHN.
BAMF
DIVIDE AND CONQUER! DESTROY THE CASKET!

YOU CAN'T! IT BELONGS IN A MUSEUM!

BAM!
BAM!

CHING
BAMF

SWASHBUCKLING... SO HARD. SHOULDN'T HAVE EATEN THAT BURRITO.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

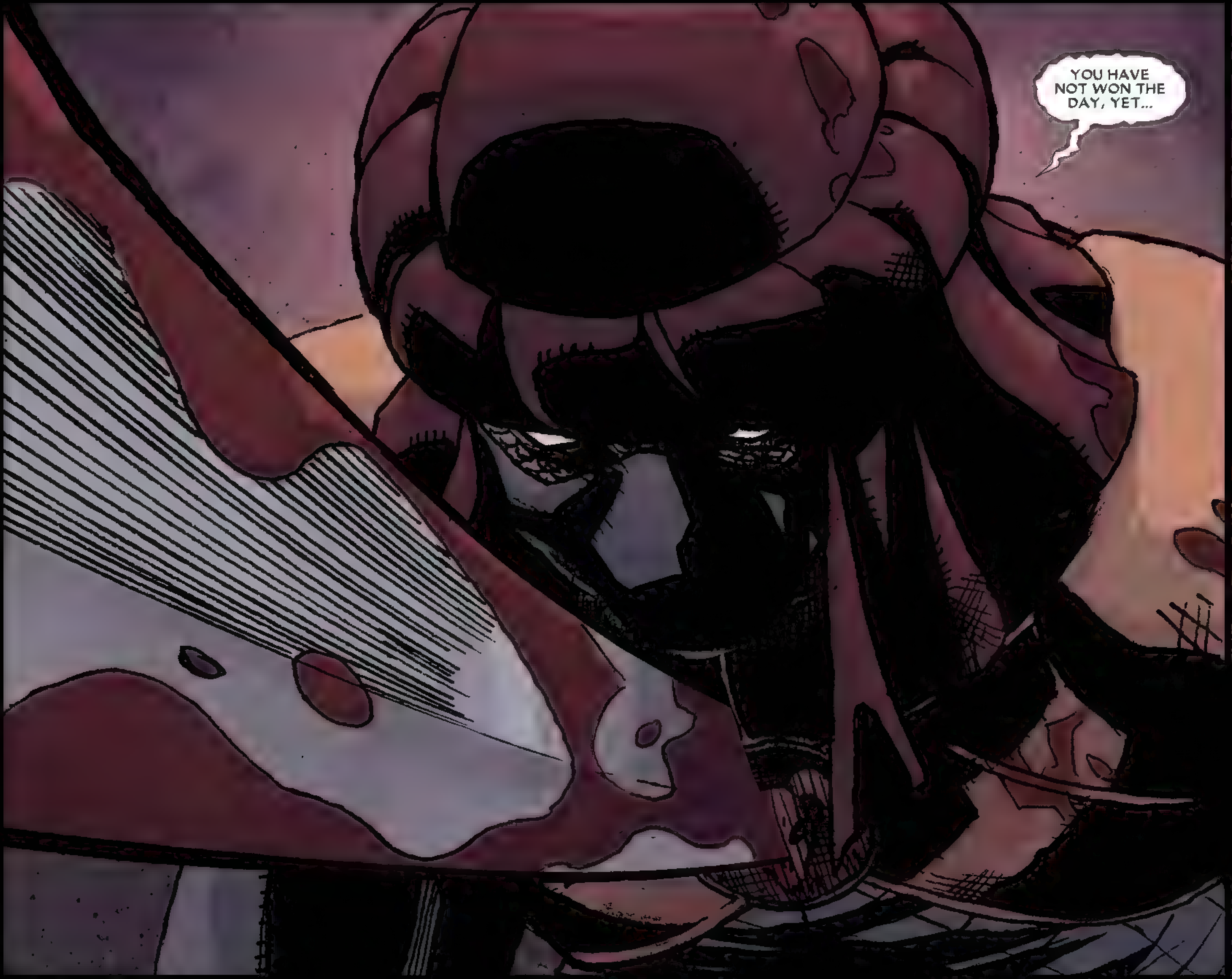
WOOSH
WOOSH
THE TRICK IS TO STAB WHERE YOU *WILL* BE.

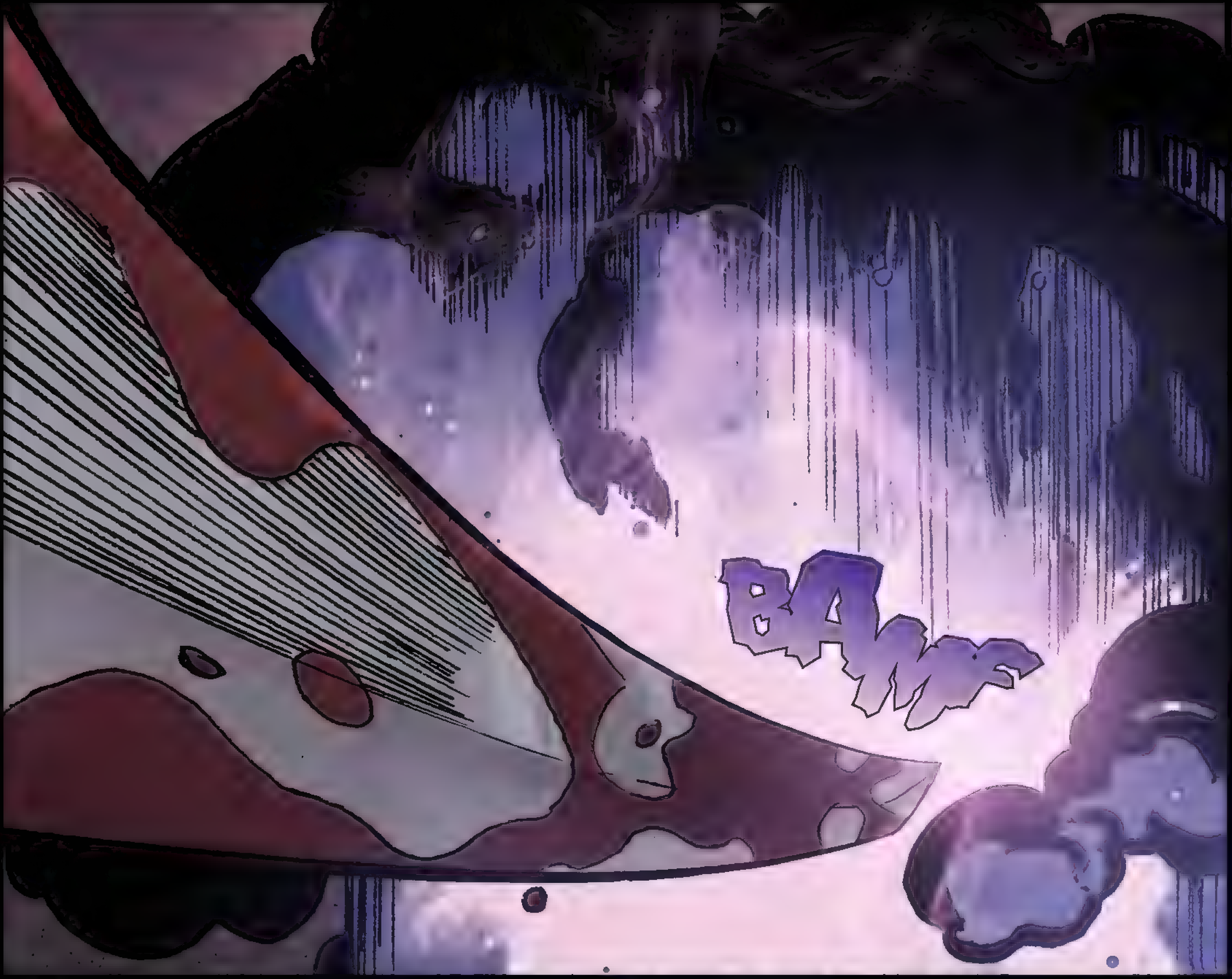
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF

SPLACK
SKRERUNCH
WHLACK

SPLOOOOK
FRAKKLAPP
SHKRRRRAKKKK

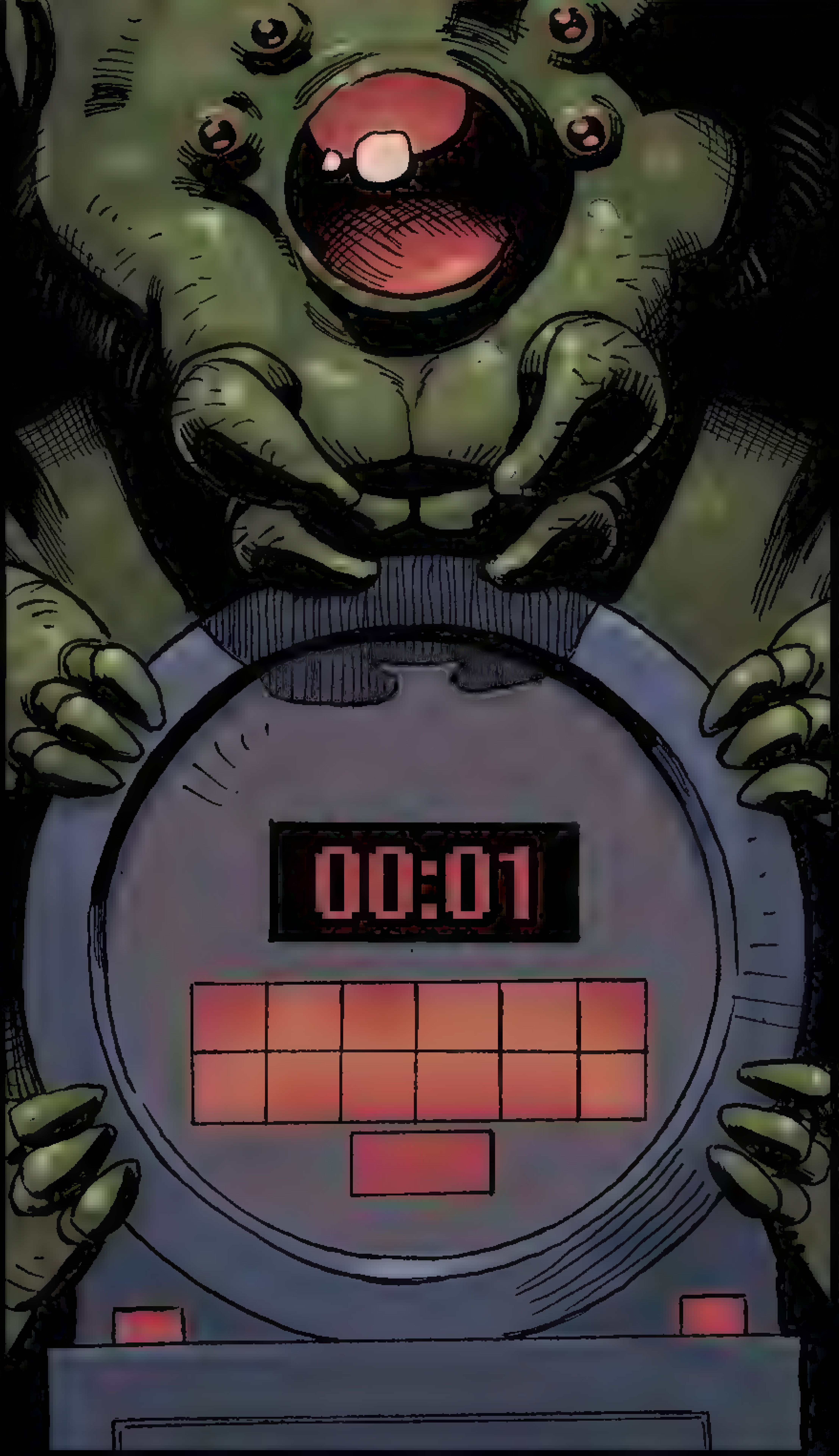
DRACULA WASN'T KIDDING. I'M HAVING TO WORK FOR THIS.


YOU HAVE NOT WON THE DAY, YET...

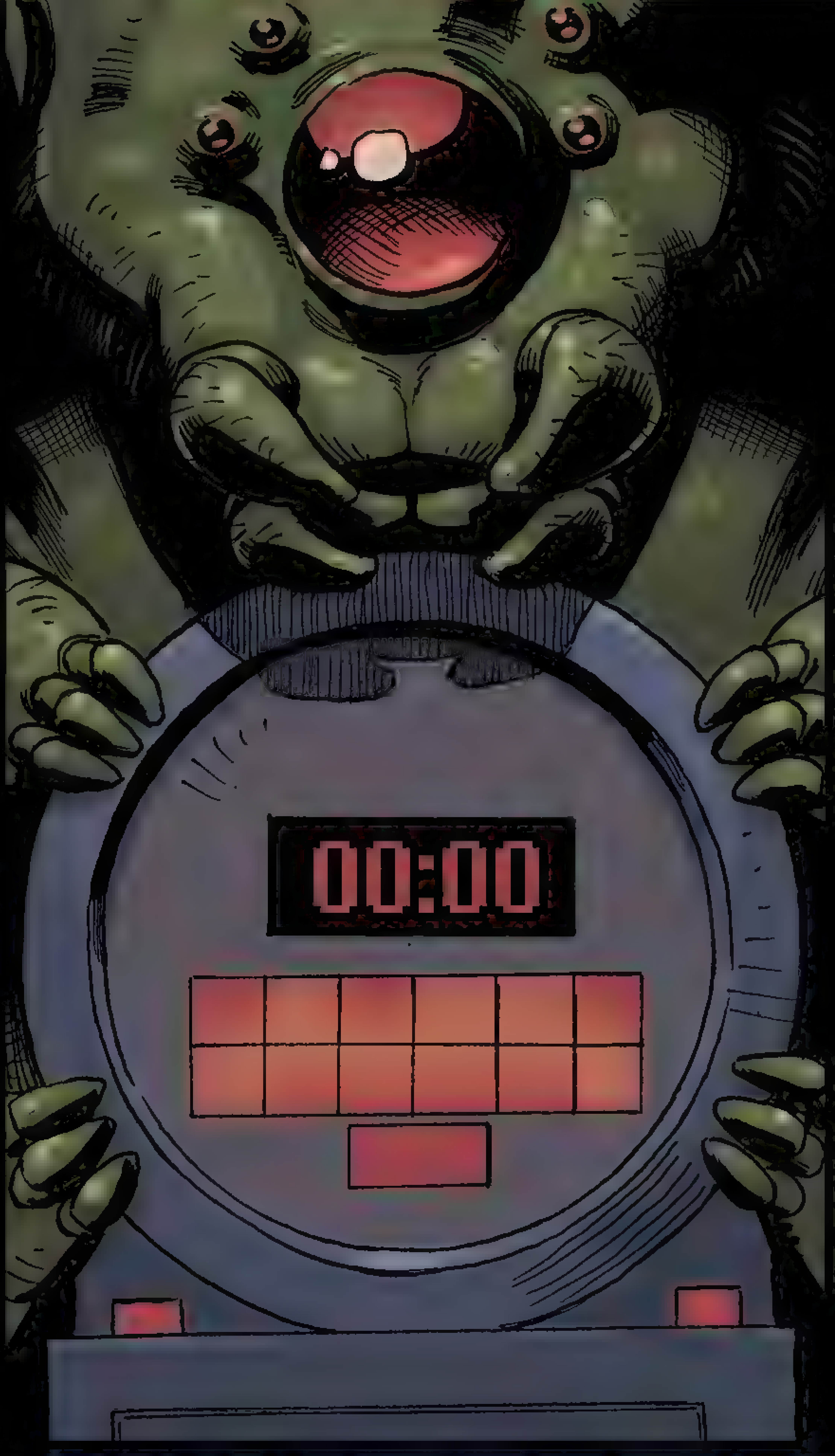

BAMF

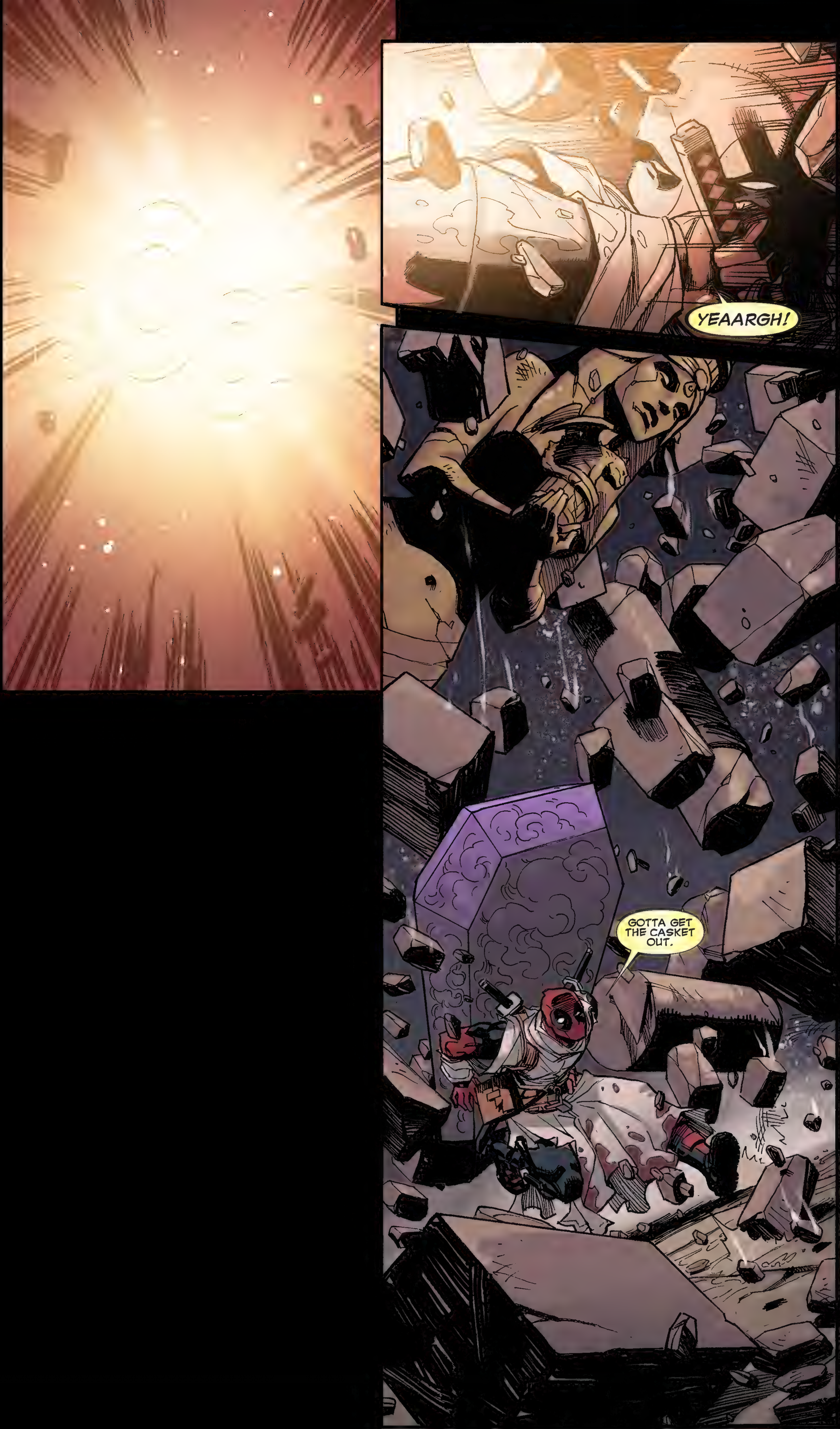
BAMF
HEY, GET AWAY FROM THAT HORRIBLE OLD SPIDER THING.

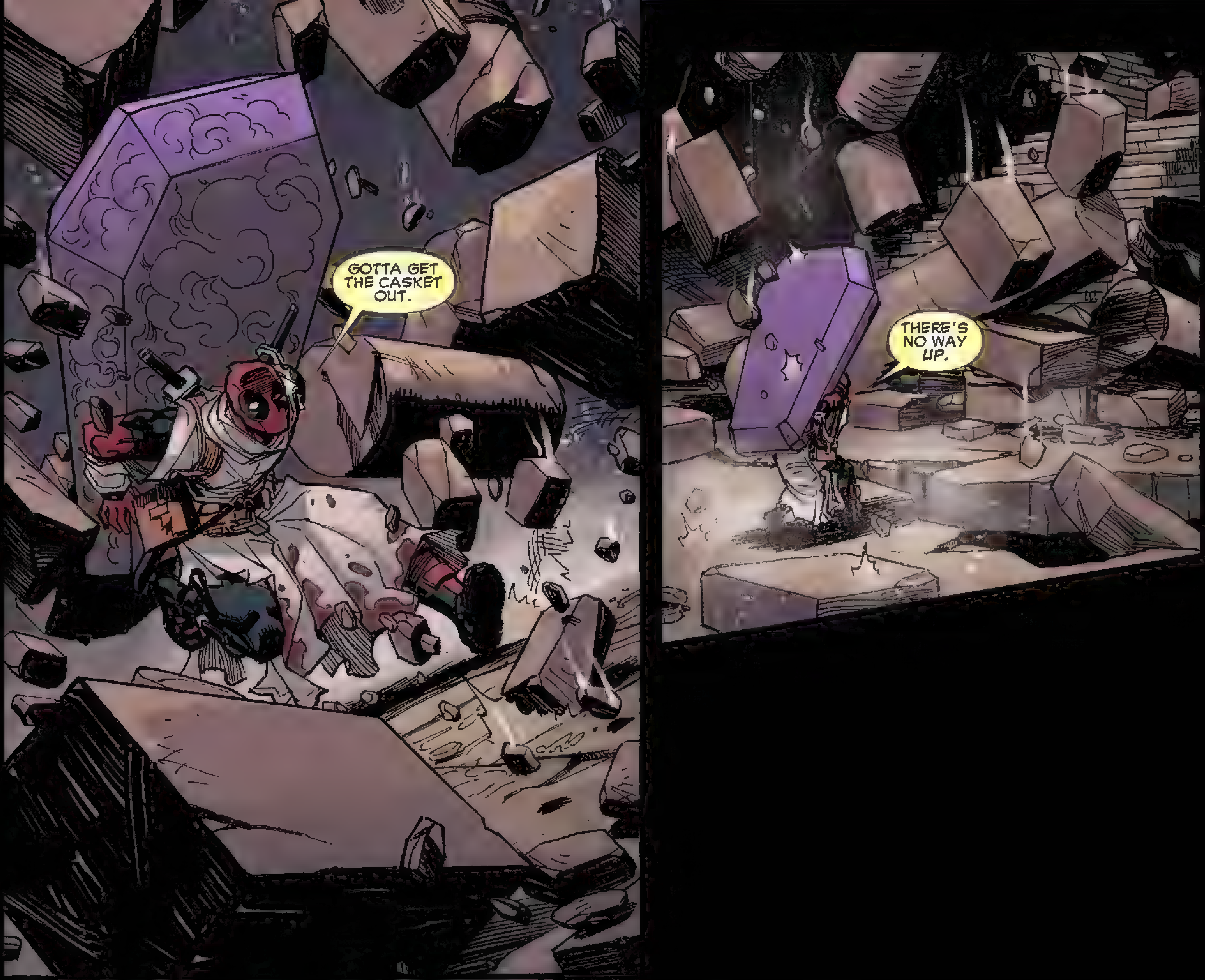
YOUR MASTER'S PRIZE IS LOST.
BAMF
HMM. HOW HARD CAN DIFFUSING AN OLD, DISGUSTING SPIDER-BOMB BE?
LET'S SEE HOW MUCH TIME I--

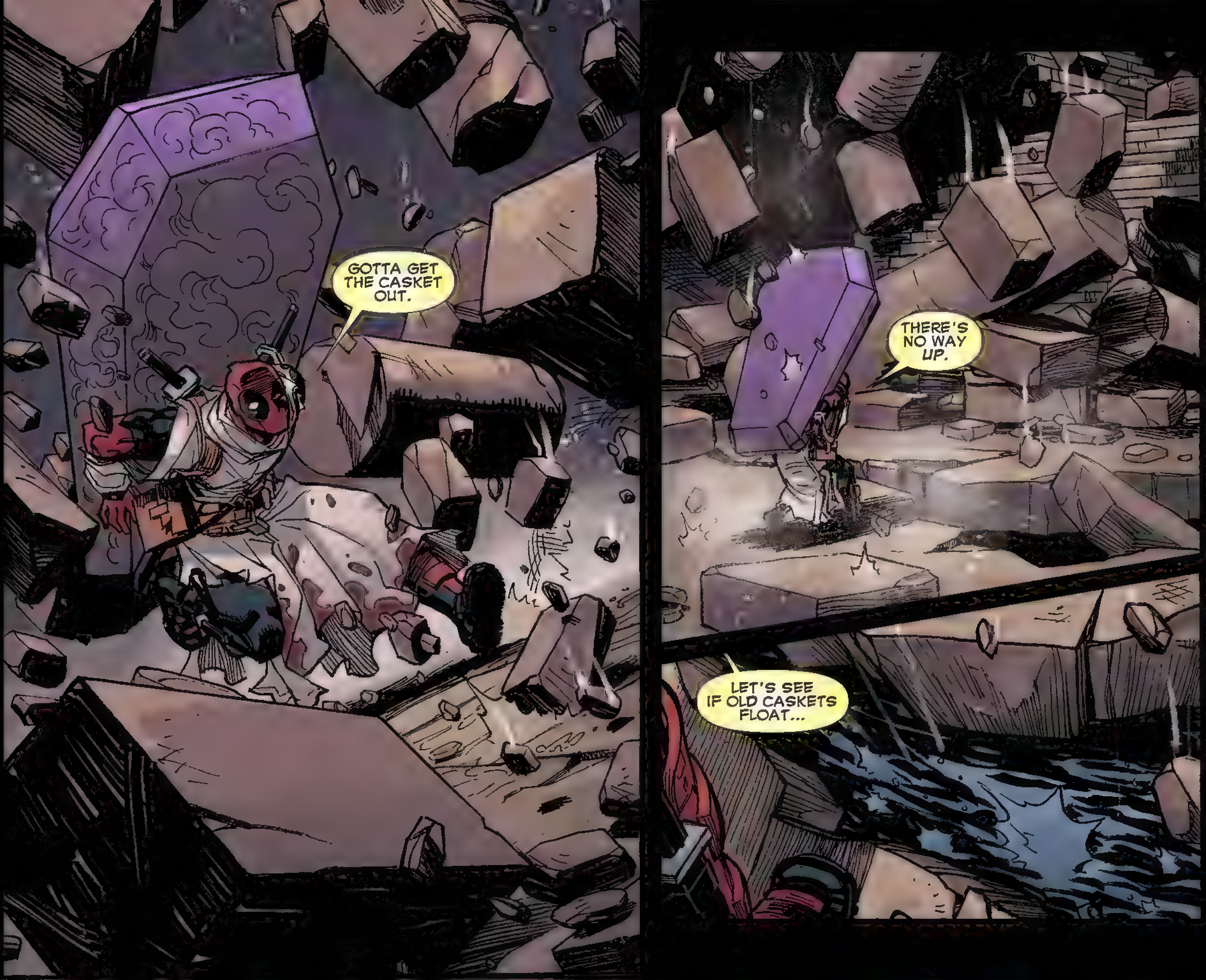

00:01

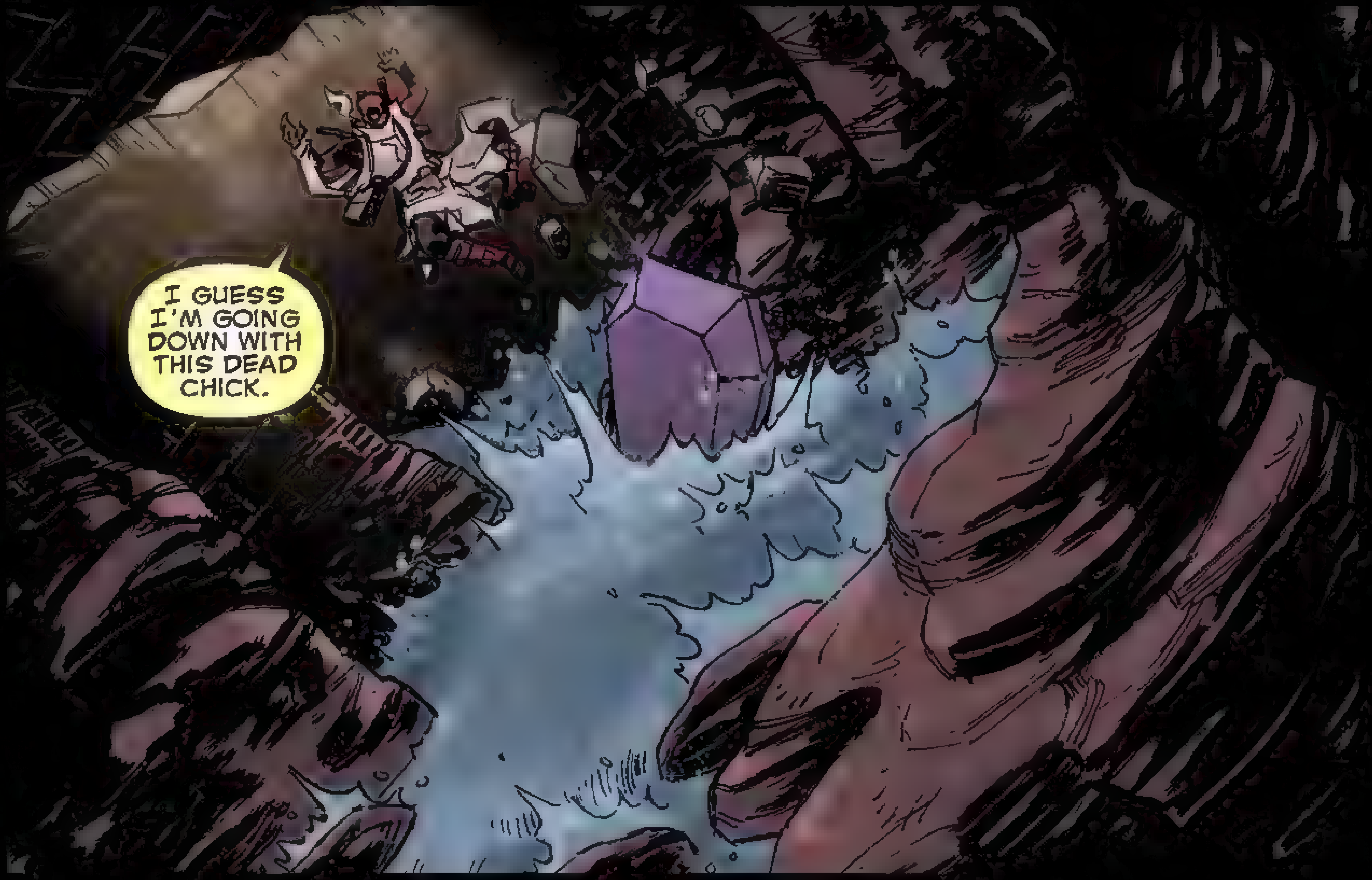
OH.

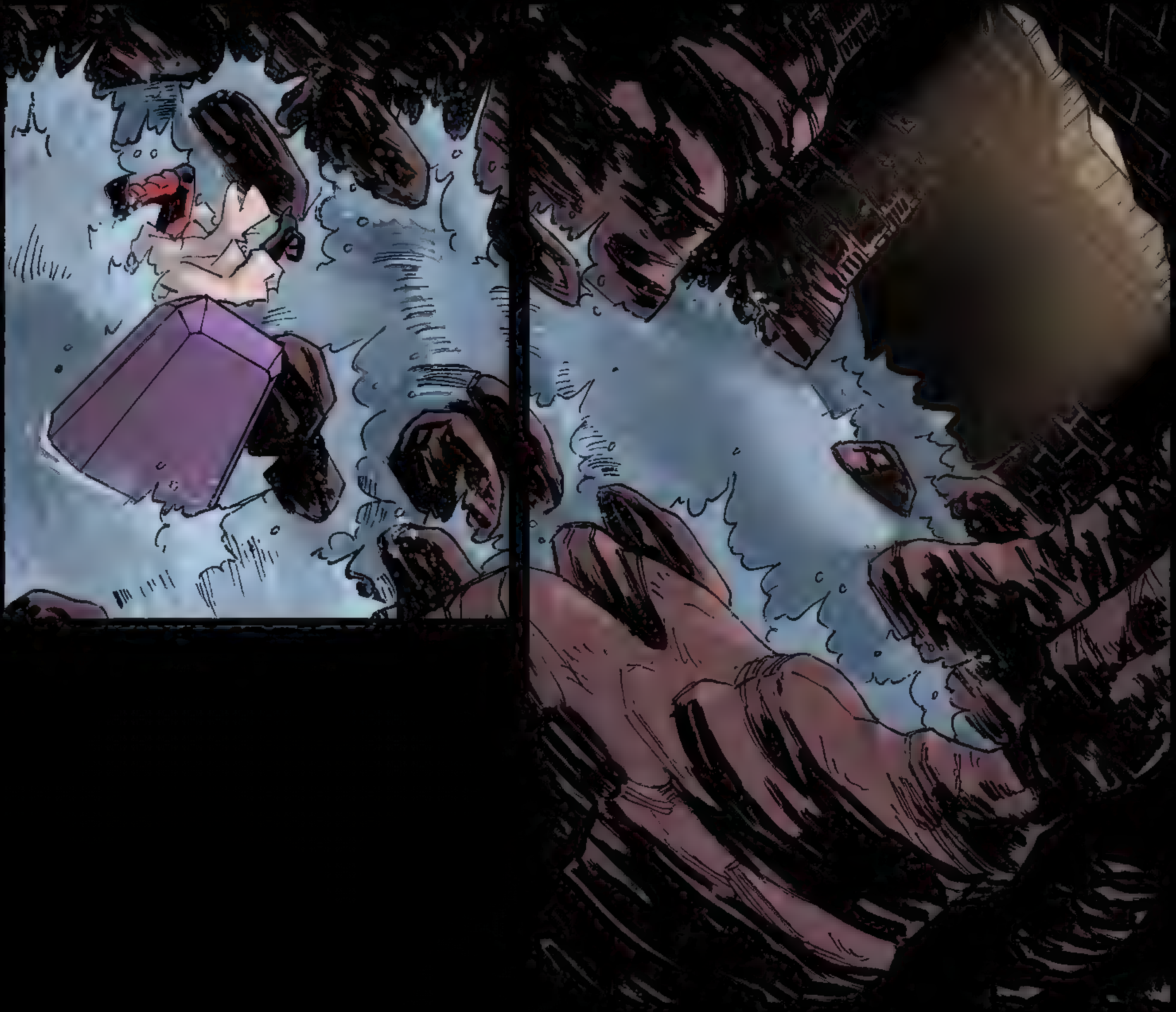

00:00

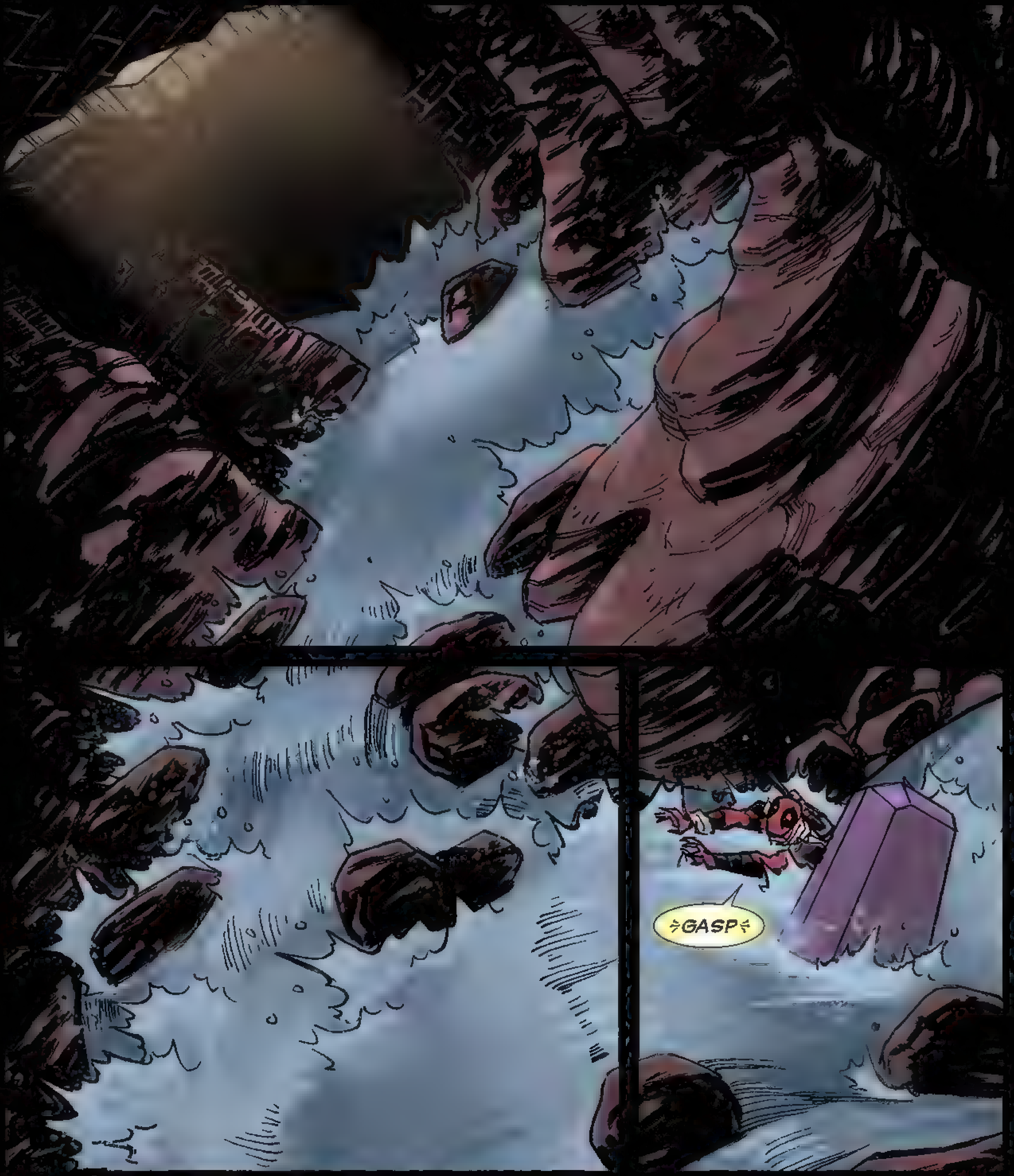

YEAARGH!
GOTTA GET THE CASKET OUT.

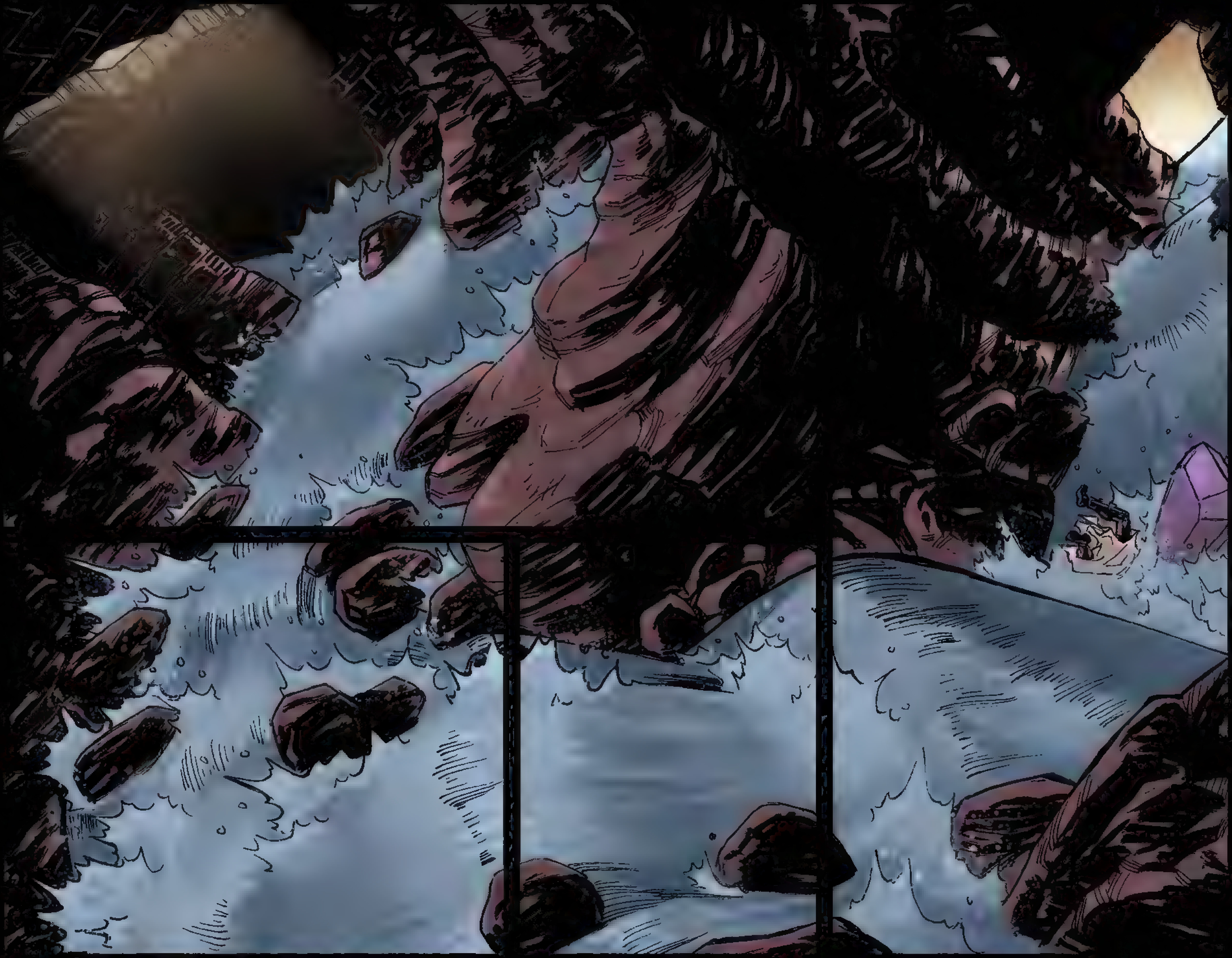

GOTTA GET THE CASKET OUT.
THERE'S NO WAY UP.

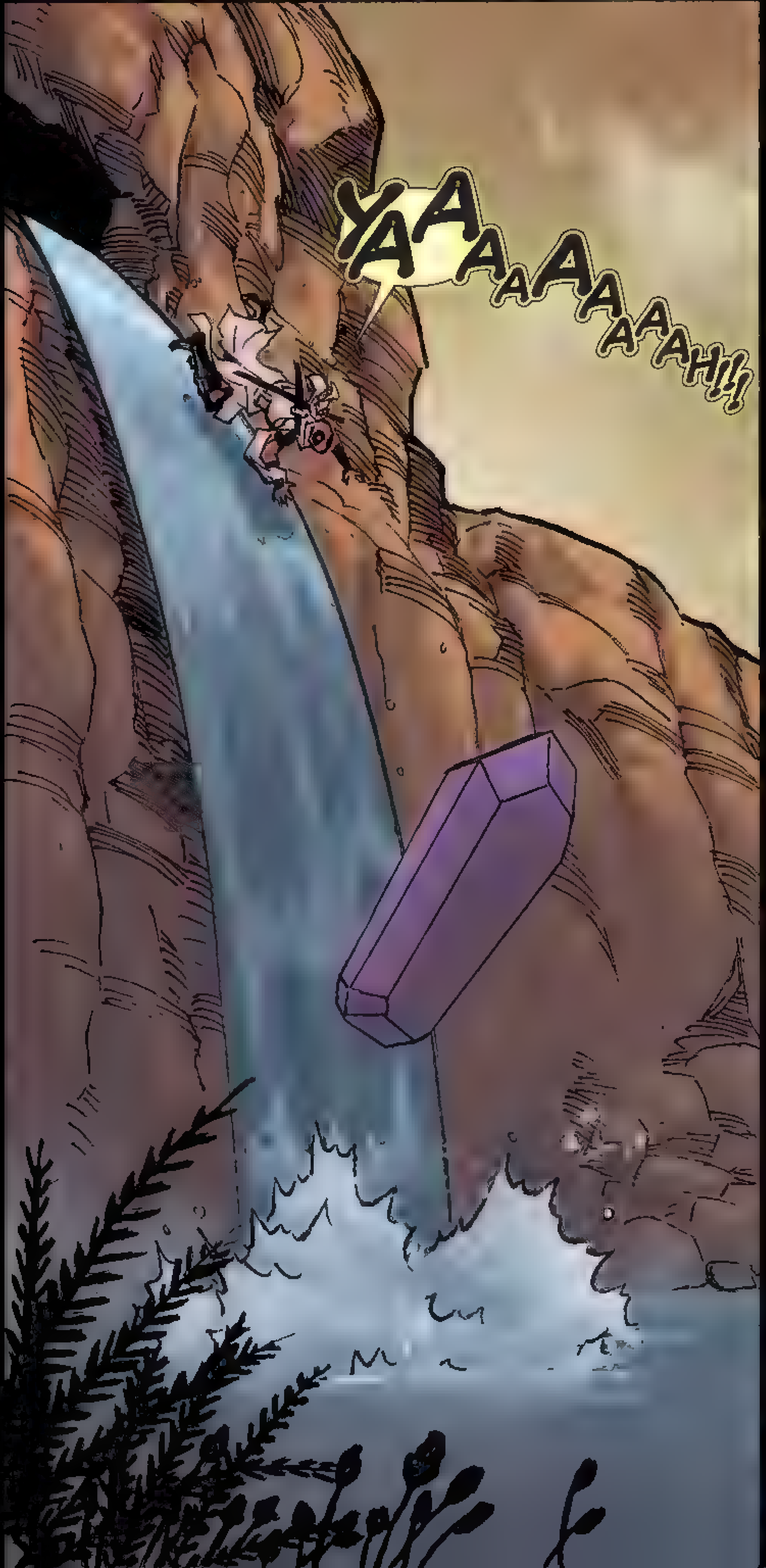

GOTTA GET THE CASKET OUT.
THERE'S NO WAY UP.
LET'S SEE IF OLD CASKETS FLOAT...

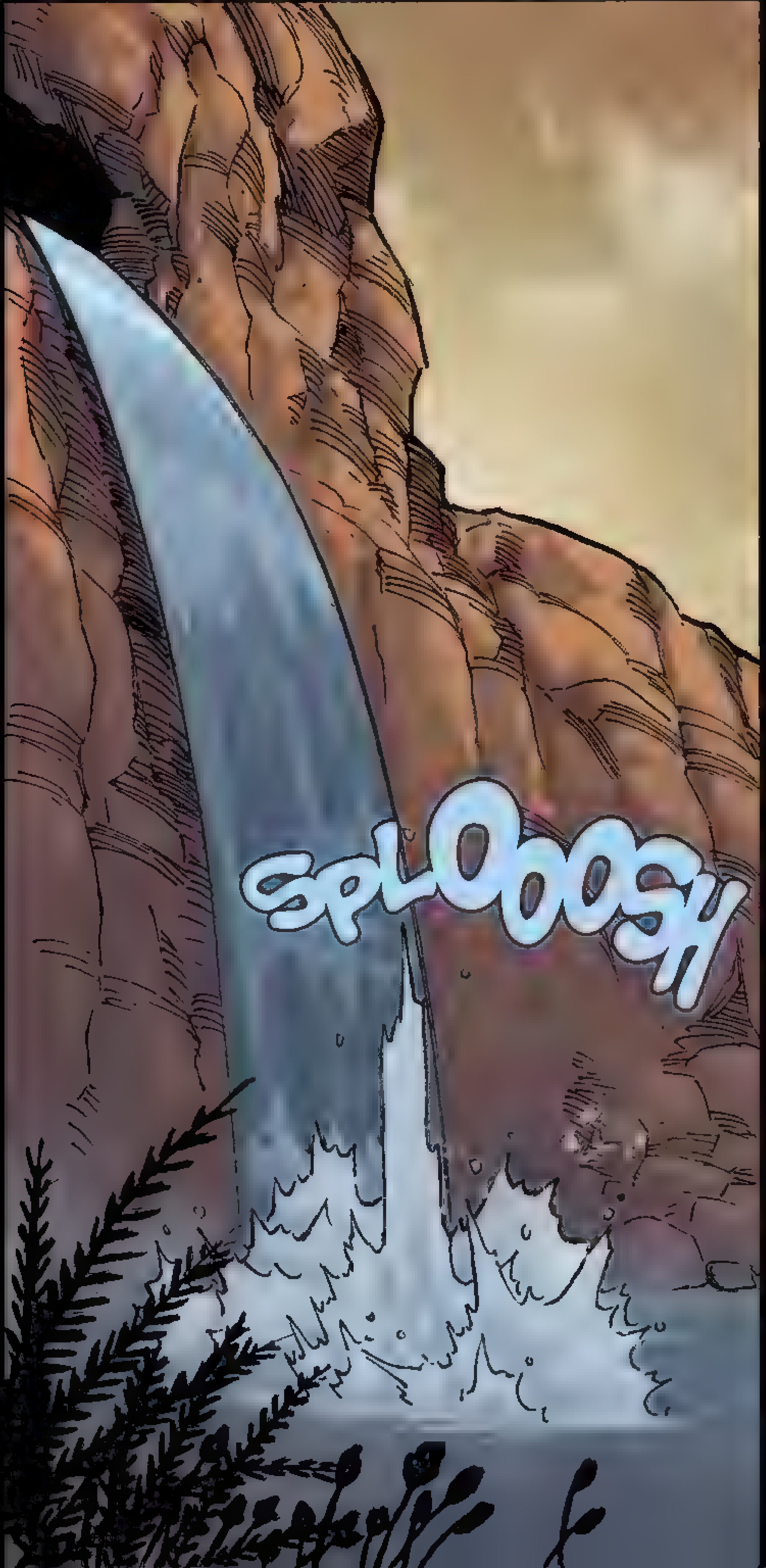

I GUESS I'M GOING DOWN WITH THIS DEAD CHICK.

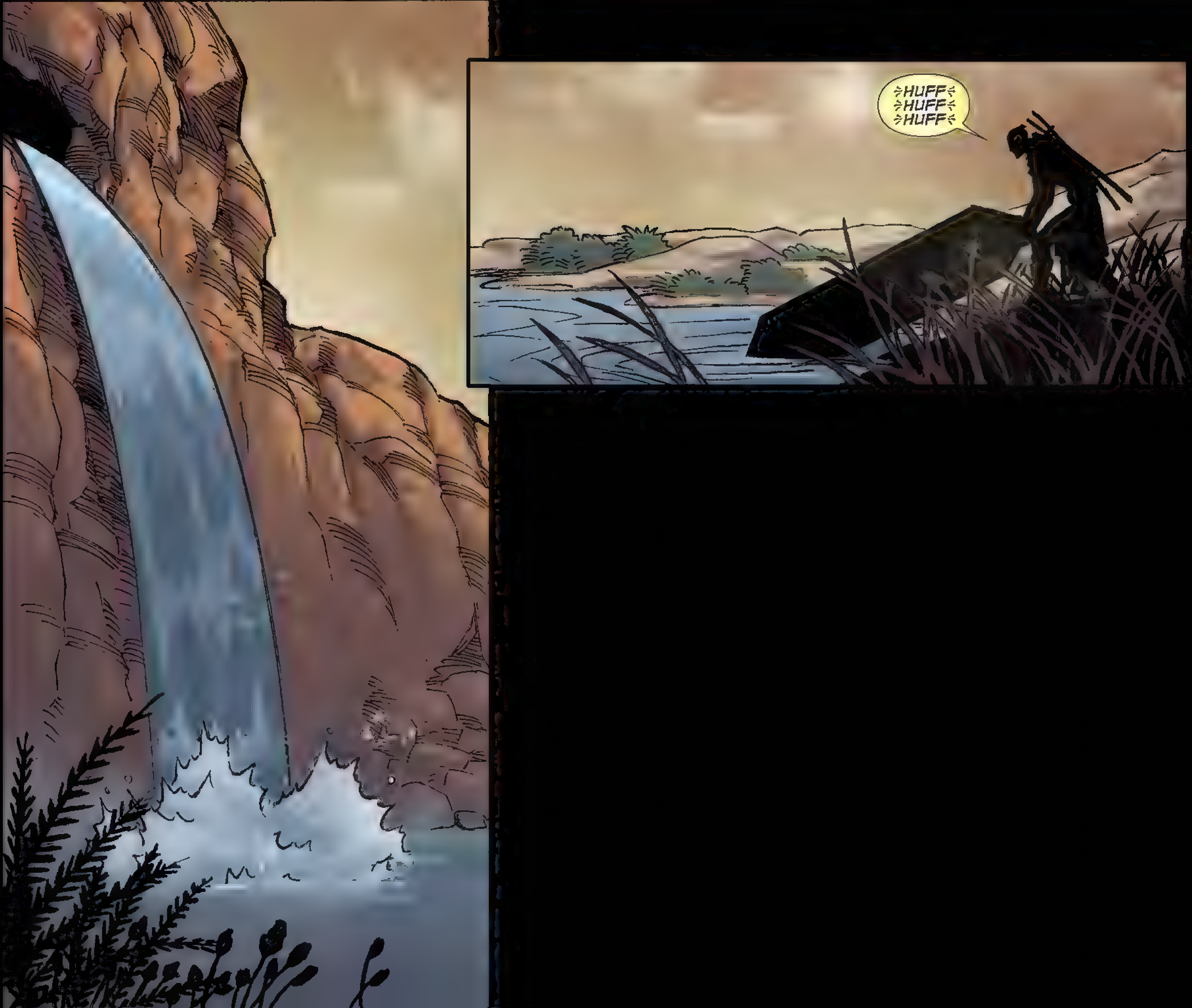


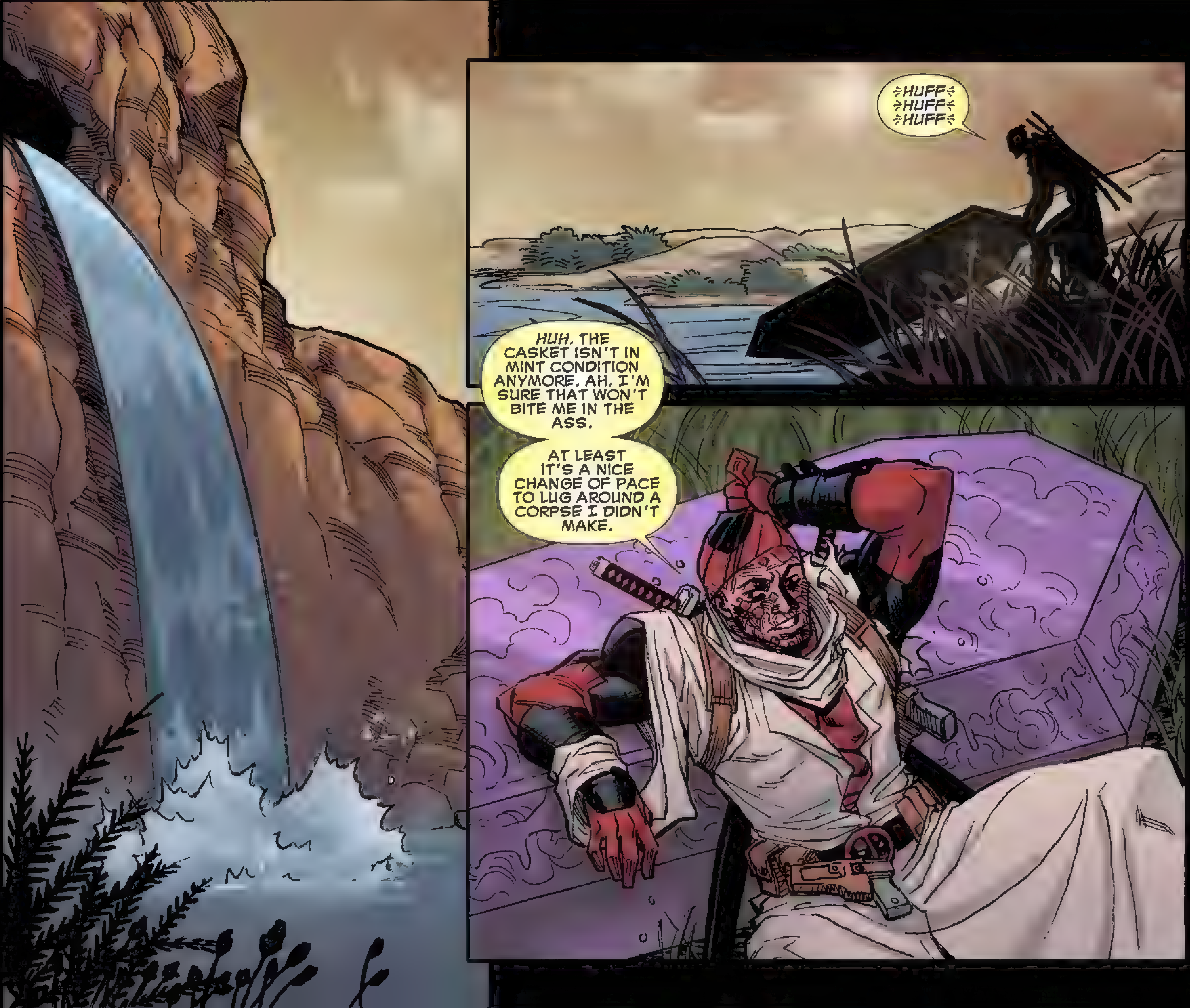

GASP

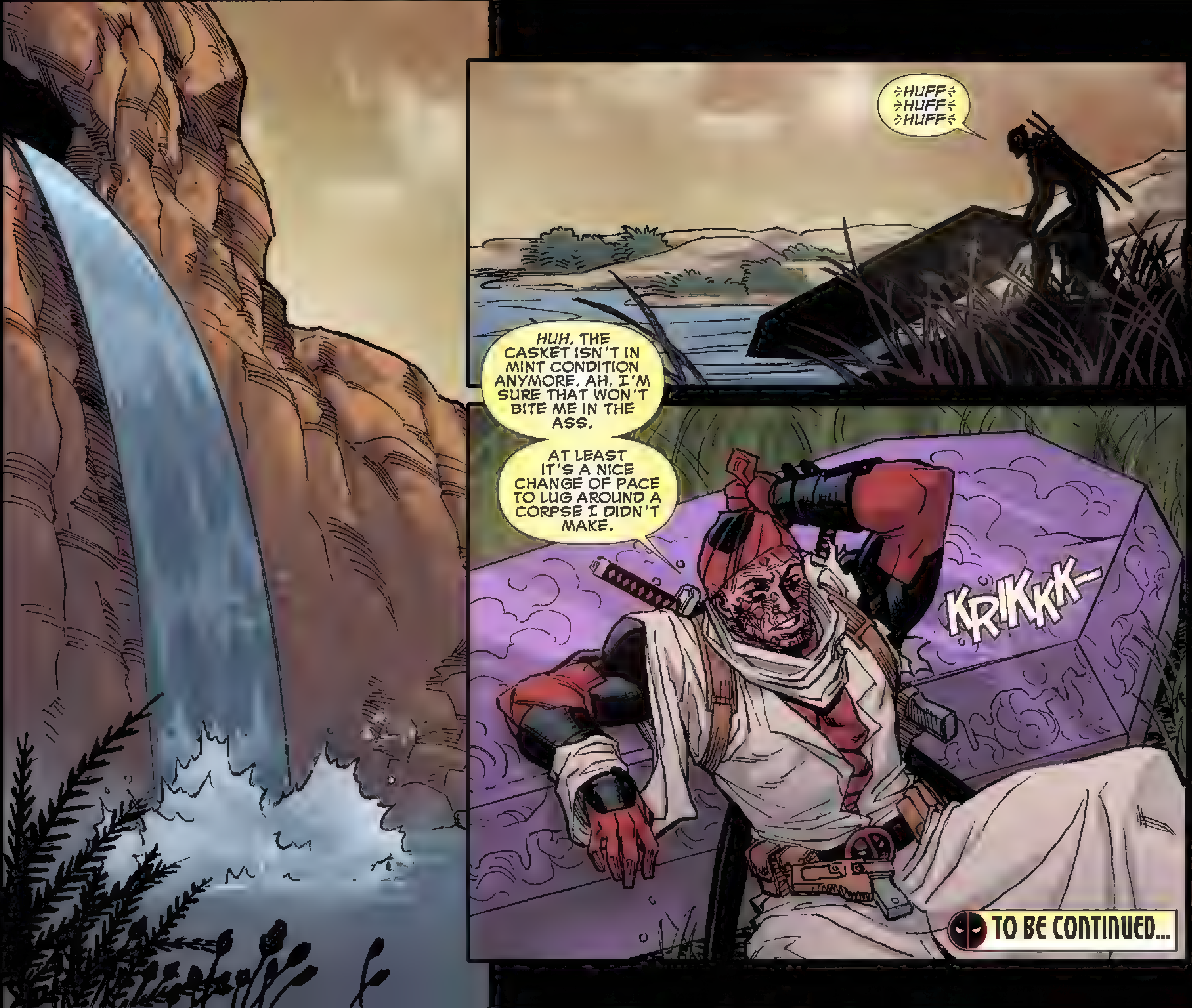


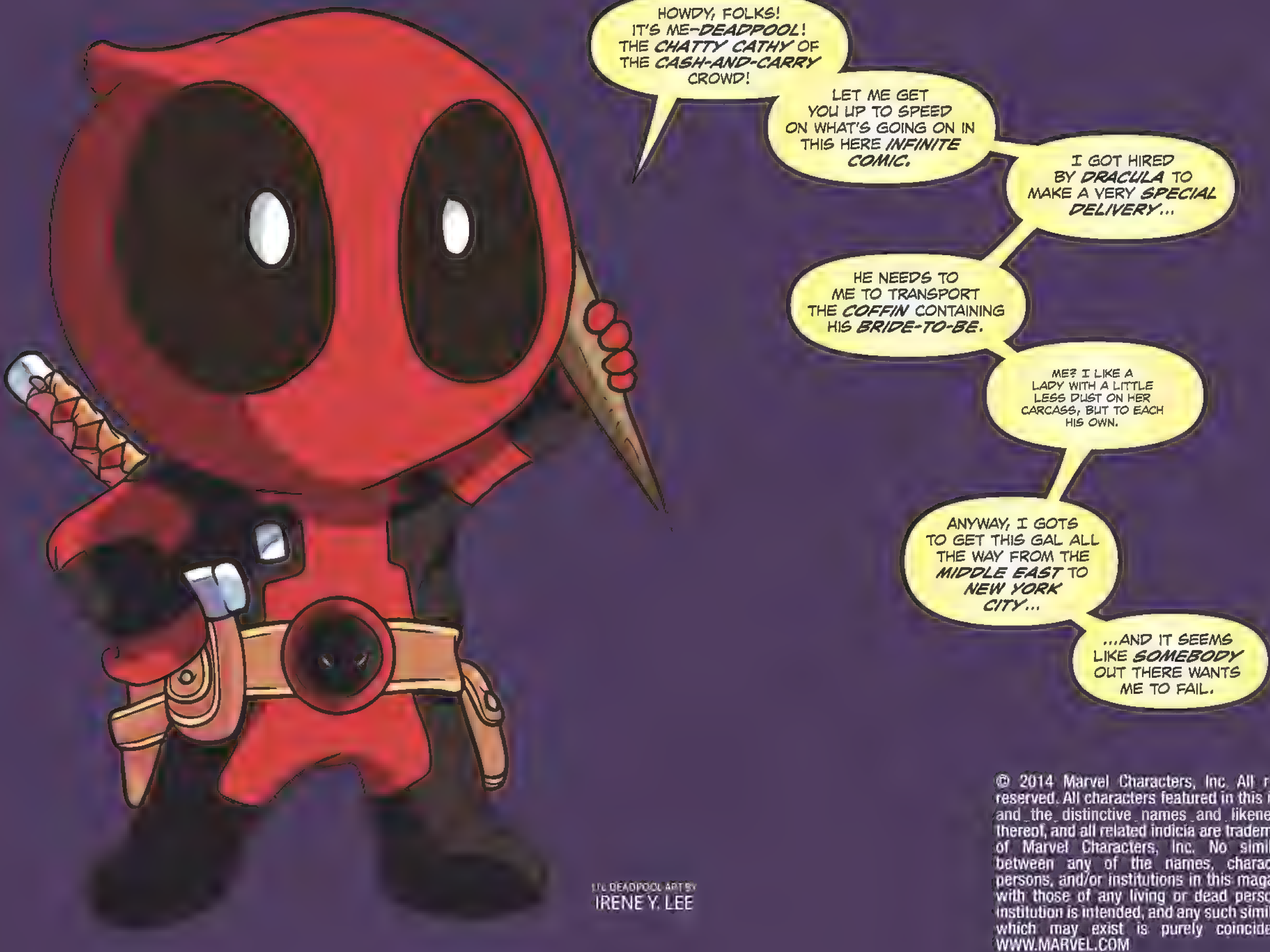

YAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!


SPLOOOSH


HUFF HUFF HUFF


HUFF HUFF HUFF
HUH. THE CASKET ISN'T IN MINT CONDITION ANYMORE. AH, I'M SURE THAT WON'T BITE ME IN THE ASS.
AT LEAST IT'S A NICE CHANGE OF PACE TO LUG AROUND A CORPSE I DIDN'T MAKE.


HUFF HUFF HUFF
HUH. THE CASKET ISN'T IN MINT CONDITION ANYMORE. AH, I'M SURE THAT WON'T BITE ME IN THE ASS.
AT LEAST IT'S A NICE CHANGE OF PACE TO LUG AROUND A CORPSE I DIDN'T MAKE.
KRIKKK-
TO BE CONTINUED...


HOWDY, FOLKS! IT'S ME--*DEADPOOL*! THE *CHATTY CATHY* OF THE *CASH-AND-CARRY* CROWD!
LET ME GET YOU UP TO SPEED ON WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS HERE *INFINITE COMIC.*
I GOT HIRED BY *DRACULA* TO MAKE A VERY *SPECIAL DELIVERY*...
HE NEEDS TO ME TO TRANSPORT THE *COFFIN* CONTAINING HIS *BRIDE-TO-BE.*
ME? I LIKE A LADY WITH A LITTLE LESS DUST ON HER CARCASS, BUT TO EACH HIS OWN.
ANYWAY, I GOTS TO GET THIS GAL ALL THE WAY FROM THE *MIDDLE EAST* TO *NEW YORK CITY*...
...AND IT SEEMS LIKE *SOMEBODY* OUT THERE WANTS ME TO FAIL.

LIL DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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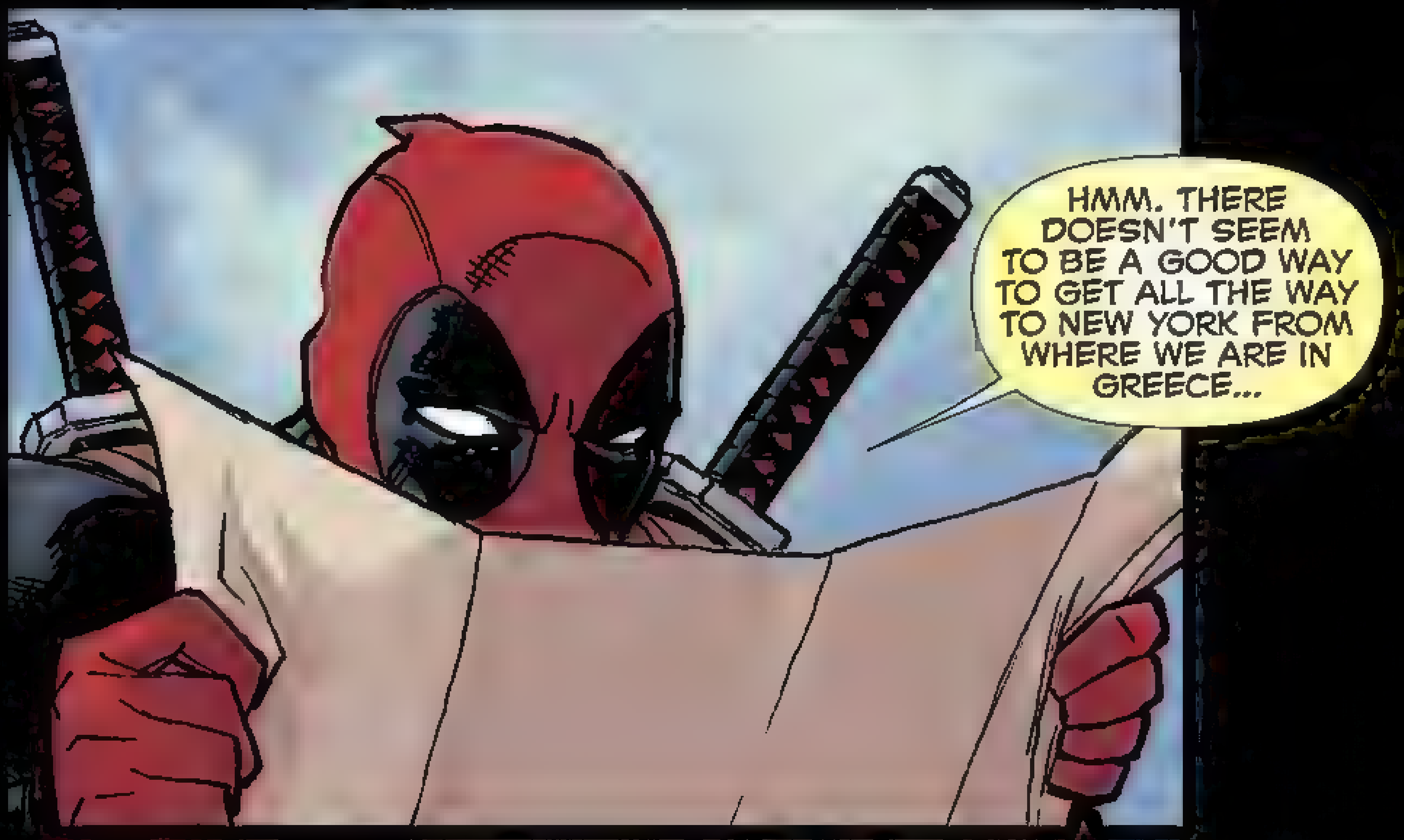
A SHORT TIME LATER,
AT GREECE'S BEST ZOO... UNTIL TWO MINUTES AGO...
TO FREEDOM, MY BROTHERS, SISTERS AND ASEXUAL REPRODUCERS!
ΠΑΡ

RIDE, STRIPEY, AWAY!
WE MUST GET THIS ROTTING CORPSE TO NEW YORK CITY, WHICH I KNOW IS UNUSUAL FOR A CITY THAT IS TEEMING WITH SO MANY ROTTING CORPSES, BUT THIS CORPSE IS SPECIAL-- IT'S BETROTHED TO THE ONE, TRUE DRACULA!

KEEP YOUR COOL, MUSTAFA. BIDE YOUR TIME AND YOU CAN OUTWIT THIS REPTILE AND WIN YOUR FREEDOM!


HMM. THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A GOOD WAY TO GET ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK FROM WHERE WE ARE IN GREECE...

HMM. THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE A GOOD WAY TO GET ALL THE WAY TO NEW YORK FROM WHERE WE ARE IN GREECE...
SO LET'S JUST SEE HOW FAR YOU GET AND WHEN YOU GET TIRED I'LL PULL INTO A GLUE FACTORY AND WE CAN TAKE A "*REST.*"

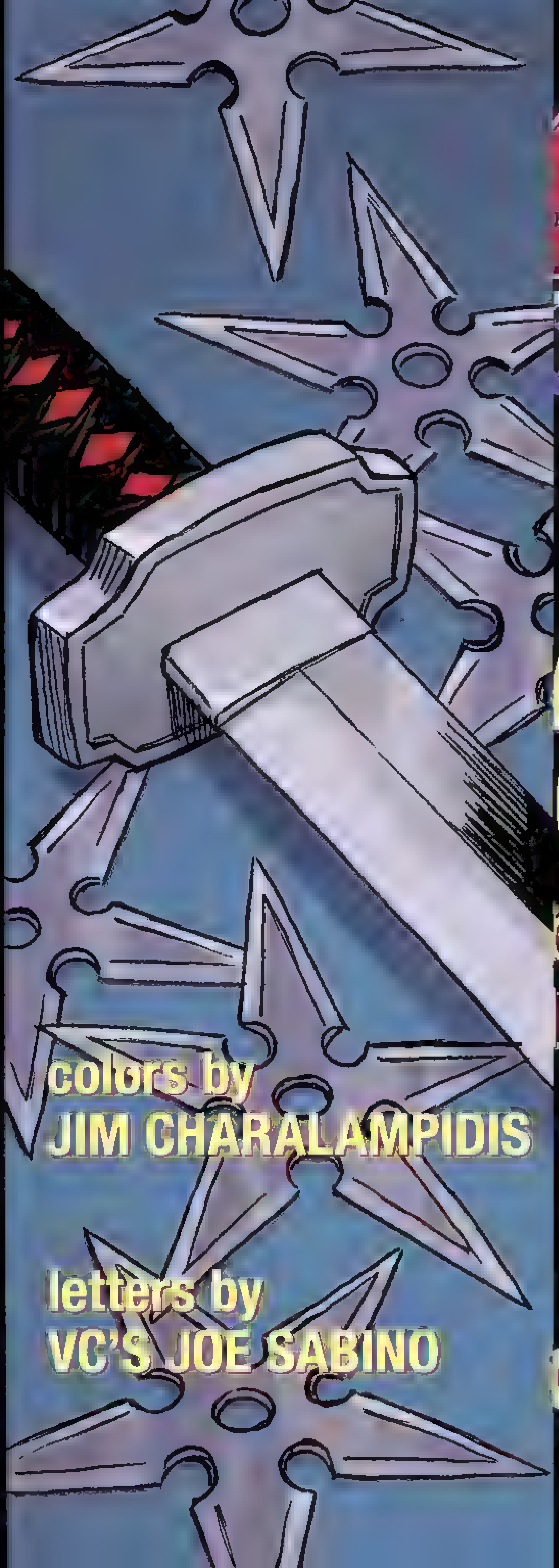
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER THREE: YOU HAD ONE JOB, DEADPOOL

story by
BRIAN POSEHN & GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN

storyboards and art by
REILLY BROWN



EADPOOL
The Gauntlet

APTER THREE:
ONE JOB, DEADPOOL

by
POSEHN & GERRY DUGGAN

colors by
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS

letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO

GAN

storyboards and art by
REILLY BROWN

A REE:
DEADPOOL

DUGGAN

ds and art by
G ROWN

production by
ARLIN ORTIZ

production
management by
TIM SMITH 3

edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE

colors by
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS

letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO

colors by
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS

letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO

production by
ARLIN ORTIZ

production management by
TIM SMITH 3

edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE

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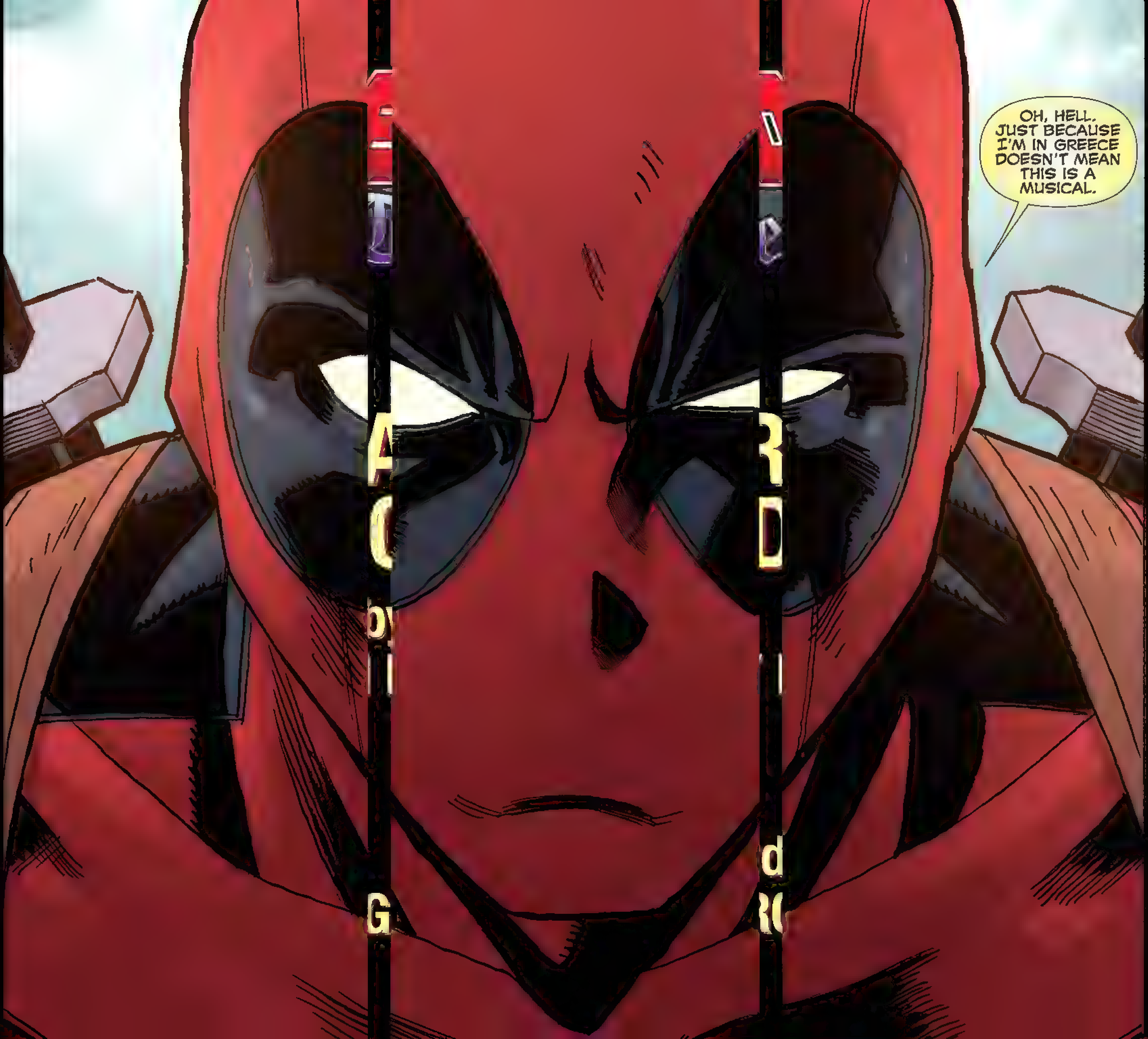
JOE QUESADA

publishing by
DAN BUCKLEY

executive production by
ALAN FINE

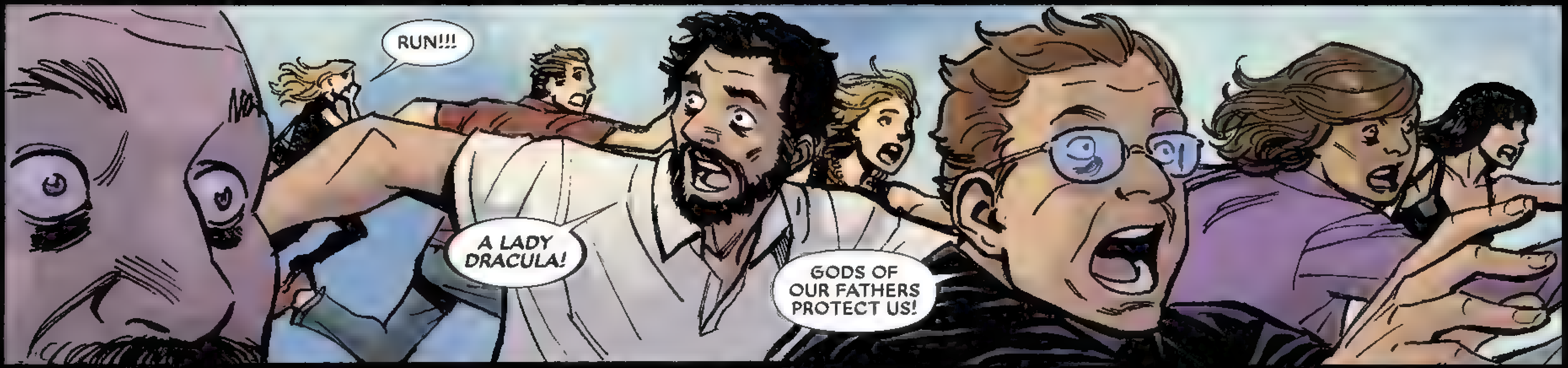


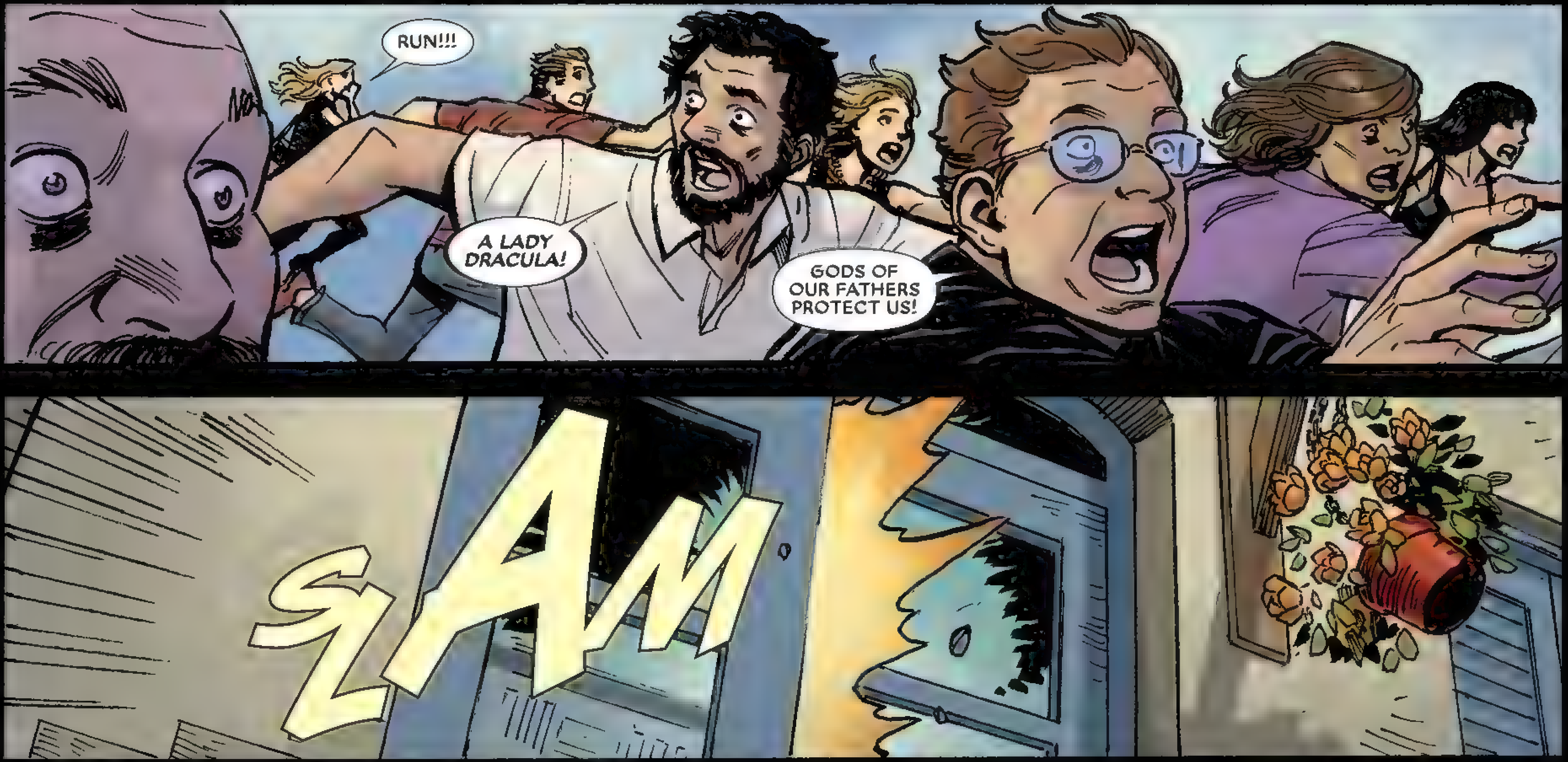
OH, HELL. JUST BECAUSE I'M IN GREECE DOESN'T MEAN THIS IS A MUSICAL.

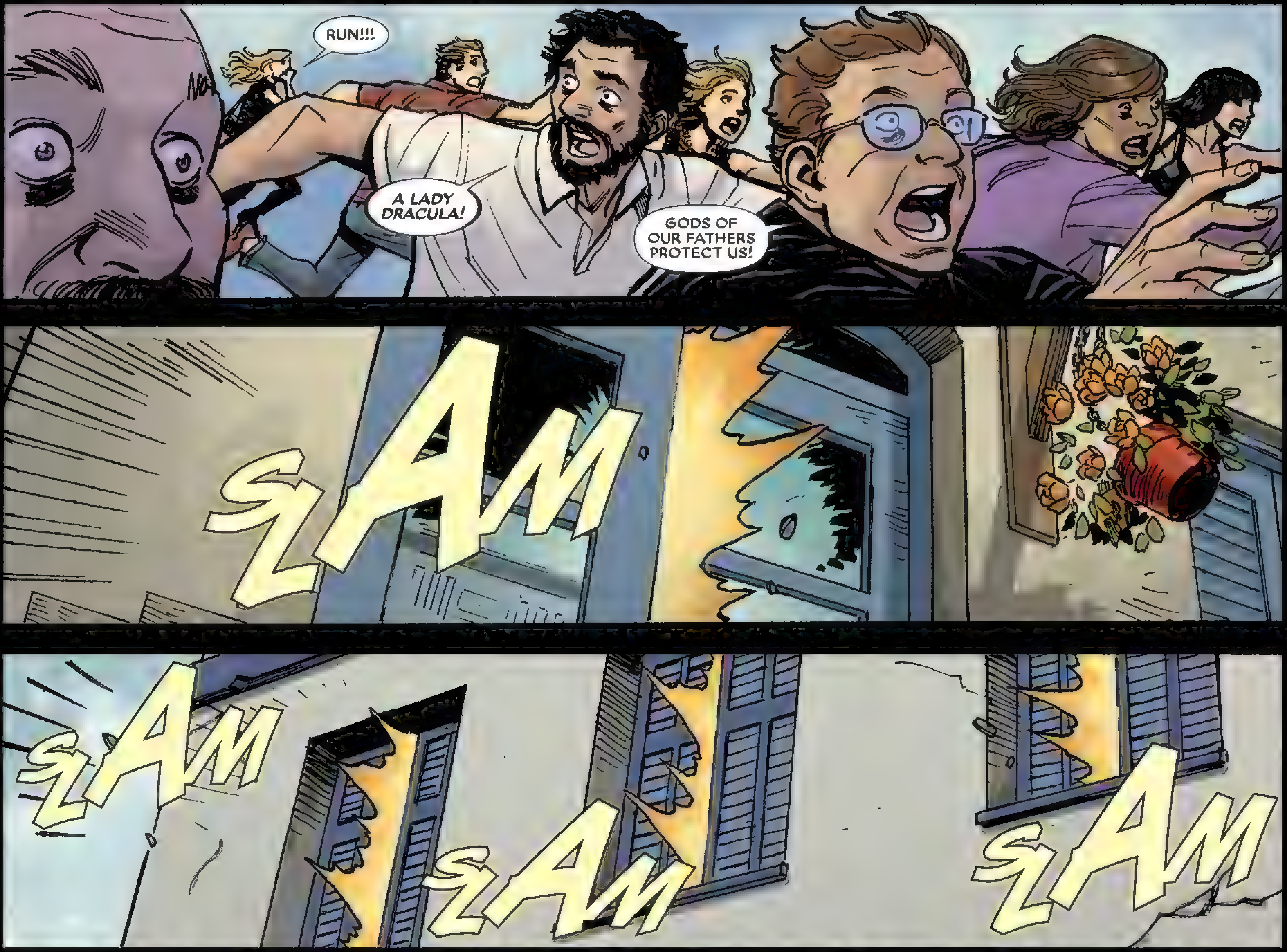
PAPACONSTANTINOS, GREECE.
ONE OF THE LEAST-BROKE PLACES IN ALL THE LAND.
GREETINGS, GREEKISH PEOPLE!

GREETINGS, GREEKISH PEOPLE!
WHAT NOW? DAMMIT, NO MORE STREET ARTISTRY.
OH, PRAISE ZEUS, IT'S JUST A CLOWN RIDING A ZEBRA!

WHAT NOW? DAMMIT, NO MORE STREET ARTISTRY.
OH, PRAISE ZEUS, IT'S JUST A CLOWN RIDING A ZEBRA!
IS THAT A COFFIN?
IF I SAY *"YES"*-- CAN WE JUST AGREE THAT IT'S SO I CAN USE THE *H-O-V LANE?* OR BETTER YET: LETS JUST ALL PRETEND IT'S *EMPTY.*
...YES, I SUPPOSE THAT WOULD BE OKAY.
GOOD, BECAUSE THE *FIANCÉE OF DRACULA TOTALLY* IS *NOT* INSIDE.


RUN!!!
A LADY DRACULA!
GODS OF OUR FATHERS PROTECT US!


RUN!!!
A LADY DRACULA!
GODS OF OUR FATHERS PROTECT US!
SLAM

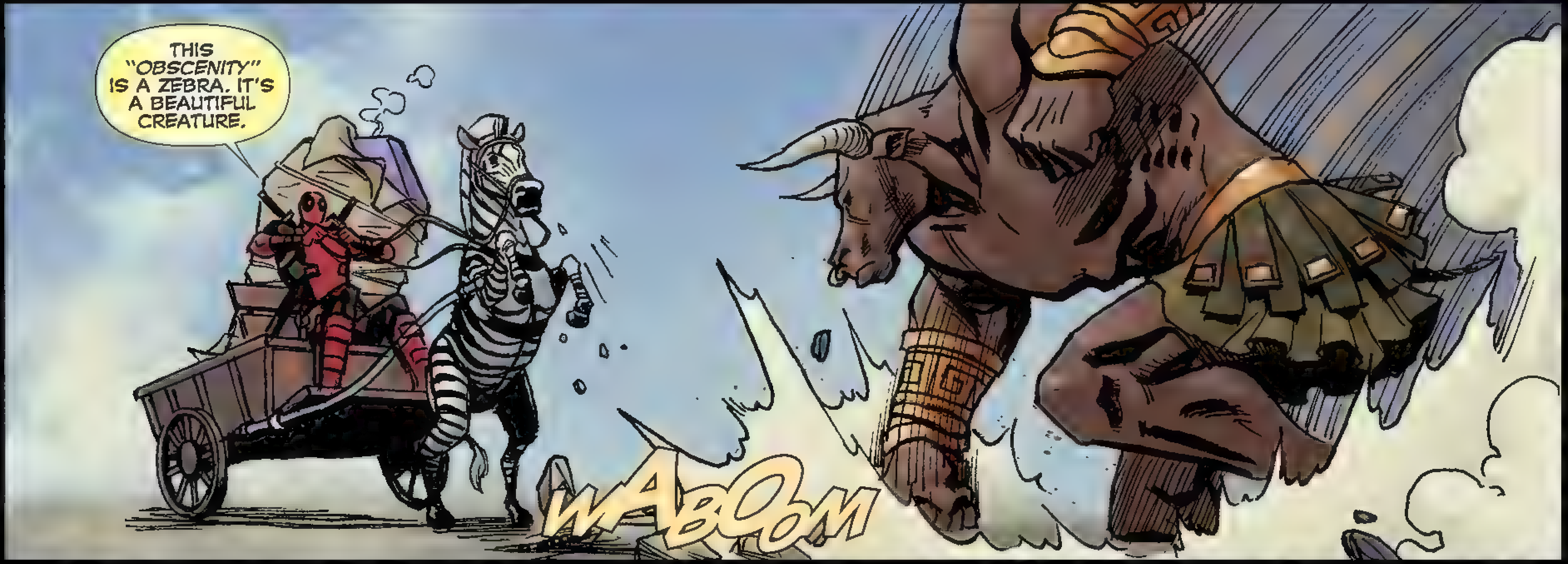

RUN!!!
A LADY DRACULA!
GODS OF OUR FATHERS PROTECT US!
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM
SLAM

GREEKS ARE A SUPERSTITIOUS AND COWARDLY LOT.
HMM. THESE STREETS ARE DEADER THAN GWEN STACY.

KRAK

CRAKKAKRAK

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OBSCENITY?


THIS "OBSCENITY" IS A ZEBRA. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE.
WABOOM

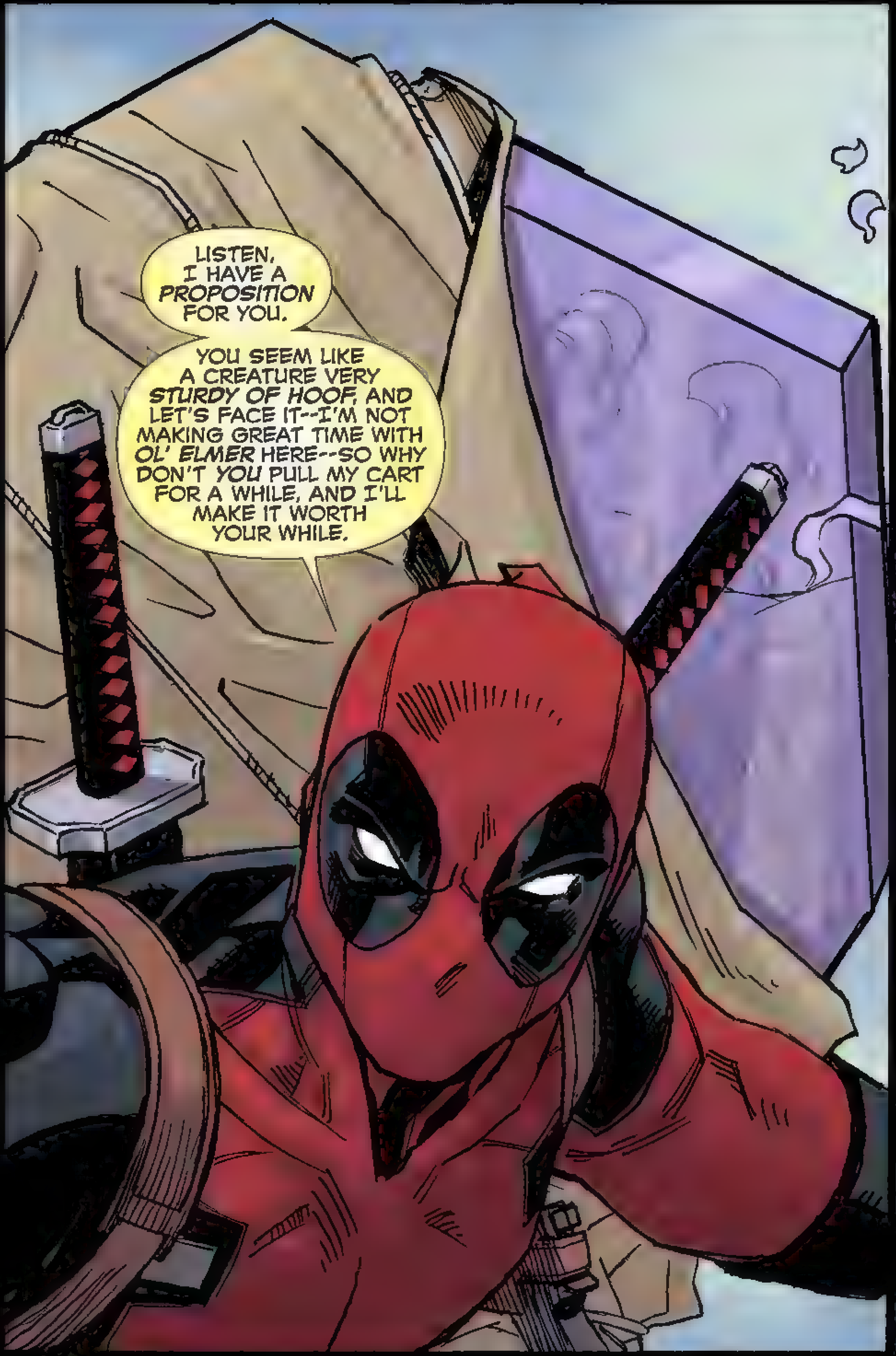
THIS "OBSCENITY" IS A ZEBRA. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL CREATURE.
I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE ZEBRA. I CAN SENSE A GREAT EVIL IN YOUR PACKAGE.
THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID.
NOW, I DEMAND TO KNOW--WHAT ARE YOU DOING BRINGING THAT CURSED COFFIN THROUGH MY TOWN?

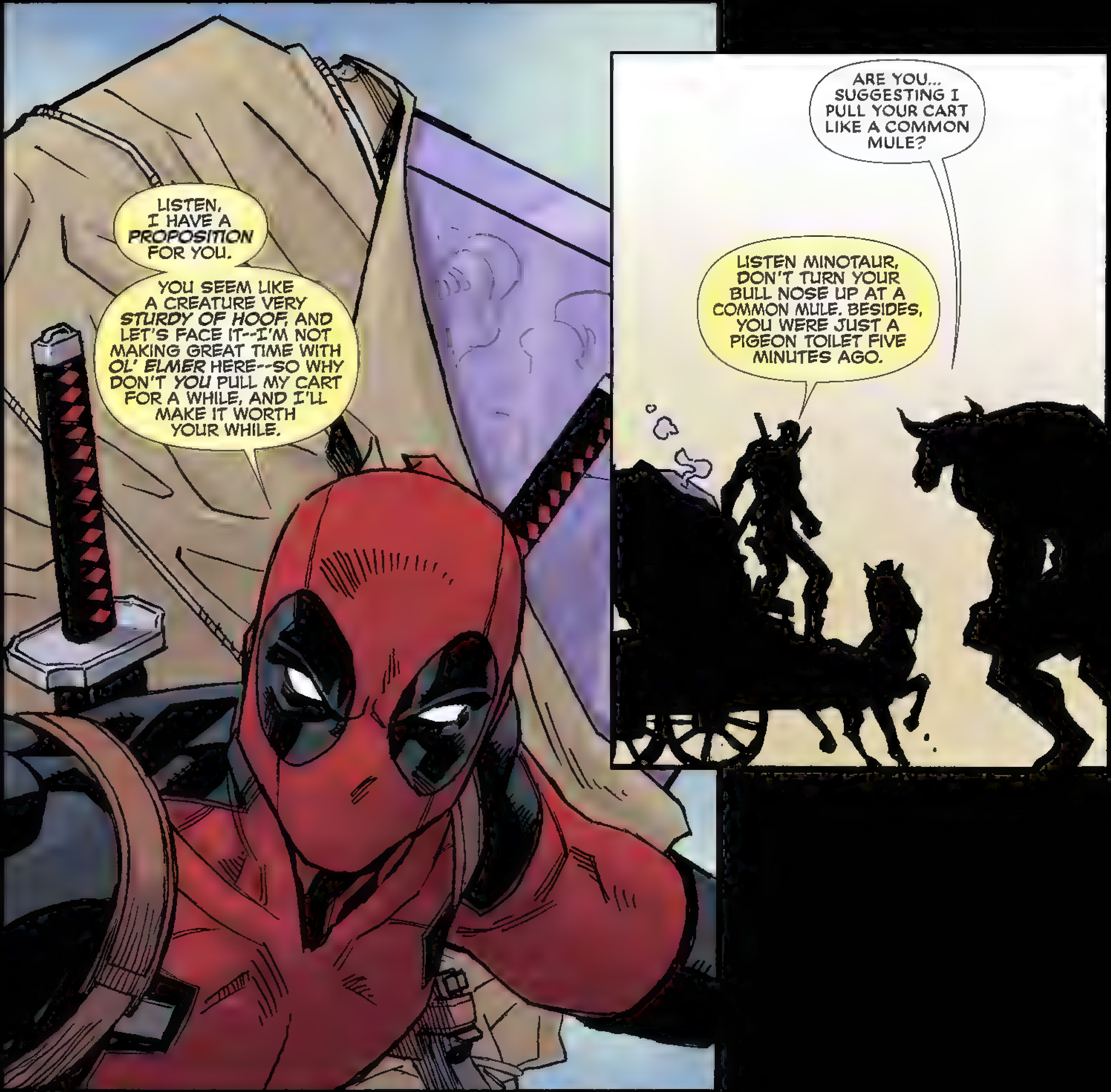
MINOTAUR

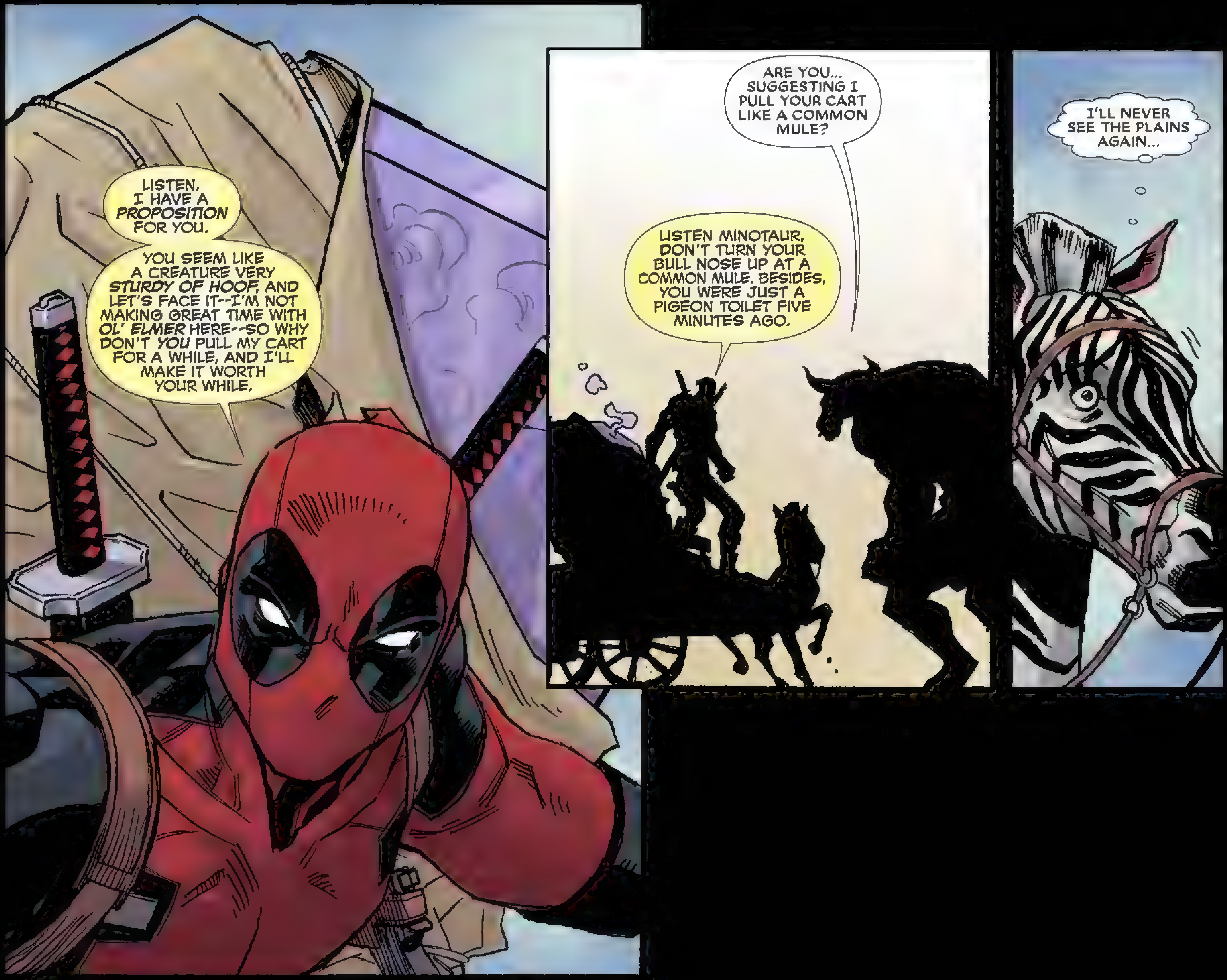
ALIAS: ASTERION
"THE BRO WITH THE BULL HEAD"
HEIGHT: 10'3"
WEIGHT: 675 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: GREEK.

POWERS & ABILITIES:
SUPER-STRONG. APPARENTLY CAN, LIKE...BE A STATUE FOR A WHILE? PLUS, YOU KNOW...BULL HEAD.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
HORNS.


LISTEN, I HAVE A *PROPOSITION* FOR YOU.
YOU SEEM LIKE A CREATURE VERY ***STURDY OF HOOF***, AND LET'S FACE IT--I'M NOT MAKING GREAT TIME WITH ***OL' ELMER*** HERE--SO WHY DON'T *YOU* PULL MY CART FOR A WHILE, AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.


LISTEN, I HAVE A *PROPOSITION* FOR YOU.
YOU SEEM LIKE A CREATURE VERY *STURDY OF HOOF,* AND LET'S FACE IT--I'M NOT MAKING GREAT TIME WITH *OL' ELMER* HERE--SO WHY DON'T *YOU* PULL MY CART FOR A WHILE, AND I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE.
ARE YOU... SUGGESTING I PULL YOUR CART LIKE A COMMON MULE?
LISTEN MINOTAUR, DON'T TURN YOUR BULL NOSE UP AT A COMMON MULE. BESIDES, YOU WERE JUST A PIGEON TOILET FIVE MINUTES AGO.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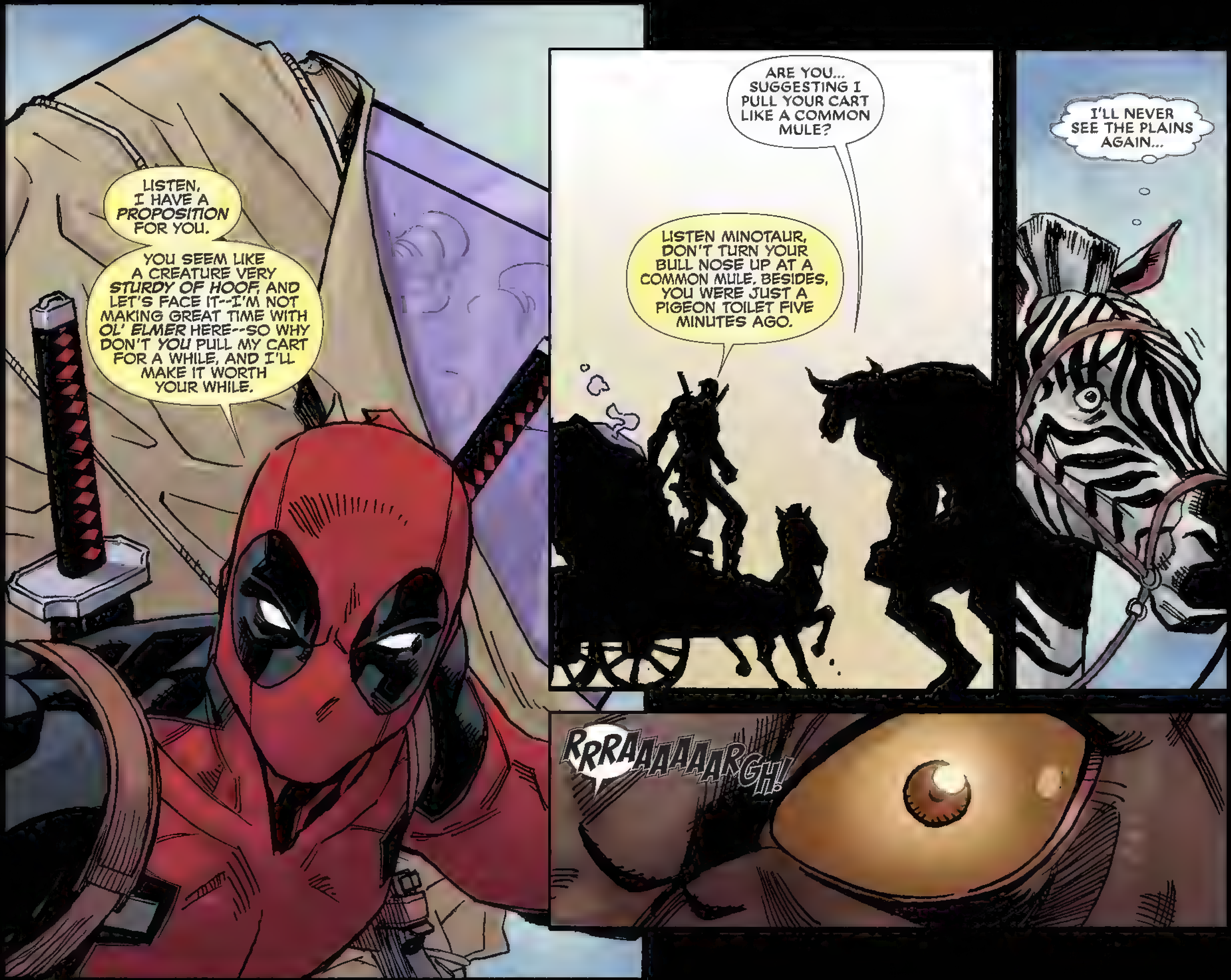
I'LL NEVER SEE THE PLAINS AGAIN...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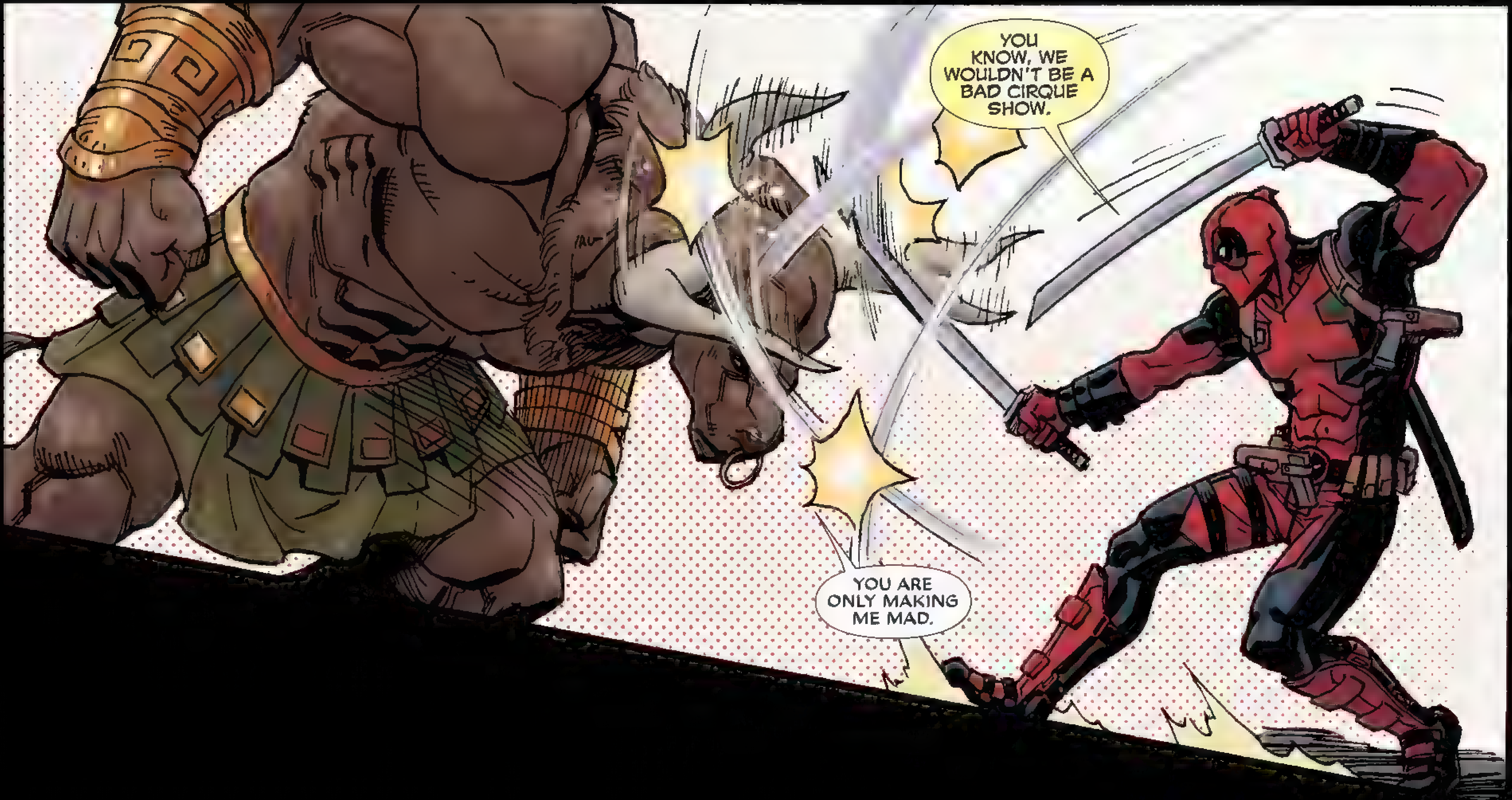
LISTEN MINOTAUR, DON'T TURN YOUR BULL NOSE UP AT A COMMON MULE. BESIDES, YOU WERE JUST A PIGEON TOILET FIVE MINUTES AGO.
I'LL NEVER SEE THE PLAINS AGAIN...
RRRAAAAAARGH!

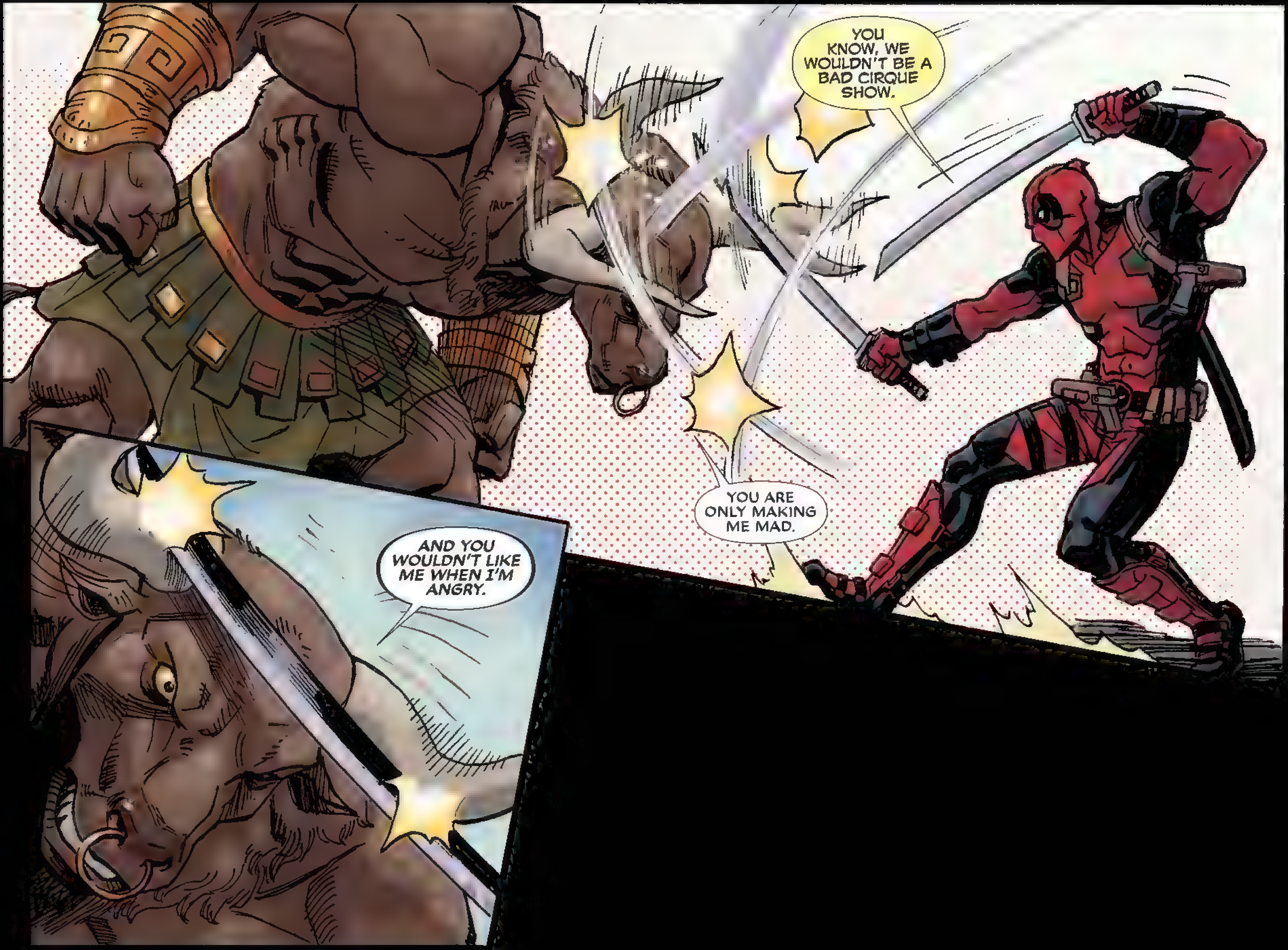
MUST KILL YOU!

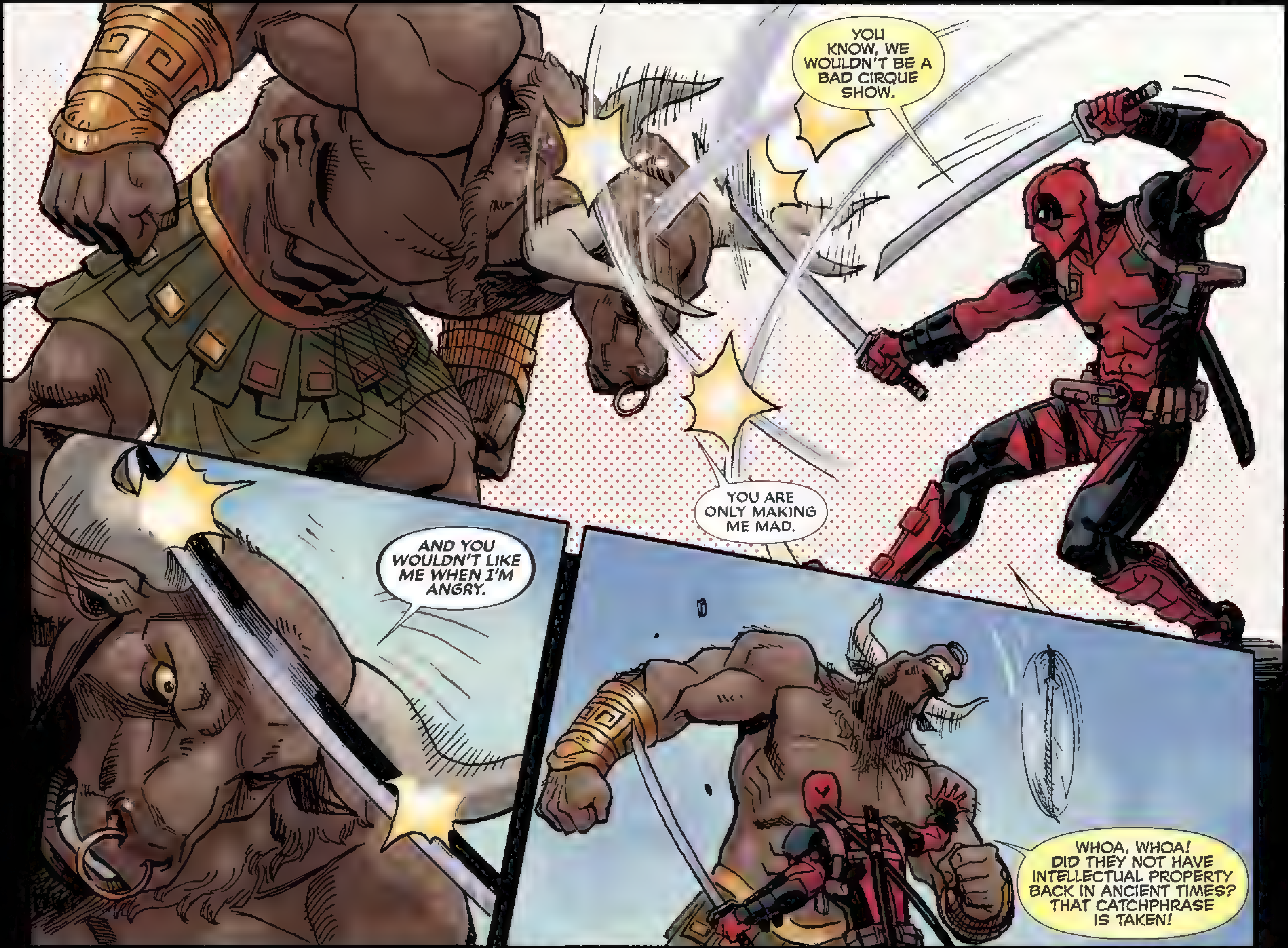
HAVE IT YOUR WAY.

YOU SHOULD KNOW I'M UNDEFEATED AGAINST OPPONENTS WITH *NOSE RINGS.*

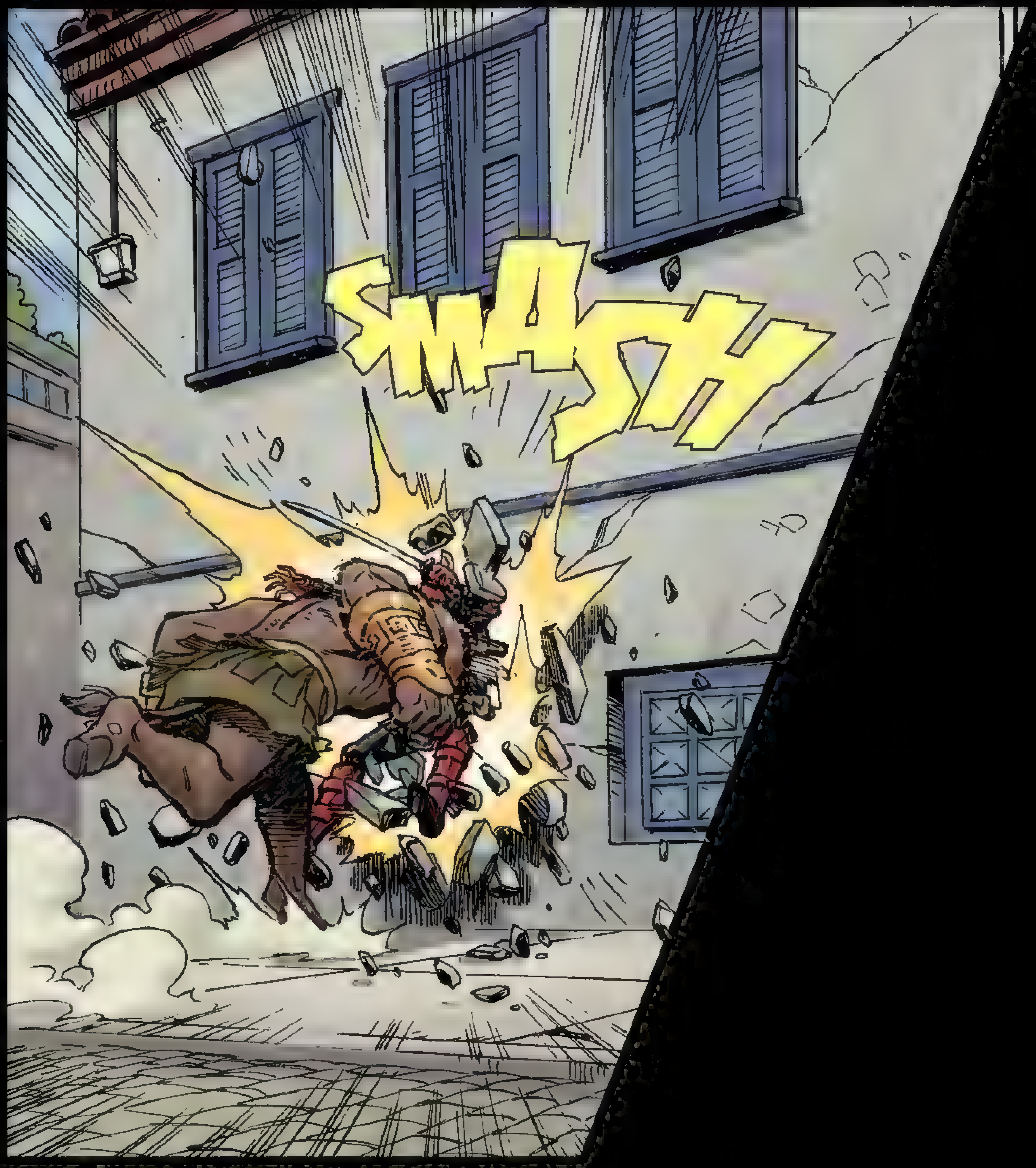
WHOOPSIE! SPOILER!
ARGH!
YOU SHOULD KNOW I'M UNDEFEATED AGAINST OPPONENTS WITH *NOSE RINGS.*

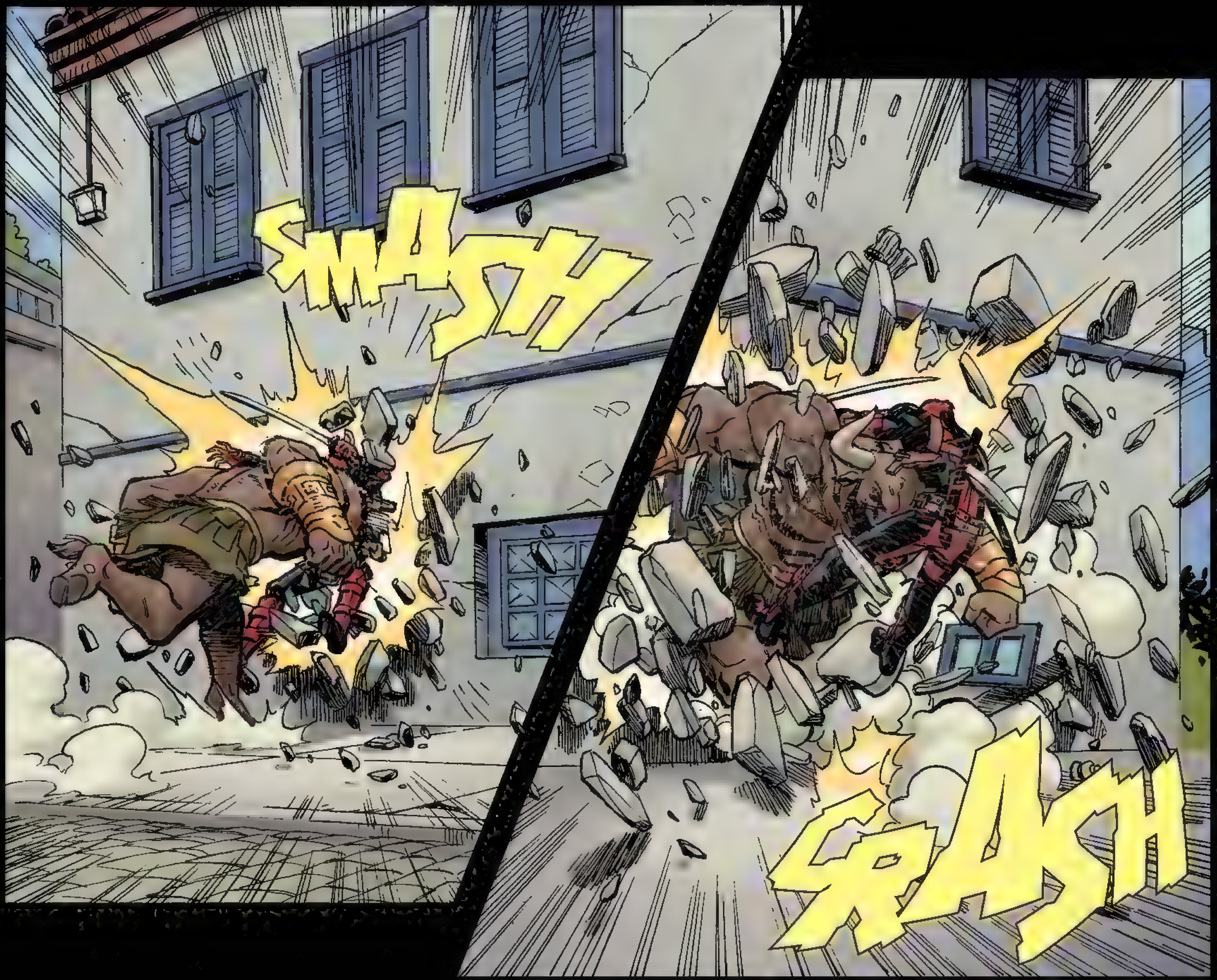

YOU KNOW, WE WOULDN'T BE A BAD CIRQUE SHOW.
YOU ARE ONLY MAKING ME MAD.

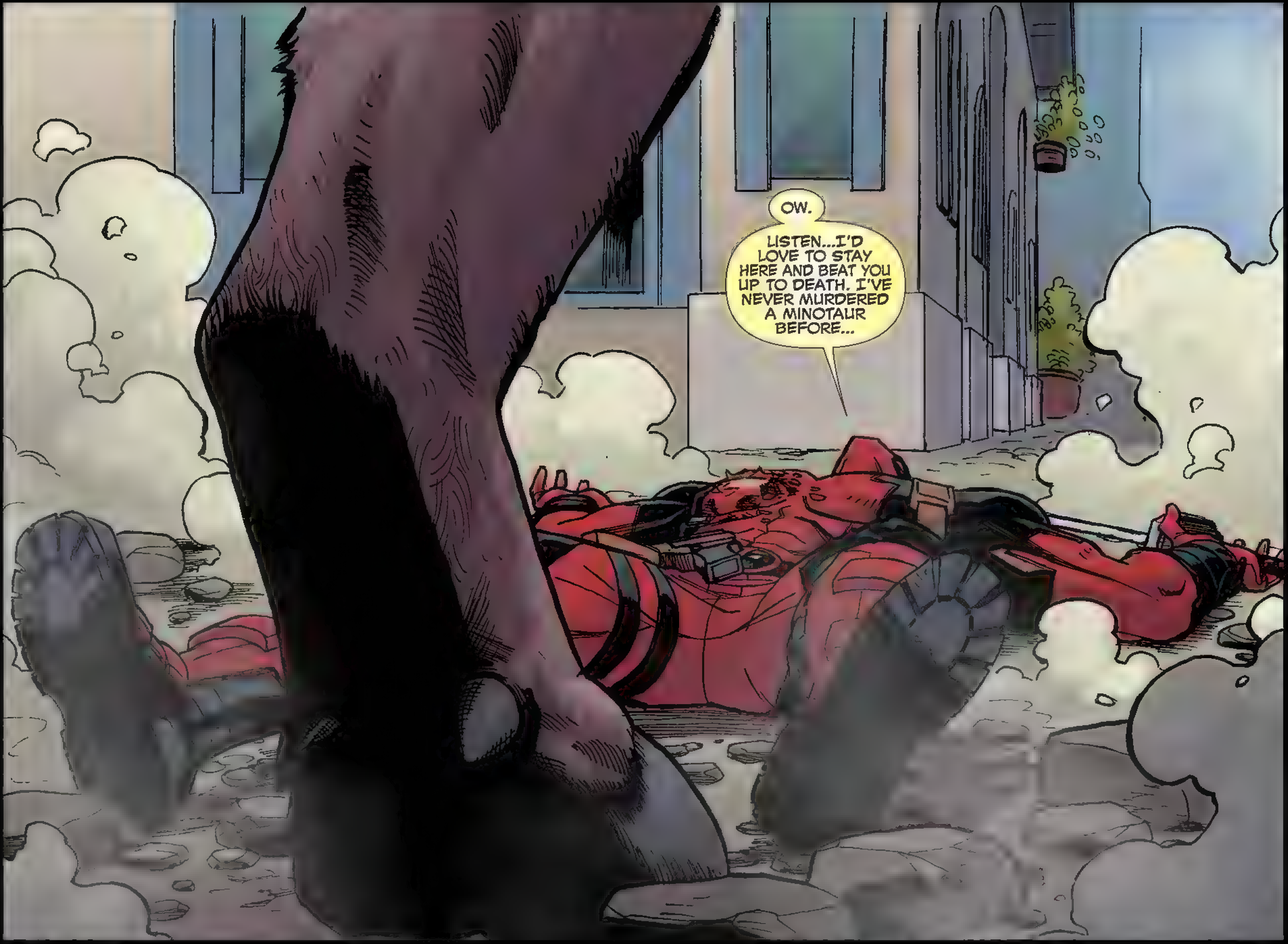

YOU KNOW, WE WOULDN'T BE A BAD CIRQUE SHOW.
YOU ARE ONLY MAKING ME MAD.
AND YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY.

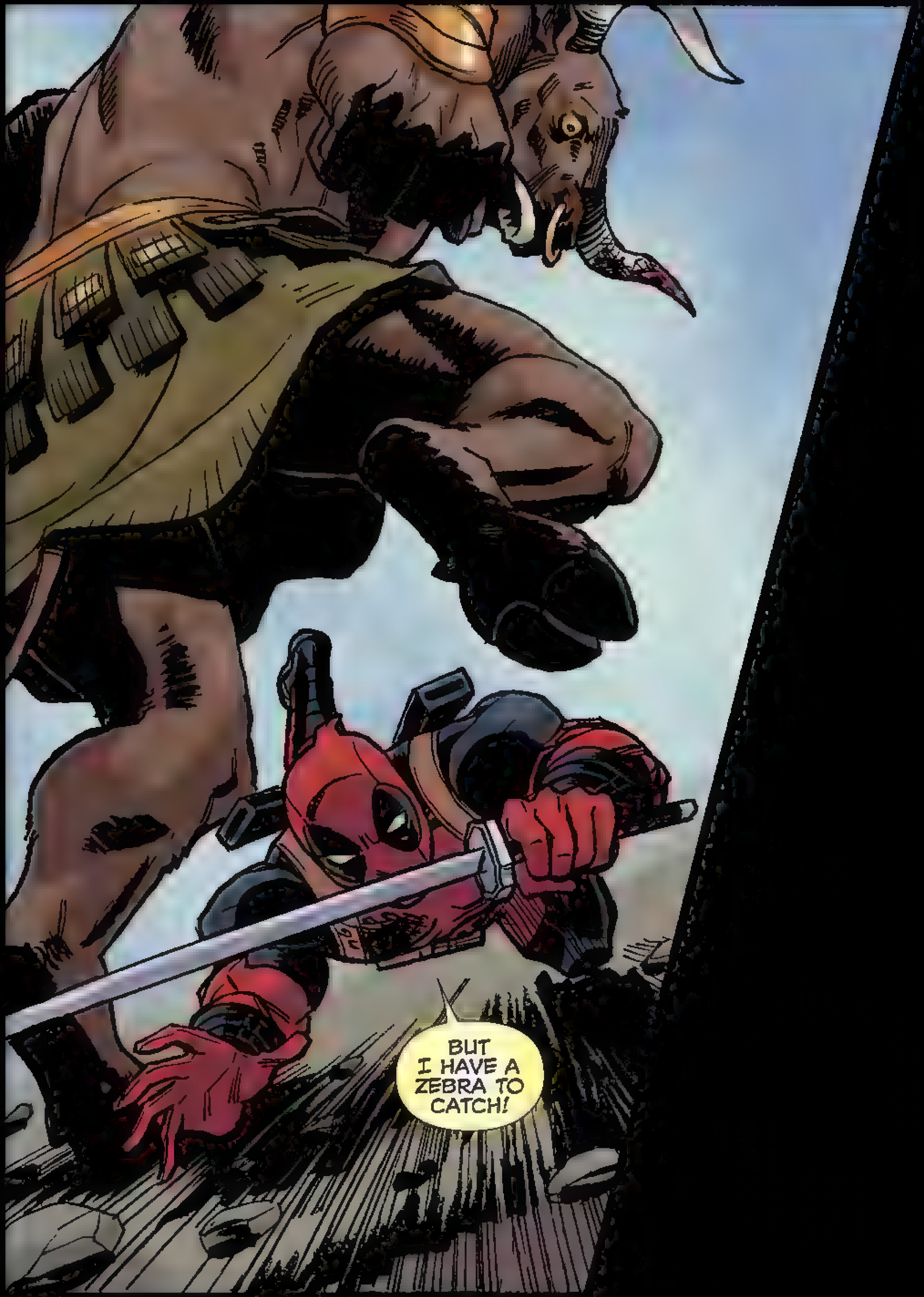

YOU KNOW, WE WOULDN'T BE A BAD CIRQUE SHOW.
YOU ARE ONLY MAKING ME MAD.
AND YOU WOULDN'T LIKE ME WHEN I'M ANGRY.
WHOA, WHOA! DID THEY NOT HAVE INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY BACK IN ANCIENT TIMES? THAT CATCHPHRASE IS TAKEN!

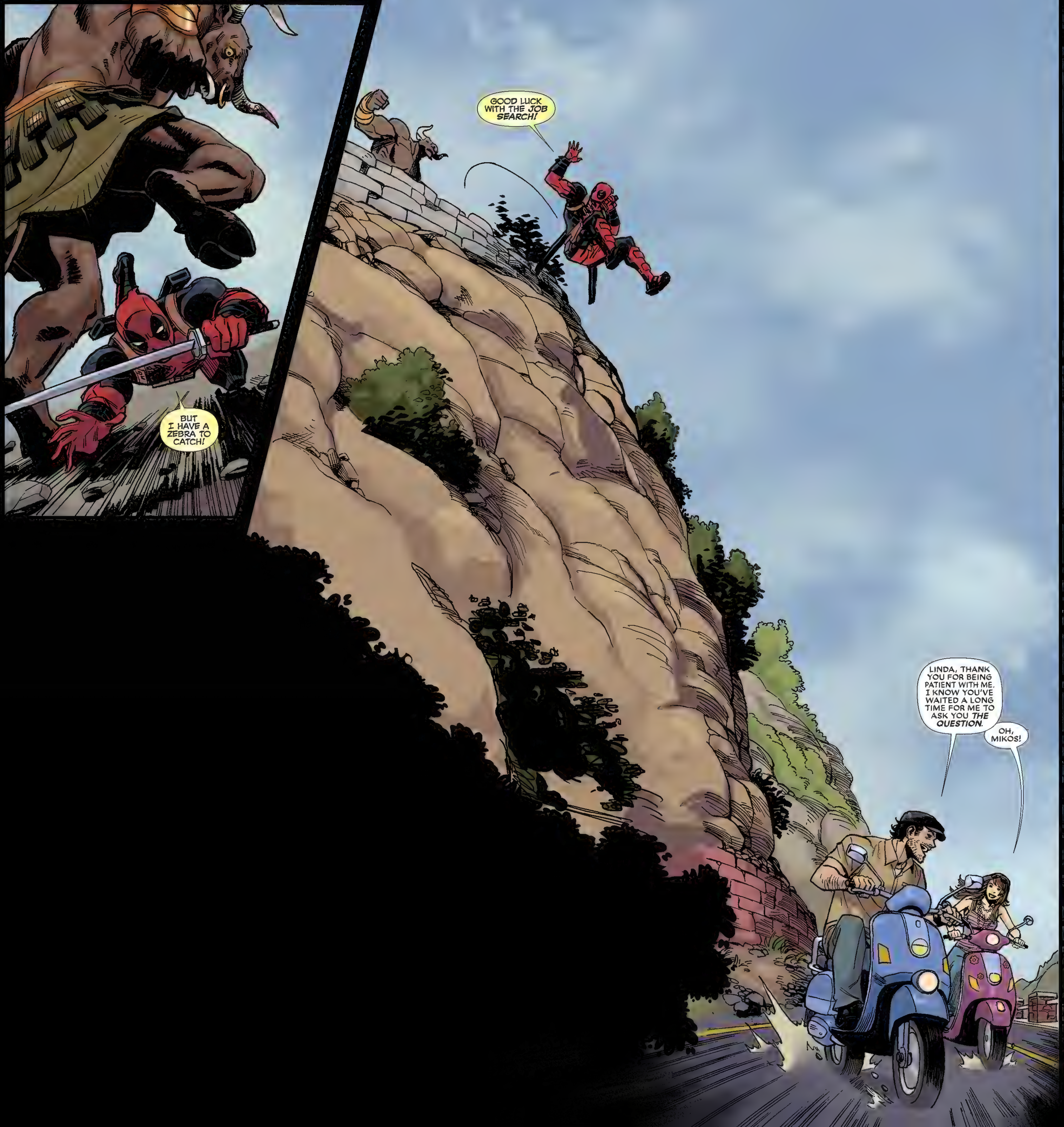
AND EVEN IF HULK DOESN'T SMASH YOU--YOU DON'T WANT TO MEET HIS LAWYER. HE'S A REALLY DAR-- WALOOOF!

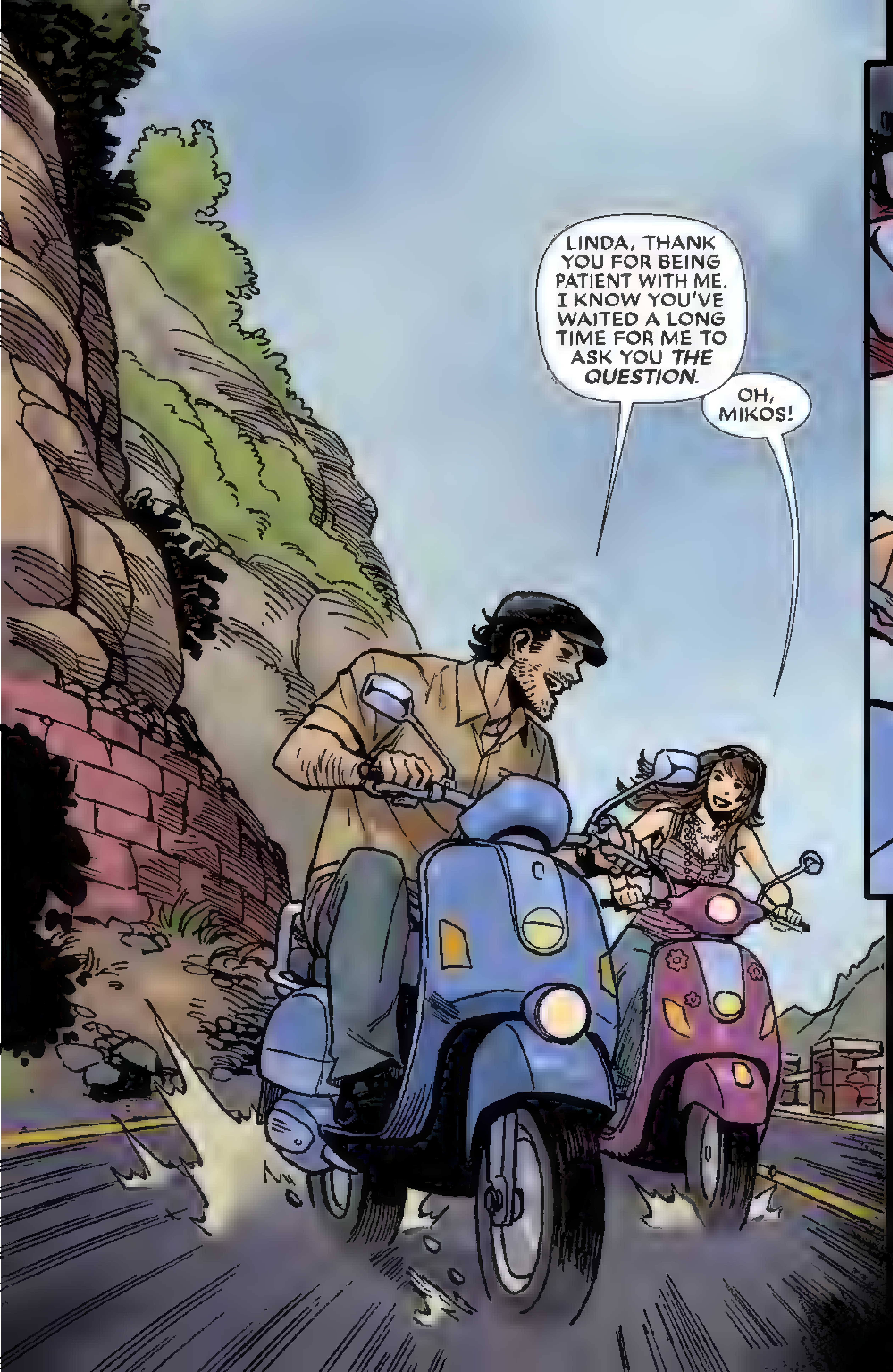

SMASH


SMASH
CRASH


OW.
LISTEN...I'D LOVE TO STAY HERE AND BEAT YOU UP TO DEATH. I'VE NEVER MURDERED A MINOTAUR BEFORE...


BUT I HAVE A ZEBRA TO CATCH!


BUT I HAVE A ZEBRA TO CATCH!
GOOD LUCK WITH THE *JOB SEARCH!*
LINDA, THANK YOU FOR BEING PATIENT WITH ME. I KNOW YOU'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR ME TO ASK YOU *THE QUESTION*.
OH, MIKOS!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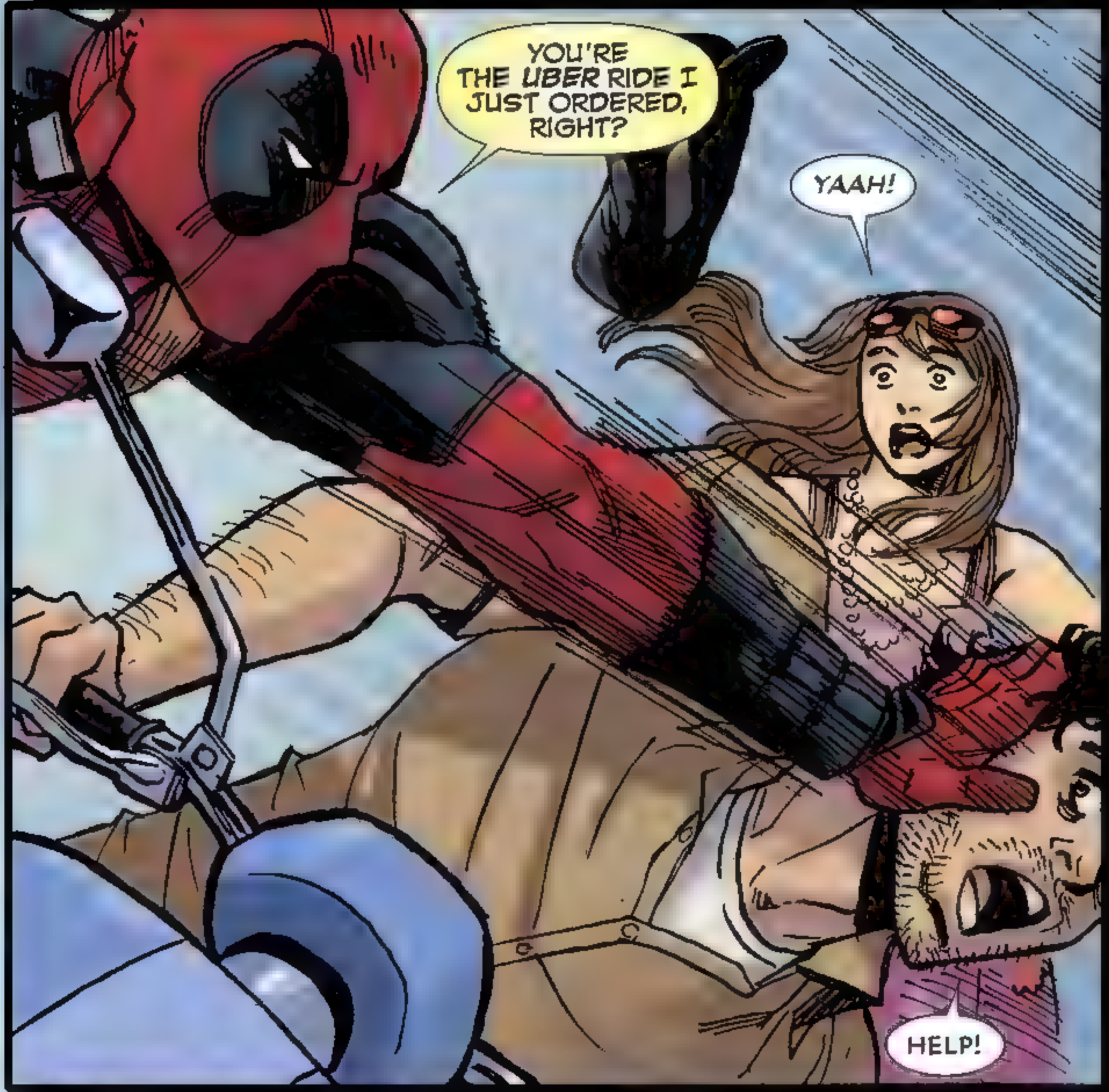
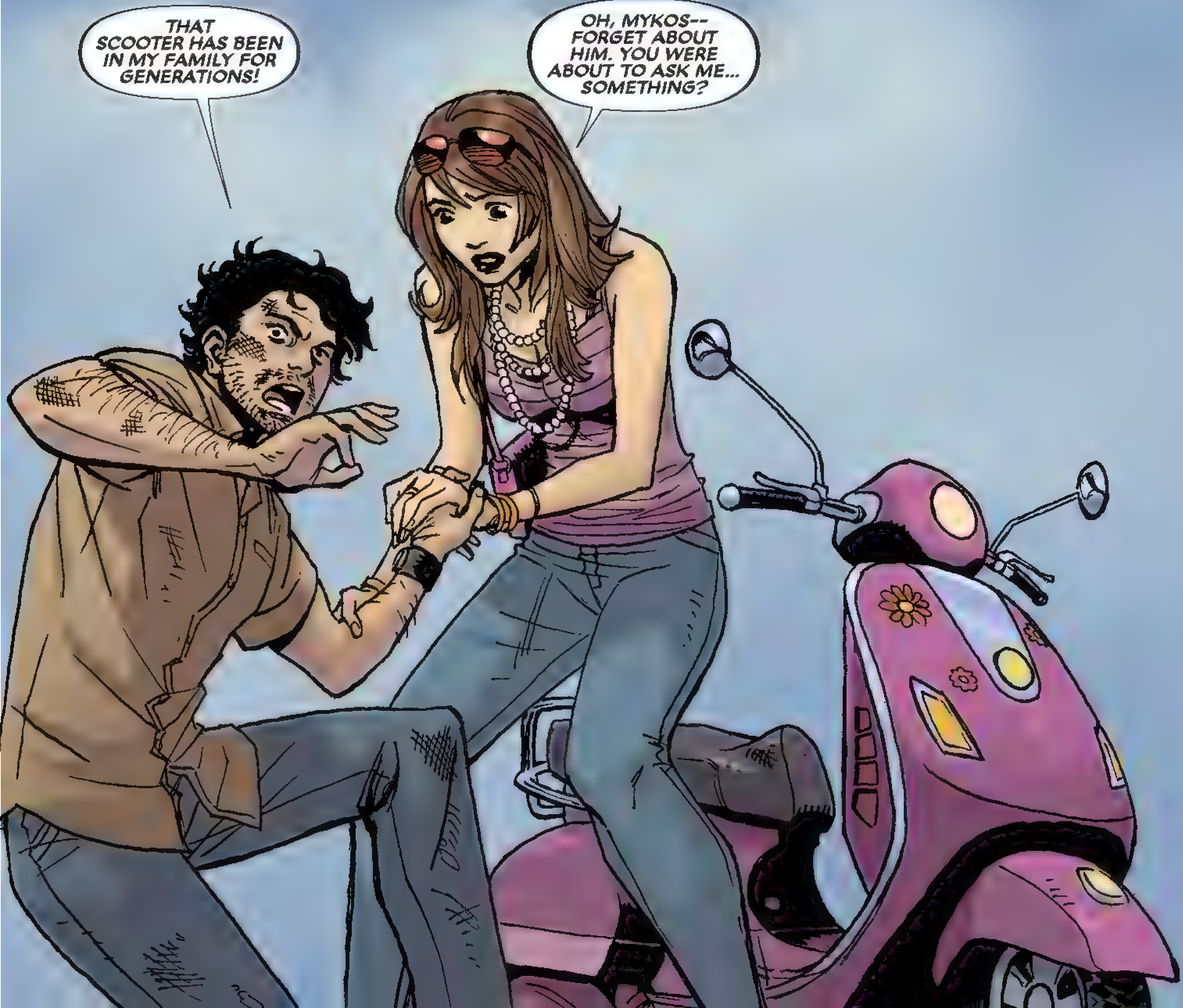

YOU'RE THE *UBER* RIDE I JUST ORDERED, RIGHT?
YAAH!
HELP!

LINDA, THANK YOU FOR BEING PATIENT WITH ME. I KNOW YOU'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR ME TO ASK YOU *THE QUESTION*.
OH, MIKOS!
YOU'RE THE *UBER* RIDE I JUST ORDERED, RIGHT?
YAAH!
HELP!
HEY!!! THAT WAS MY DEAD FATHER'S SCOOTER!
NOW IT'S YOUR *DEADPOOL'S* SCOOTER!

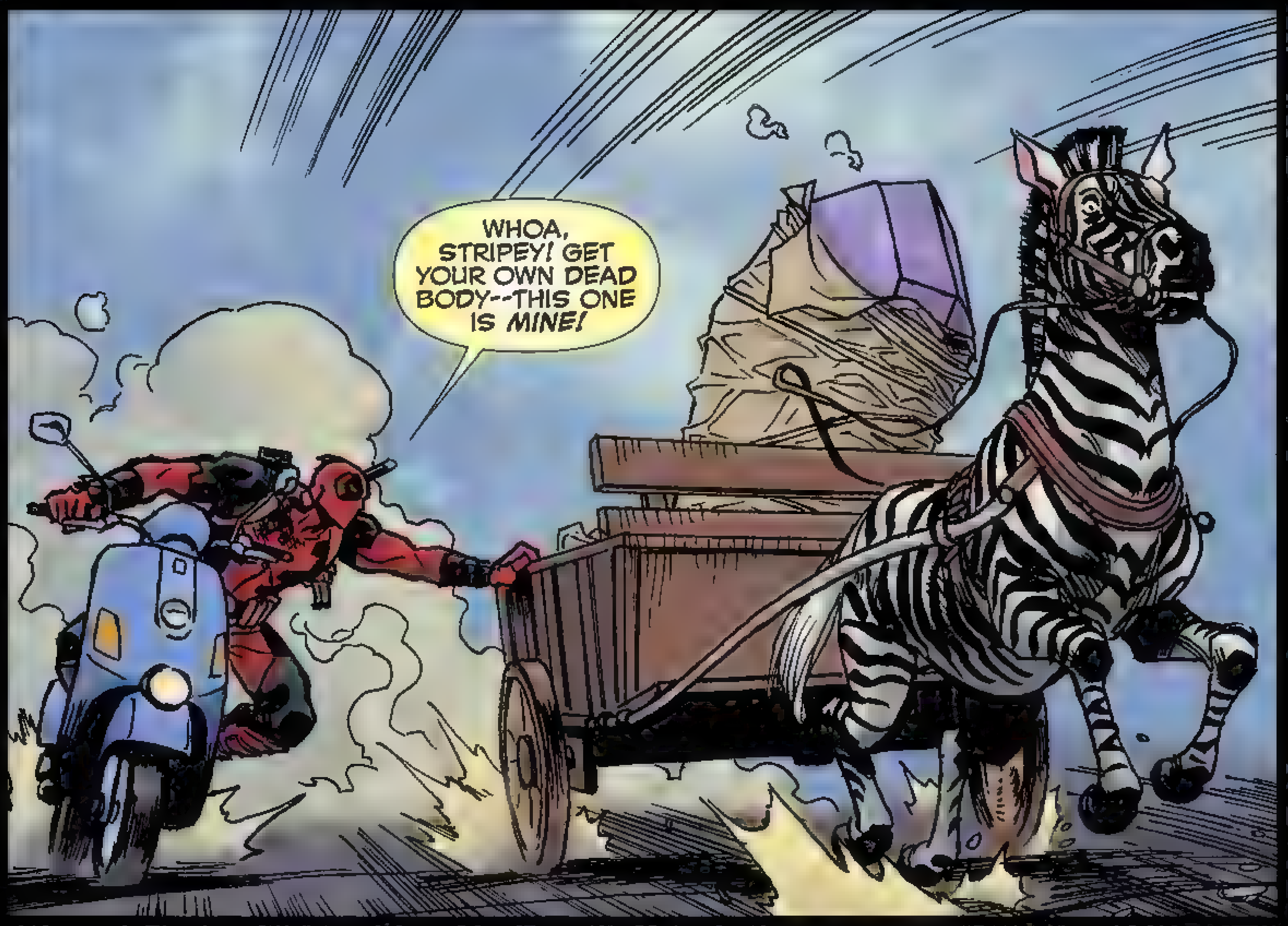

THAT SCOOTER HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS!
OH, MYKOS-- FORGET ABOUT HIM. YOU WERE ABOUT TO ASK ME... SOMETHING?

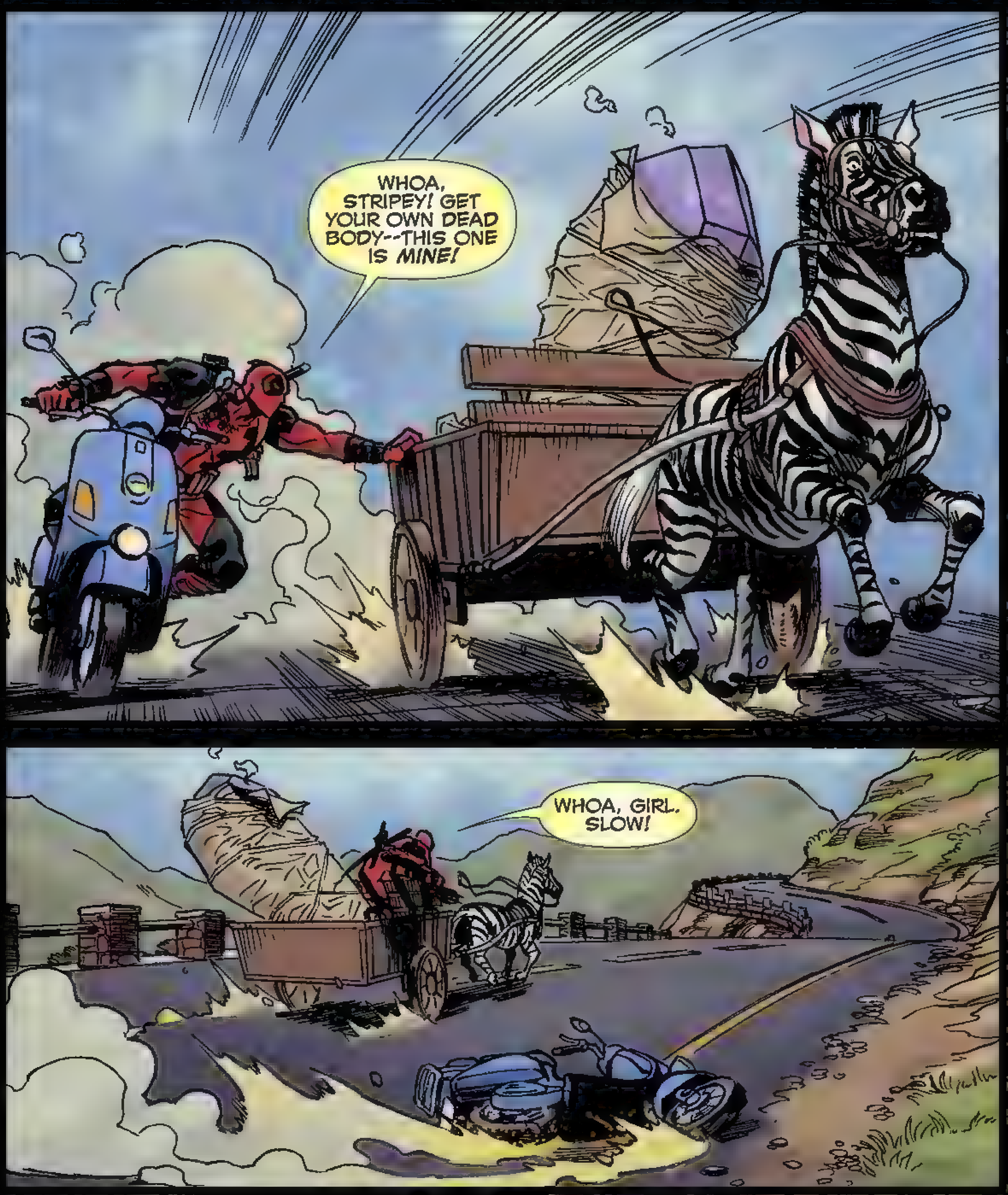
THAT SCOOTER HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS!
OH, MYKOS-- FORGET ABOUT HIM. YOU WERE ABOUT TO ASK ME... SOMETHING?
WILL YOU--

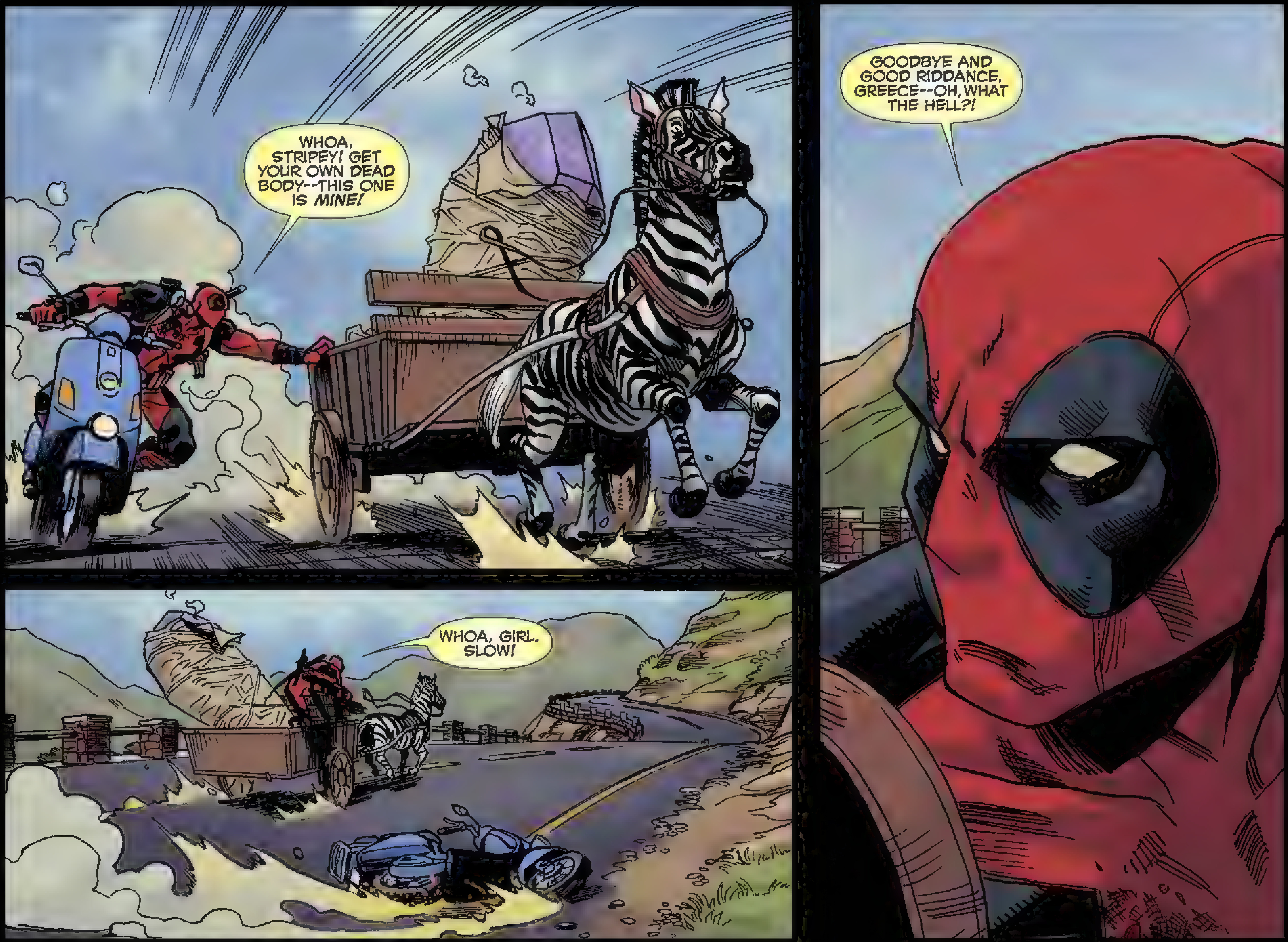
THAT SCOOTER HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS!
OH, MYKOS-- FORGET ABOUT HIM. YOU WERE ABOUT TO ASK ME... SOMETHING?
GET OFF THE BIKE!

THAT SCOOTER HAS BEEN IN MY FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS!
OH, MYKOS-- FORGET ABOUT HIM. YOU WERE ABOUT TO ASK ME... SOMETHING?
GET OFF THE BIKE!
NOW!!!

WHY CAN'T I JUST LET HIM GO?
MARINA IS RIGHT. I KEEP MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES.
STRIPEY, STOP!
OKAY, MUSTAFA. I THINK I LOST THEM. JUST ACT NORMAL...


WHOA, STRIPEY! GET YOUR OWN DEAD BODY--THIS ONE IS *MINE!*


WHOA, STRIPEY! GET YOUR OWN DEAD BODY--THIS ONE IS *MINE!*
WHOA, GIRL. SLOW!


WHOA, STRIPEY! GET YOUR OWN DEAD BODY--THIS ONE IS *MINE!*
WHOA, GIRL, SLOW!
GOODBYE AND GOOD RIDDANCE, GREECE--OH, WHAT THE HELL?!

YOU COME TO GREECE. YOU DISRESPECT US. YOU DRAG CORPSES AROUND. YOU STEAL, AND YOU HURT FEELINGS!
ALL THAT IS LITERALLY *MY* JOB.
RRRRRRRAAAAAARGH! PREPARE TO DIE!

OLE!

SNORT

THE OUTCOME OF THIS CONFLICT IS ALREADY ASSURED.
SNORT

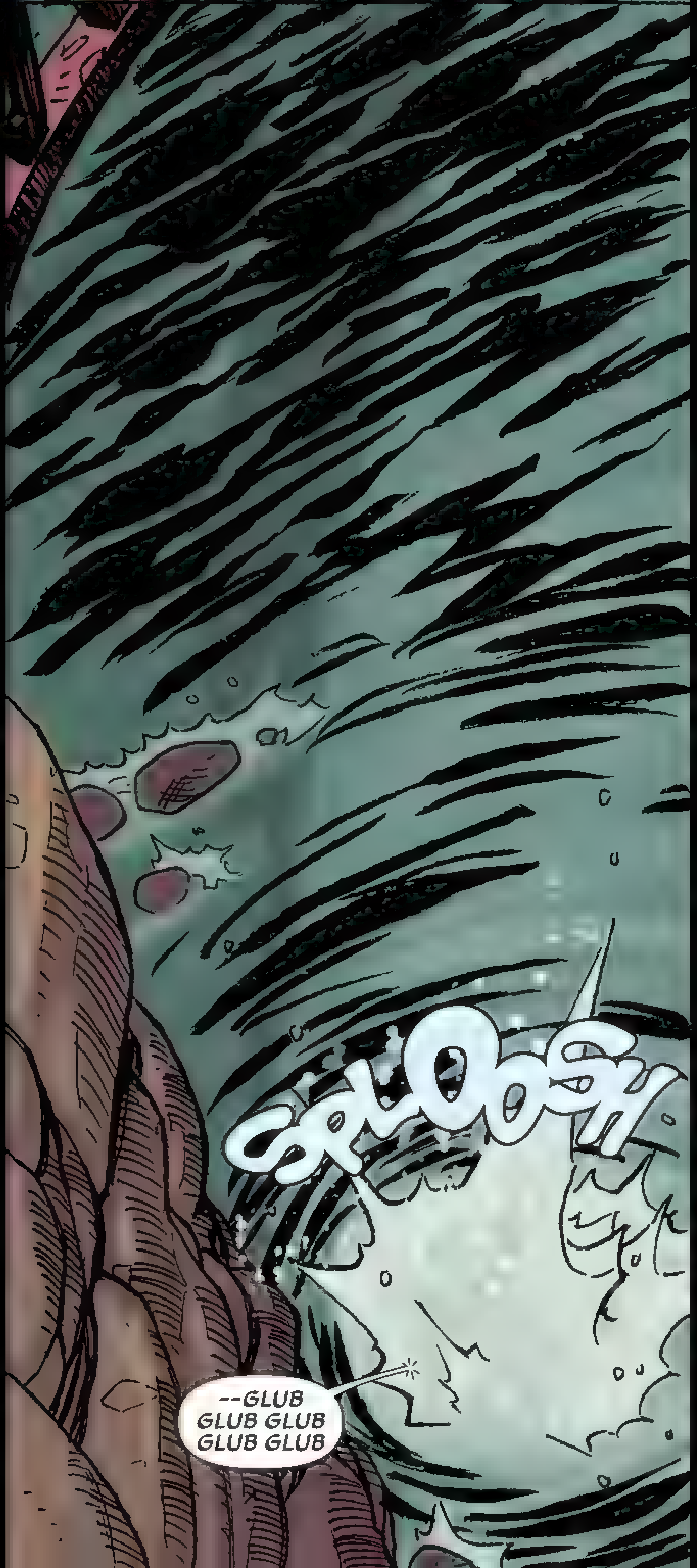
THE OUTCOME OF THIS CONFLICT IS ALREADY ASSURED.
SNORT
I'LL REDIRECT THIS BEAST'S AGGRESSION ON ITSELF.

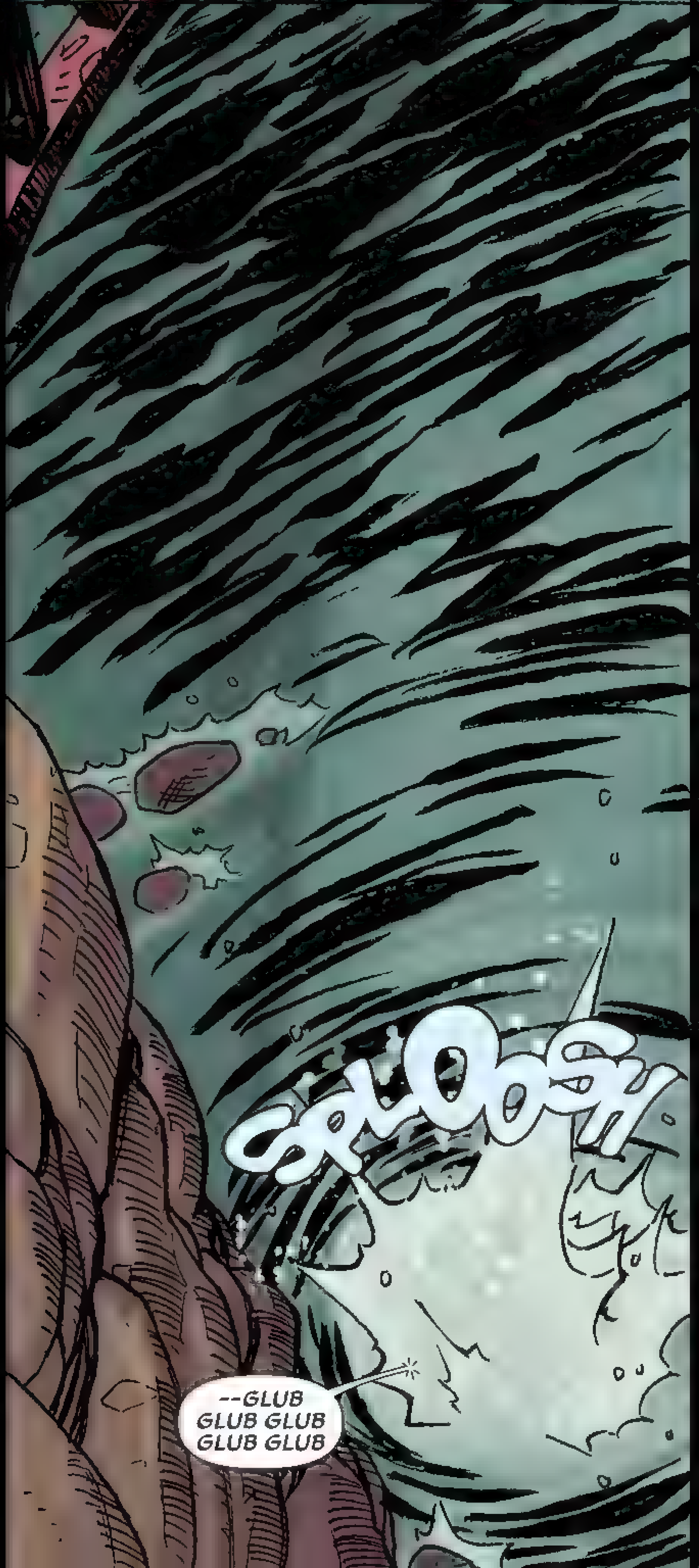
THE OUTCOME OF THIS CONFLICT IS ALREADY ASSURED.
IRON FIST WOULD BE PROUD OF ME.
SNORT
I'LL REDIRECT THIS BEAST'S AGGRESSION ON ITSELF.

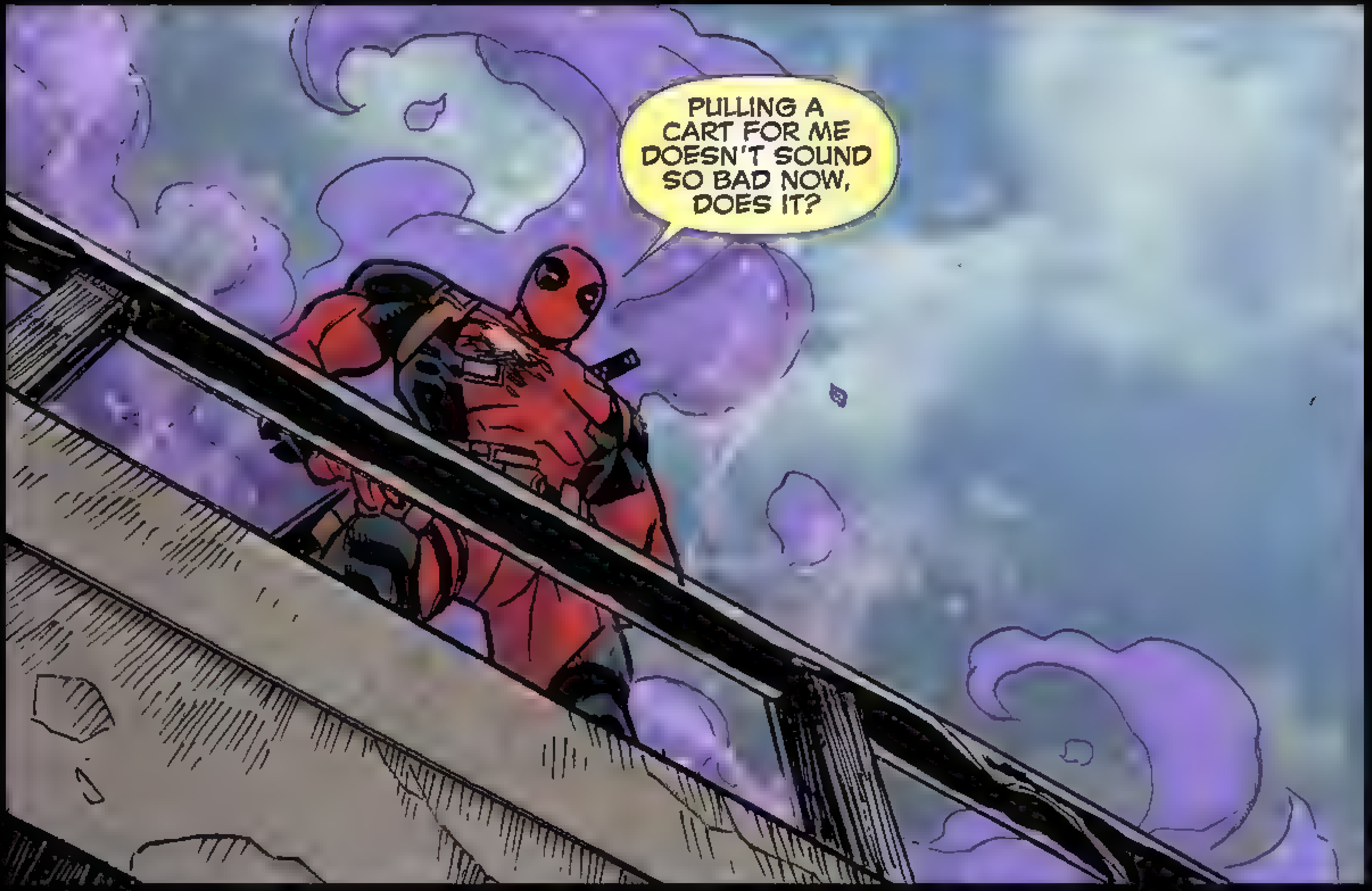
THE OUTCOME OF THIS CONFLICT IS ALREADY ASSURED.
IRON FIST WOULD BE PROUD OF ME.
SNORT
WELL, THAT'S NOT TRUE, BUT HE WOULD ADMIRE THE TACTIC.
I'LL REDIRECT THIS BEAST'S AGGRESSION ON ITSELF.

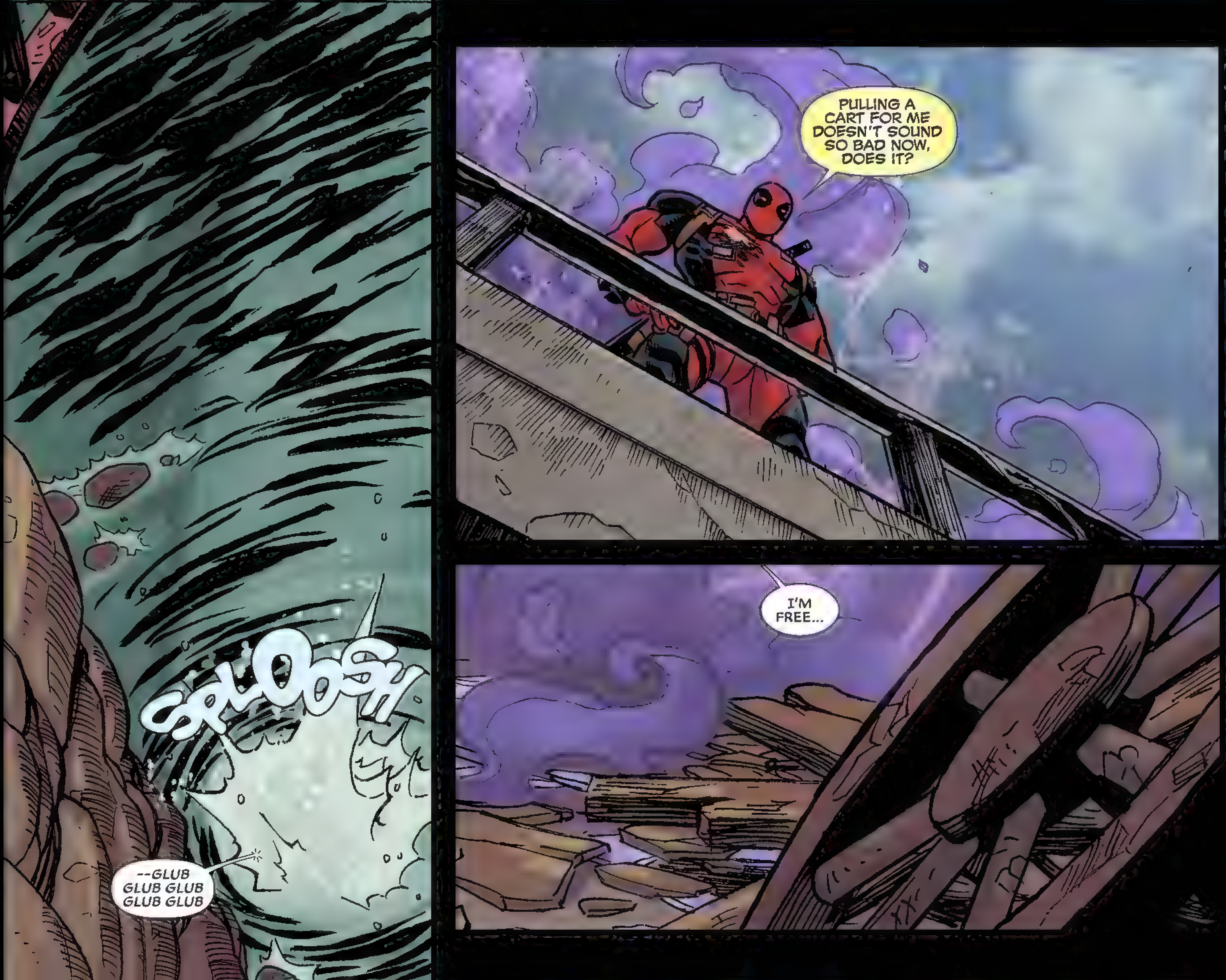
THE OUTCOME OF THIS CONFLICT IS ALREADY ASSURED.
ENOUGH THINKING. NOW I SHALL *DEFTLY AVOID* HIS CHARGE...
IRON FIST WOULD BE PROUD OF ME.
SNORT
WELL, THAT'S NOT TRUE, BUT HE WOULD ADMIRE THE TACTIC.
I'LL REDIRECT THIS BEAST'S AGGRESSION ON ITSELF.

YEEAAAAAOW!
OR NOT.
CURSE YOU!
STAY OUT OF GREECE, DEMON, OR I'LL--


SPLOOSH
--GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB


SPLOOSH
--GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB


PULLING A CART FOR ME DOESN'T SOUND SO BAD NOW, DOES IT?


SPLOOSH!!
--GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB GLUB
PULLING A CART FOR ME DOESN'T SOUND SO BAD NOW, DOES IT?
I'M FREE...

I AM *SHIKLAH*, QUEEN OF THE UNDEAD.
WHO ARE YOU?
SKREE?
HEY, MY EYES ARE UP HERE...
DO I HAVE *YOU* TO THANK FOR THAT?

A BURRITO.
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING THAT COULD MEAN.
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE DESERT...

DEADPOOL.
IF YOU'RE HELPING SHIKLAH, THEN BLADE'S COMING FOR YOU.

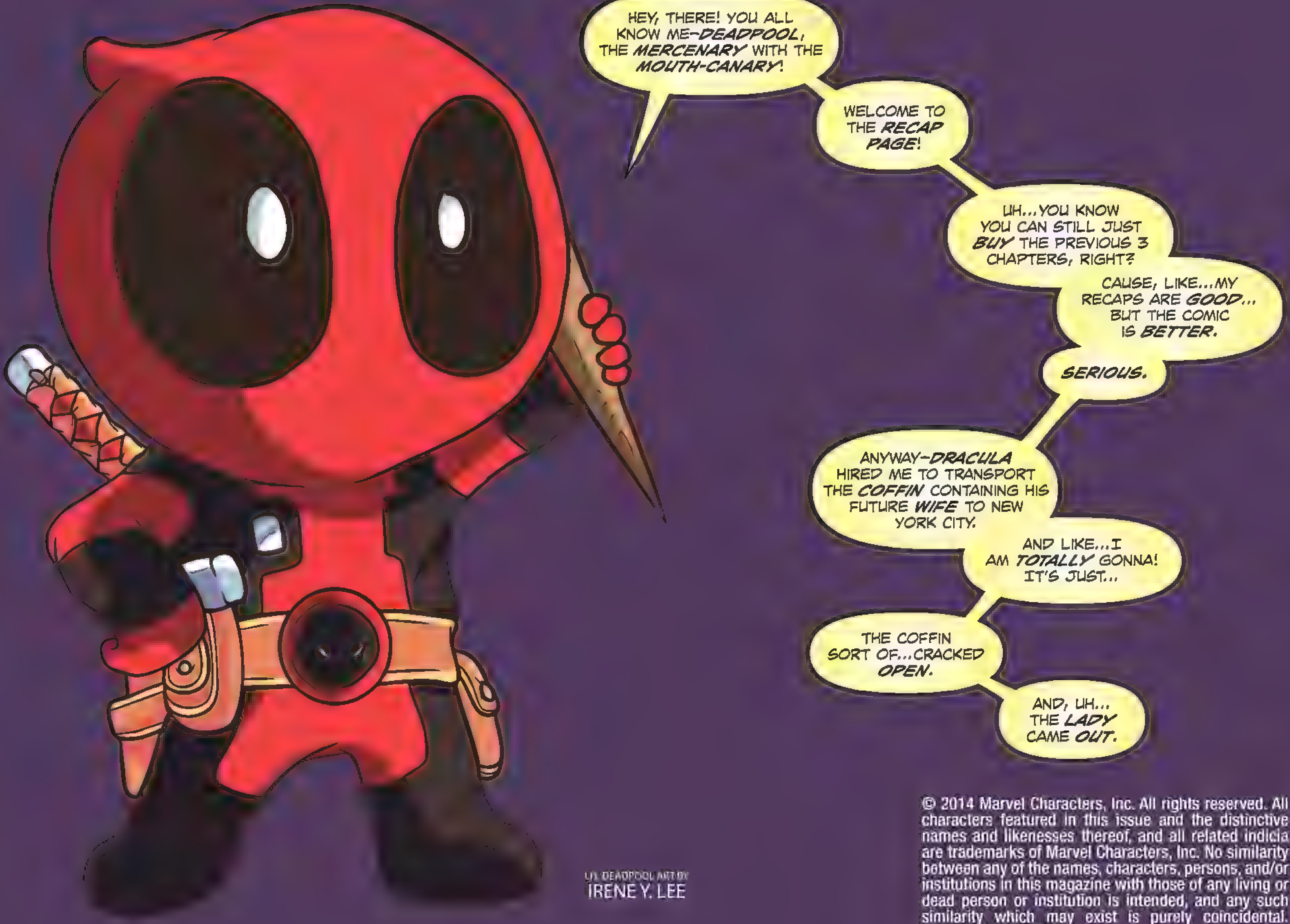
BLADE

ALIAS: ERIC BROOKS
"THE DAYWALKER"
HEIGHT: 6'2"
WEIGHT: 215 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: GOOD, IF YOU'RE
NOT A VAMPIRE. USUALLY.

POWERS & ABILITIES:
ALL THE POWERS
(AND BEVERAGE PREFERENCES)
OF YOUR AVERAGE VAMPIRE...
PLUS, HE CAN GO OUT IN THE SUN.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
SWORDS & STAKES.

COUNT ON IT.
TO BE CONTINUED...


HEY, THERE! YOU ALL KNOW ME--*DEADPOOL*, THE *MERCENARY* WITH THE *MOUTH-CANARY*!
WELCOME TO THE *RECAP PAGE*!
UH...YOU KNOW YOU CAN STILL JUST *BUY* THE PREVIOUS 3 CHAPTERS, RIGHT?
CAUSE, LIKE...MY RECAPS ARE *GOOD*... BUT THE COMIC IS *BETTER*.
SERIOUS.
ANYWAY--*DRACULA* HIRED ME TO TRANSPORT THE *COFFIN* CONTAINING HIS FUTURE *WIFE* TO NEW YORK CITY.
AND LIKE...I AM *TOTALLY* GONNA! IT'S JUST...
THE COFFIN SORT OF...CRACKED *OPEN*.
AND, UH... THE *LADY* CAME *OUT*.

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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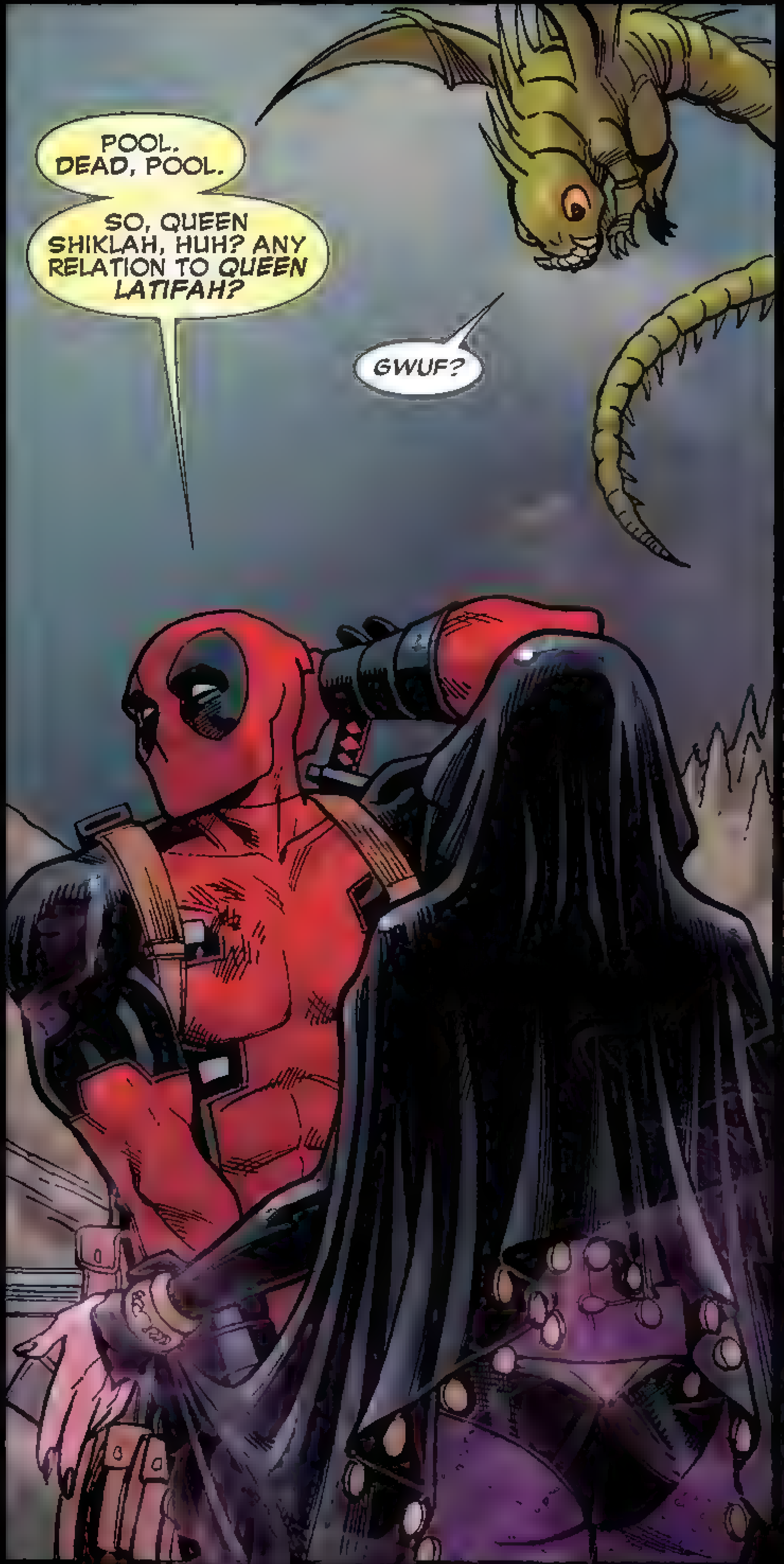
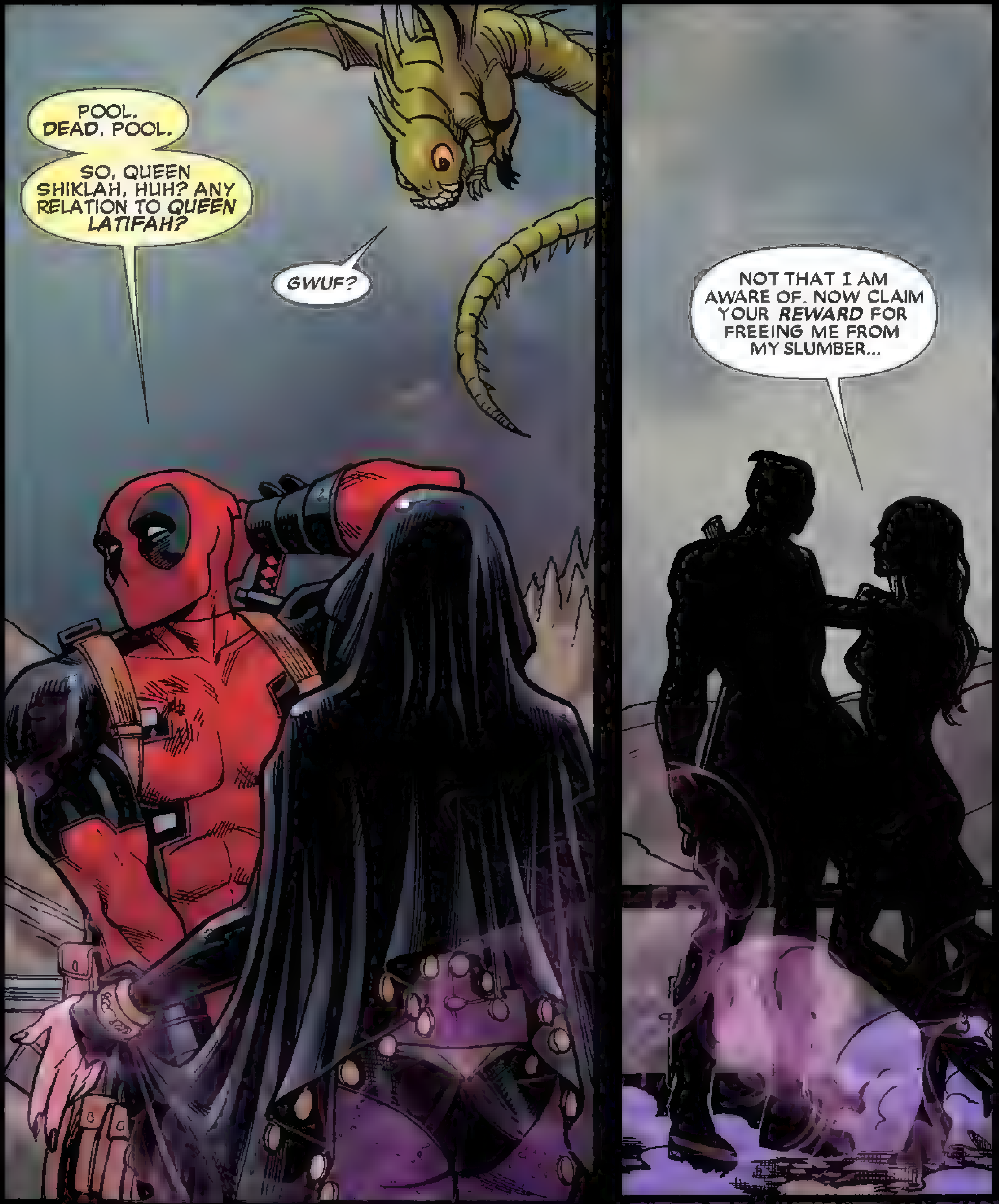
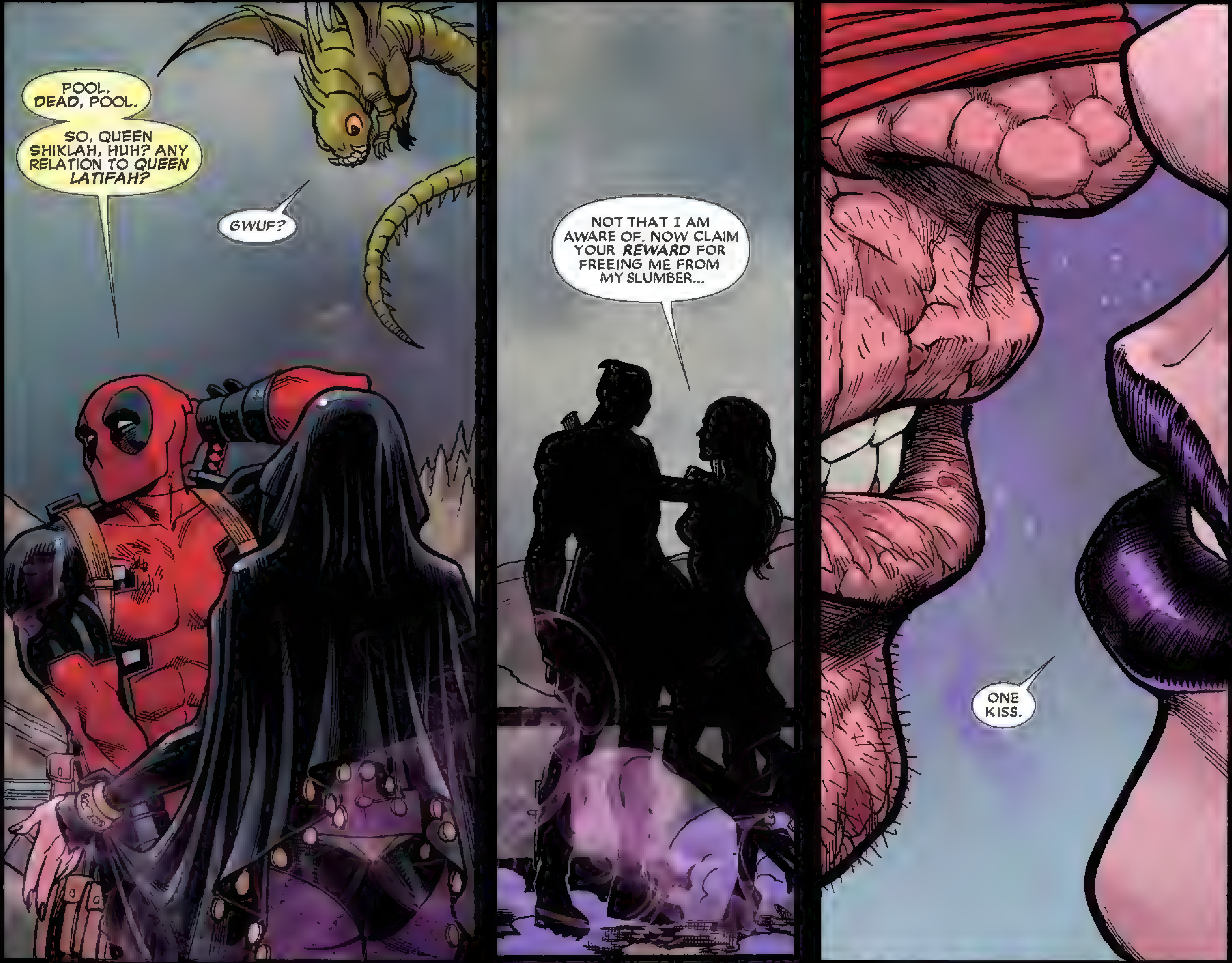
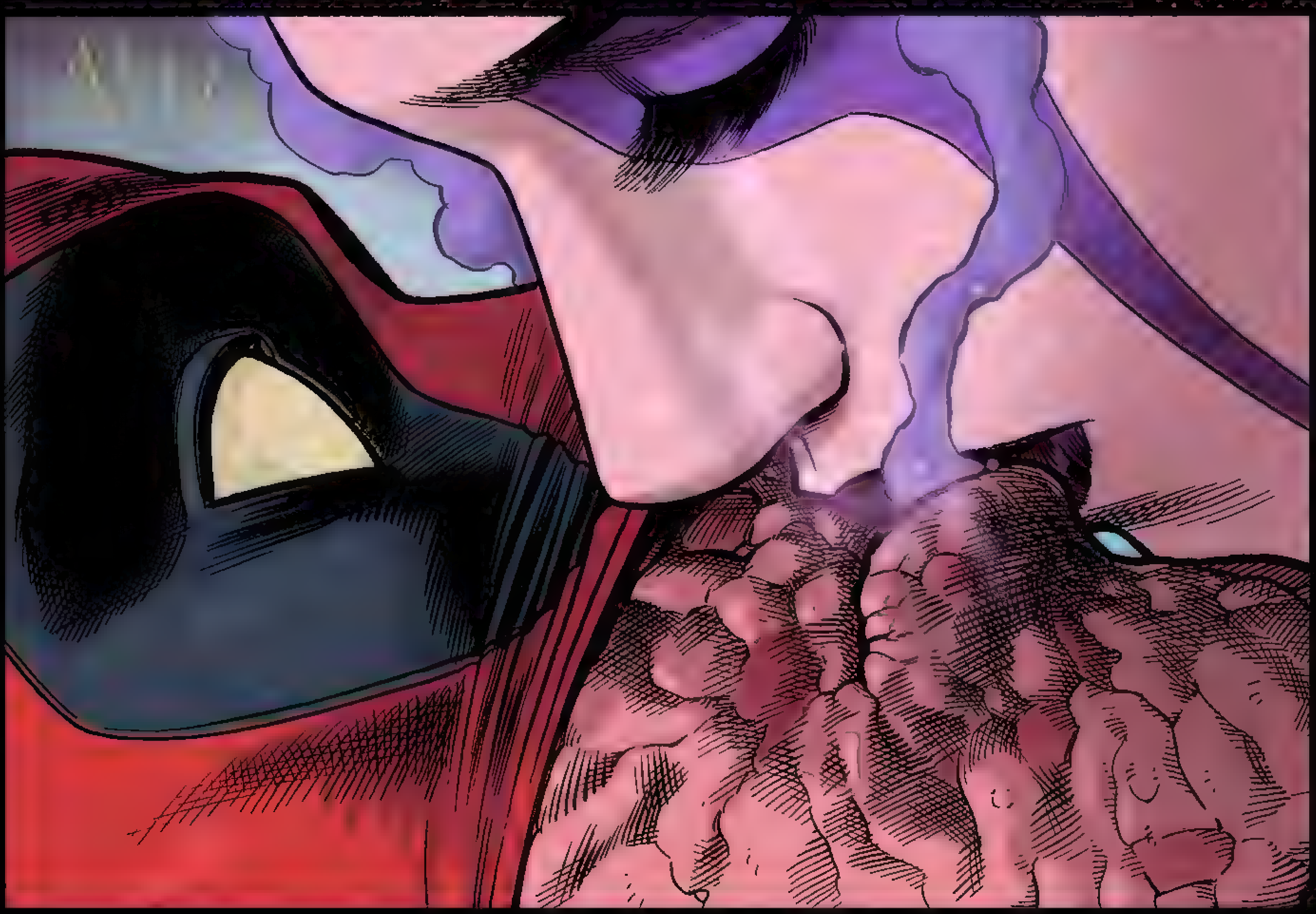
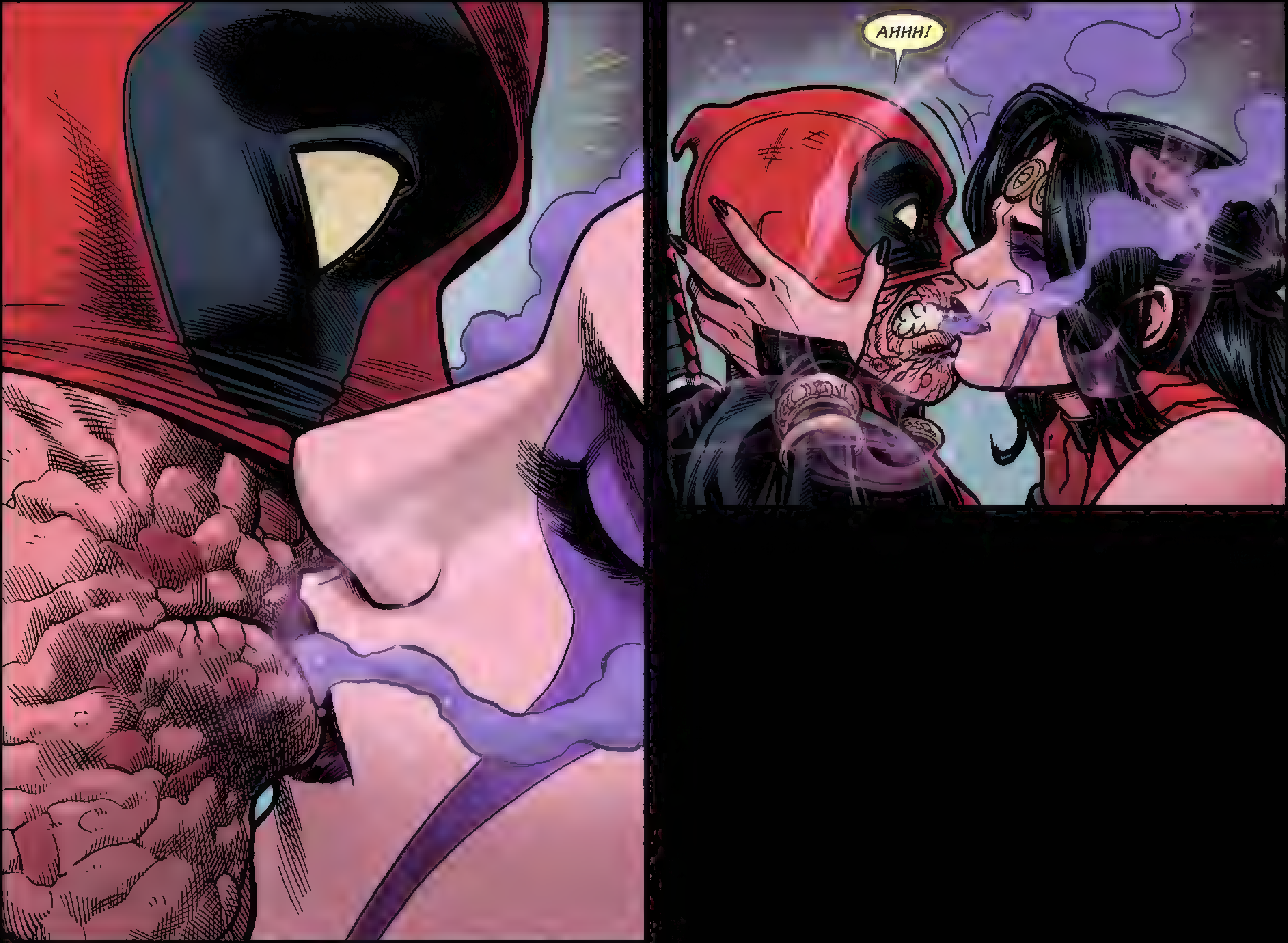
WHO AWAKENS QUEEN SHIKLAH?

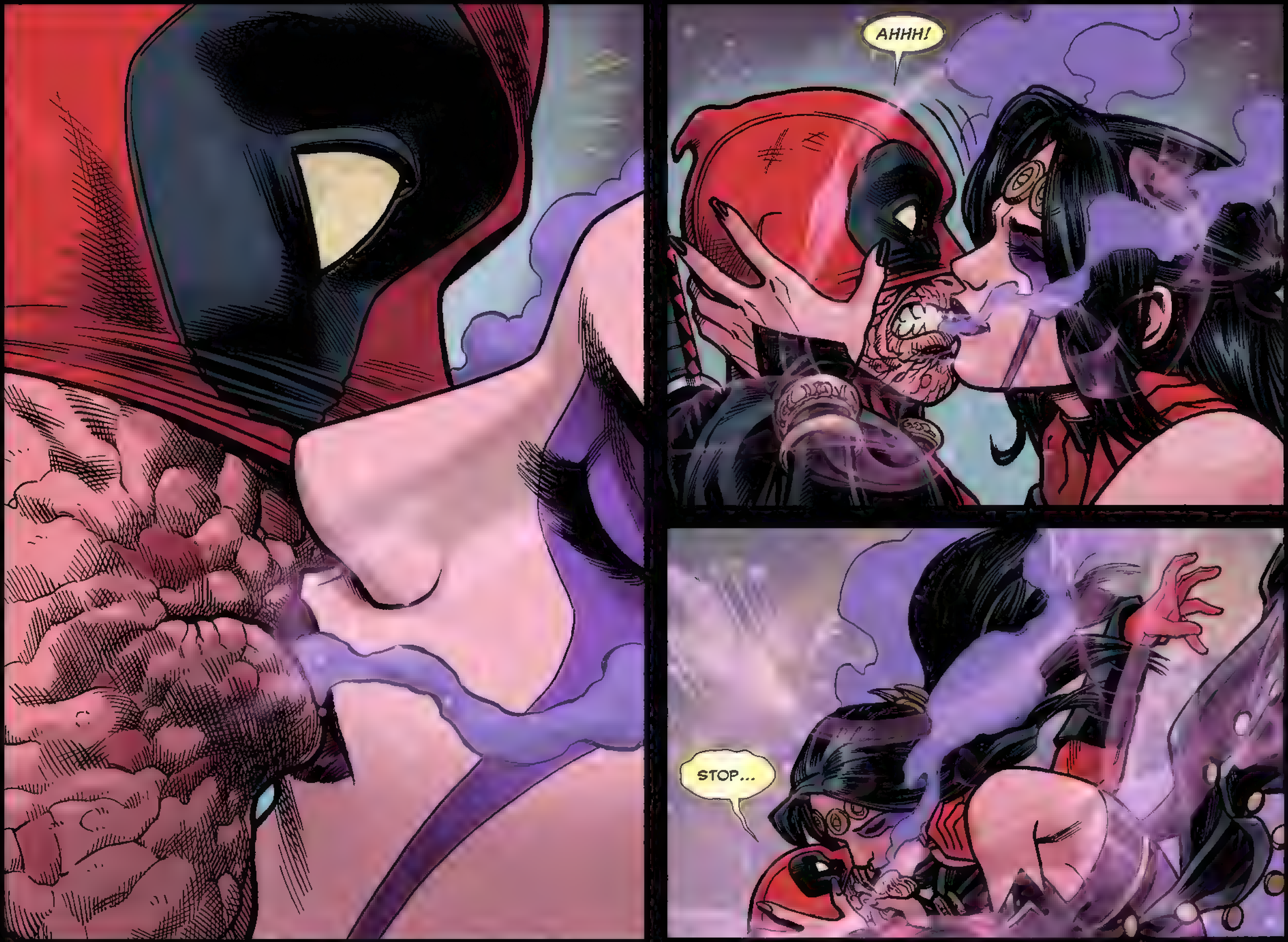

POOL. DEAD, POOL.
SO, QUEEN SHIKLAH, HUH? ANY RELATION TO *QUEEN LATIFAH?*
GWUF?


POOL. DEAD, POOL.
SO, QUEEN SHIKLAH, HUH? ANY RELATION TO *QUEEN LATIFAH?*
GWUF?
NOT THAT I AM AWARE OF. NOW CLAIM YOUR *REWARD* FOR FREEING ME FROM MY SLUMBER...


POOL. DEAD, POOL.
SO, QUEEN SHIKLAH, HUH? ANY RELATION TO *QUEEN LATIFAH?*
GWUF?
NOT THAT I AM AWARE OF. NOW CLAIM YOUR *REWARD* FOR FREEING ME FROM MY SLUMBER...
ONE KISS.




AHHH!


AHHH!
STOP...

SORRY, DEADPOOL.

ONE KISS IS ALL ANYONE IS GOOD FOR.

ONE KISS IS ALL ANYONE IS GOOD FOR.

OF COURSE I KILL THE FIRST MAN I MET IN MILLENNIA.
RUHN-UN.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO ME, BUT KEEP YOUR LIPS TO YOURSELF, WOMAN. OR YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME DO SOMETHING *I REGRET*.
AND THAT'S *MY* JOB.
I MAY HAVE *MISCALCULATED.*
RUHN-HUH.

CHAPTER FOUR: RAIL GRIND

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GERRY DUGGAN

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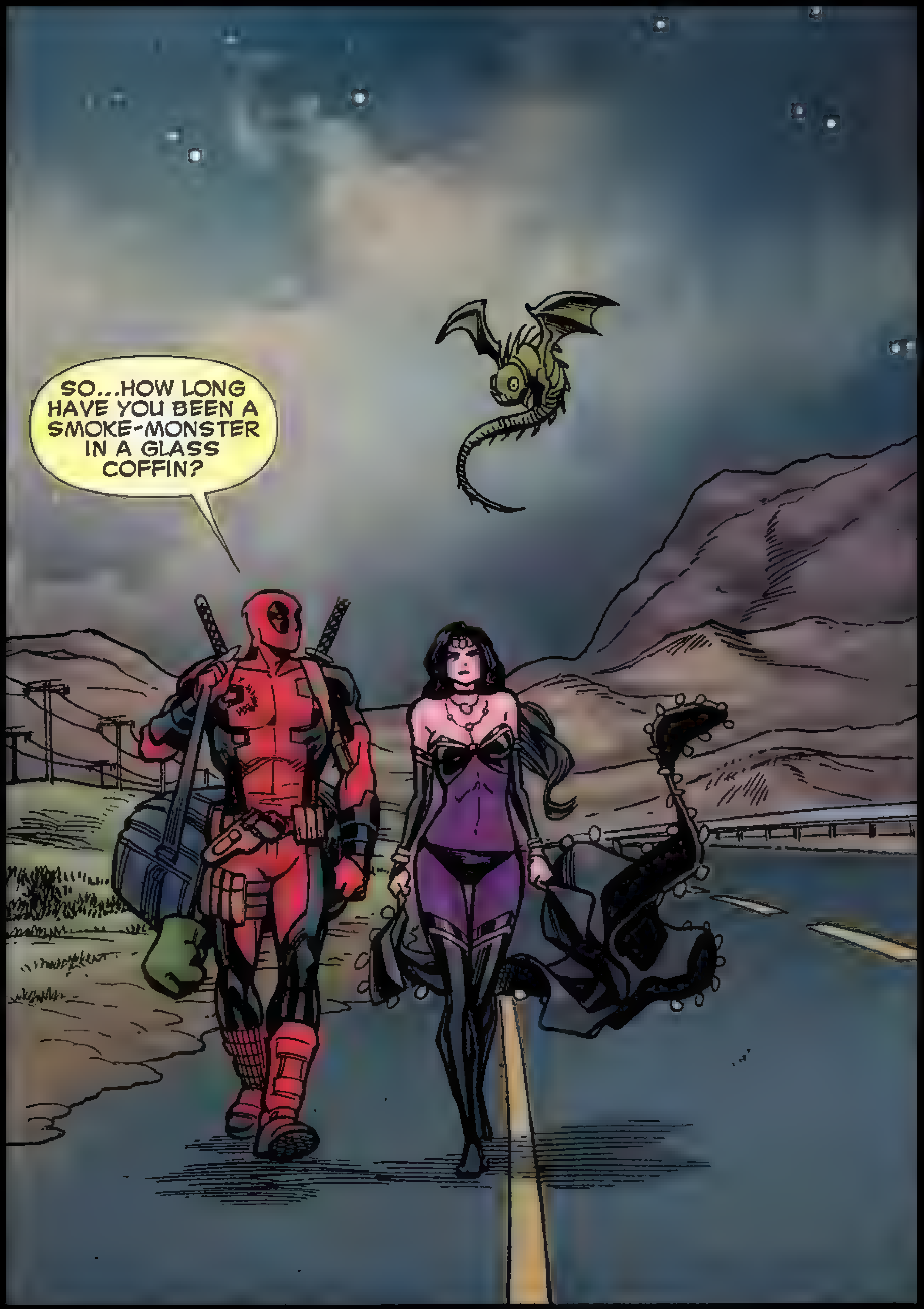
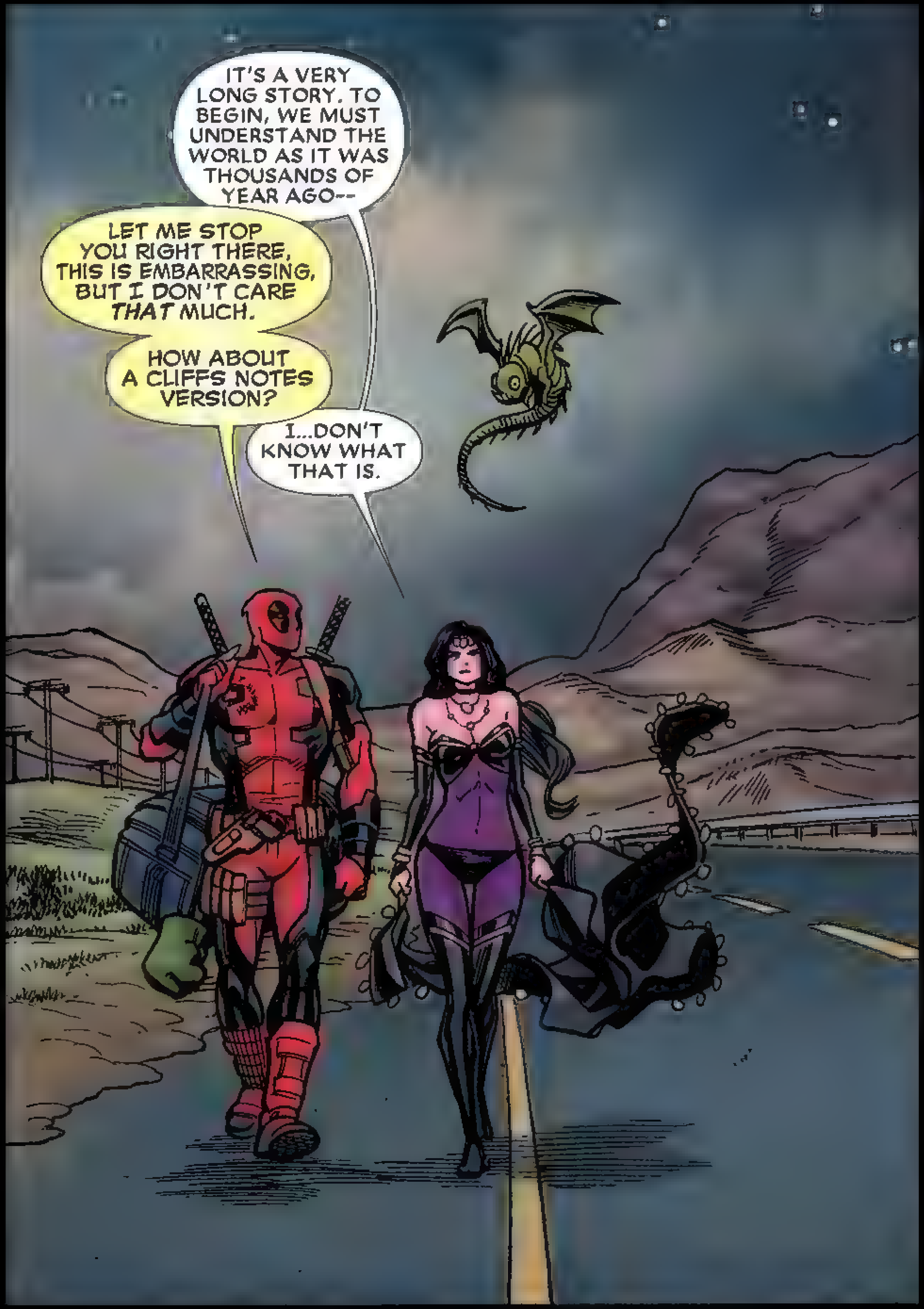
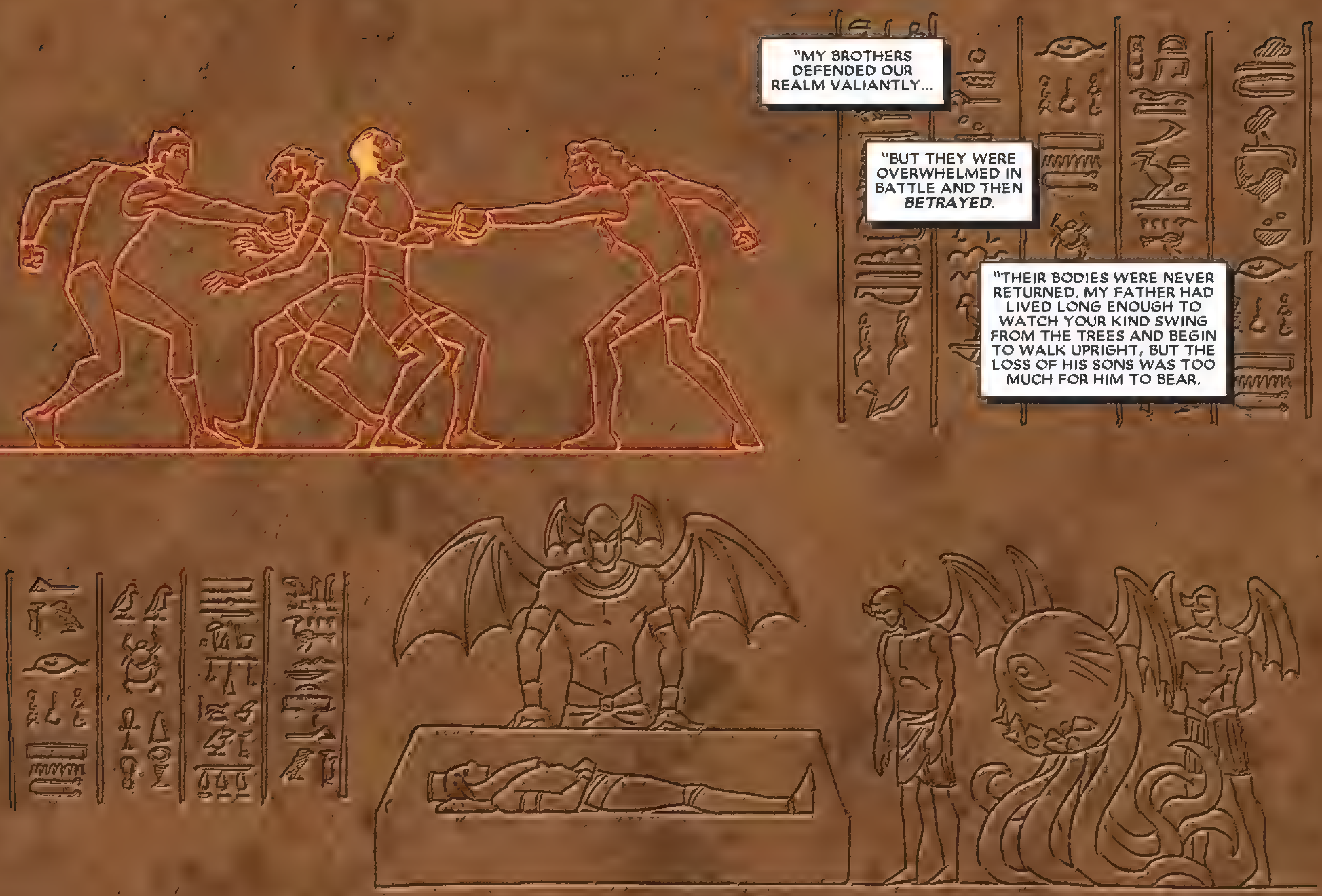

SO...HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN A SMOKE-MONSTER IN A GLASS COFFIN?

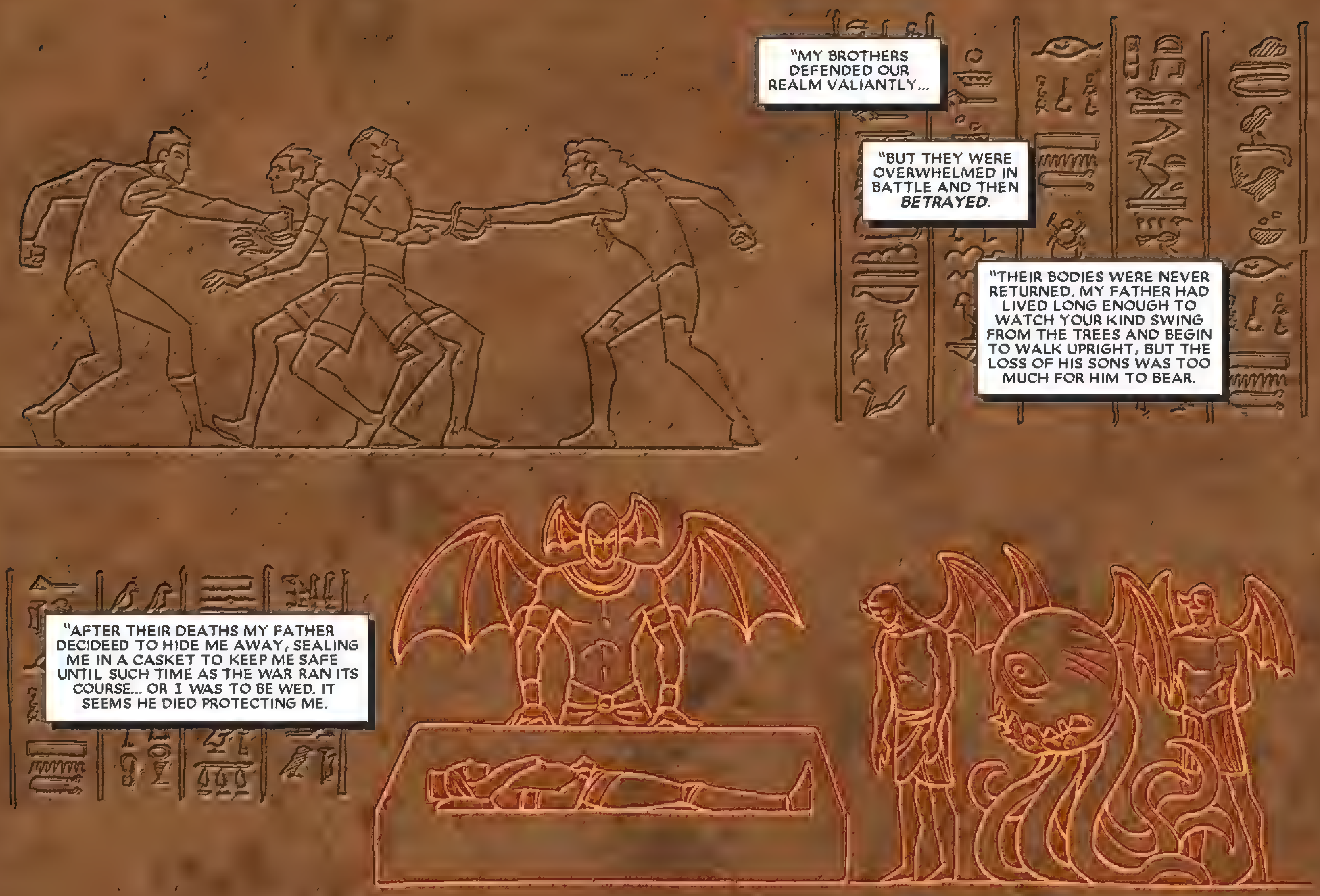

IT'S A VERY LONG STORY. TO BEGIN, WE MUST UNDERSTAND THE WORLD AS IT WAS THOUSANDS OF YEAR AGO--
LET ME STOP YOU RIGHT THERE, THIS IS EMBARRASSING, BUT I DON'T CARE *THAT* MUCH.
HOW ABOUT A CLIFFS NOTES VERSION?
I...DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.

IT'S A VERY LONG STORY. TO BEGIN, WE MUST UNDERSTAND THE WORLD AS IT WAS THOUSANDS OF YEAR AGO--
LET ME STOP YOU RIGHT THERE, THIS IS EMBARRASSING, BUT I DON'T CARE THAT MUCH.
HOW ABOUT A CLIFFS NOTES VERSION?
I...DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT IS.
I HAVE BEEN ASLEEP FOR SO LONG, THIS STILL FEELS LIKE A DREAM.
"MY NAME IS SHIKLAH. MY FAMILY RULED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TIME OF MAN.

"MY NAME IS SHIKLAH. MY FAMILY RULED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TIME OF MAN.
"HOWEVER, LIKE ANY REIGNING MONARCHY, WE ATTRACTED PARASITES THAT SOUGHT TO UNDO US.

"MY NAME IS SHIKLAH. MY FAMILY RULED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE TIME OF MAN.
"HOWEVER, LIKE ANY REIGNING MONARCHY, WE ATTRACTED PARASITES THAT SOUGHT TO UNDO US.
"THE *VAMPIRES* WERE OUR FIERCEST CHALLENGERS. IT WAS PRIDE THAT DROVE THE BLOODSUCKERS TO OVERTHROW US.
"A COWARDLY SNEAK ATTACK ON OUR BANNERMEN SPARKED A WAR THAT RAGED FOR CENTURIES."
"WOULD YOU SAY IT WAS A '*MONSTER MASH*'?"
"THAT WOULD NOT BE INACCURATE...ARE YOU MAKING JAPES?"
"I WOULD NEVER!"
"MY BROTHERS DEFENDED OUR REALM VALIANTLY...


"MY BROTHERS DEFENDED OUR REALM VALIANTLY...
"BUT THEY WERE OVERWHELMED IN BATTLE AND THEN *BETRAYED*.
"THEIR BODIES WERE NEVER RETURNED. MY FATHER HAD LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO WATCH YOUR KIND SWING FROM THE TREES AND BEGIN TO WALK UPRIGHT, BUT THE LOSS OF HIS SONS WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM TO BEAR.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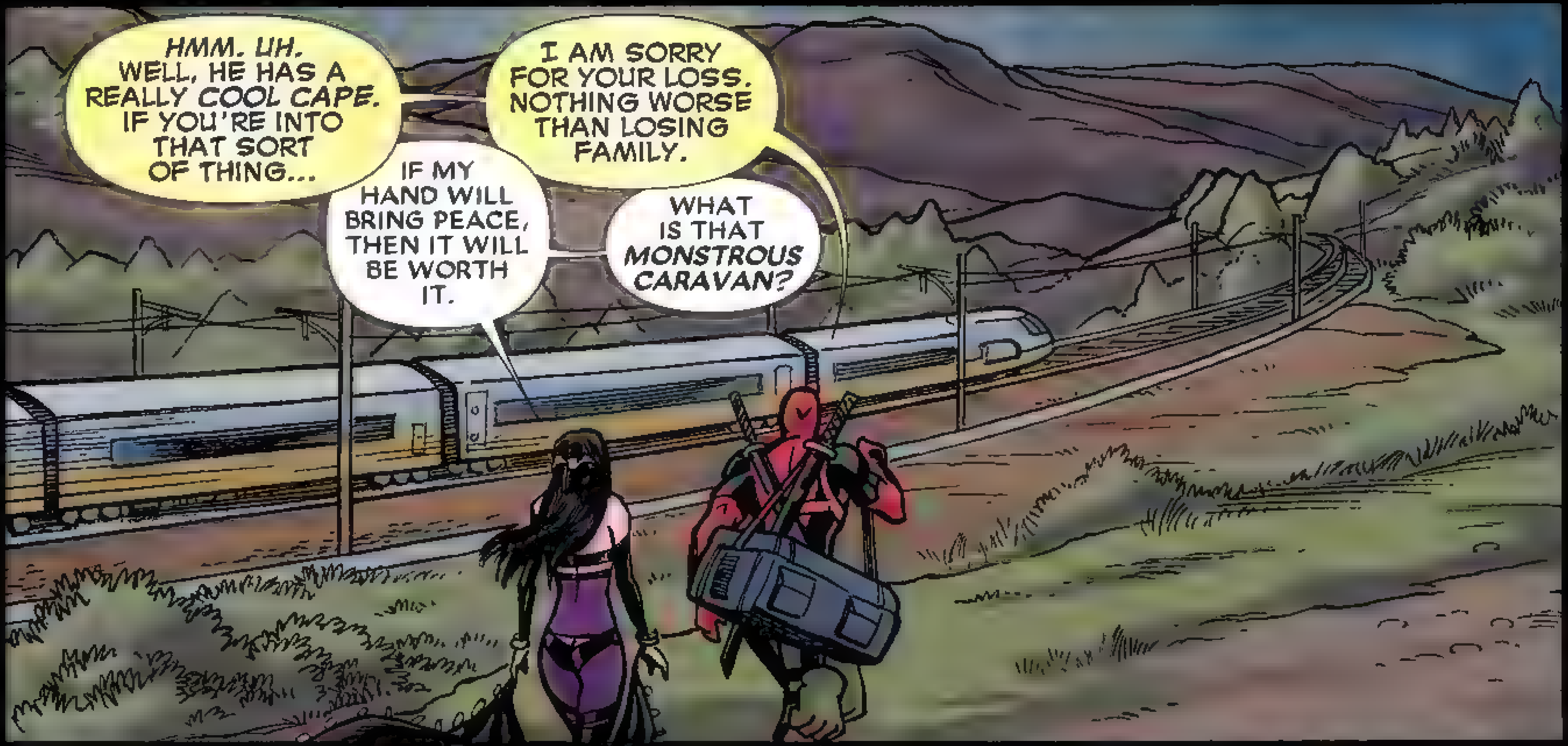
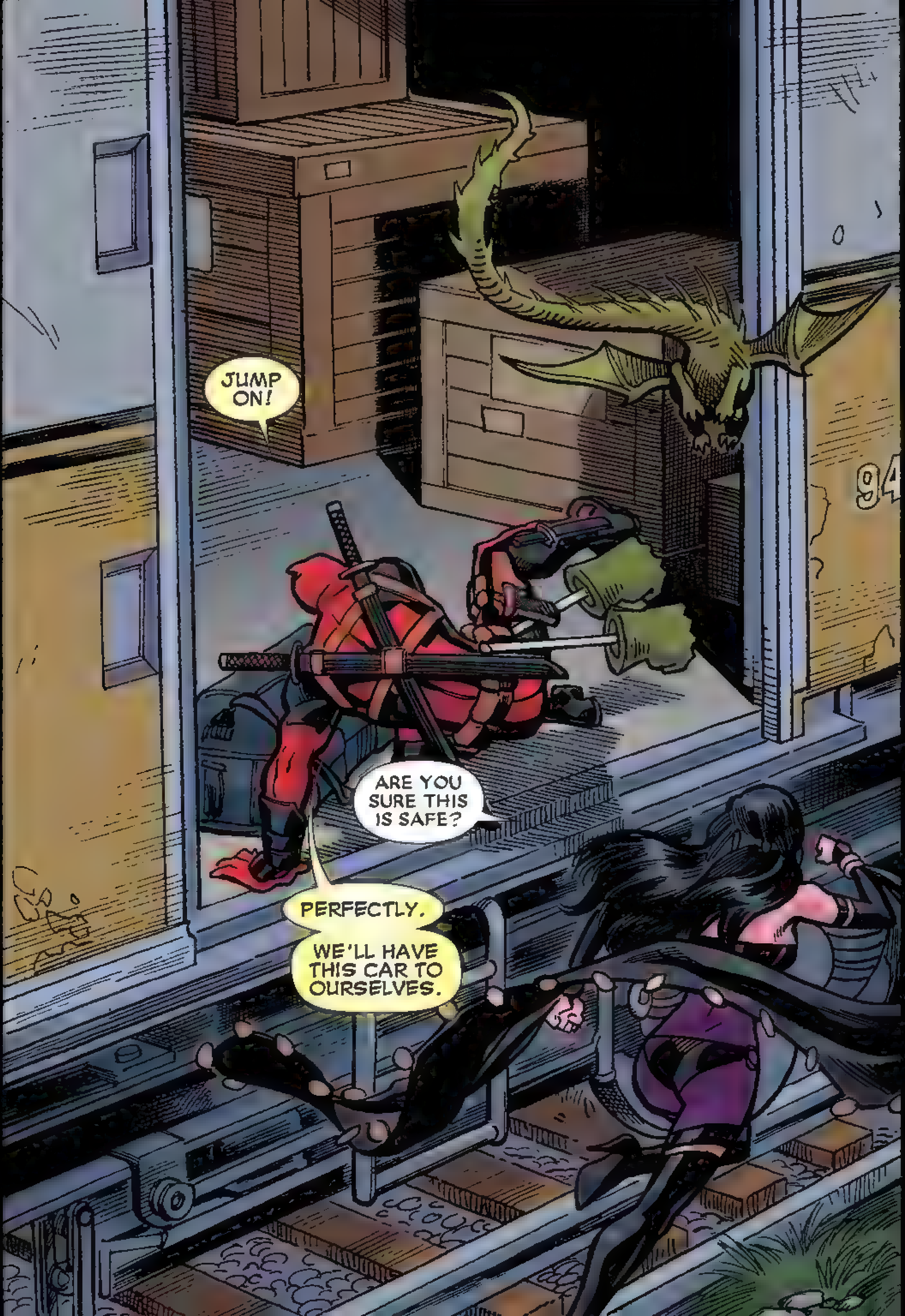
"AFTER THEIR DEATHS MY FATHER DECIDEED TO HIDE ME AWAY, SEALING ME IN A CASKET TO KEEP ME SAFE UNTIL SUCH TIME AS THE WAR RAN ITS COURSE... OR I WAS TO BE WED. IT SEEMS HE DIED PROTECTING ME.

I CAN ONLY ASSUME I AM AWAKE NOW TO UNITE THE UNDERWORLD AND FULFILL MY DESTINY TO MARRY THE VAMPIRE KING.
IS HE AS *CRUEL* AS HIS ANCESTORS?
"AND THEN I SLEPT WITHOUT DREAMING."


HMM. UH. WELL, HE HAS A REALLY COOL CAPE. IF YOU'RE INTO THAT SORT OF THING...
I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS. NOTHING WORSE THAN LOSING FAMILY.
IF MY HAND WILL BRING PEACE, THEN IT WILL BE WORTH IT.
WHAT IS THAT MONSTROUS CARAVAN?

HMM. UH. WELL, HE HAS A REALLY *COOL CAPE*. IF YOU'RE INTO THAT SORT OF THING...
I AM SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS. NOTHING WORSE THAN LOSING FAMILY.
IF MY HAND WILL BRING PEACE, THEN IT WILL BE WORTH IT.
WHAT IS THAT *MONSTROUS CARAVAN?*
OUR TICKET BACK TO CIVILIZATION-- C'MON!


JUMP ON!
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS SAFE?
PERFECTLY.
WE'LL HAVE THIS CAR TO OURSELVES.
94

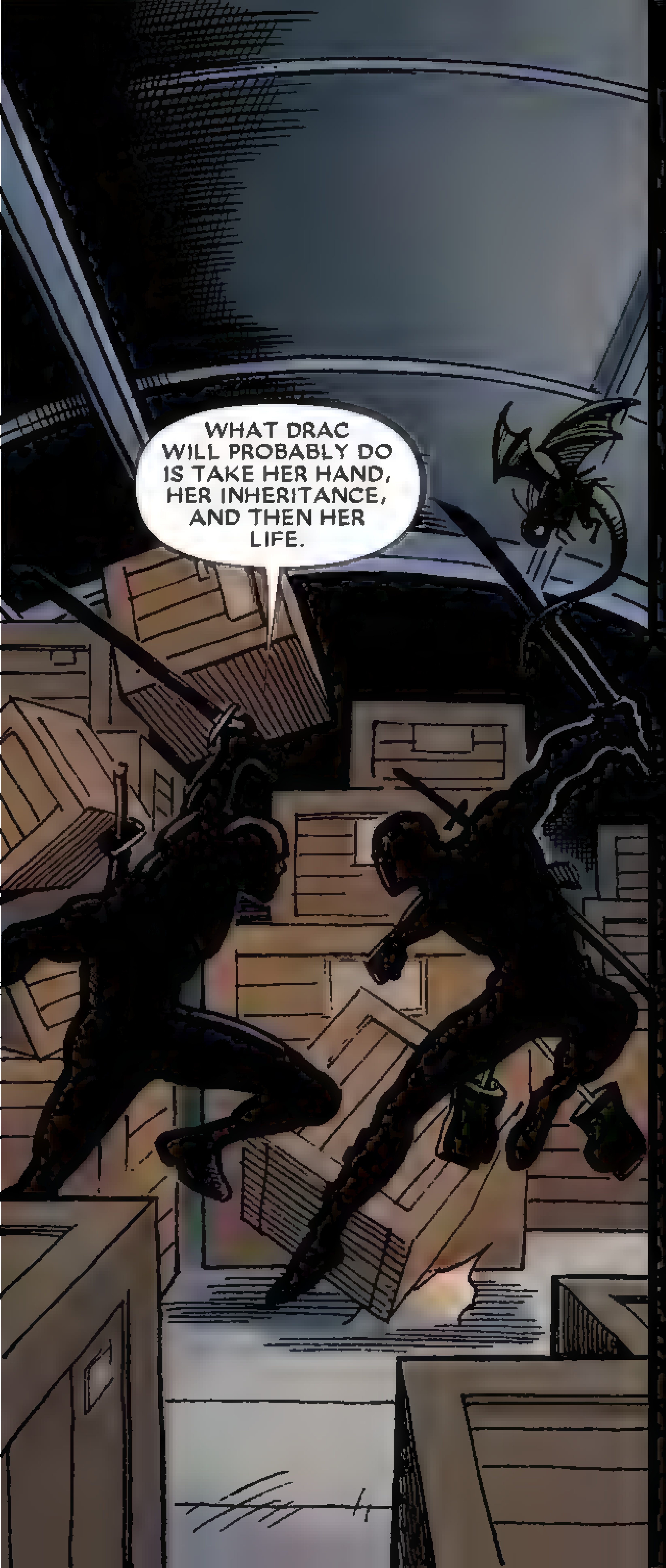
EEP.
YOU'RE IN OVER YOUR HEAD, DEADPOOL.
WHO IS THIS?

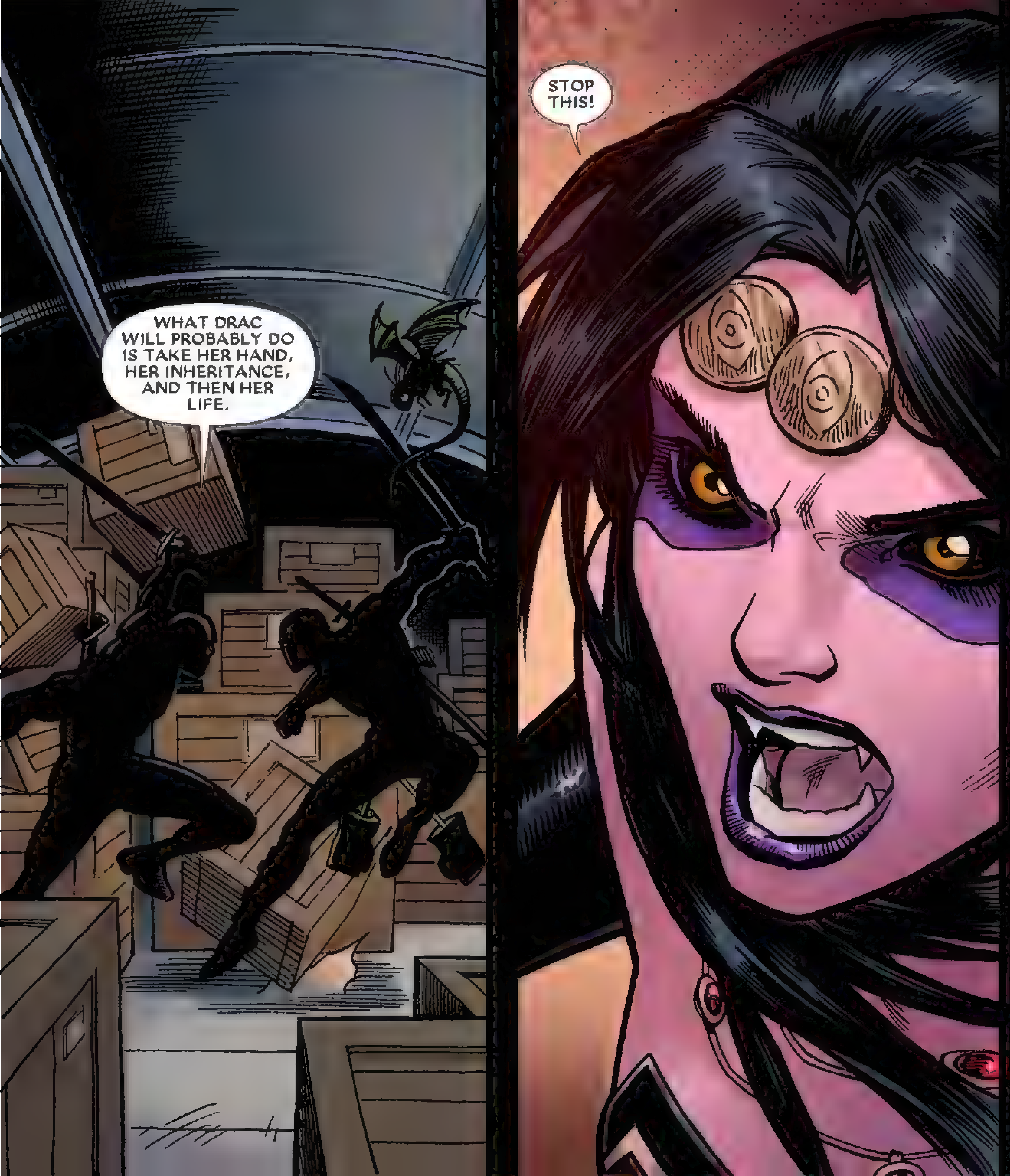
THE NAME IS BLADE.

GET BEHIND ME, SHIKLAH.
I SEE YOU'RE ON A FIRST-NAME BASIS WITH IT.
LET ME DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO, AND YOU AND I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE.
NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
YOU KNOW DRACULA IS GOING TO USE HER TO UNITE THE FRACTIOUS MONSTER UNDERWORLD, RIGHT?

GET BEHIND ME, SHIKLAH.
I SEE YOU'RE ON A FIRST-NAME BASIS WITH IT.
LET ME DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO, AND YOU AND I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE.
NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
YOU KNOW DRACULA IS GOING TO USE HER TO UNITE THE FRACTIOUS MONSTER UNDERWORLD, RIGHT?
I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN.

WHO CARES? MAYBE SHE'LL MAKE DRACULA HAPPY, AND HE'LL SUCK LESS. BLOOD.
UNLIKELY.


WHAT DRAC WILL PROBABLY DO IS TAKE HER HAND, HER INHERITANCE, AND THEN HER LIFE.


WHAT DRAC WILL PROBABLY DO IS TAKE HER HAND, HER INHERITANCE, AND THEN HER LIFE.
STOP THIS!

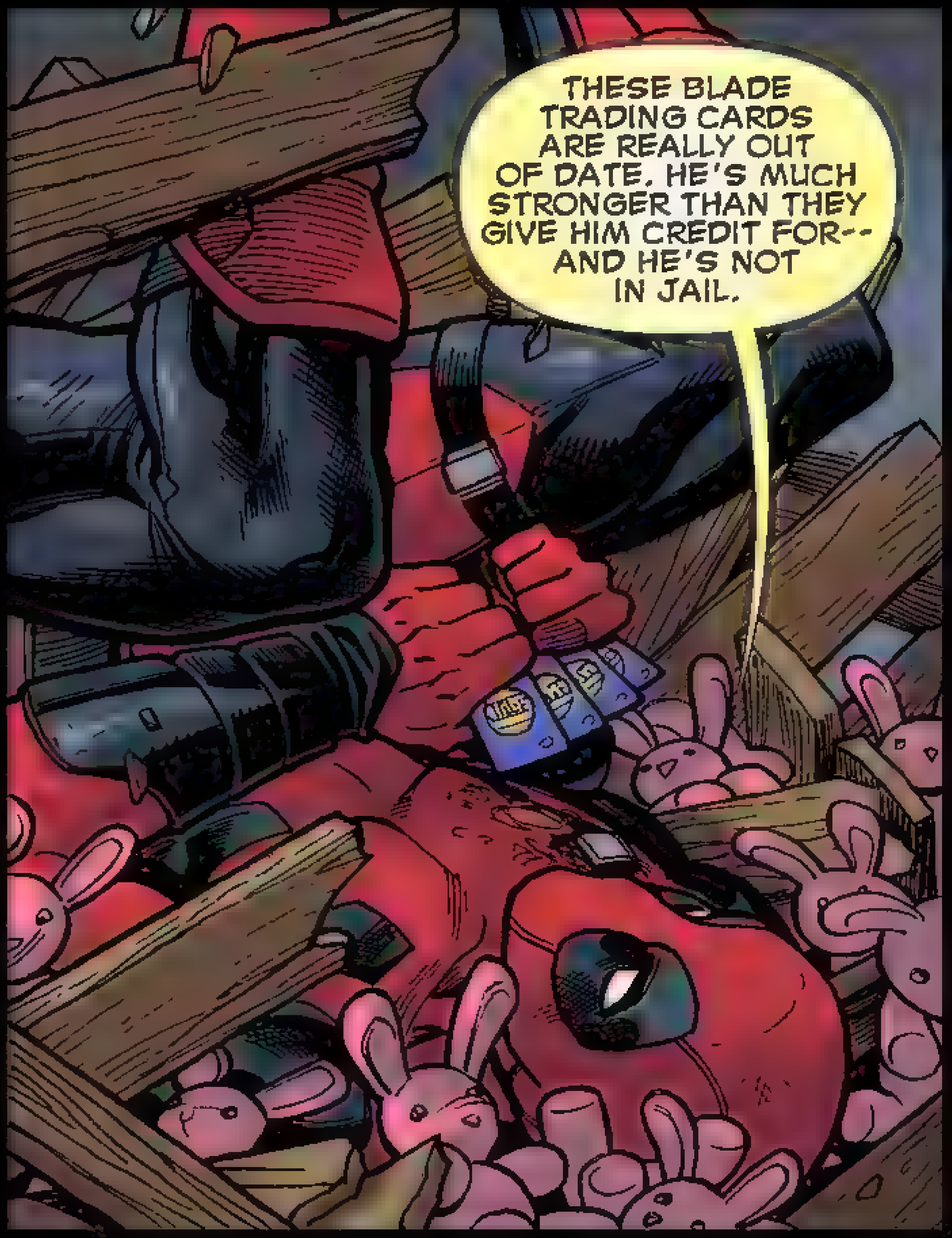
WHAT DRAC WILL PROBABLY DO IS TAKE HER HAND, HER INHERITANCE, AND THEN HER LIFE.
STOP THIS!
DON'T WORRY, BABE-- I'LL PROTECT YOU.

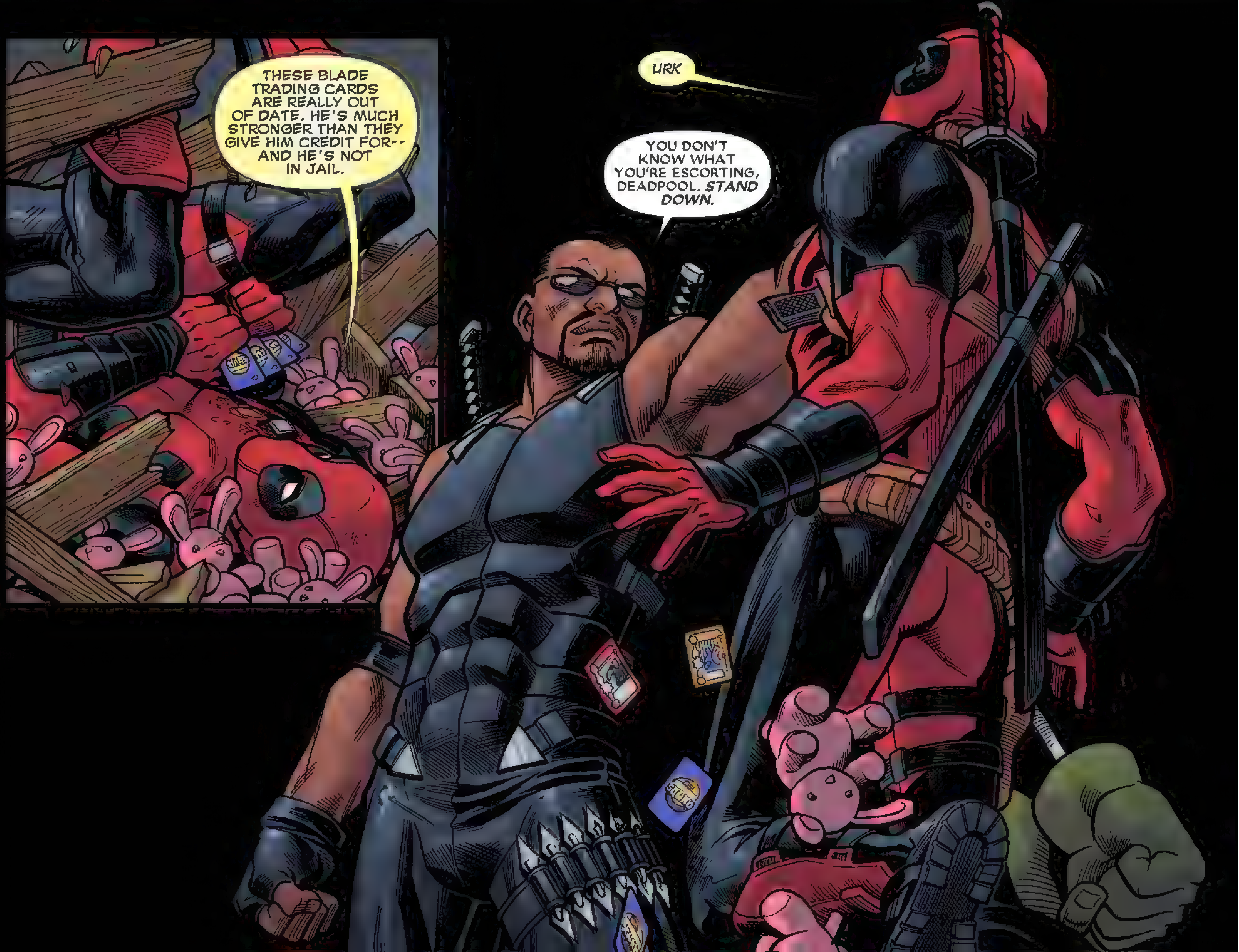
NO

YA

WON'T!

SKRABLAM
ARE THESE BEANIE BABIES?
I HIT GRANDMA GOLD, I TELLS YA!


THESE BLADE TRADING CARDS ARE REALLY OUT OF DATE. HE'S MUCH STRONGER THAN THEY GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR-- AND HE'S NOT IN JAIL.


THESE BLADE TRADING CARDS ARE REALLY OUT OF DATE. HE'S MUCH STRONGER THAN THEY GIVE HIM CREDIT FOR-- AND HE'S NOT IN JAIL.
URK
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ESCORTING, DEADPOOL. *STAND DOWN.*

LEAVE HIM ALONE.
FWABOOM
UHN

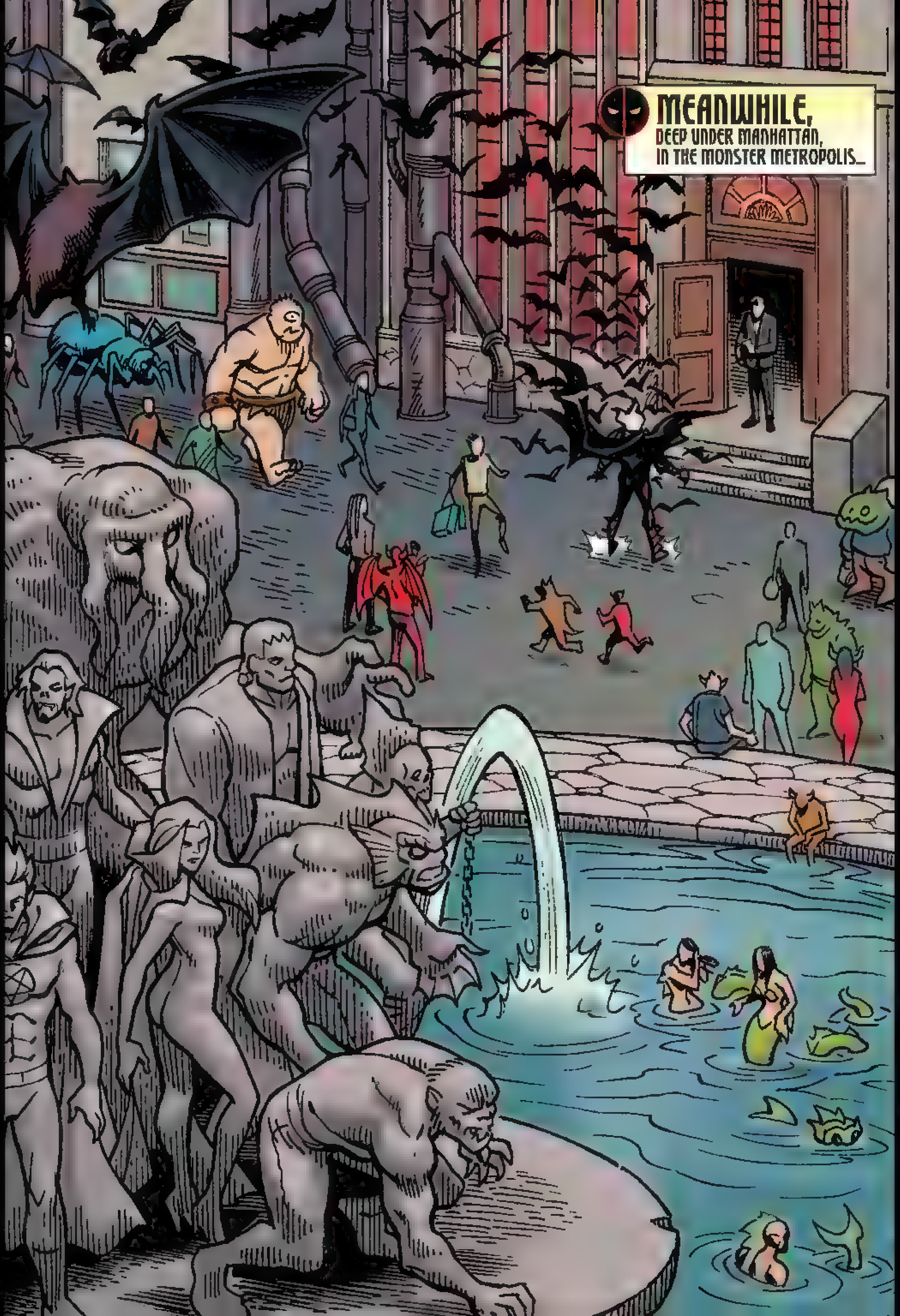
YOU ATTACKED US WITHOUT PROVOCATION.
YEAH!
WOW, UH, BLADE WAS RIGHT--I DIDN'T SEE YOUR MONSTER SIDE BEFORE.
THAT'S NOT HER MONSTER SIDE.

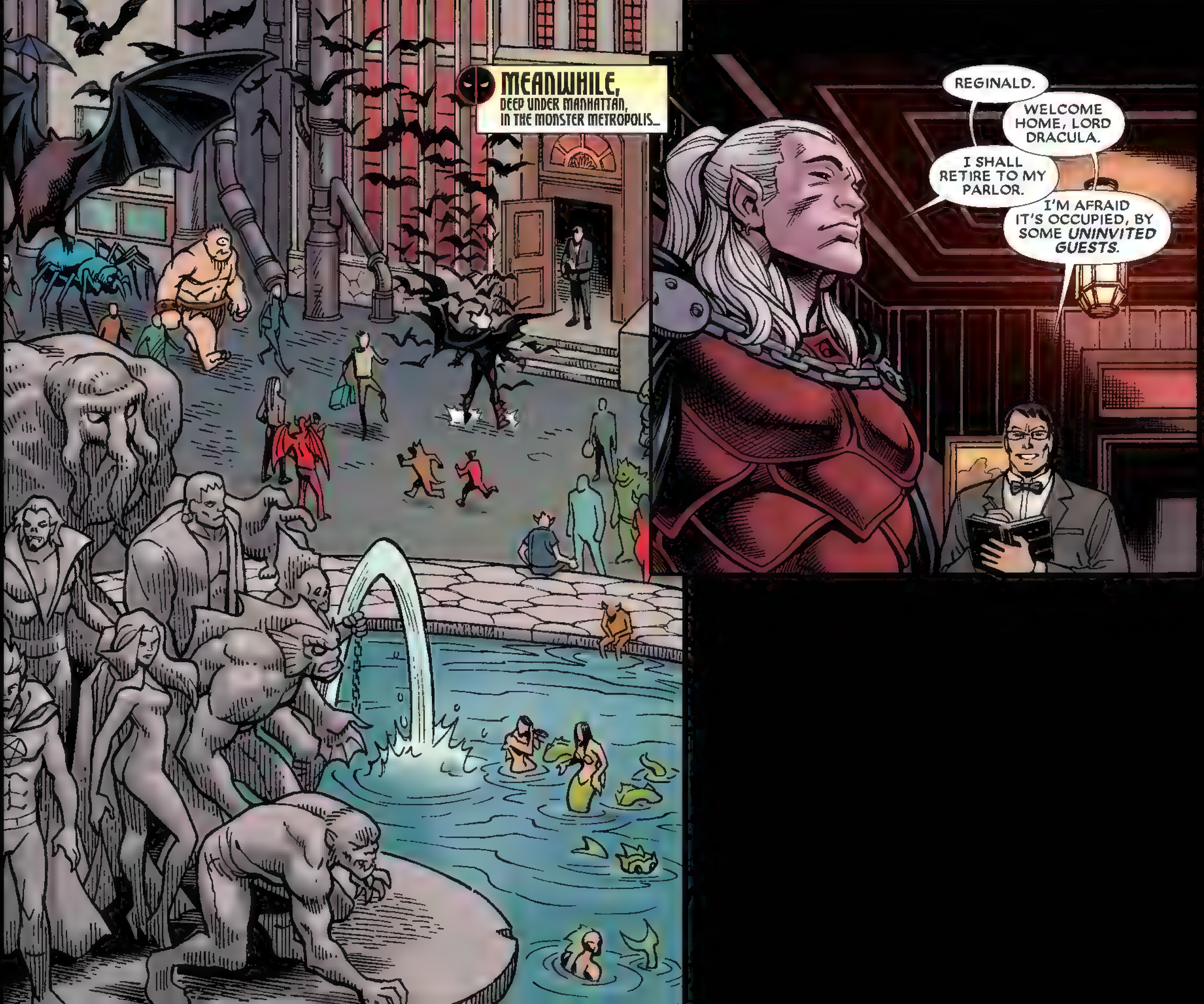
YOU WANT TO SEE MY PURE FORM?
HERE

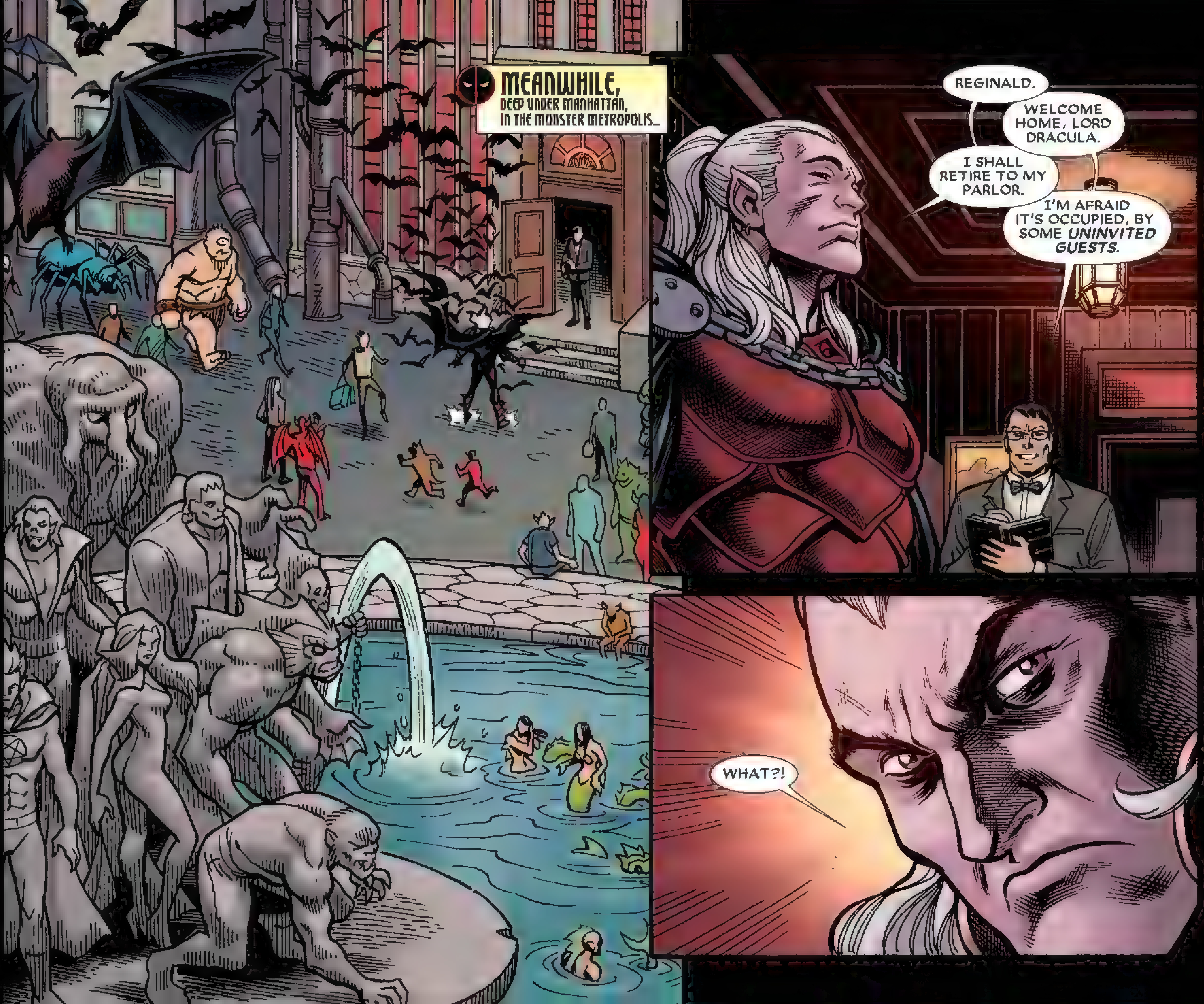
IT

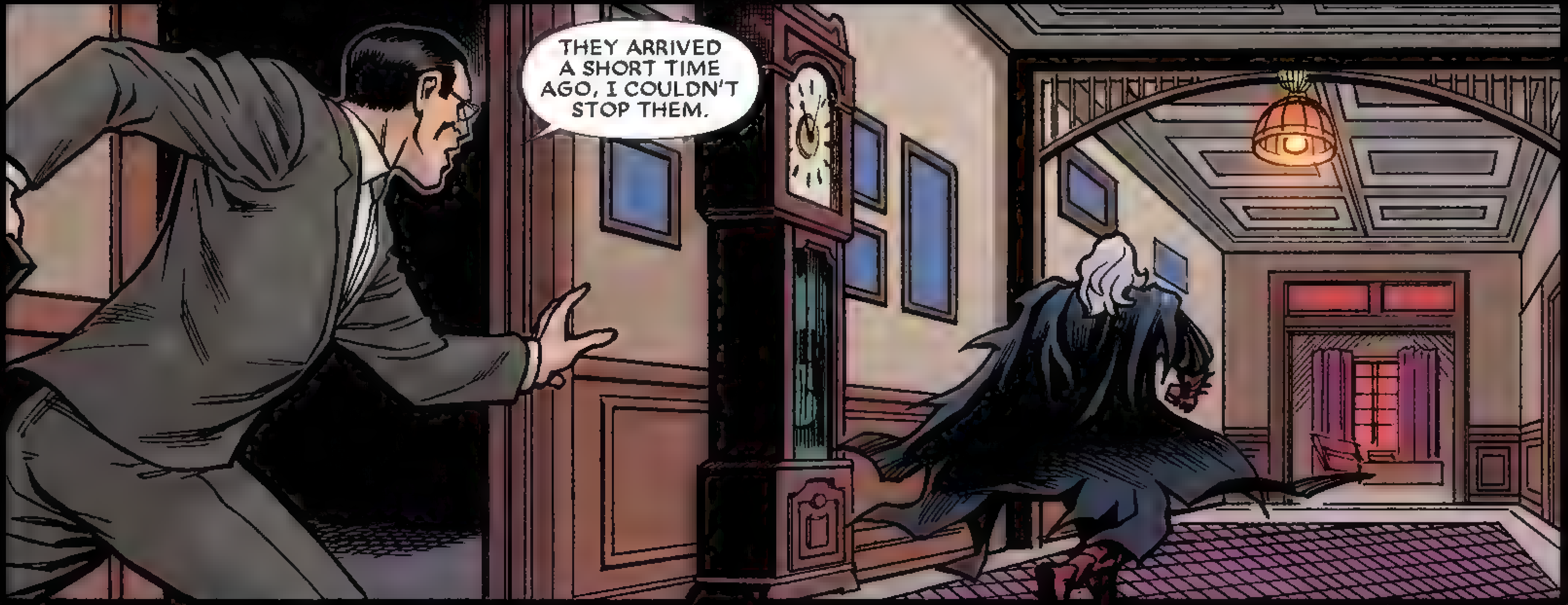
IS!

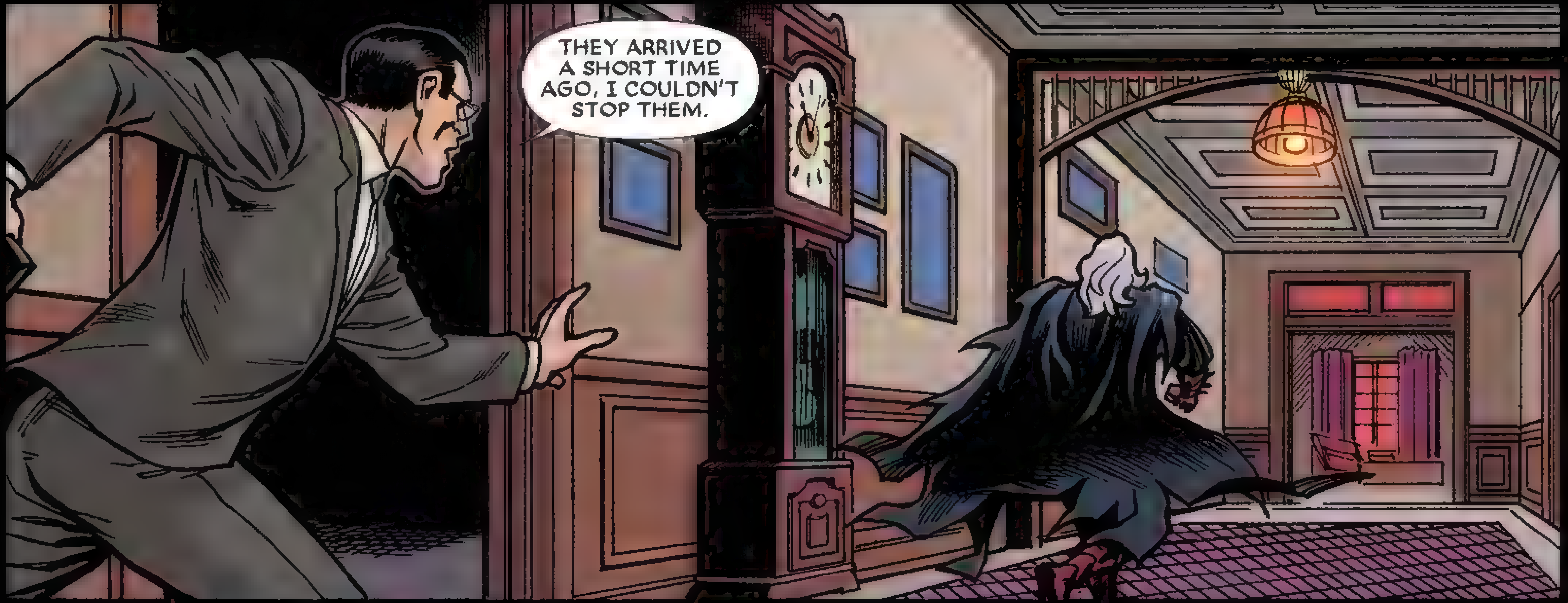
AHHH! MONSTER! HELP, BLADE!
KILL IT WITH FIRE!

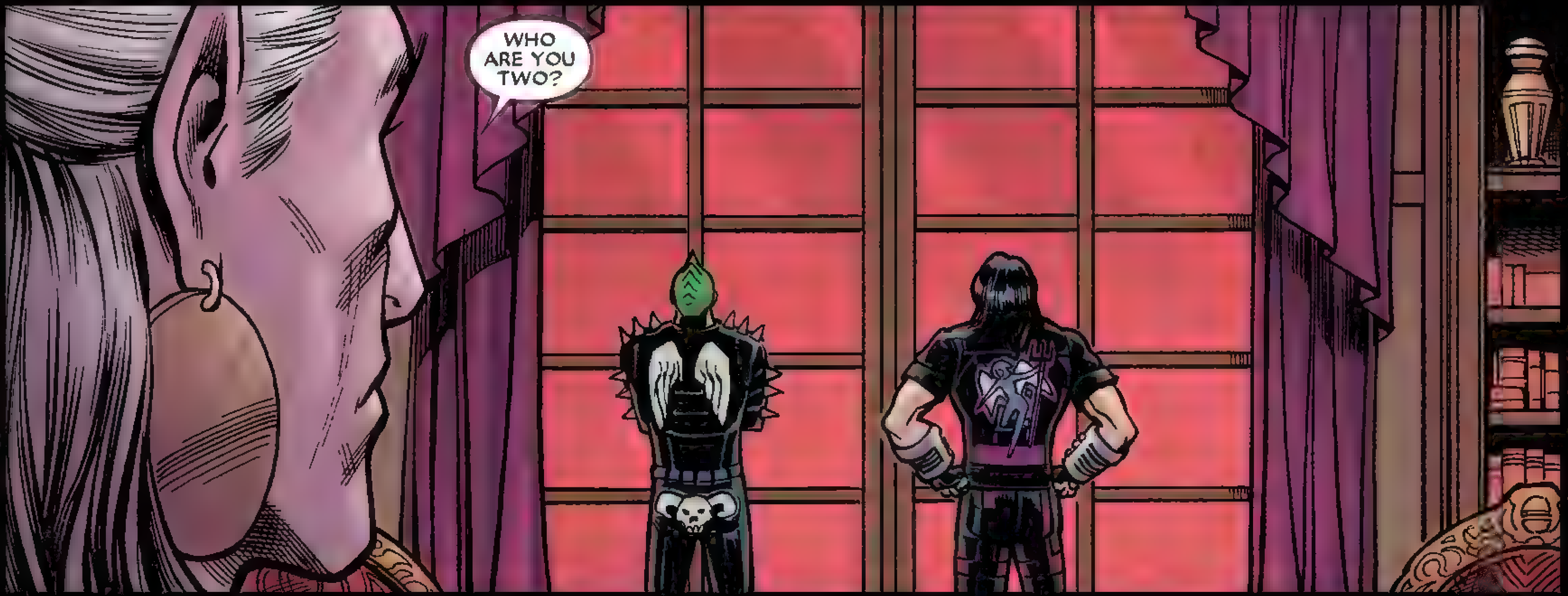

MEANWHILE,
DEEP UNDER MANHATTAN,
IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...

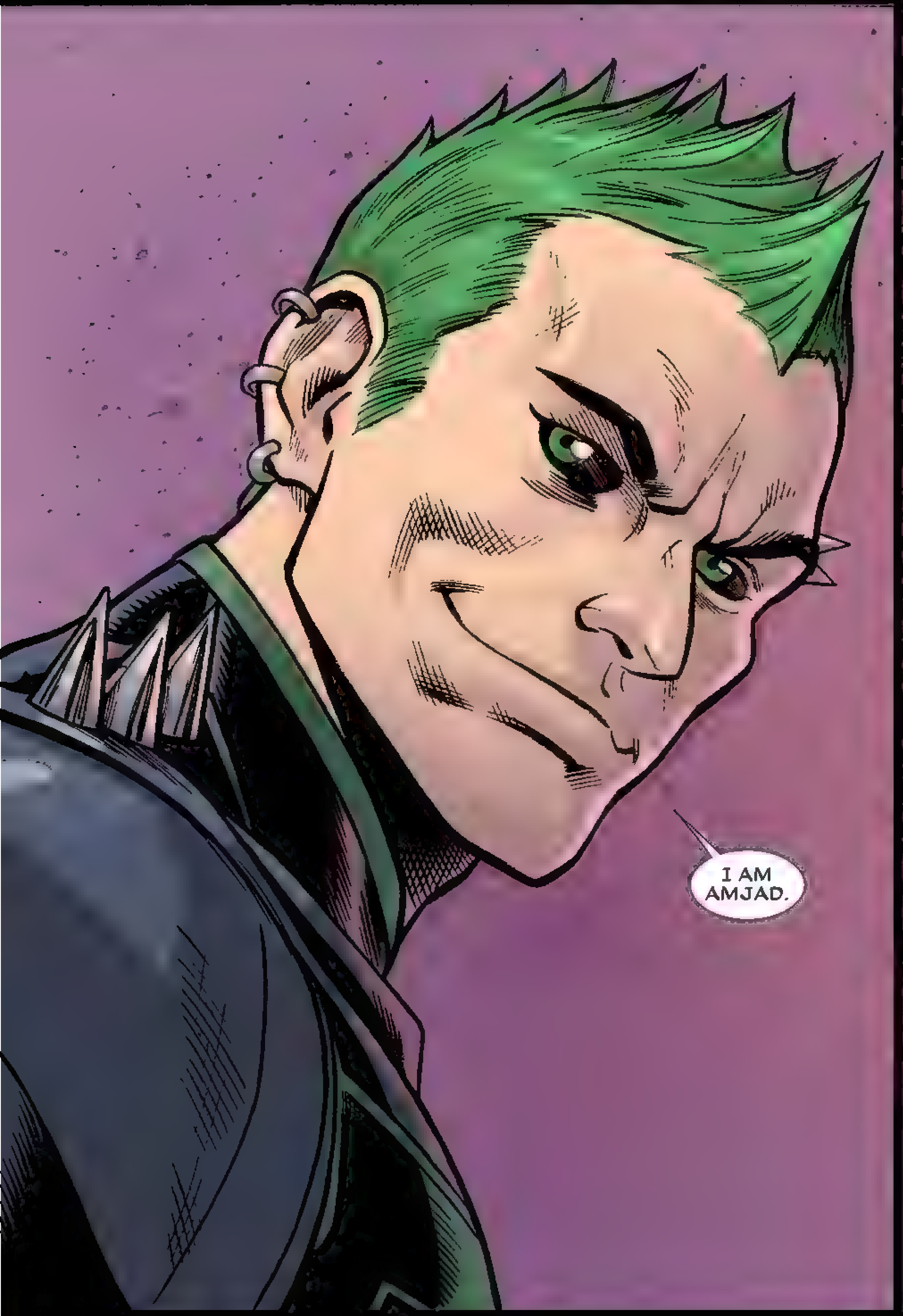

MEANWHILE,
DEEP UNDER MANHATTAN,
IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
REGINALD.
WELCOME HOME, LORD DRACULA.
I SHALL RETIRE TO MY PARLOR.
I'M AFRAID IT'S OCCUPIED, BY SOME *UNINVITED GUESTS.*


MEANWHILE, DEEP UNDER MANHATTAN, IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
REGINALD.
WELCOME HOME, LORD DRACULA.
I SHALL RETIRE TO MY PARLOR.
I'M AFRAID IT'S OCCUPIED, BY SOME *UNINVITED GUESTS.*
WHAT?!


THEY ARRIVED A SHORT TIME AGO, I COULDN'T STOP THEM.


THEY ARRIVED A SHORT TIME AGO, I COULDN'T STOP THEM.

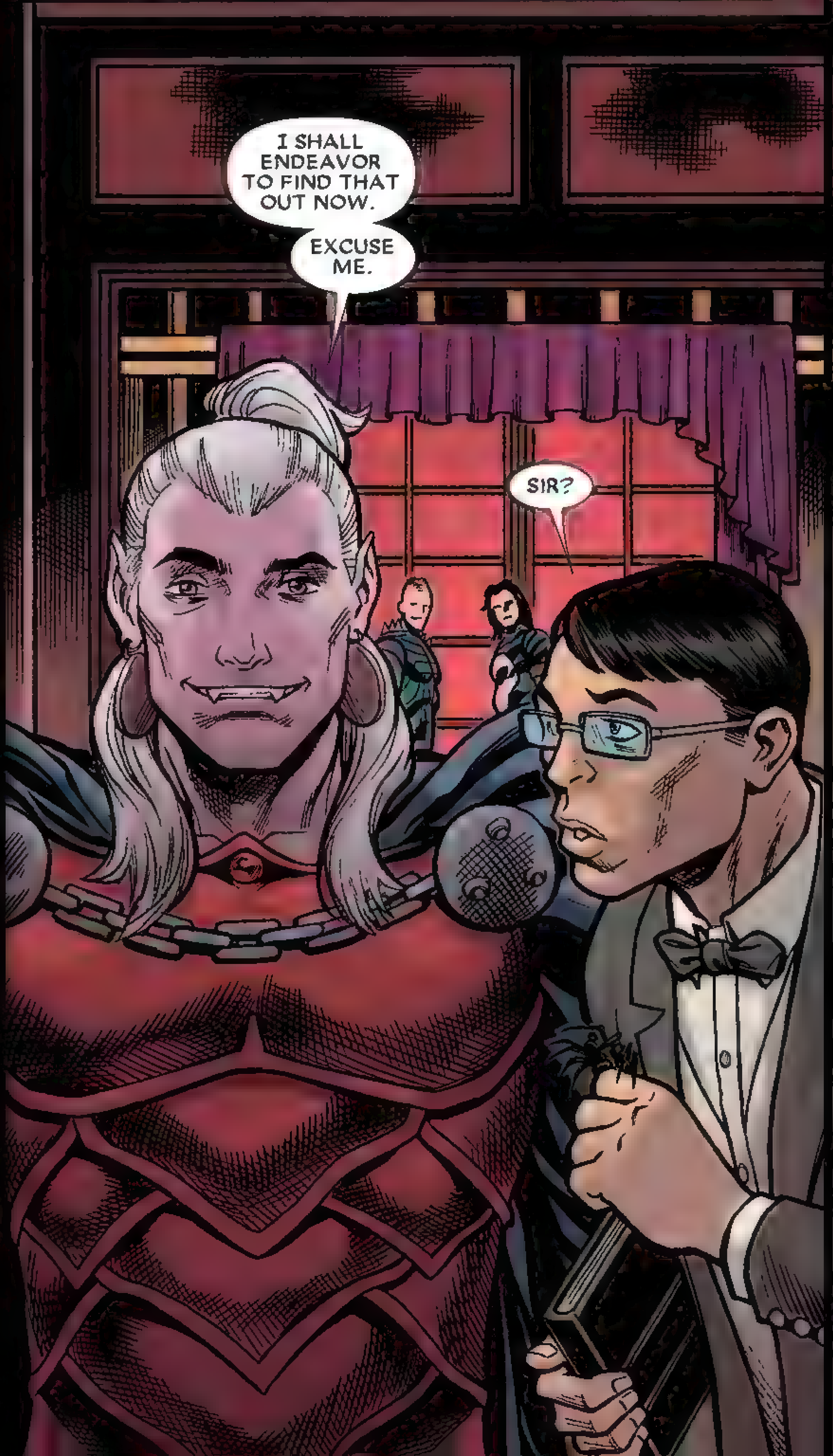

WHO ARE YOU TWO?

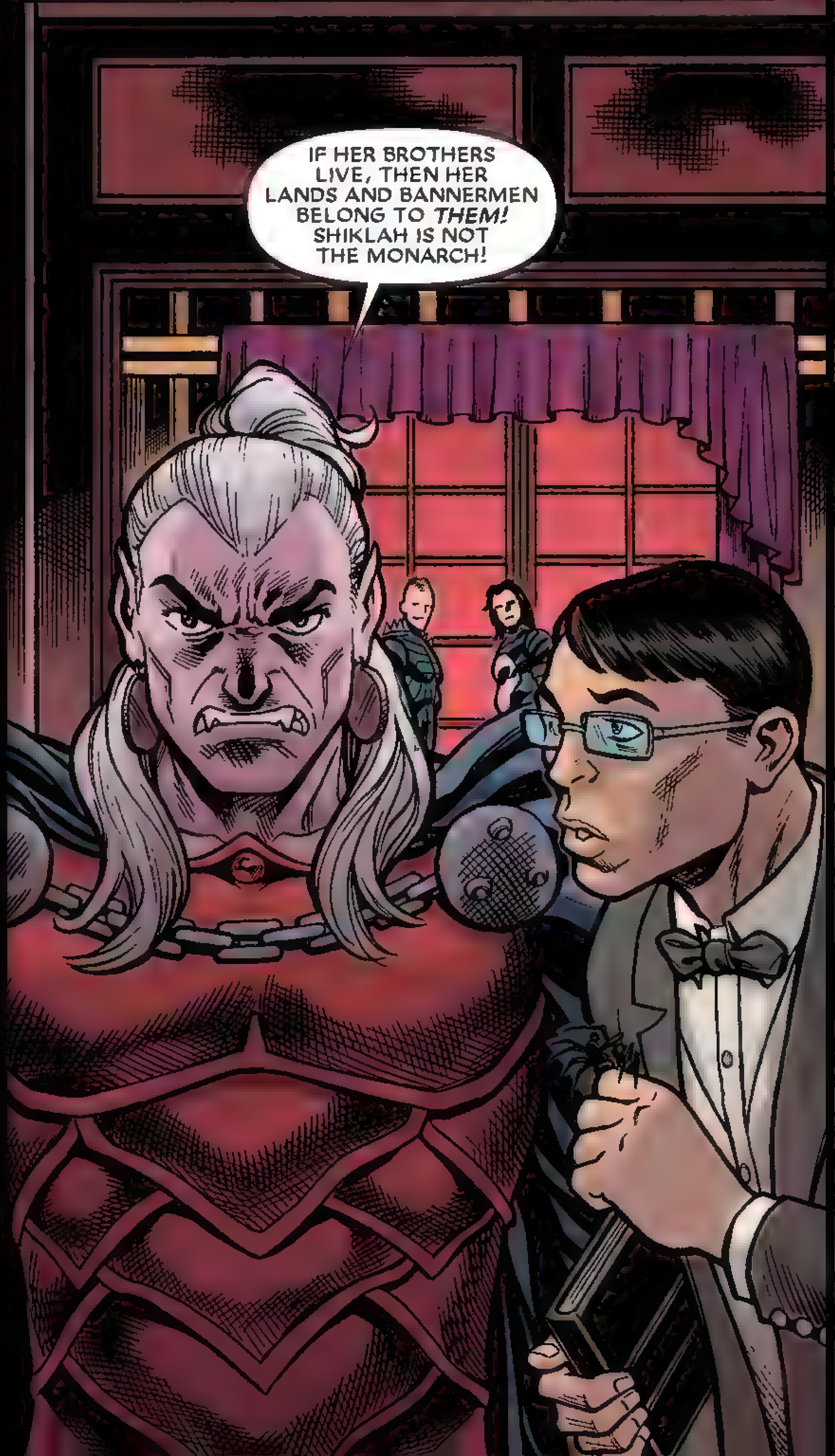

I AM AMJAD.

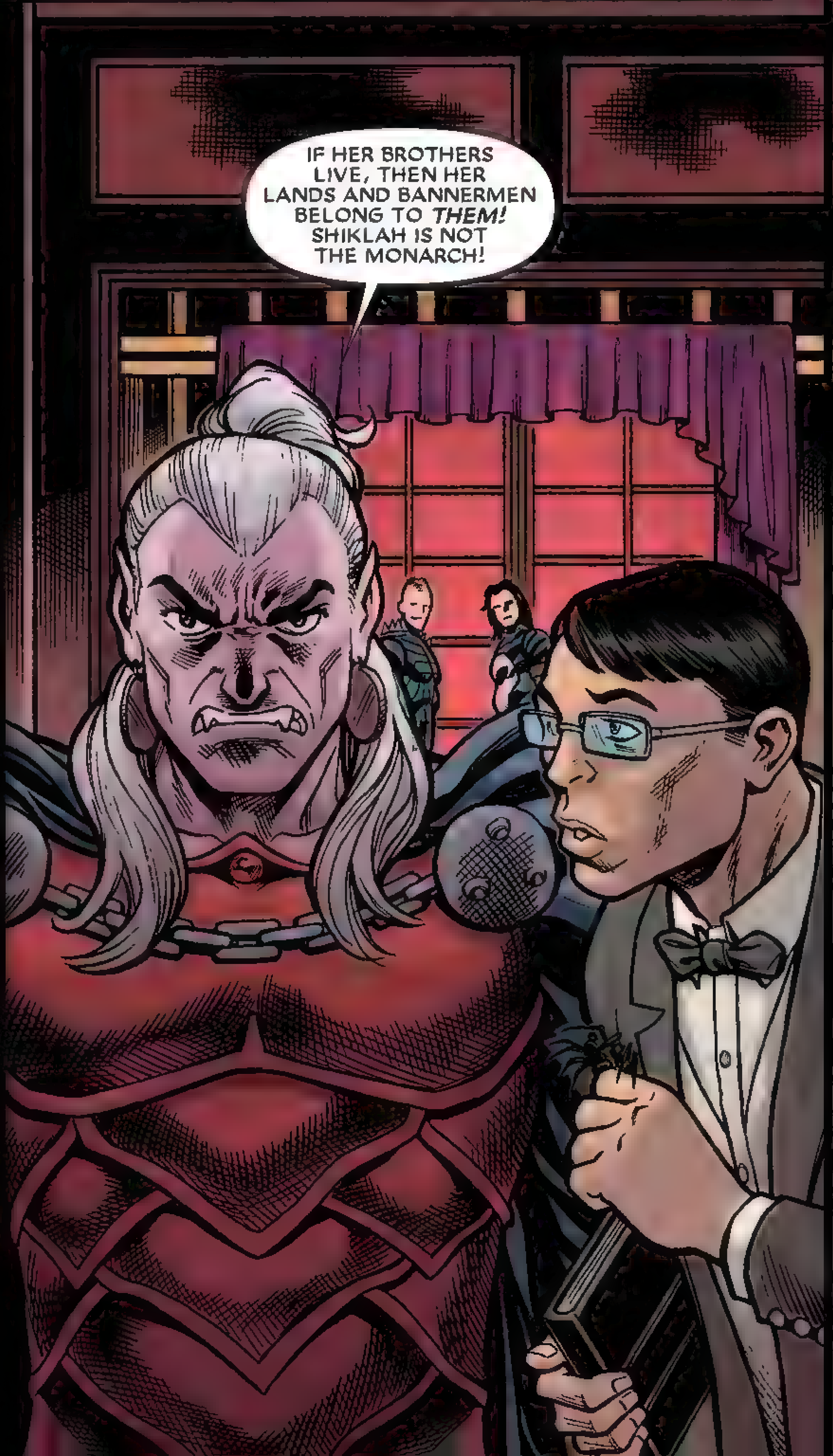
I AM AMJAD.
AND I AM BAQIR.
AND YOU ARE SOON TO BE OUR BROTHER-IN-LAW.

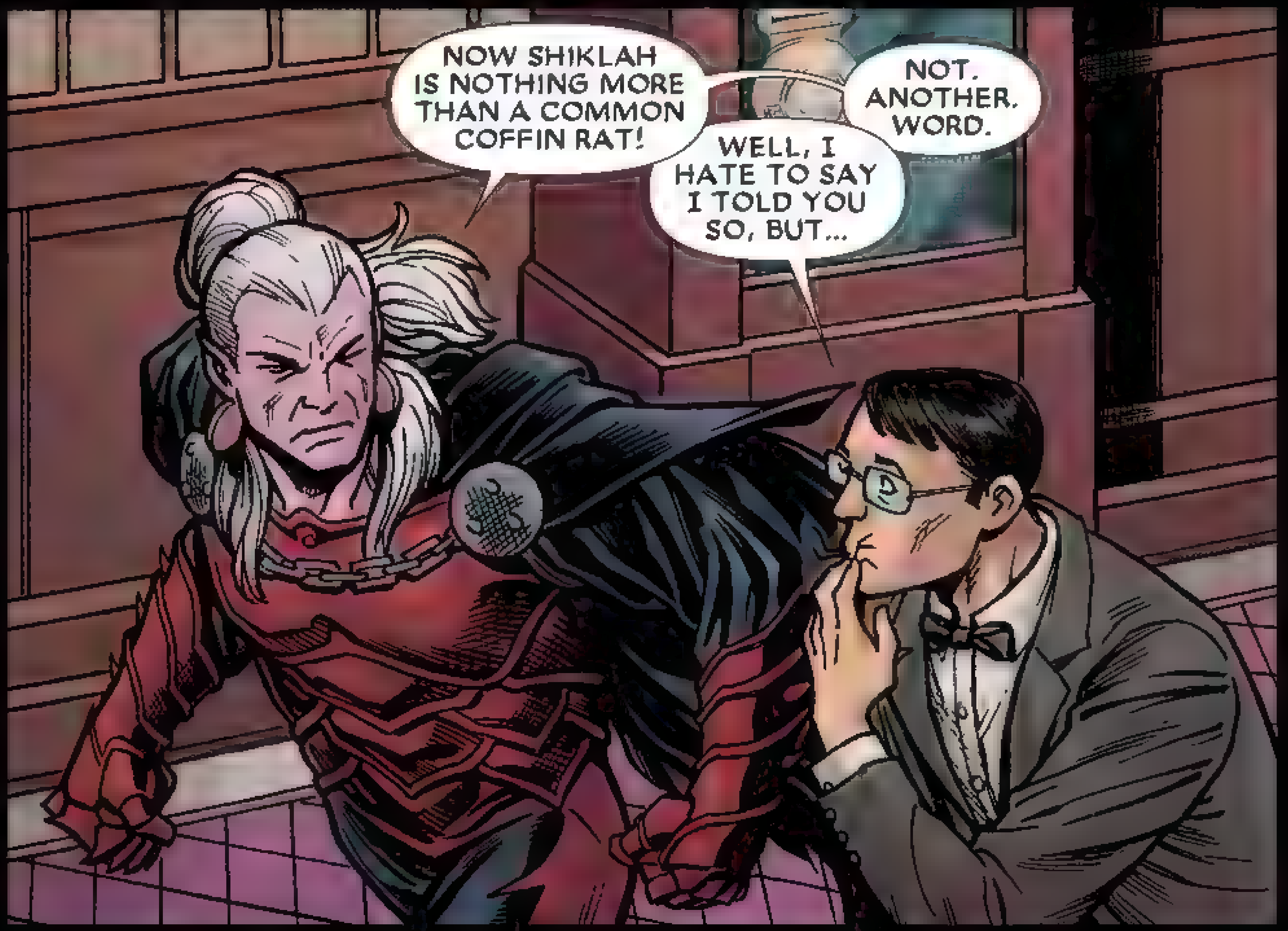
AH! SHIKLAH'S BROTHERS. OF COURSE. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST TO THE AGES, *MURDERED* LONG AGO.

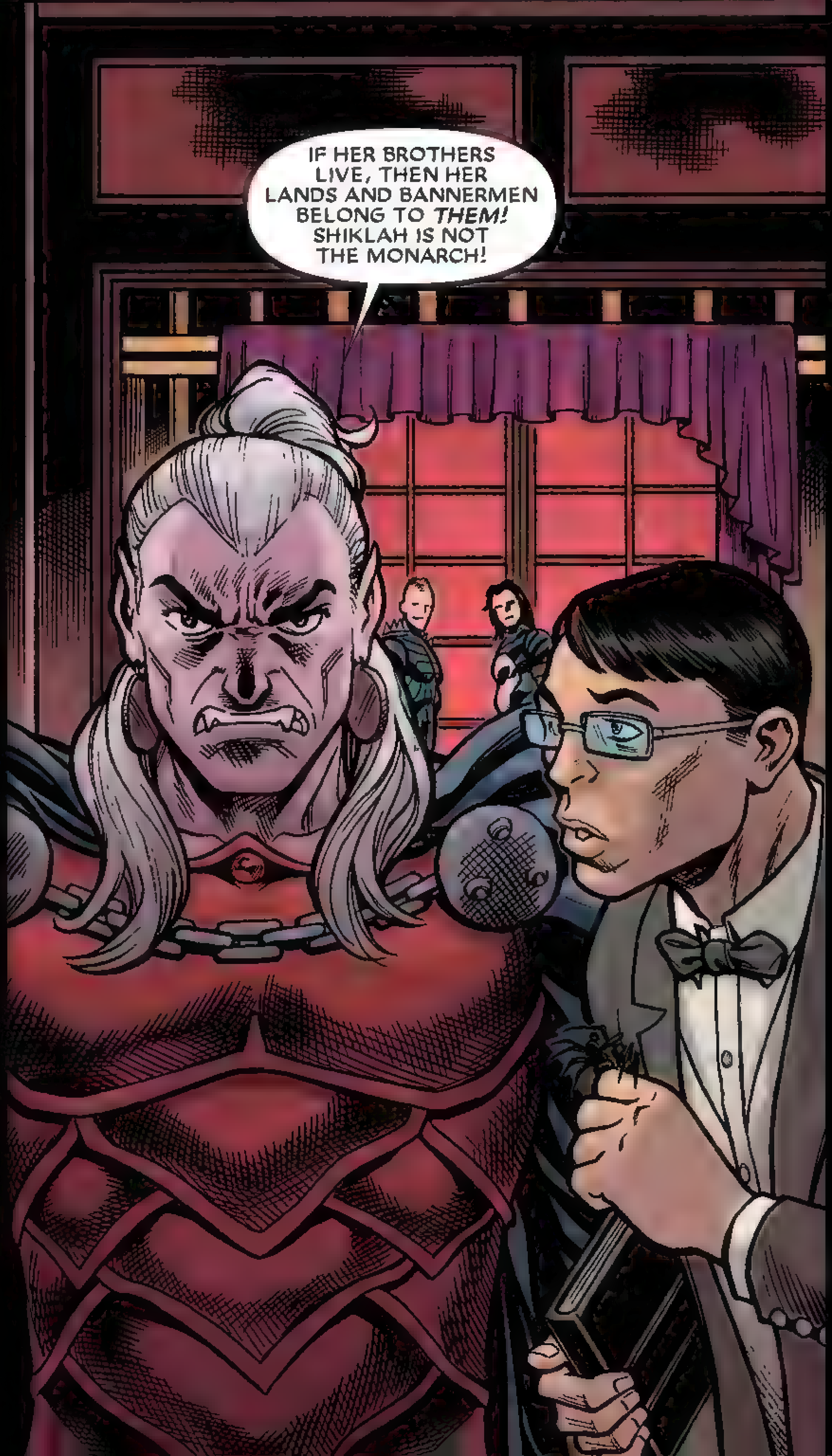
AH! SHIKLAH'S BROTHERS. OF COURSE. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE LOST TO THE AGES, MURDERED LONG AGO.
IT WAS A CLEVER RUSE BY OUR FATHER TO PRESERVE OUR BLOODLINE. UNFORTUNATELY, WE'VE LOST HIM TO THE AGES...BUT ALL THREE OF HIS CHILDREN LIVE ON!
WE ARE AT YOUR SERVICE.
WE HAVE NOT SEEN SHIKLAH IN CENTURIES.
WHEN WILL OUR LITTLE SISTER ARRIVE?

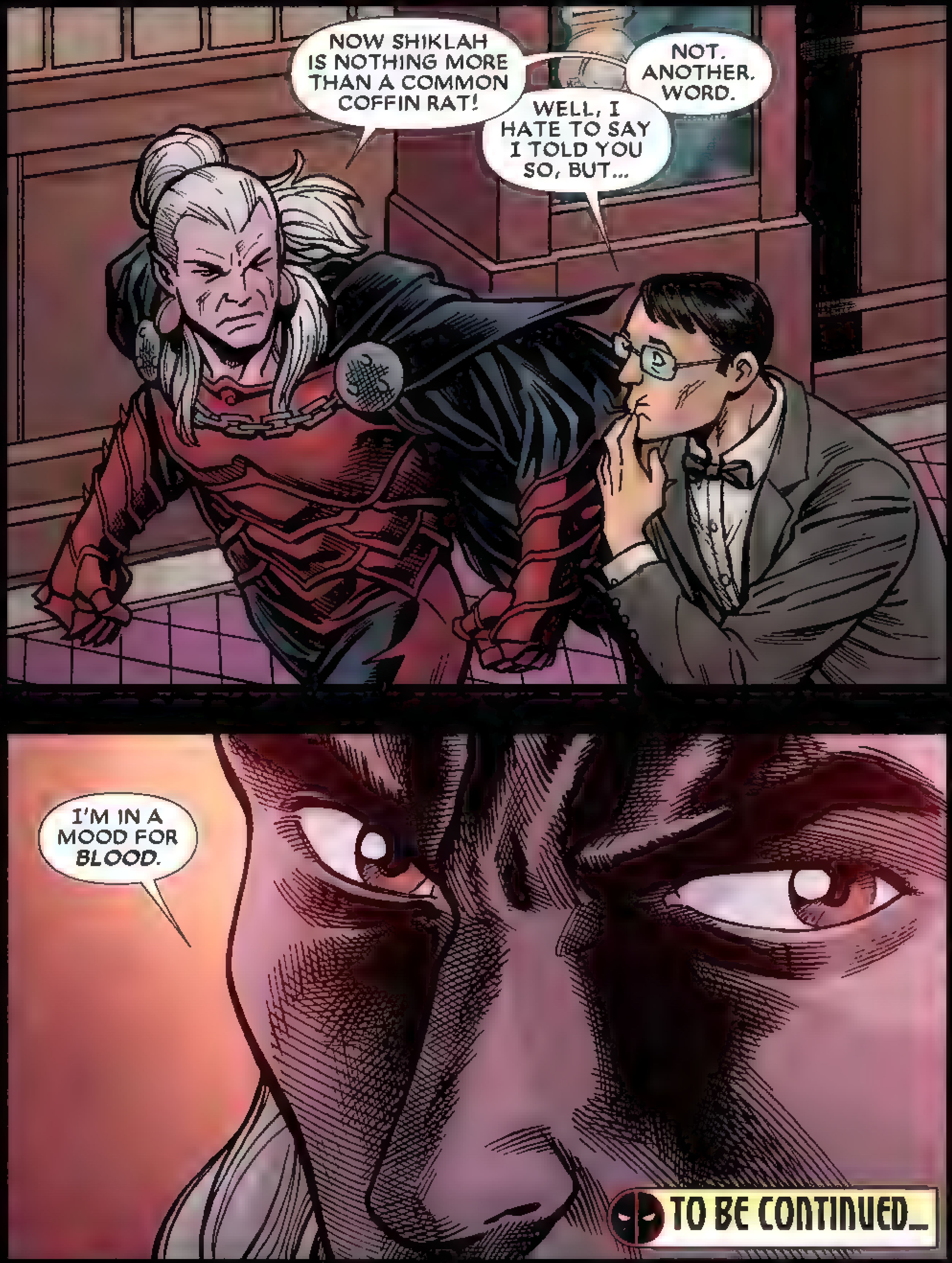

I SHALL ENDEAVOR TO FIND THAT OUT NOW.
EXCUSE ME.
SIR?

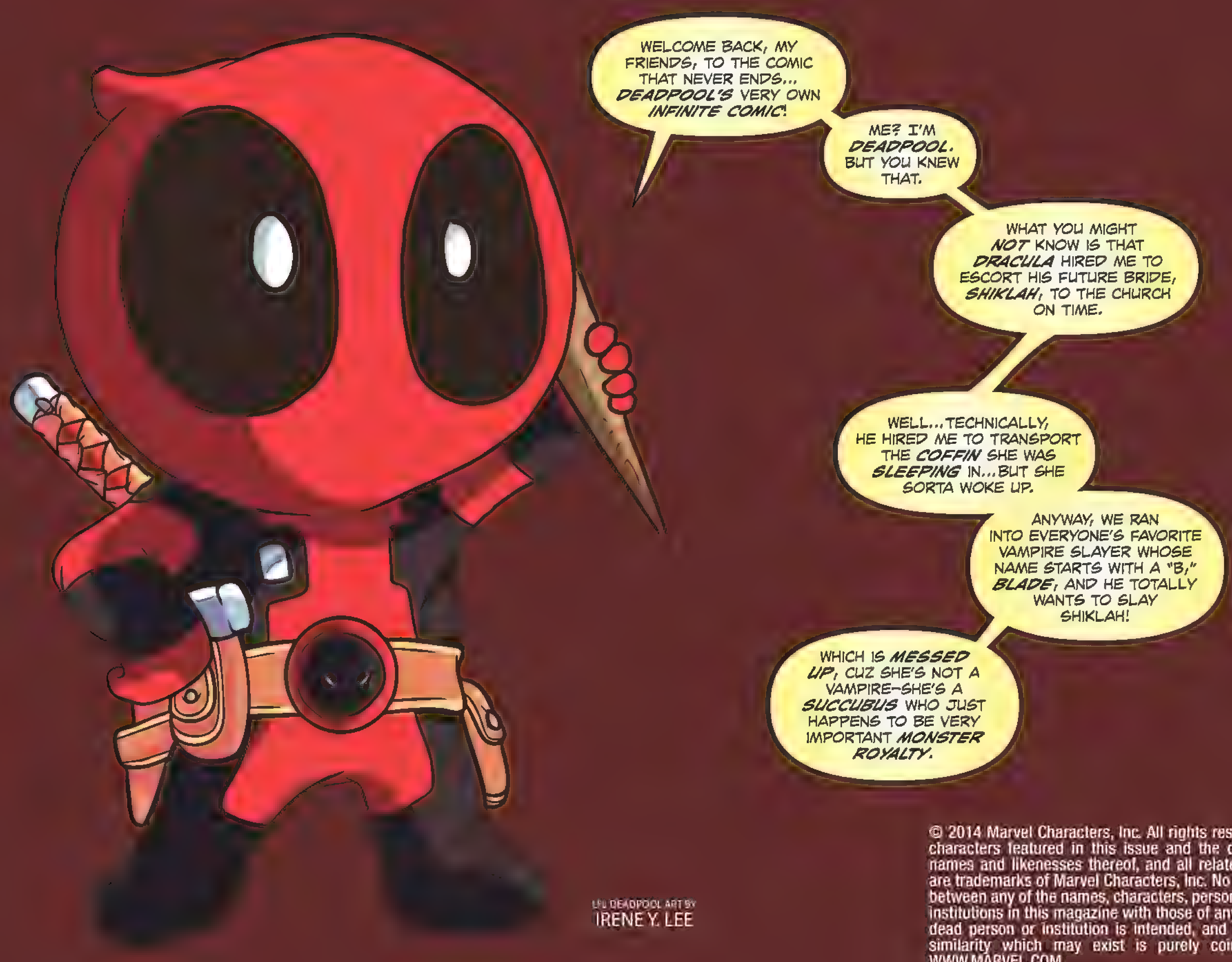

IF HER BROTHERS LIVE, THEN HER LANDS AND BANNERMEN BELONG TO *THEM!* SHIKLAH IS NOT THE MONARCH!


IF HER BROTHERS LIVE, THEN HER LANDS AND BANNERMEN BELONG TO *THEM!* SHIKLAH IS NOT THE MONARCH!


NOW SHIKLAH IS NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON COFFIN RAT!
WELL, I HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO, BUT...
NOT. ANOTHER. WORD.


IF HER BROTHERS LIVE, THEN HER LANDS AND BANNERMEN BELONG TO *THEM!* SHIKLAH IS NOT THE MONARCH!


NOW SHIKLAH IS NOTHING MORE THAN A COMMON COFFIN RAT!
NOT. ANOTHER. WORD.
WELL, I HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO, BUT...
I'M IN A MOOD FOR *BLOOD.*
TO BE CONTINUED...


WELCOME BACK, MY FRIENDS, TO THE COMIC THAT NEVER ENDS... ***DEADPOOL'S*** VERY OWN ***INFINITE COMIC!***
ME? I'M ***DEADPOOL.*** BUT YOU KNEW THAT.
WHAT YOU MIGHT ***NOT*** KNOW IS THAT ***DRACULA*** HIRED ME TO ESCORT HIS FUTURE BRIDE, ***SHIKLAH,*** TO THE CHURCH ON TIME.
WELL...TECHNICALLY, HE HIRED ME TO TRANSPORT THE ***COFFIN*** SHE WAS ***SLEEPING*** IN...BUT SHE SORTA WOKE UP.
ANYWAY, WE RAN INTO EVERYONE'S FAVORITE VAMPIRE SLAYER WHOSE NAME STARTS WITH A "B," ***BLADE,*** AND HE TOTALLY WANTS TO SLAY SHIKLAH!
WHICH IS ***MESSED UP,*** CUZ SHE'S NOT A VAMPIRE--SHE'S A ***SUCCUBUS*** WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE VERY IMPORTANT ***MONSTER ROYALTY.***

LIL DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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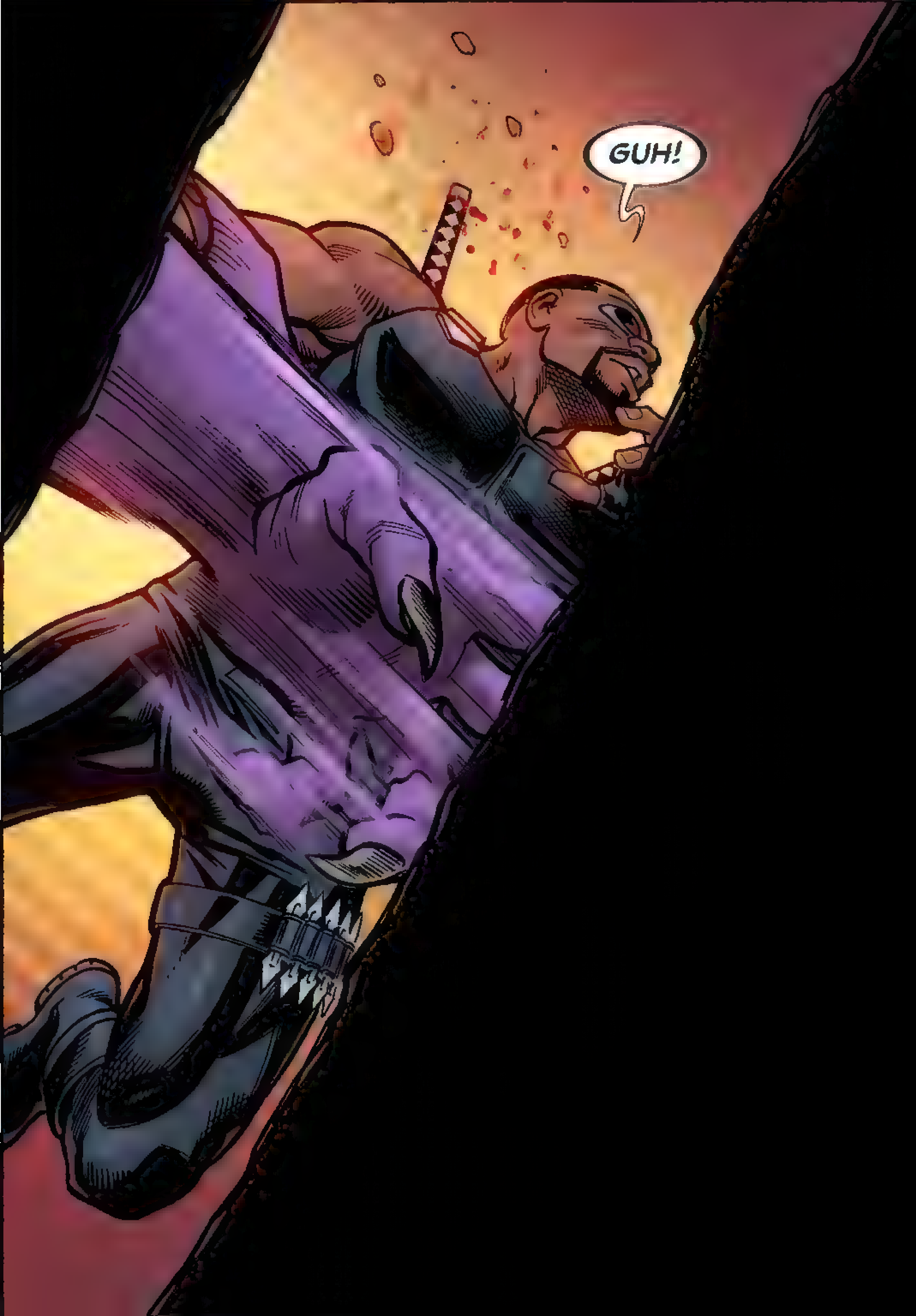
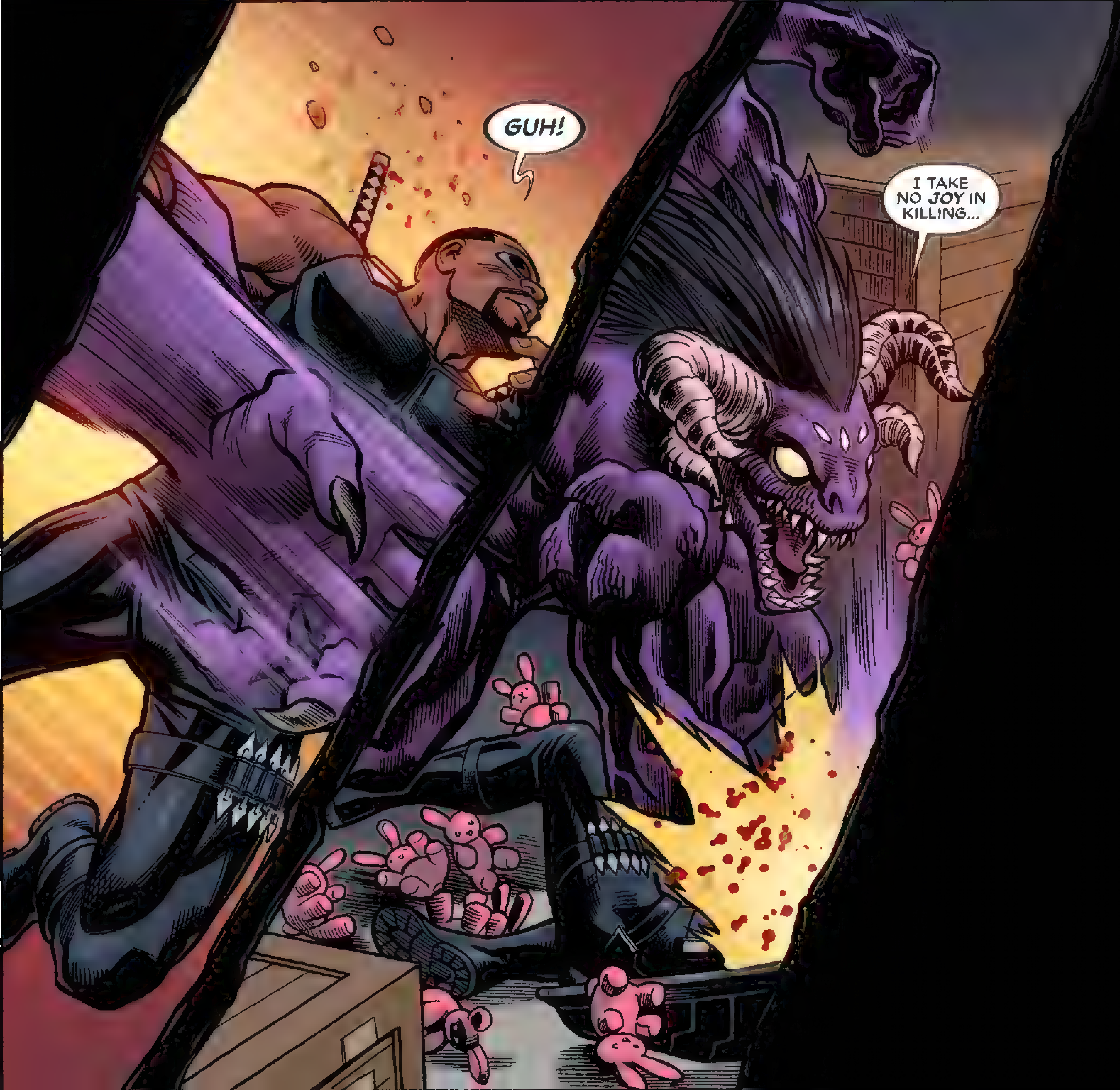
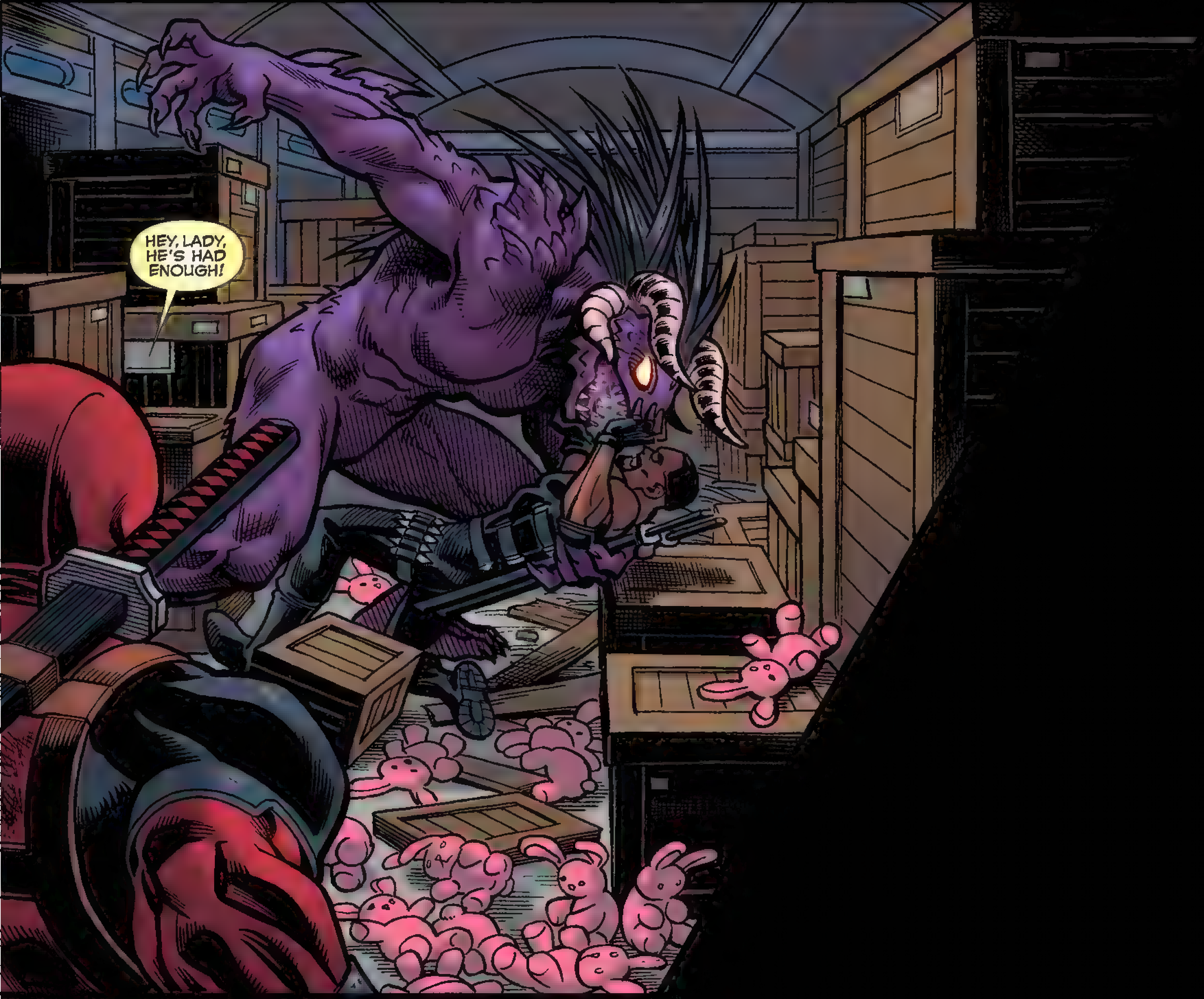
YOU SHOULD HAVE FLED WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.


GUH!


GUH!
I TAKE NO JOY IN KILLING...

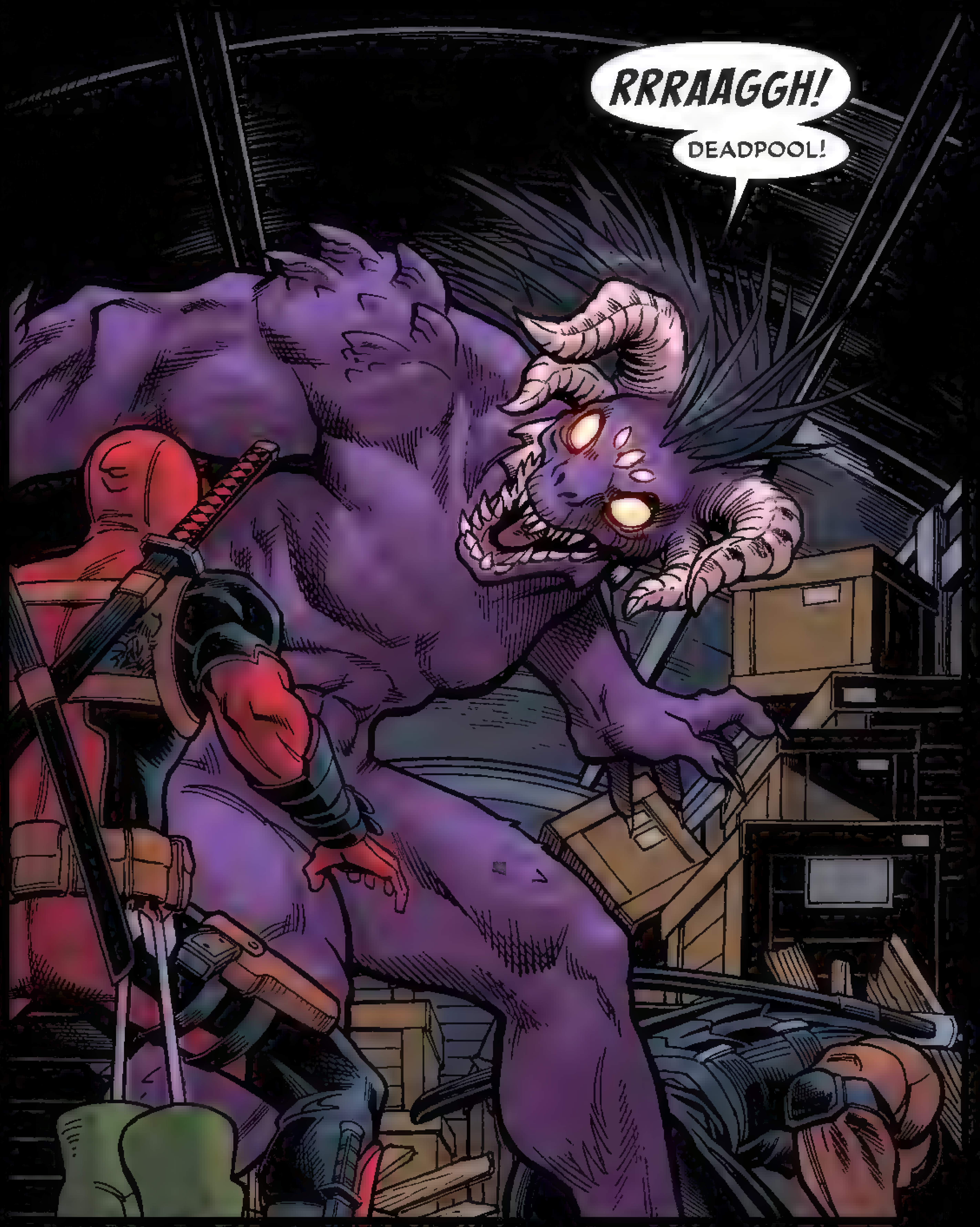
GUH!
I TAKE NO *JOY* IN KILLING...
BUT YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE.

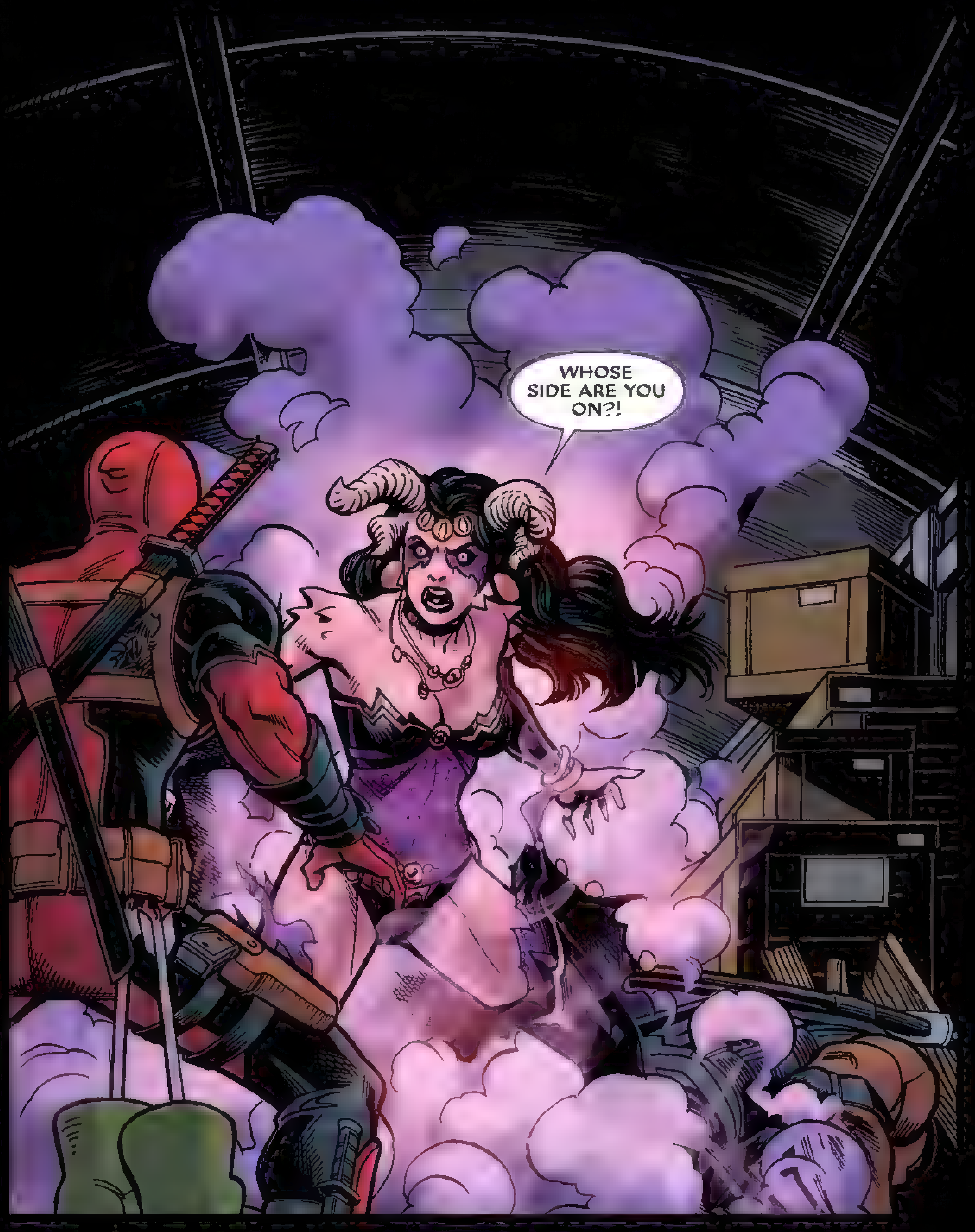

HEY, LADY, HE'S HAD ENOUGH!

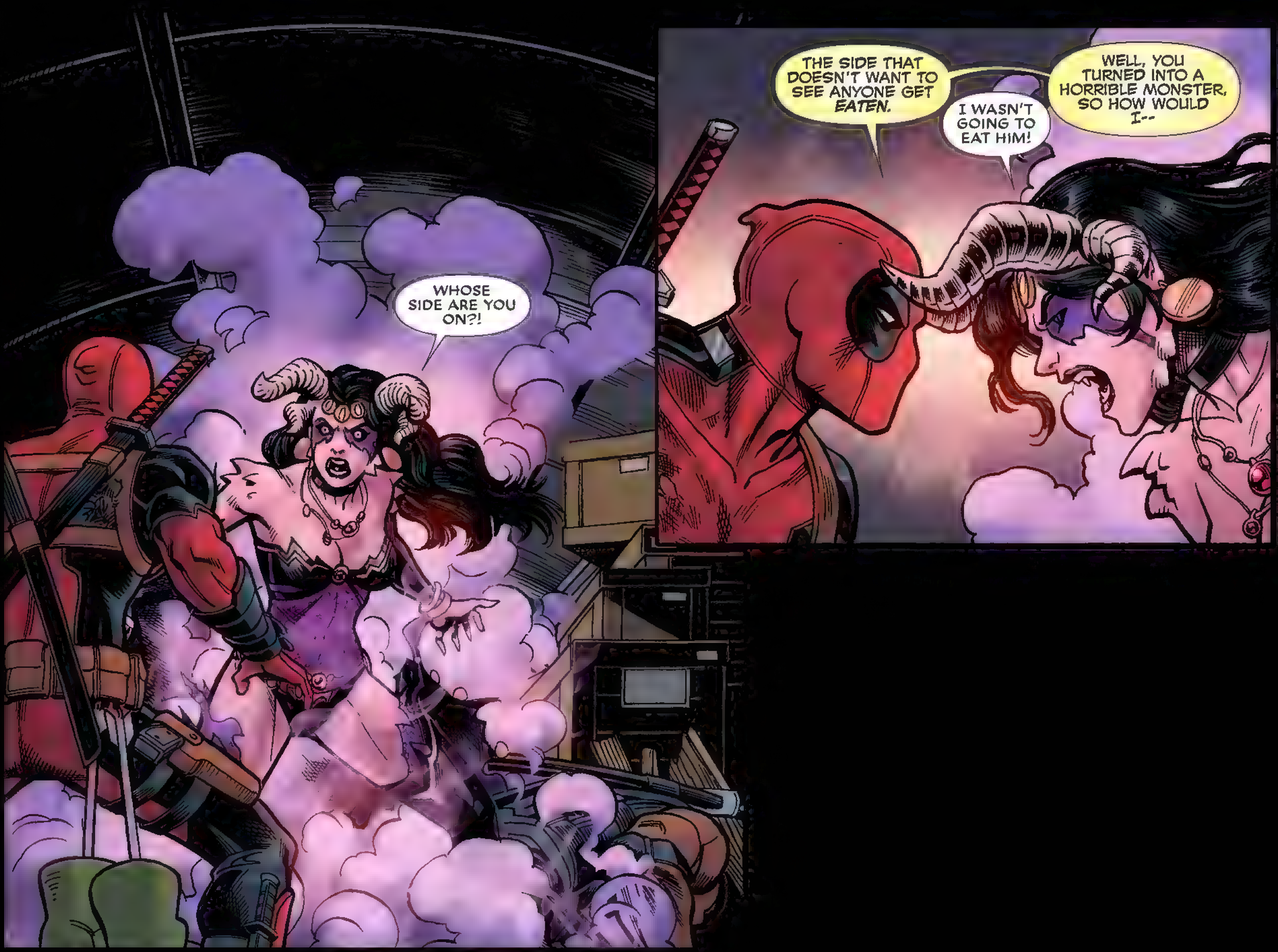
HEY, LADY, HE'S HAD ENOUGH!
STOP IT!

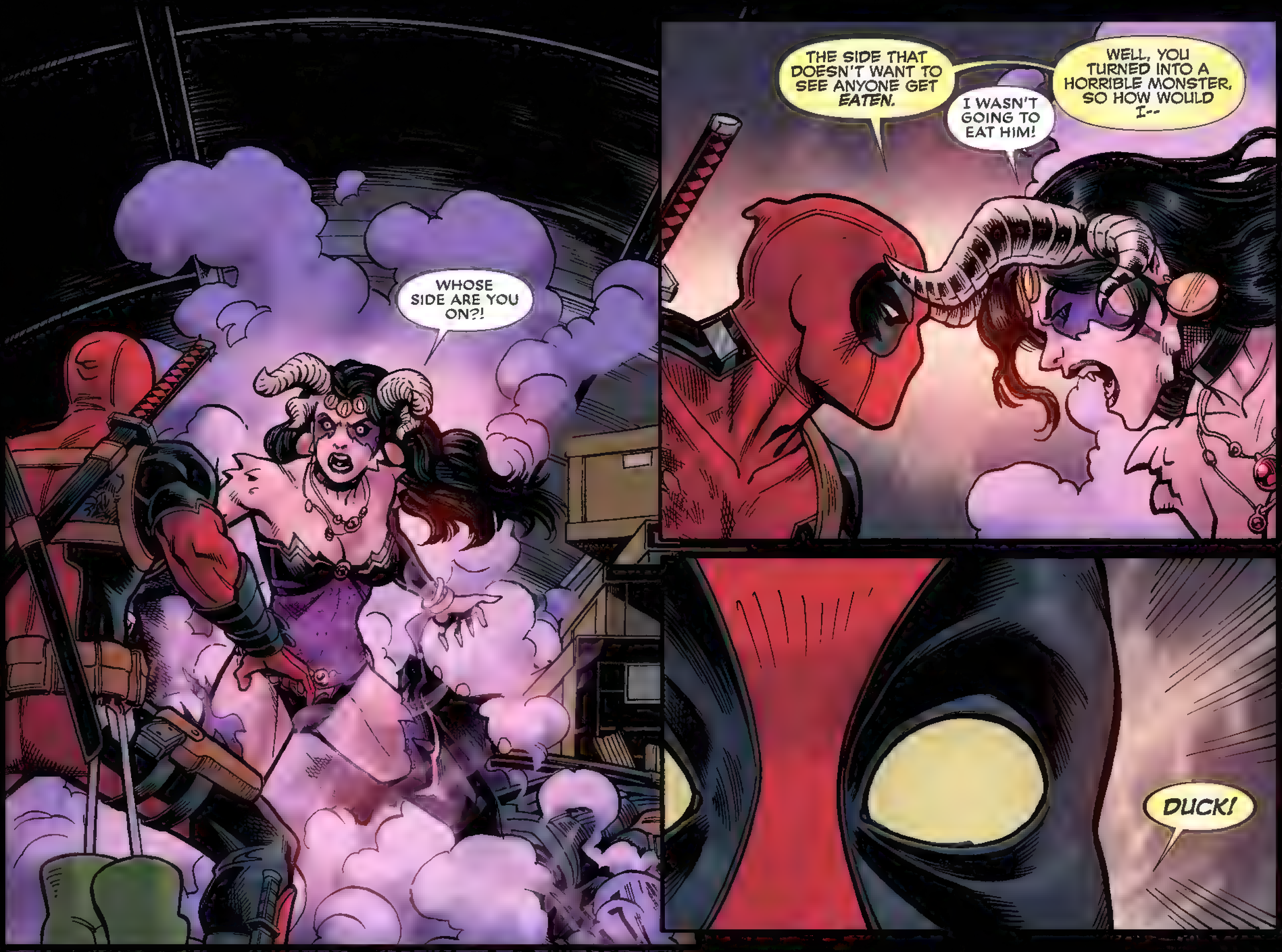
HEY, LADY, HE'S HAD ENOUGH!
STOP IT!
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE VAMPIRES OF THIS ERA! THEY'RE TOPLESS AND THEY *SPARKLE!*
THIS MAN HAS SUFFERED ENOUGH!
THUNK

HEY, LADY, HE'S HAD ENOUGH!
STOP IT!
WHUD
OKAY, DOWN, GIRL. JEEZ, WHAT HAPPENS IF I FEED YOU AFTER MIDNIGHT?
THWOP


RRRAAGGH!
DEADPOOL!


WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?!


WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?!
THE SIDE THAT DOESN'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE GET *EATEN.*
WELL, YOU TURNED INTO A HORRIBLE MONSTER, SO HOW WOULD I--
I WASN'T GOING TO EAT HIM!


WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?!
THE SIDE THAT DOESN'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE GET *EATEN.*
I WASN'T GOING TO EAT HIM!
WELL, YOU TURNED INTO A HORRIBLE MONSTER, SO HOW WOULD I--
DUCK!

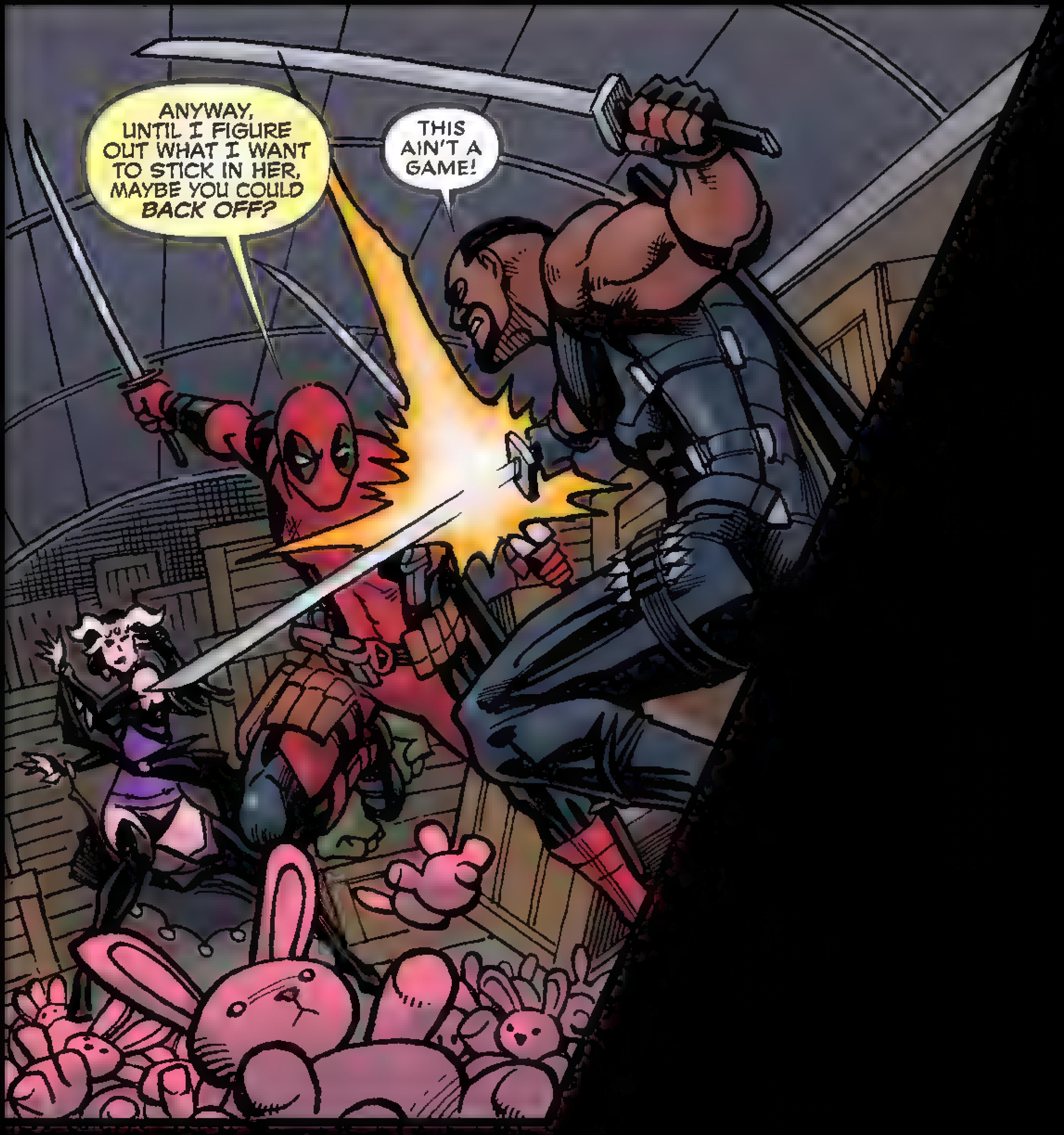
AM I FIGHTIN' YOU *AND* HER, OR JUST HER?!
I DON'T KNOW. I'M NOT REALLY MYSELF LATELY. I'M THINKING OF KILLING HER, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND, PART OF ME REALLY LIKES HER.

DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

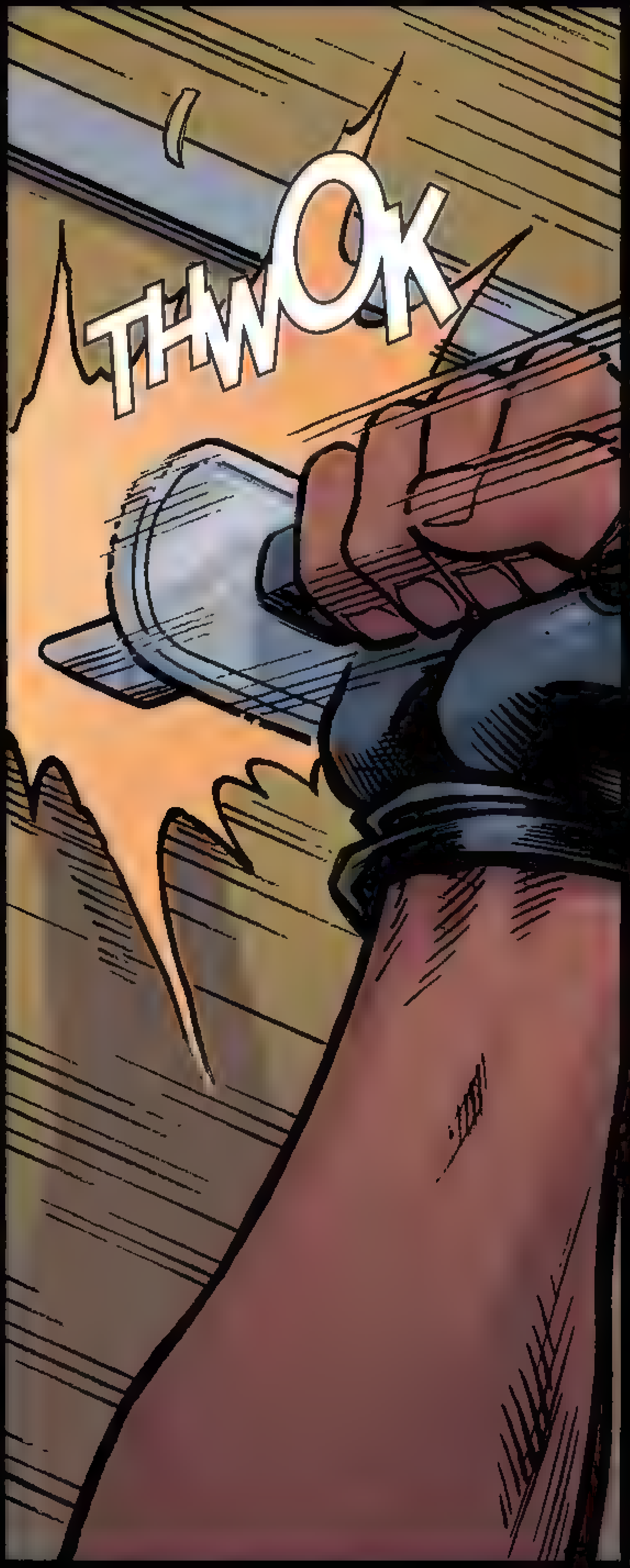
CHAPTER FIVE: BLADE MAKES THREE

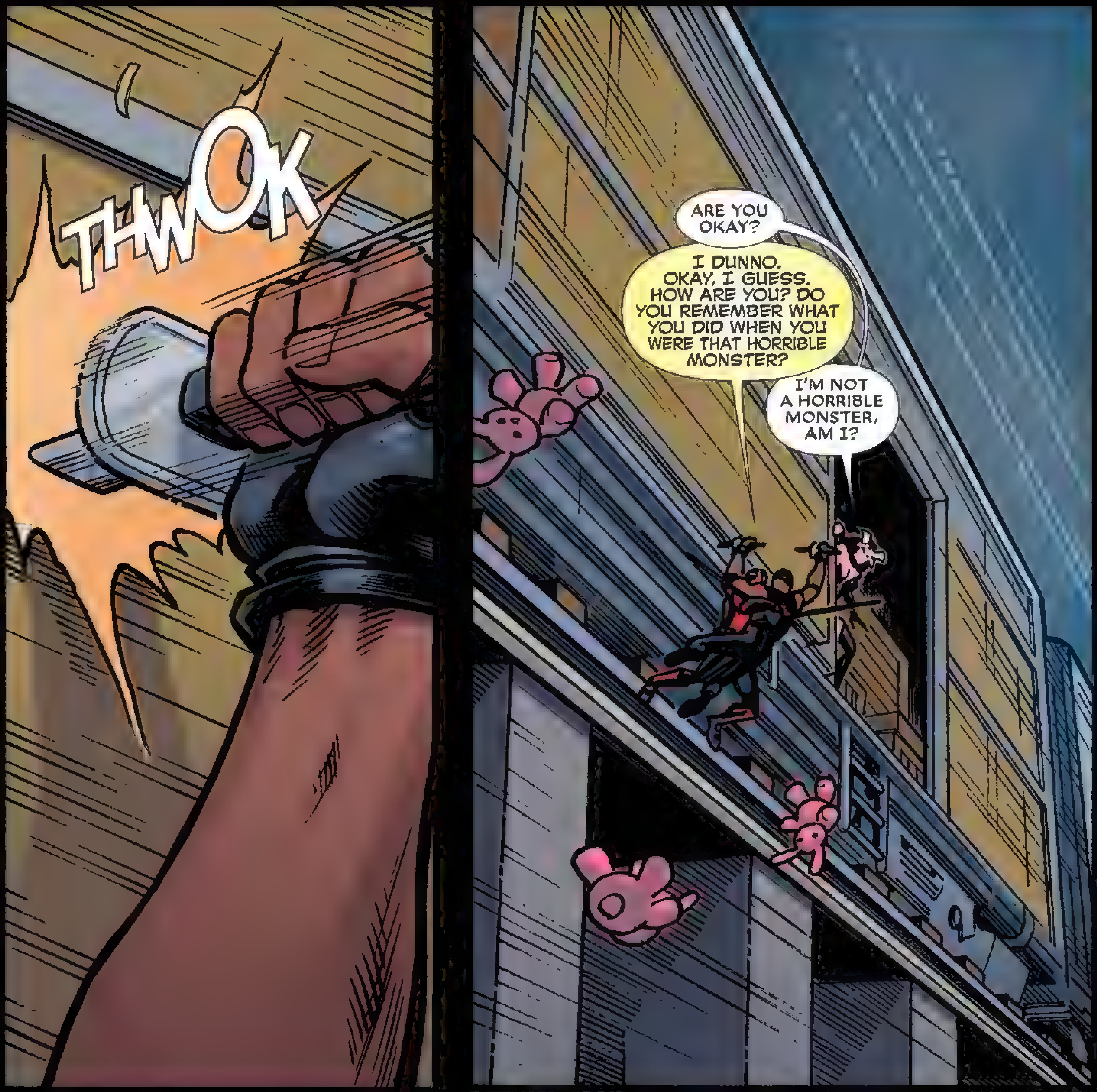
story by
BRIAN POSEHN & GERRY DUGGAN
written by
GERRY DUGGAN
storyboards
& pencils by
REILLY BROWN
inks by
NELSON DECASTRO
colors by
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS
letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO
production by
ARLIN ORTIZ
production management by
TIM SMITH 3

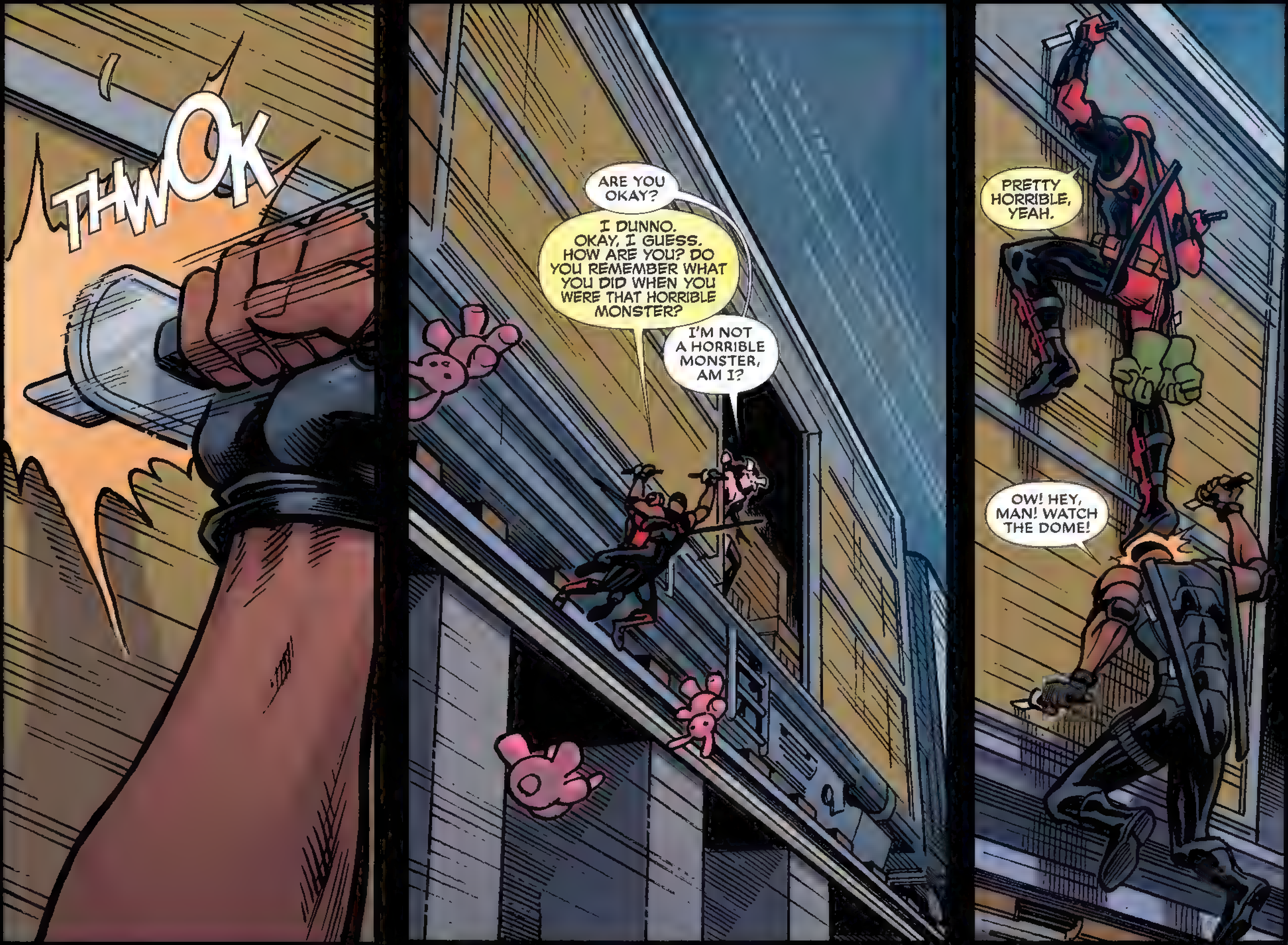
edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE
editor-in-chiefery by
AXEL ALONSO
chief creative
officiating by
JOE QUESADA
publishing by
DAN BUCKLEY
executive
production by
ALAN FINE

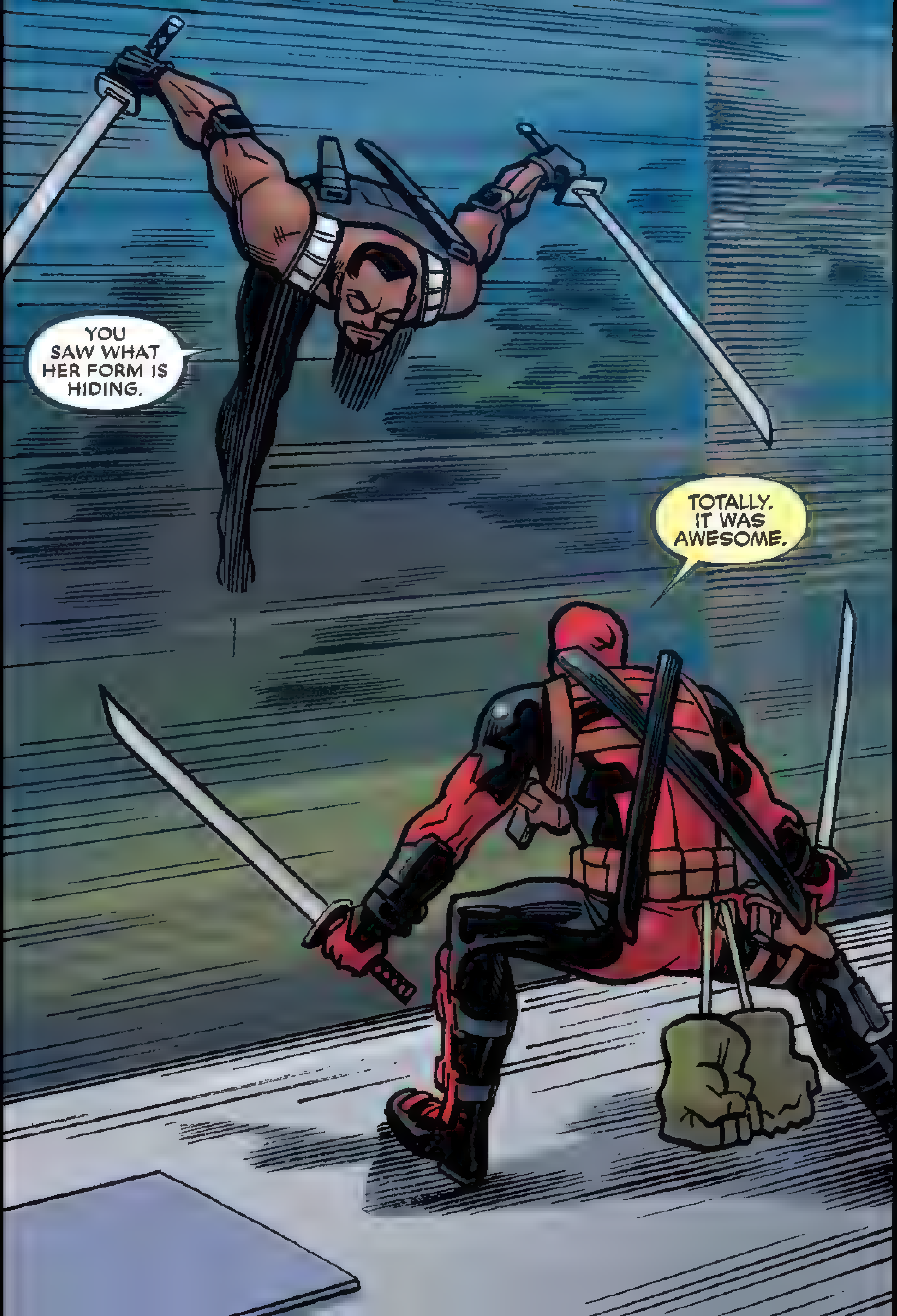

ANYWAY, UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHAT I WANT TO STICK IN HER, MAYBE YOU COULD *BACK OFF?*
THIS AIN'T A GAME!

ANYWAY, UNTIL I FIGURE OUT WHAT I WANT TO STICK IN HER, MAYBE YOU COULD *BACK OFF?*
THIS AIN'T A GAME!
LOOK OUT!
DEADPOOL!
SQUEAK


THWOK


THWOK
ARE YOU OKAY?
I DUNNO. OKAY, I GUESS. HOW ARE YOU? DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE THAT HORRIBLE MONSTER?
I'M NOT A HORRIBLE MONSTER, AM I?

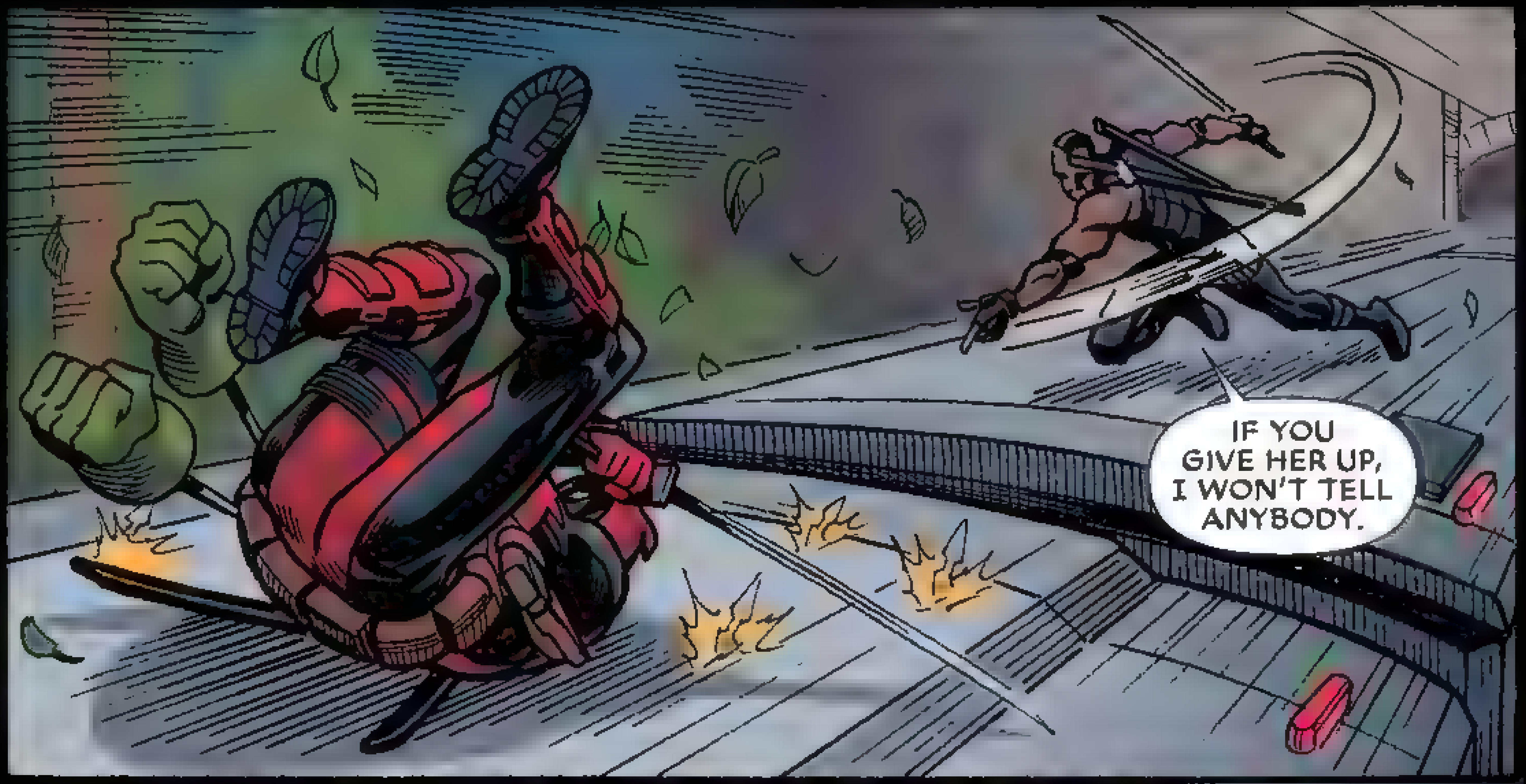

THWOK
ARE YOU OKAY?
I DUNNO. OKAY, I GUESS. HOW ARE YOU? DO YOU REMEMBER WHAT YOU DID WHEN YOU WERE THAT HORRIBLE MONSTER?
I'M NOT A HORRIBLE MONSTER, AM I?
PRETTY HORRIBLE, YEAH.
OW! HEY, MAN! WATCH THE DOME!


YOU SAW WHAT HER FORM IS HIDING.
TOTALLY. IT WAS AWESOME.

I'M TALKING ABOUT THE BEAST.
2812

I GOT THIS HANDLED.
2812

YAAOW!
2812


IF YOU GIVE HER UP, I WON'T TELL ANYBODY.

IF YOU GIVE HER UP, I WON'T TELL ANYBODY.
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR REP.
IT'S NOT ABOUT THAT.

I DON'T EXPECT YOU TO UNDERSTAND.
TRY ME.

I MIGHT BE MAKING A MISTAKE...

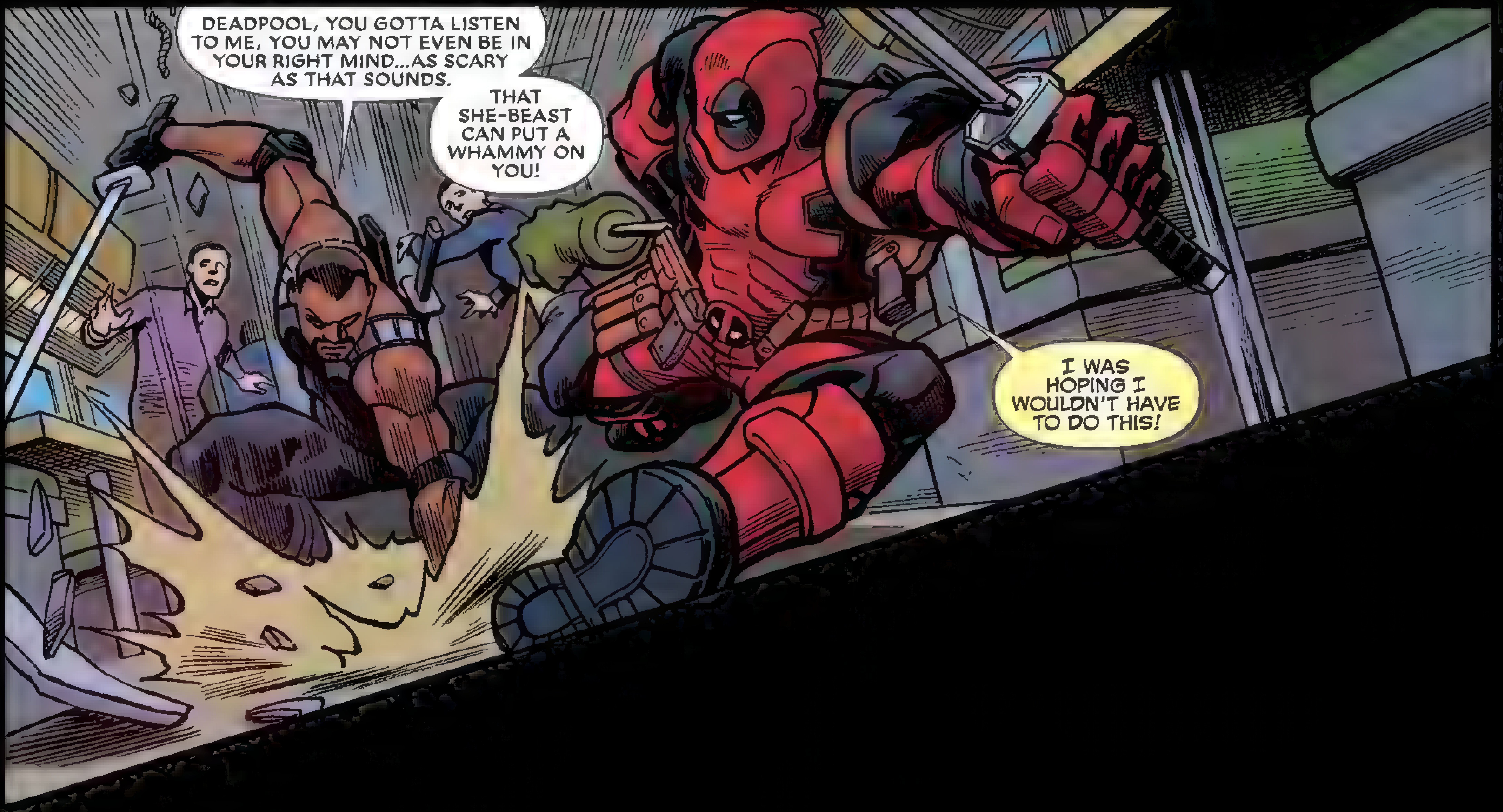
WHAT GAVE YOU THAT IDEA? THAT YOU'RE WORKING FOR DRACULA, OR THIS WOMAN CAN TURN INTO A MONSTER?

YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH-- I MIGHT BE MAKING A MISTAKE, BUT I'M BEING PAID TO MAKE IT. THAT'S MY CODE.
PLUS, IT'S BEEN A WHILE SINCE I STEPPED IN SOMETHING THAT WAS ACTUALLY MY FAULT.

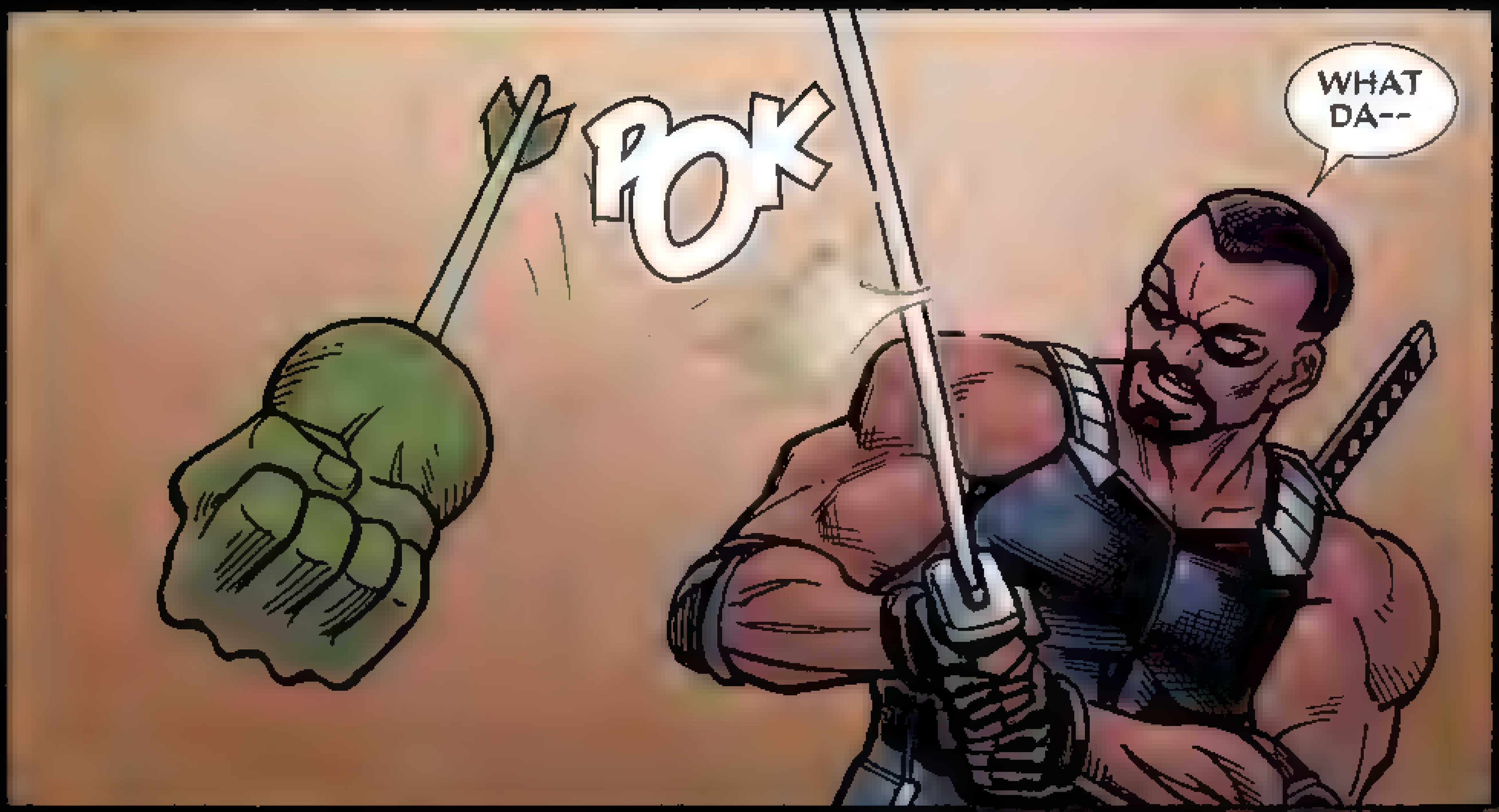
MONSTERS, COFFINS, DRACULAS AND DAYWALKERS ARE ACTUALLY MY IDEA OF A VACATION.
SUIT YOURSELF.

HEY! WHERE'D YOU GO?!

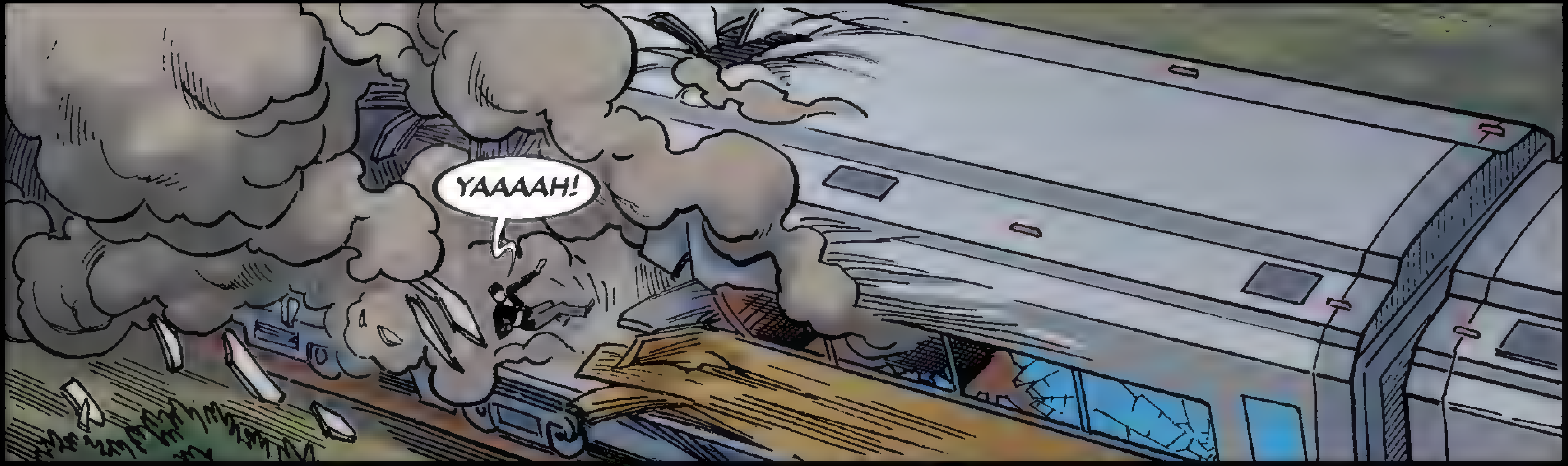
RIGHT HERE!
UH-OH.
BADOOOM

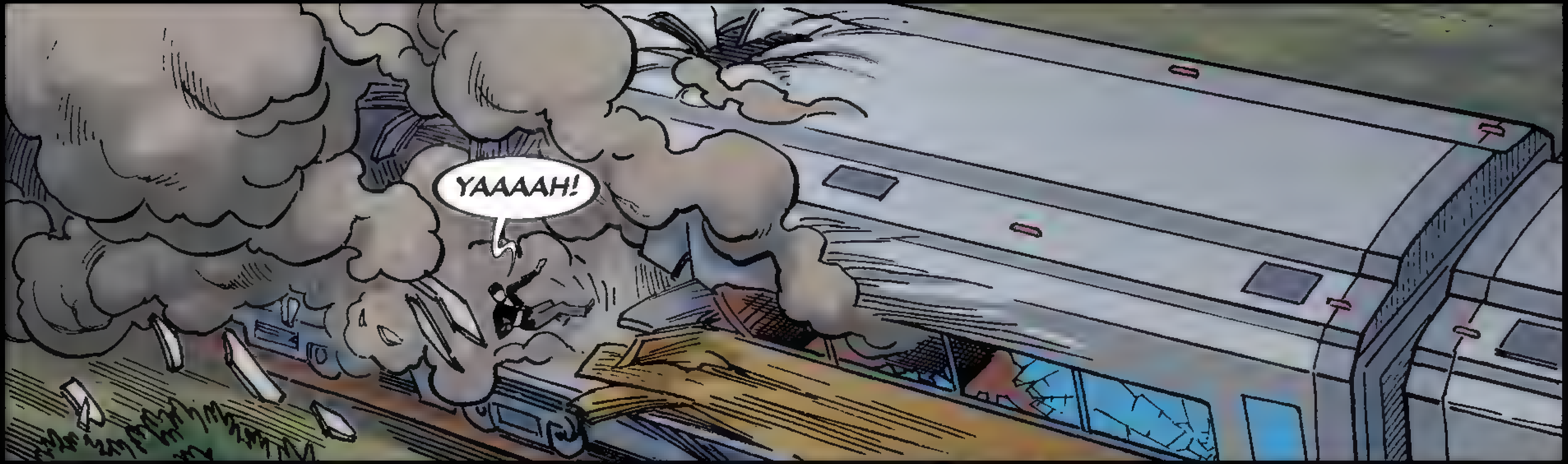

DEADPOOL, YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO ME, YOU MAY NOT EVEN BE IN YOUR RIGHT MIND...AS SCARY AS THAT SOUNDS.
THAT SHE-BEAST CAN PUT A WHAMMY ON YOU!
I WAS HOPING I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS!

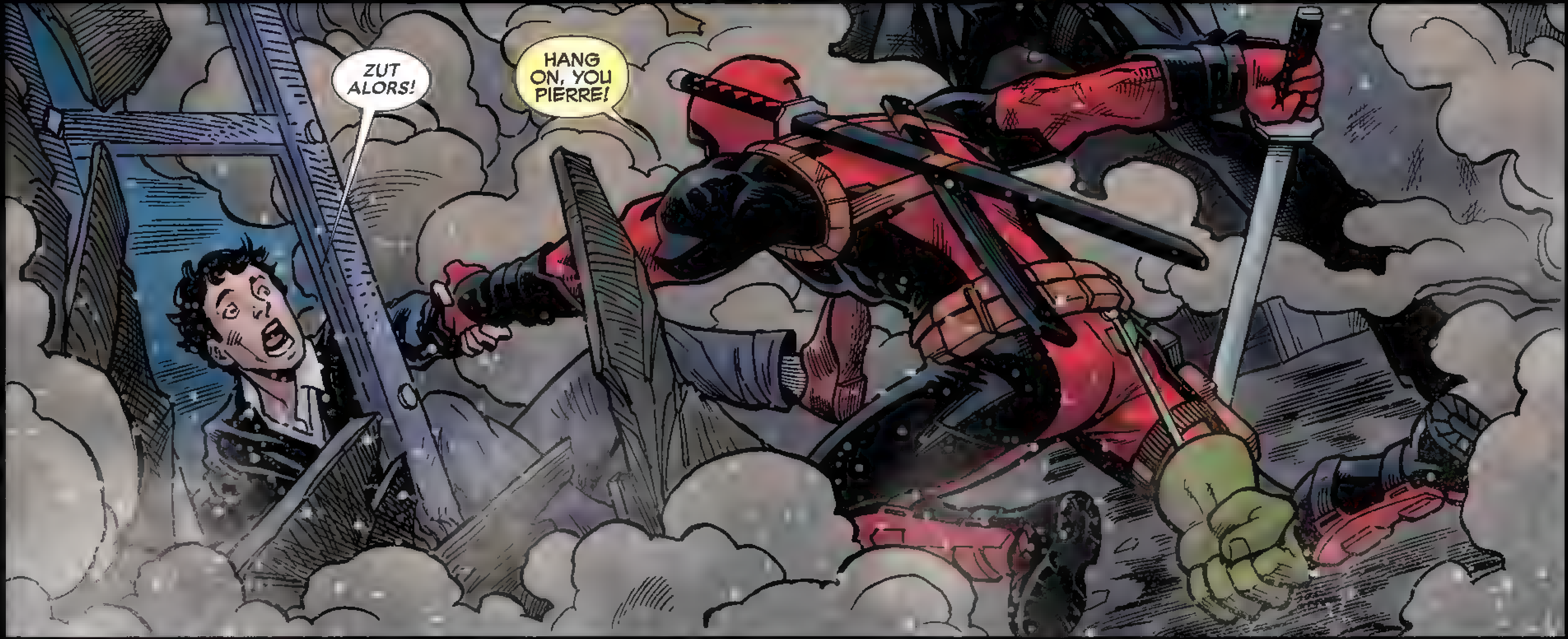
DEADPOOL, YOU GOTTA LISTEN TO ME, YOU MAY NOT EVEN BE IN YOUR RIGHT MIND...AS SCARY AS THAT SOUNDS.
THAT SHE-BEAST CAN PUT A WHAMMY ON YOU!
I WAS HOPING I WOULDN'T HAVE TO DO THIS!
FEEL MY FIST OF EXPLOSIVE RAGE!

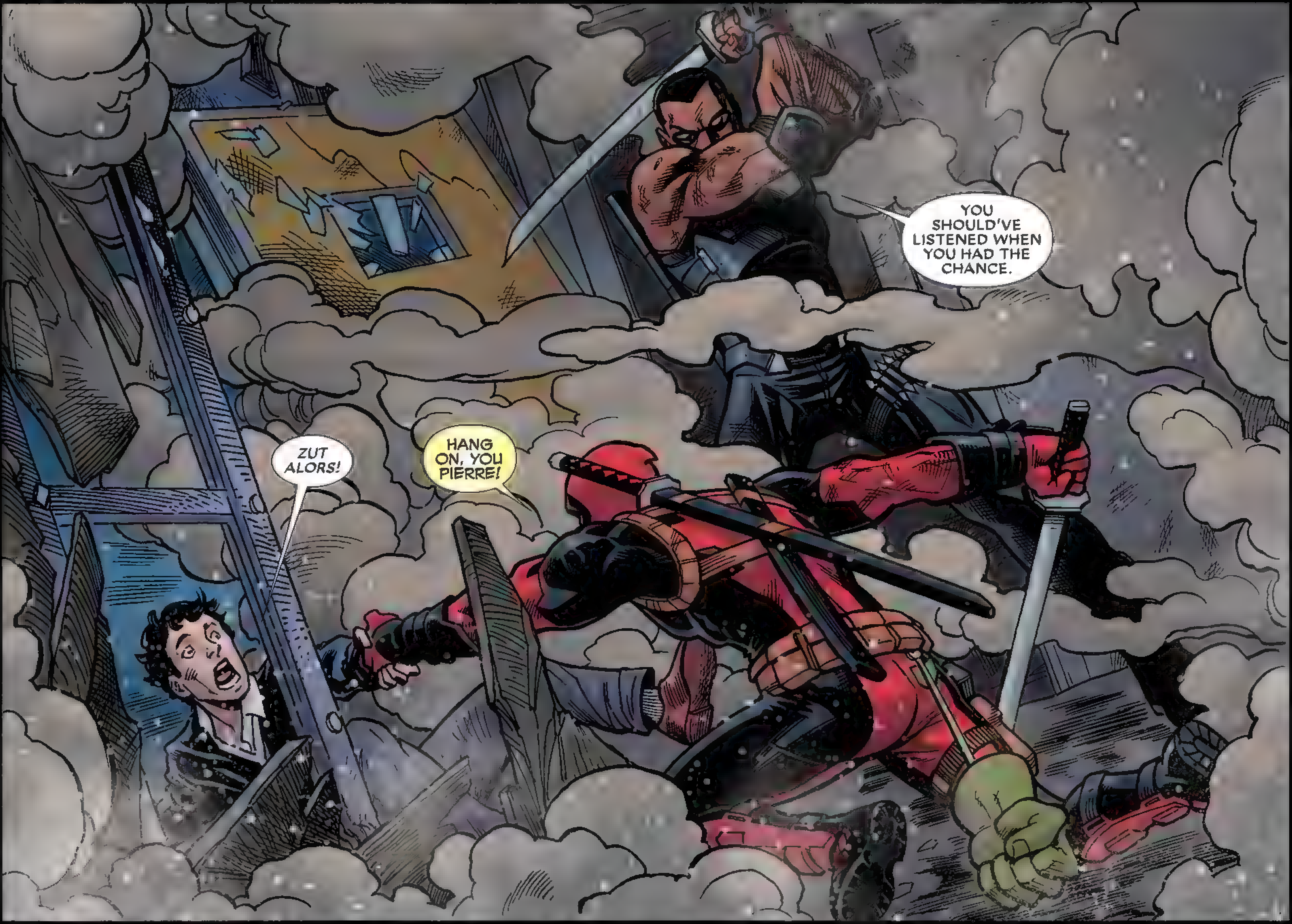

POK
WHAT DA--

POK
WHAT DA--
BRAKA KBOOM


YAAAAH!


YAAAAH!


ZUT ALORS!
HANG ON, YOU PIERRE!


YOU SHOULD'VE LISTENED WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.
HANG ON, YOU PIERRE!
ZUT ALORS!

SORRY, CRAZY MAN.

NNN--

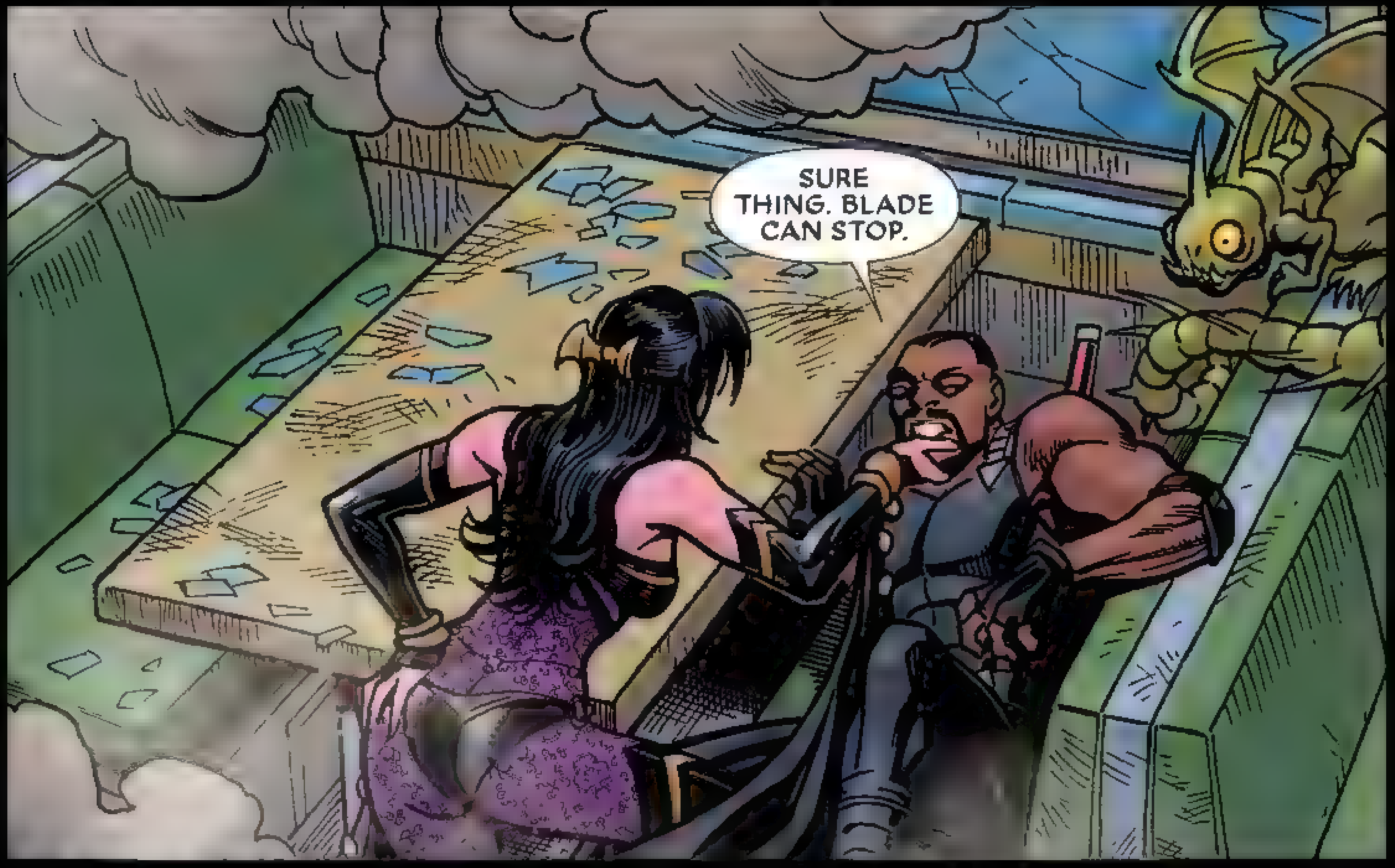
NNNOOO

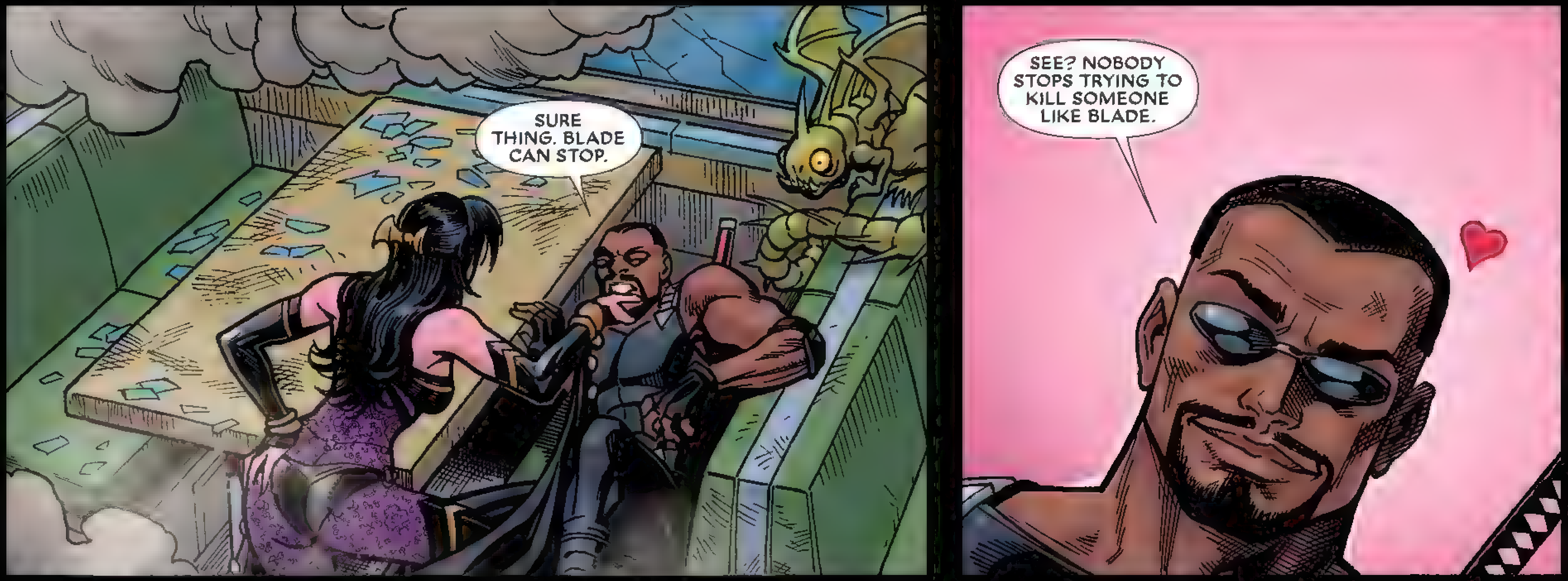
NOOOOO

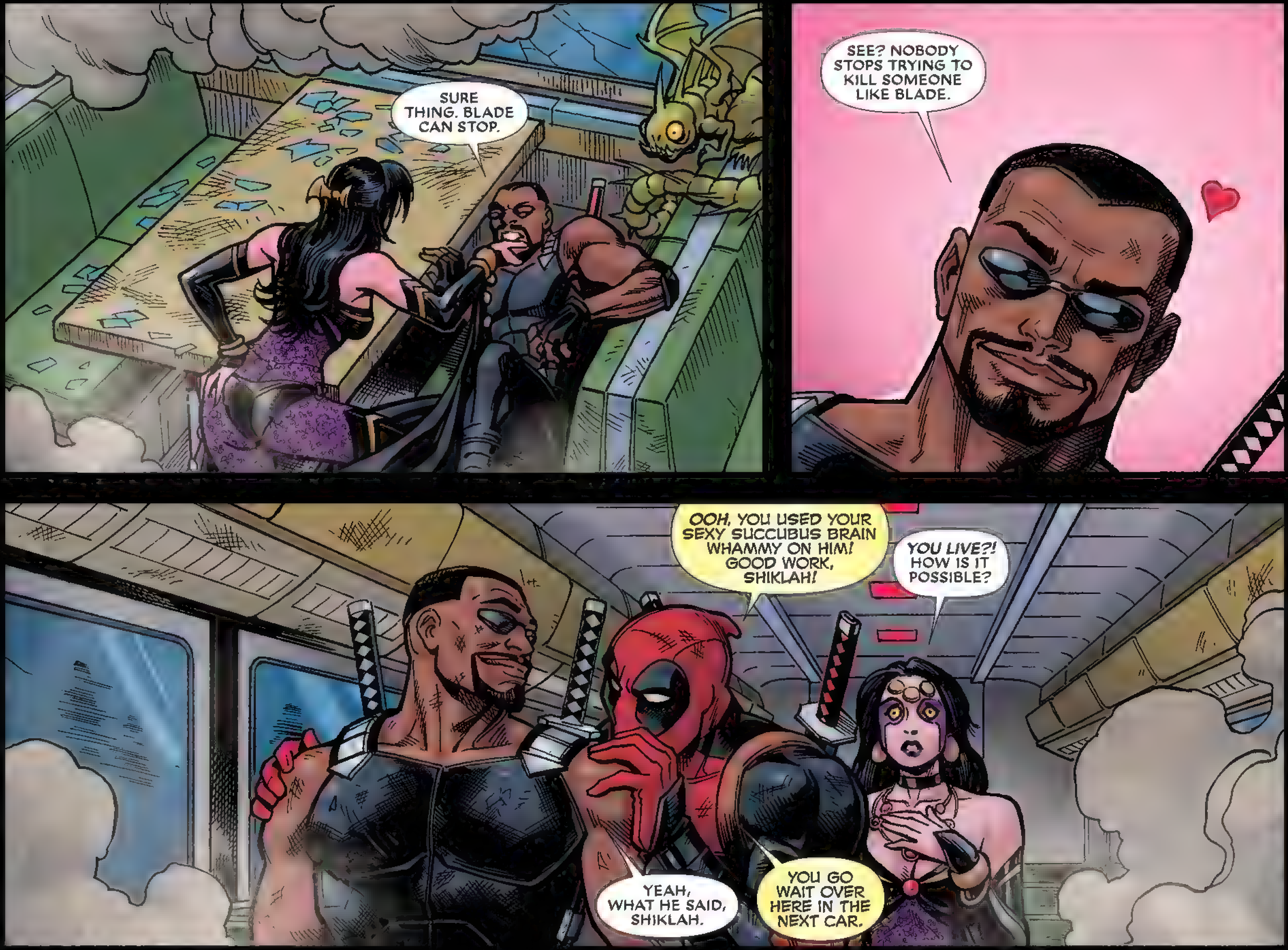
STOP!!!

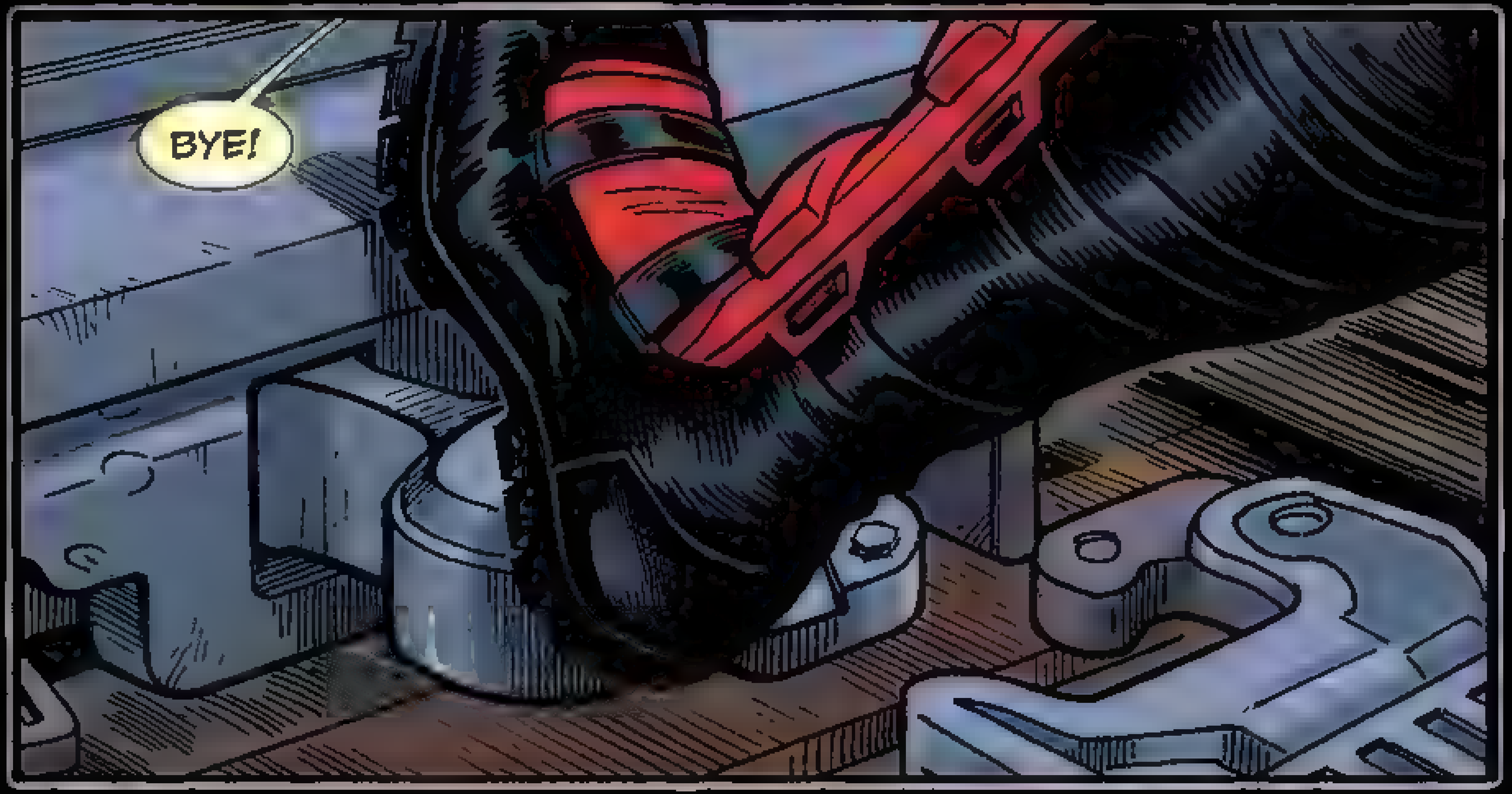
GRRRAARGH!
ZAKR

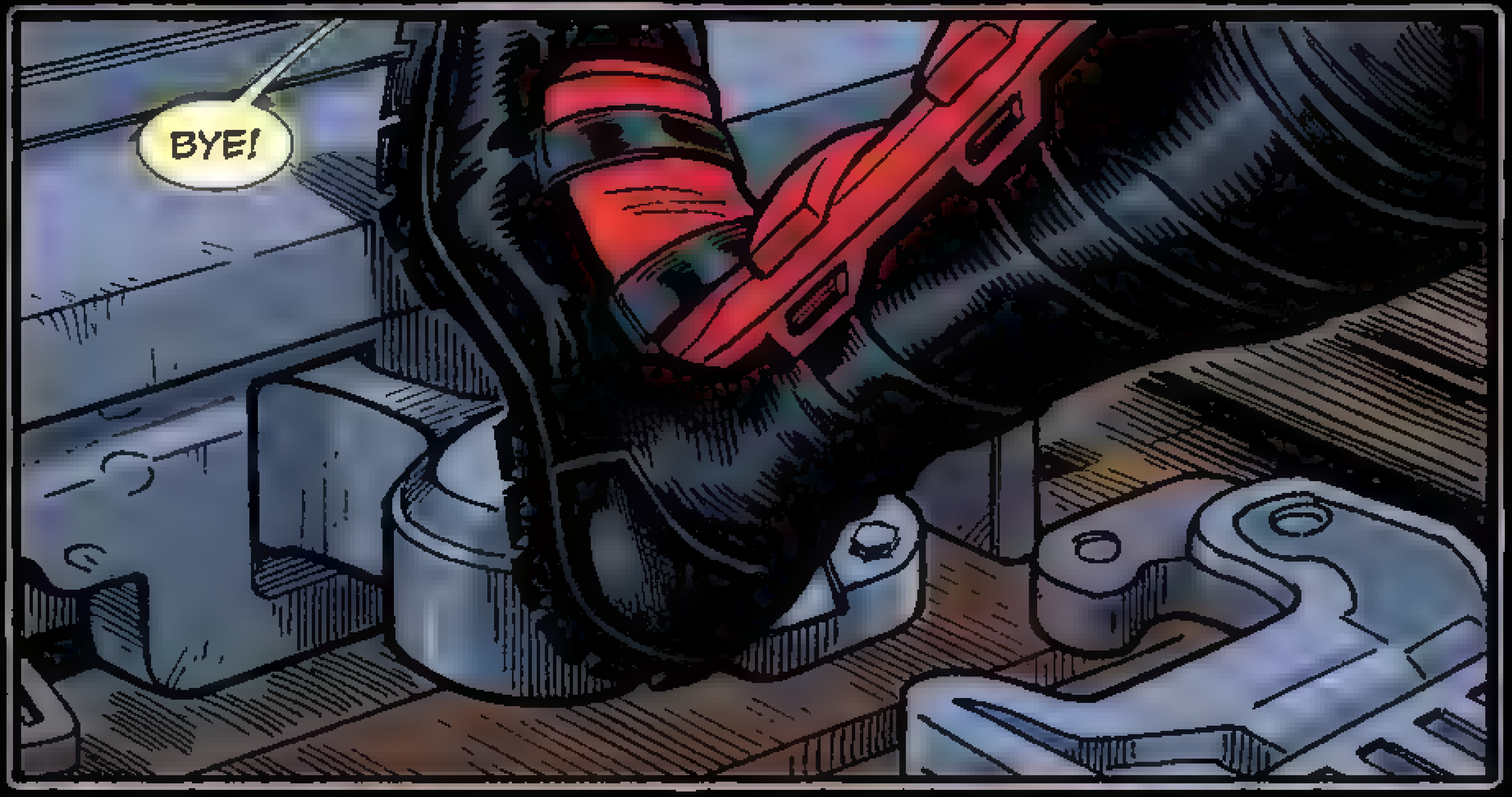
GUF.
I COMMAND YOU TO STOP!
ZAR
GRRRAARGH!

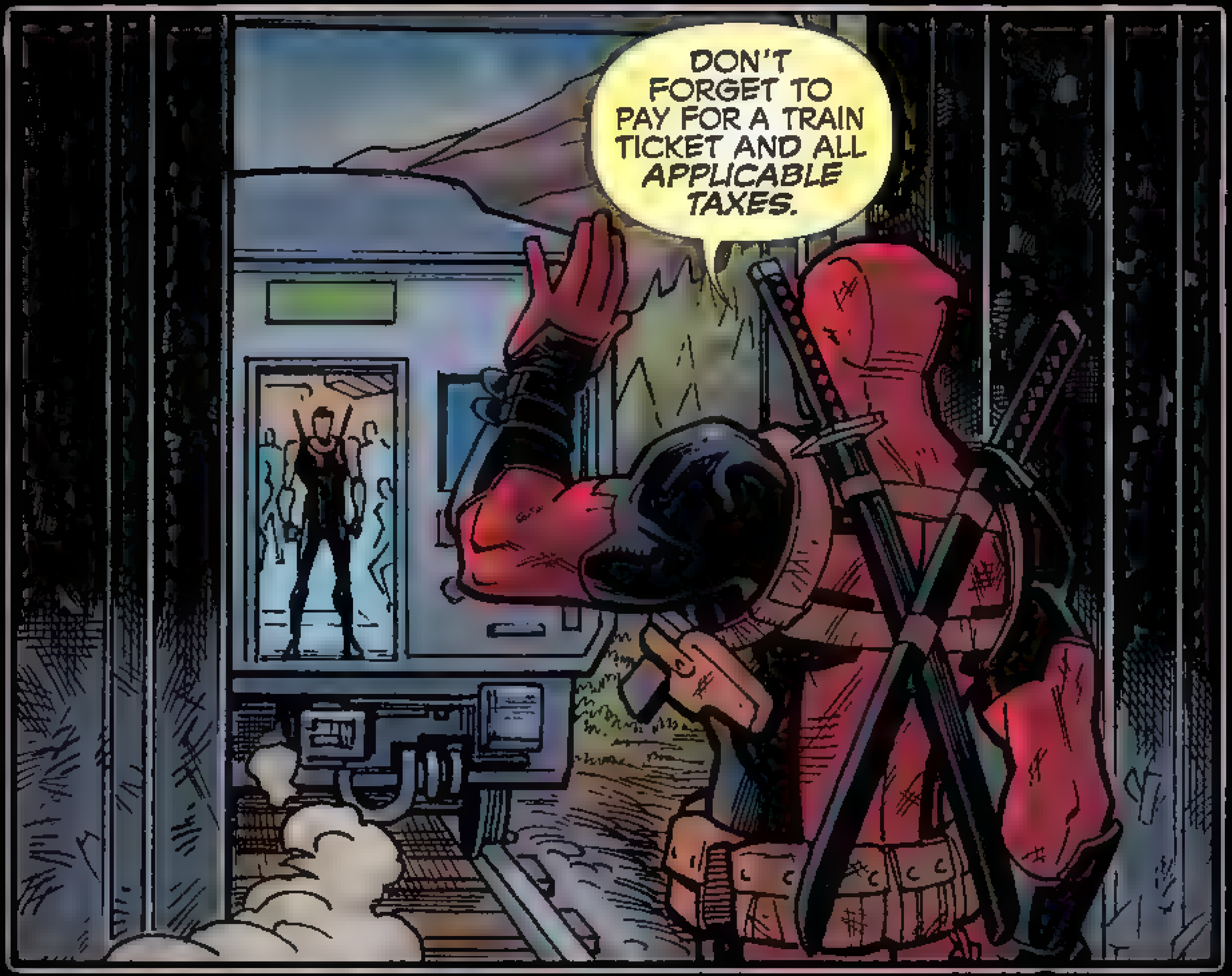

SURE THING. BLADE CAN STOP.

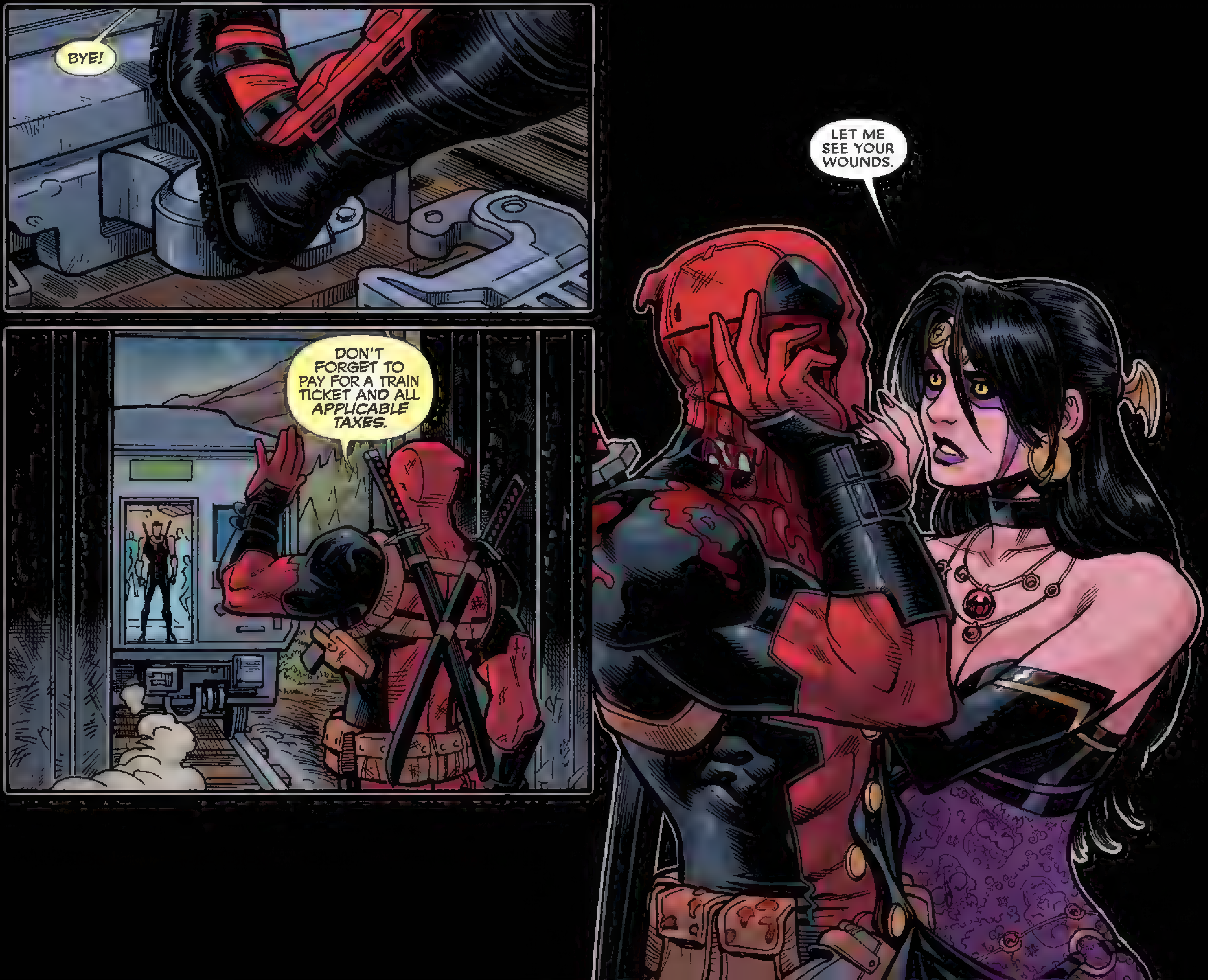

SURE THING. BLADE CAN STOP.
SEE? NOBODY STOPS TRYING TO KILL SOMEONE LIKE BLADE.

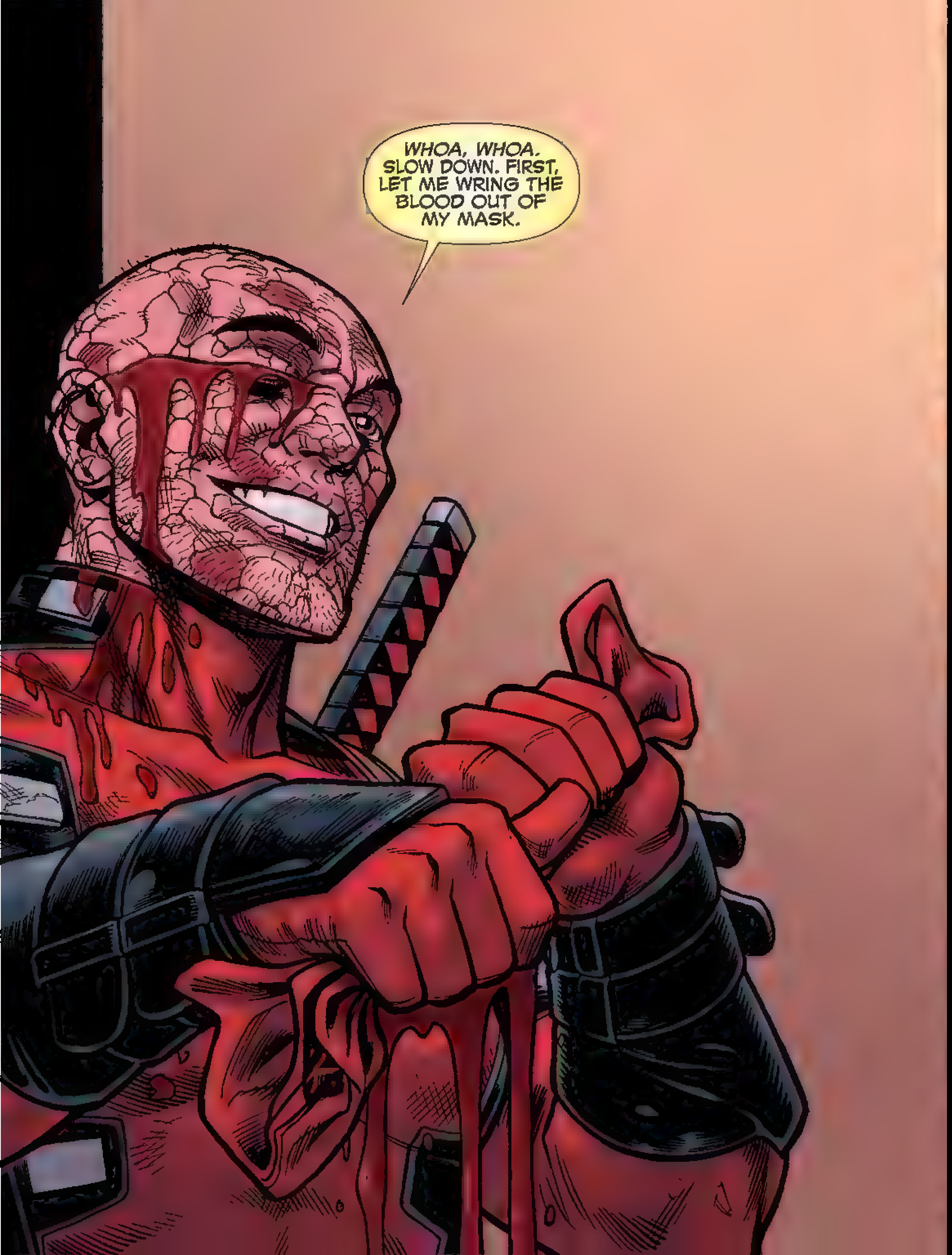

SURE THING. BLADE CAN STOP.
SEE? NOBODY STOPS TRYING TO KILL SOMEONE LIKE BLADE.
OOH, YOU USED YOUR SEXY SUCCUBUS BRAIN WHAMMY ON HIM! GOOD WORK, SHIKLAH!
YOU LIVE?! HOW IS IT POSSIBLE?
YEAH, WHAT HE SAID, SHIKLAH.
YOU GO WAIT OVER HERE IN THE NEXT CAR.

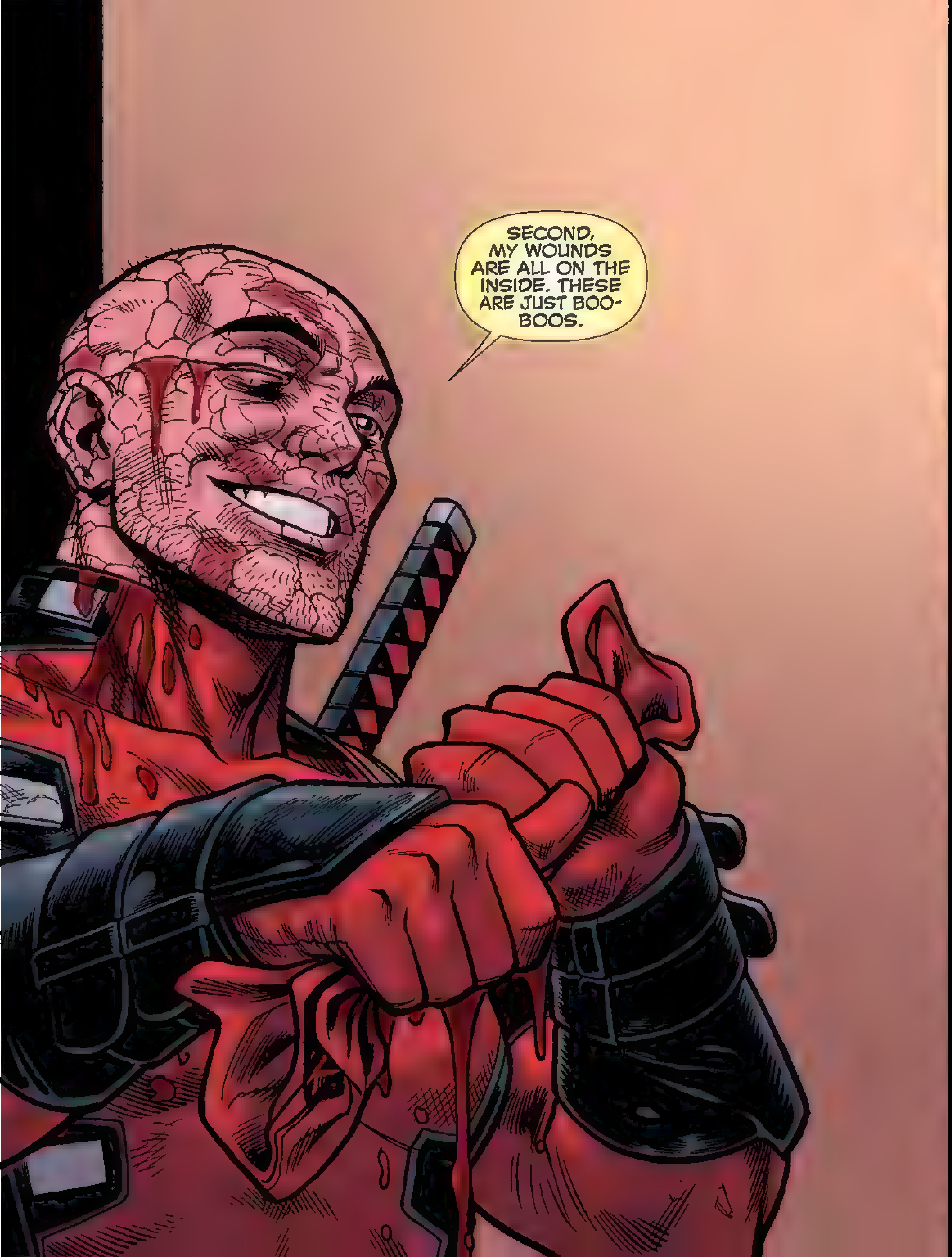

BYE!

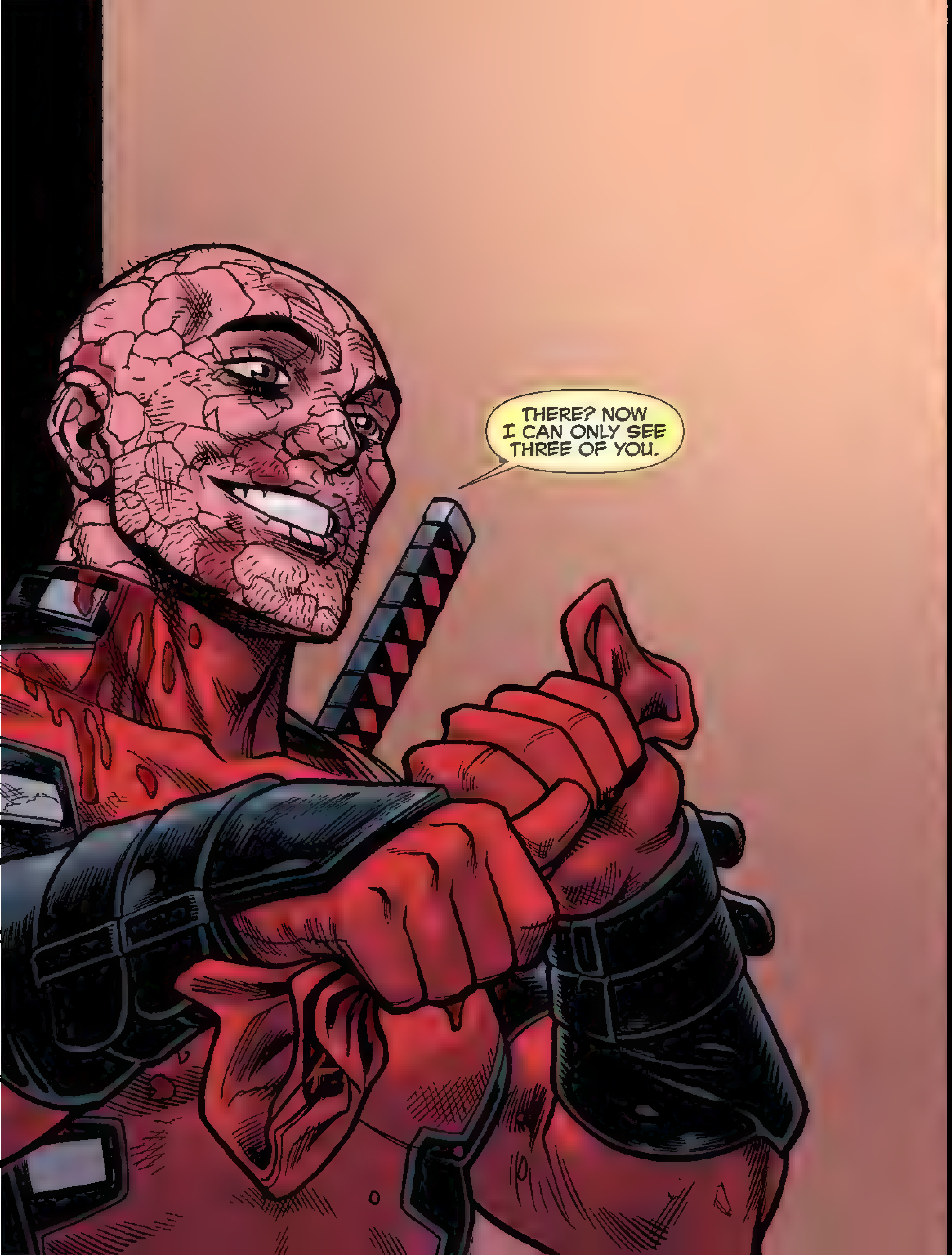

BYE!


DON'T FORGET TO PAY FOR A TRAIN TICKET AND ALL *APPLICABLE TAXES.*


BYE!
DON'T FORGET TO PAY FOR A TRAIN TICKET AND ALL *APPLICABLE TAXES.*
LET ME SEE YOUR WOUNDS.


WHOA, WHOA. SLOW DOWN. FIRST, LET ME WRING THE BLOOD OUT OF MY MASK.

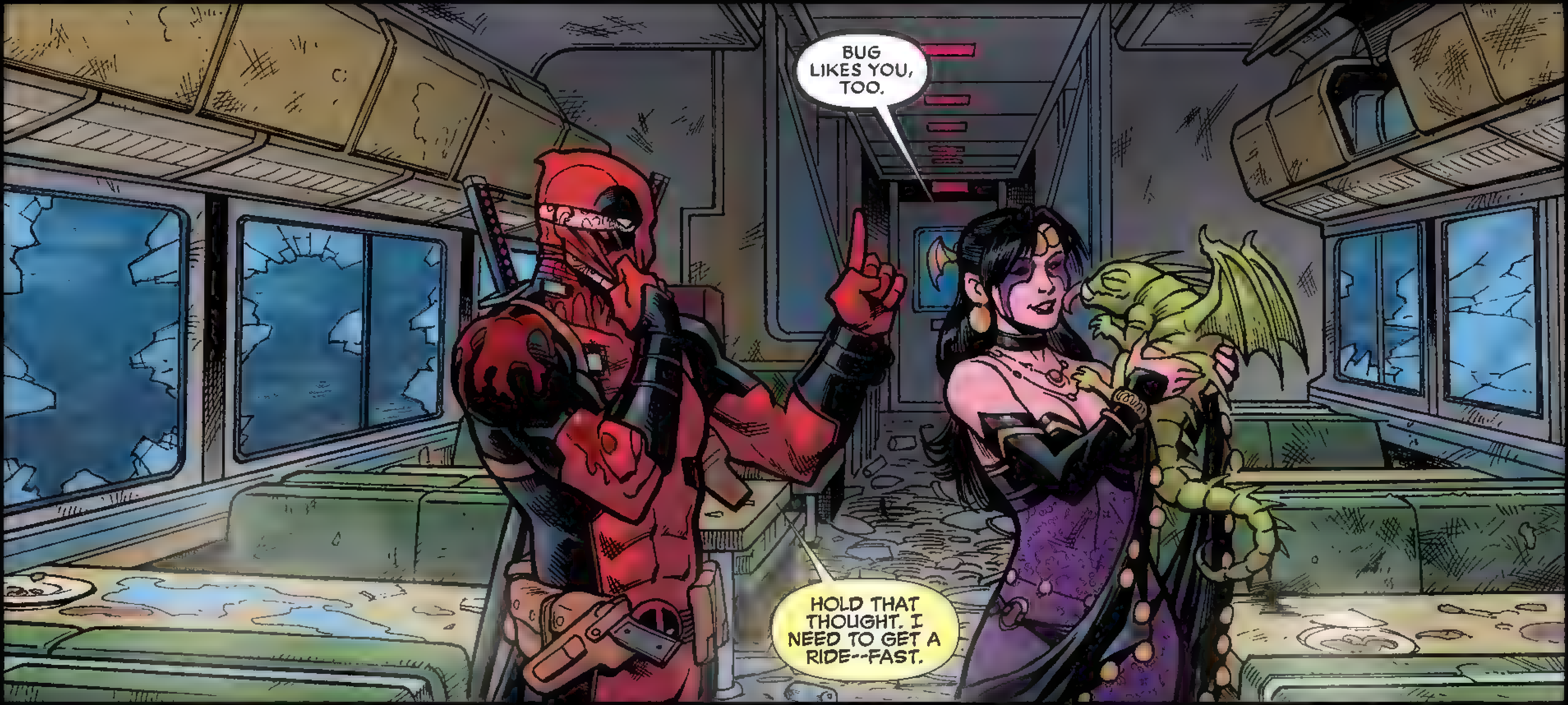

SECOND, MY WOUNDS ARE ALL ON THE INSIDE. THESE ARE JUST BOO-BOOS.

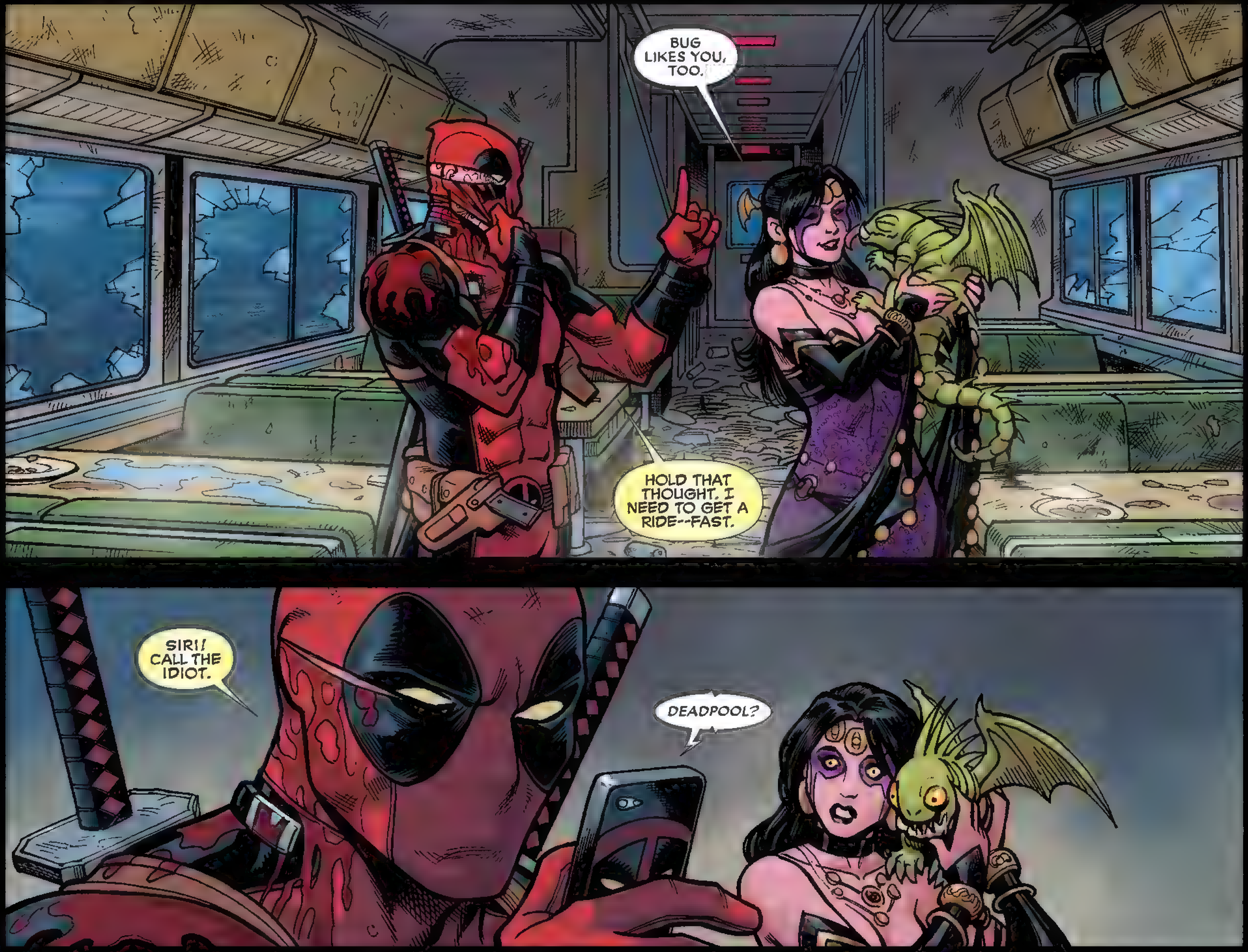

THERE? NOW I CAN ONLY SEE THREE OF YOU.

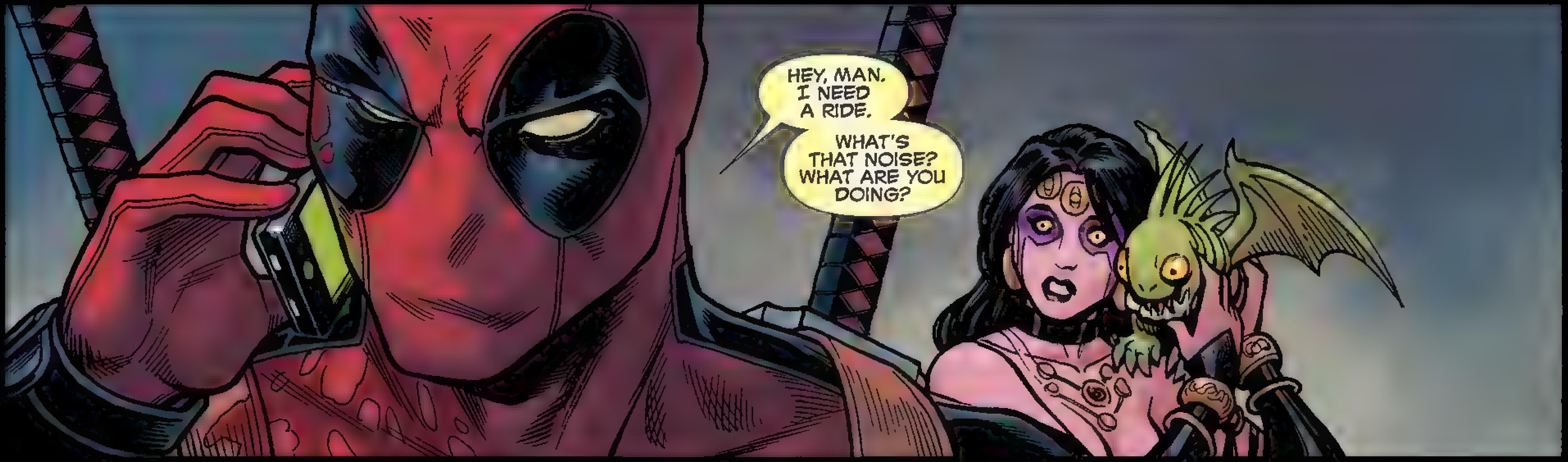
THERE? NOW I CAN ONLY SEE THREE OF YOU.
YOU'RE SUCH A STRANGE MAN.

THERE? NOW I CAN ONLY SEE THREE OF YOU.
YOU'RE SUCH A STRANGE MAN.
AND HANDSOME.

THERE? NOW I CAN ONLY SEE THREE OF YOU.
YOU'RE SUCH A STRANGE MAN.
AND HANDSOME.
I SUPPOSE YOU WENT ALMOST TOTALLY BLIND IN THAT COFFIN OF YOURS?

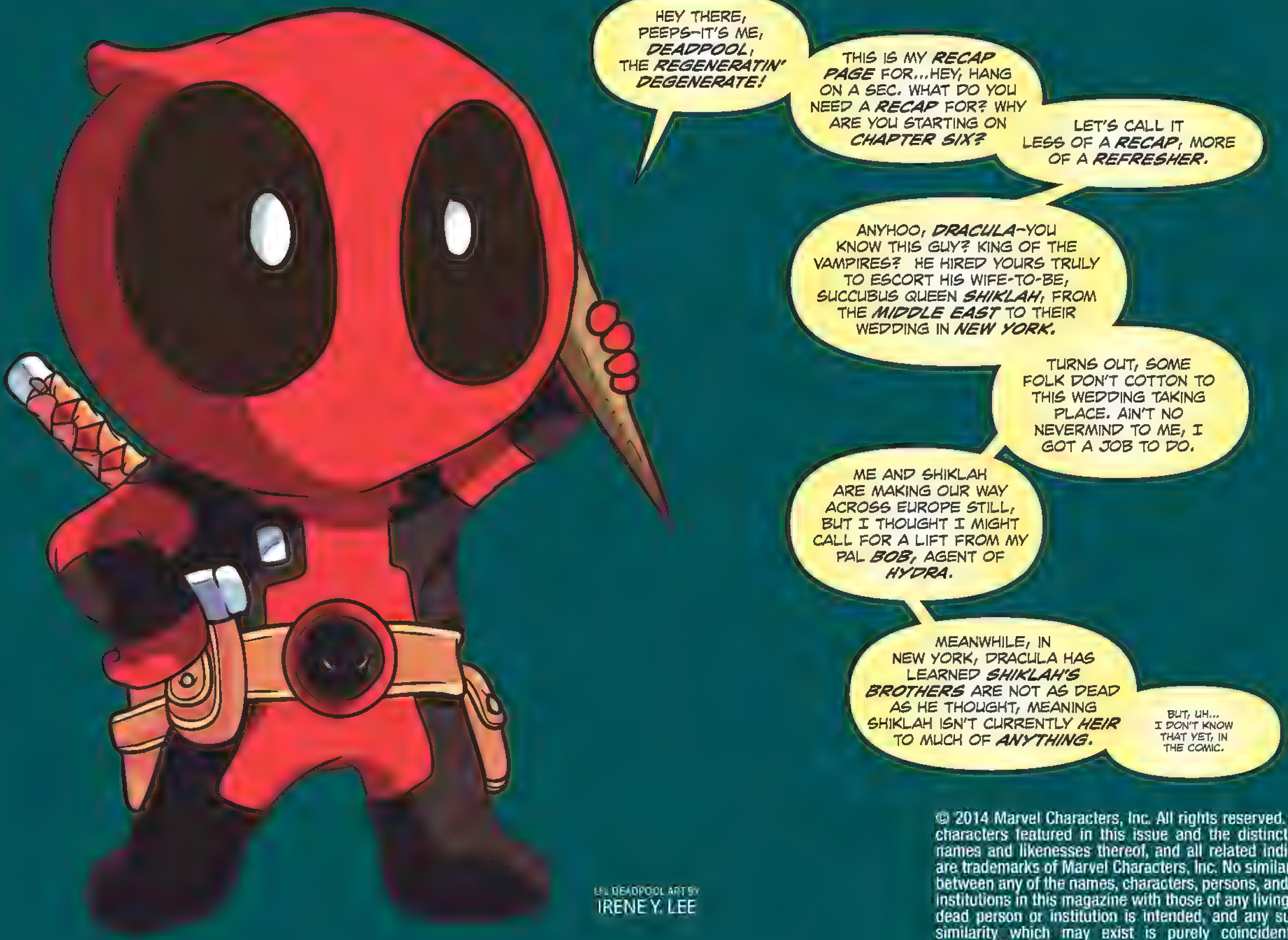

BUG LIKES YOU, TOO.
HOLD THAT THOUGHT. I NEED TO GET A RIDE--FAST.


BUG LIKES YOU, TOO.
HOLD THAT THOUGHT. I NEED TO GET A RIDE--FAST.
SIRI! CALL THE IDIOT.
DEADPOOL?


HEY, MAN. I NEED A RIDE.
WHAT'S THAT NOISE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

AH! YOU GOT ME. YOUR OLD PAL *BOB* IS ON THE WAY.
HAIL HYDRA!
HAIL HYDRA
TWO GREW IN IT'S PLACE!
HAIL HYDR
HAIL HYDRA!
HA HA HA
oh noes!
freedom is for sheep!
BAH
Hail Hydra!
HYDRA!
FOR GLINSHMORE!
I DON'T HEAR FROM YOU FOR TWO YEARS, YOU MISS JOSHUA'S BAR MITZVAH AND NOW I'M SUPPOSED TO DROP EVERYTHING AND COME PICK YOU UP?
WHY NOT? I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING BETTER TO DO.

HAIL HYDRA!
TWO GREW IN IT'S PLACE!
HAIL HYDRA
AH! YOU GOT ME. YOUR OLD PAL *BOB* IS ON THE WAY.
HYDRA!
FOR GLINSHMORE!
HYDRA BOB
ALIAS: BOB...SOMETHING. "WHO CARES?"
HEIGHT: 5'10"
WEIGHT: 181 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BAD? I GUESS?
POWERS & ABILITIES: NONE. HE'S JUST A GUY WHO WORKS FOR HYDRA. SO...IF HE DIES, THEY HAVE TWO MORE PEOPLE TO TAKE HIS PLACE, I GUESS.
WEAPONS OF CHOICE: COWARDICE.
TO BE CONTINUED...


HEY THERE, PEEPS—IT'S ME, DEADPOOL, THE REGENERATIN' DEGENERATE!
THIS IS MY RECAP PAGE FOR...HEY, HANG ON A SEC. WHAT DO YOU NEED A RECAP FOR? WHY ARE YOU STARTING ON CHAPTER SIX?
LET'S CALL IT LESS OF A RECAP, MORE OF A REFRESHER.
ANYHOO, DRACULA—YOU KNOW THIS GUY? KING OF THE VAMPIRES? HE HIRED YOURS TRULY TO ESCORT HIS WIFE-TO-BE, SUCCUBUS QUEEN SHIKLAH, FROM THE MIDDLE EAST TO THEIR WEDDING IN NEW YORK.
TURNS OUT, SOME FOLK DON'T COTTON TO THIS WEDDING TAKING PLACE. AIN'T NO NEVERMIND TO ME, I GOT A JOB TO DO.
ME AND SHIKLAH ARE MAKING OUR WAY ACROSS EUROPE STILL, BUT I THOUGHT I MIGHT CALL FOR A LIFT FROM MY PAL BOB, AGENT OF HYDRA.
MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK, DRACULA HAS LEARNED SHIKLAH'S BROTHERS ARE NOT AS DEAD AS HE THOUGHT, MEANING SHIKLAH ISN'T CURRENTLY HEIR TO MUCH OF ANYTHING.
BUT, UH... I DON'T KNOW THAT YET, IN THE COMIC.

LIL DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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I USUALLY DON'T CARE FOR KNOCK-OFFS, BUT THIS EUROPEAN RECREATION OF MY FAVORITE CASINO IS PRETTY GREAT.
ÎLE HYPOTHÉTIQUE BAR LUNCH DINER
HOTEL
cafe Madeleine
ESPECIALLY SINCE I'M WITH A LADY THAT I'M TRYING TO IMPRESS.
OF COURSE, WHEN YOU'RE HANGING WITH A LADY THAT WAS BURIED IN A COFFIN FOREVER...EVERYTHING IS IMPRESSIVE.
IT'S CALLED A PHONE, *SHIKLAH*. PEOPLE EXCHANGE WANTED AND UNWANTED PICTURES OF THEIR GENITALS WITH IT. PLUS, I GUESS YOU CAN TAKE PICTURES OF OTHER STUFF TOO.
AMAZING. EVERY MAN IS A WIZARD IN THIS GRAND AGE.
THAT'S RIGHT, AND THEY USE THIS TO SHOW OFF THEIR STAFFS.

ESPECIALLY SINCE I'M WITH A LADY THAT I'M TRYING TO IMPRESS.
OF COURSE, WHEN YOU'RE HANGING WITH A LADY THAT WAS BURIED IN A COFFIN FOREVER...EVERYTHING IS IMPRESSIVE.
cafe Madeleine
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AMAZING. EVERY MAN IS A WIZARD IN THIS GRAND AGE.
THAT'S RIGHT, AND THEY USE THIS TO SHOW OFF THEIR STAFFS.
CAFE DE FL
PARDON, WHO ARE YOU WEARING?
THIS IS MY HUMAN SKIN SUIT.

E
I
cafe Madeleine
ESPECIALLY SINCE I'M WITH A LADY THAT I'M TRYING TO IMPRESS.
OF COURSE, WHEN YOU'RE HANGING WITH A LADY THAT WAS BURIED IN A COFFIN FOREVER...EVERYTHING IS IMPRESSIVE.
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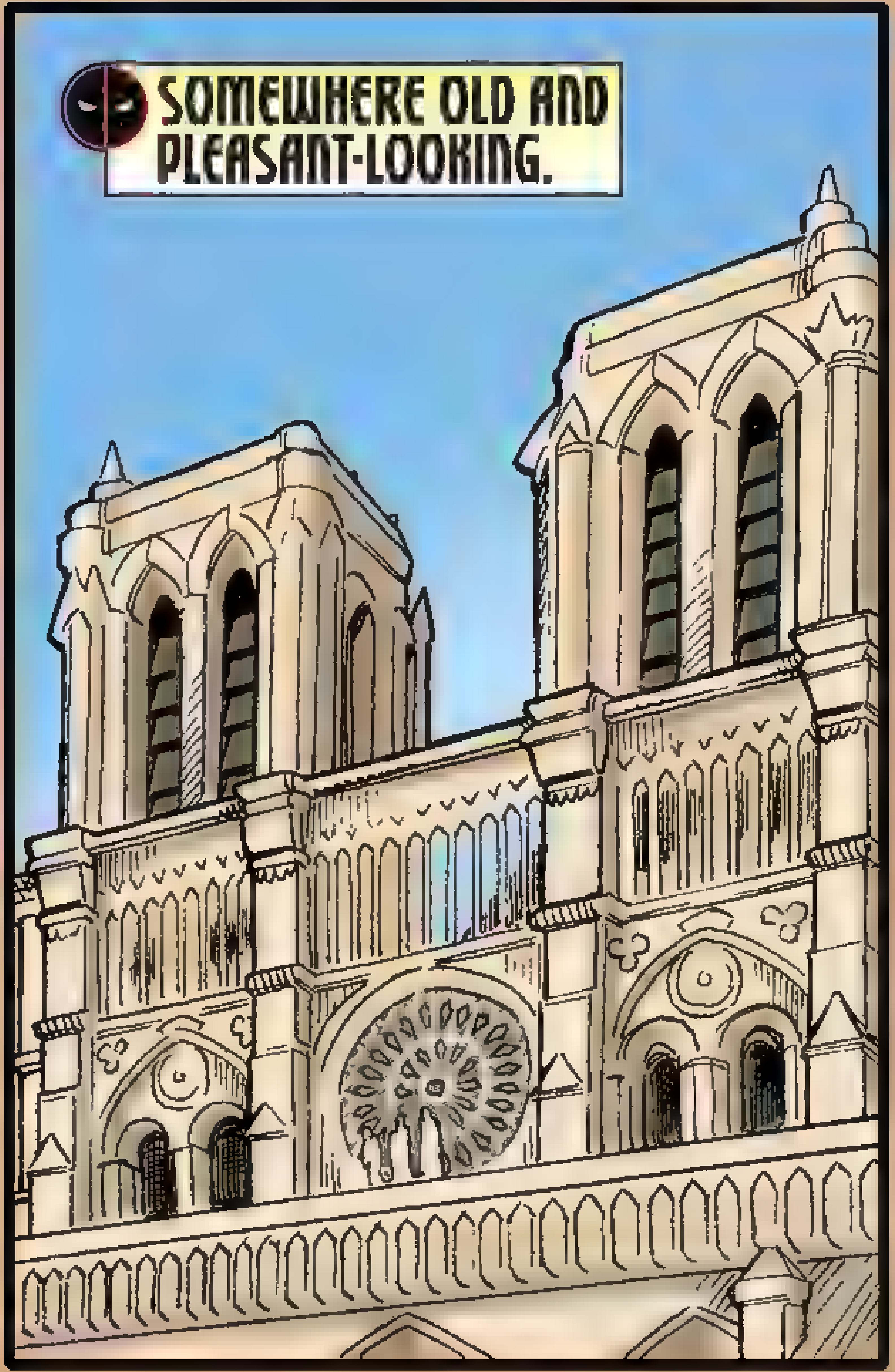
AMAZING. EVERY MAN IS A WIZARD IN THIS GRAND AGE.
THAT'S RIGHT, AND THEY USE THIS TO SHOW OFF THEIR STAFFS.
CAFE DE FL
PARDON, WHO ARE YOU WEARING?
THIS IS MY HUMAN SKIN SUIT.
EL
⁼SIGH⁼
I'M SO SICK OF TOURISTS COMING TO PARIS AND THEN BEING SO RUDE!
LET'S SEE THE SIGHTS!

DEADPOOL

story by
BRIAN POSEHN
& GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN

DEADPOOL

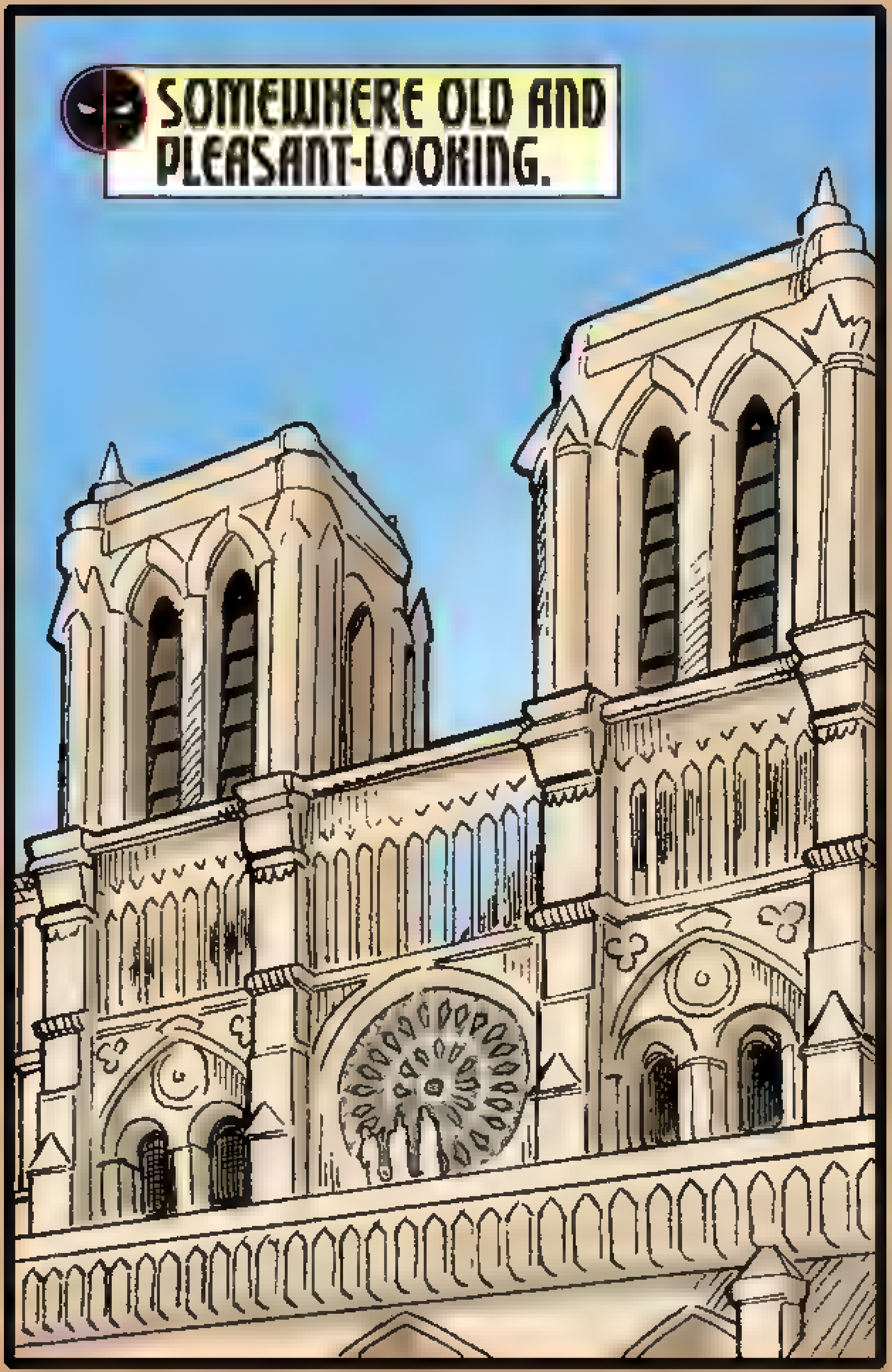

SOMEWHERE OLD AND PLEASANT-LOOKING.

THE GAUNTLET

storyboards & pencils by
REILLY BROWN

inks by
NELSON DECASTRO

DEADPOOL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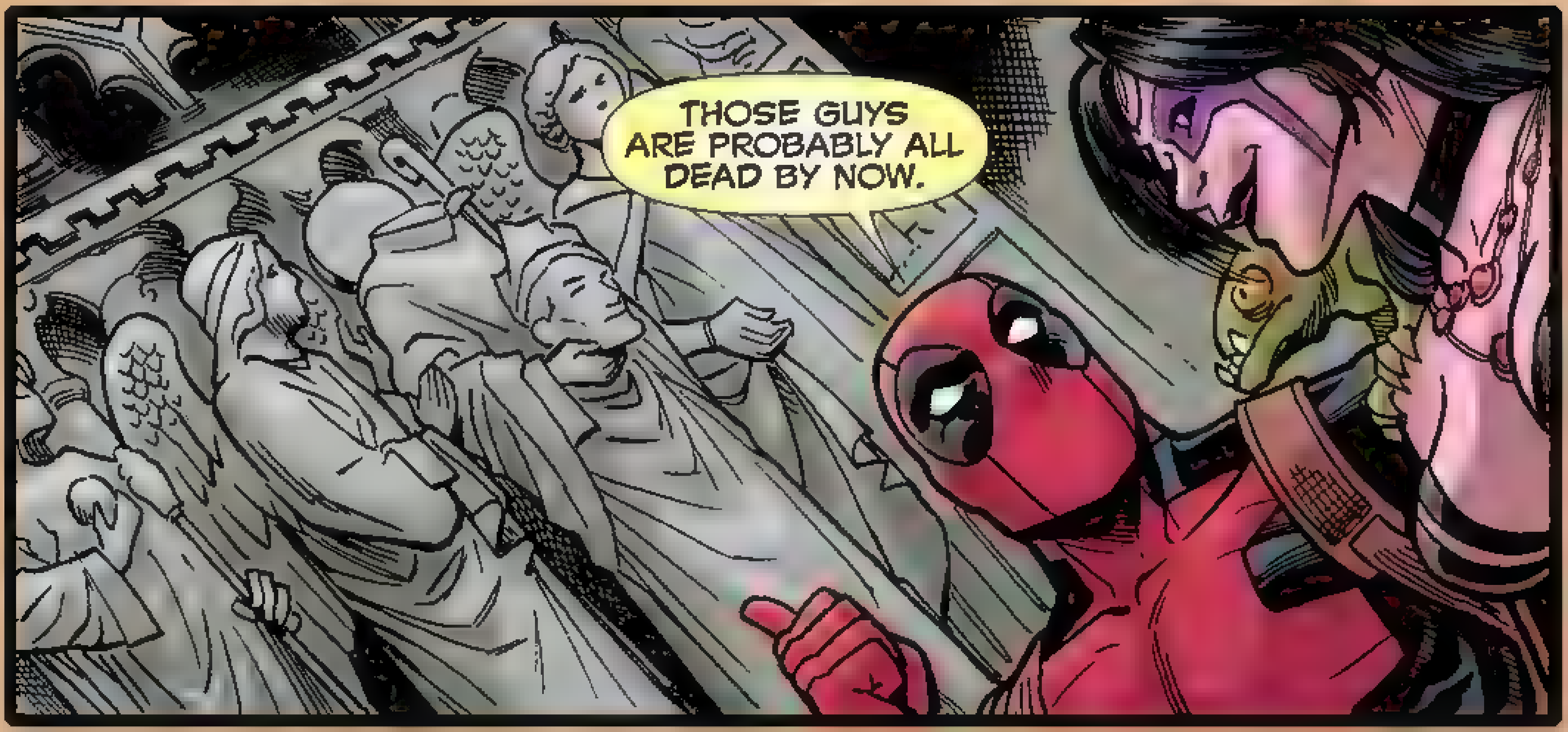
THE GAUNTLET

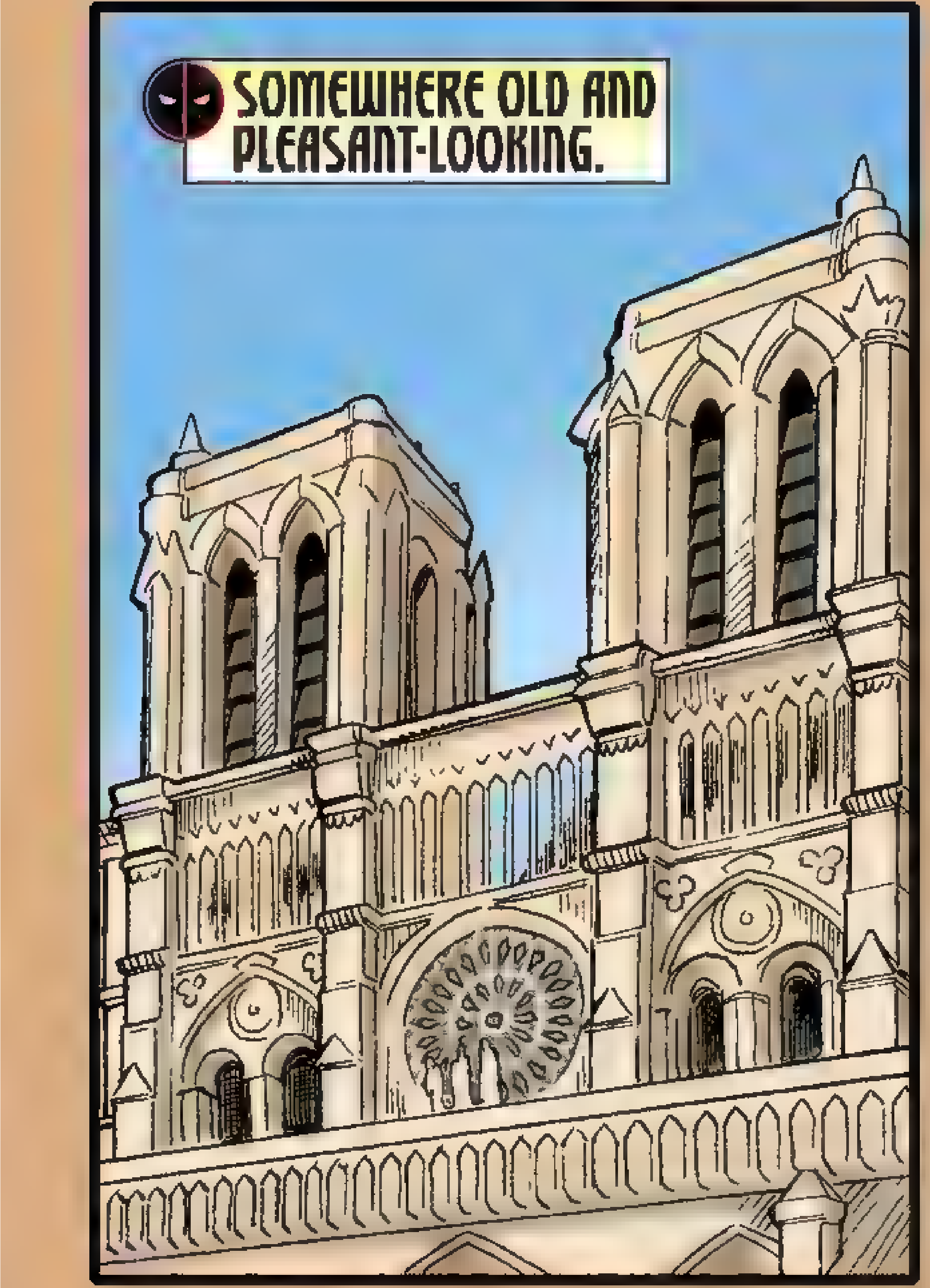

THOSE GUYS ARE PROBABLY ALL DEAD BY NOW.

CHAPTER SIX

colors by
JIM CAMPBELL

letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO

DEADPOOL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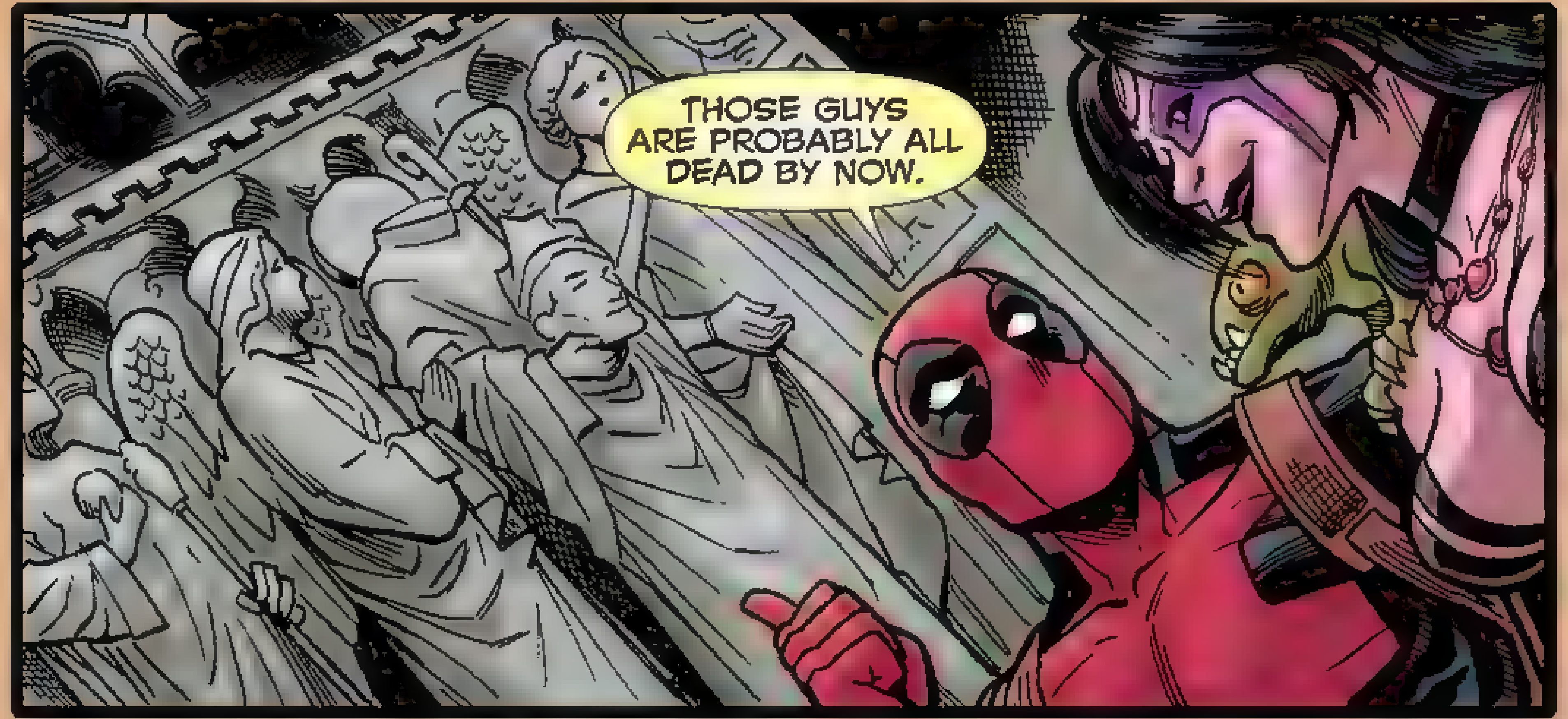
THE GAUNTLET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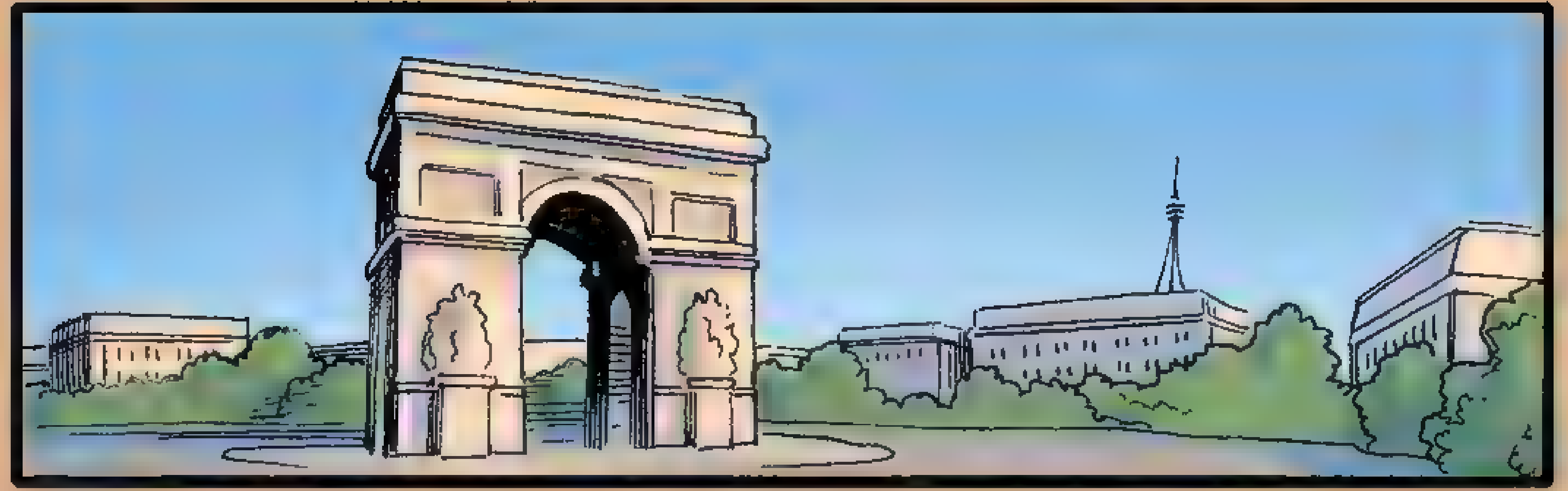
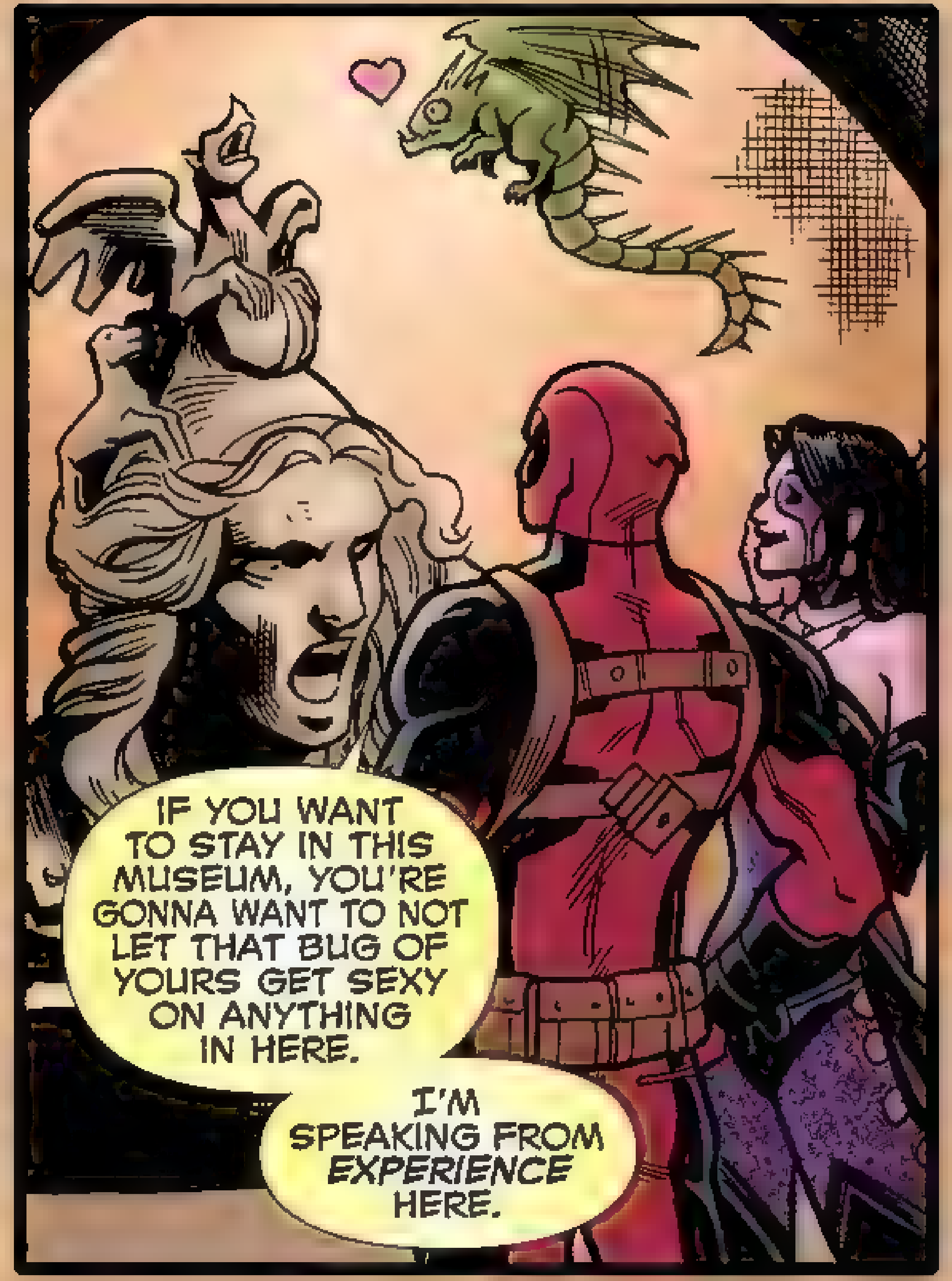
CHAPTER SIX




IF YOU WANT TO STAY IN THIS MUSEUM, YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO NOT LET THAT BUG OF YOURS GET SEXY ON ANYTHING IN HERE.
I'M SPEAKING FROM *EXPERIENCE* HERE.

AN AMERICAN

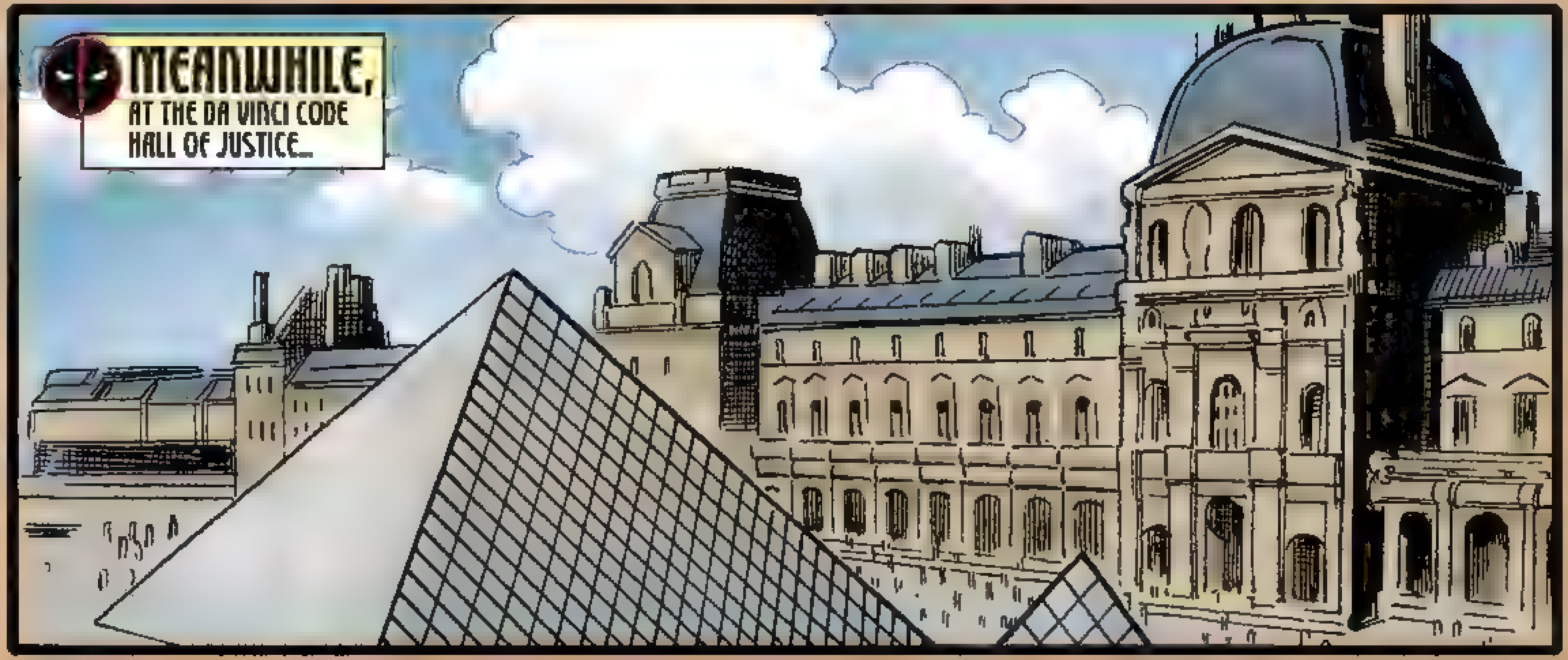
production by
ARLIN ORTIZ

production
management by
TIM SMITH 3

edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE

AN AMERICAN MERCENARY

IF YOU WANT TO STAY IN THIS MUSEUM, YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO NOT LET THAT BUG OF YOURS GET SEXY ON ANYTHING IN HERE.
I'M SPEAKING FROM *EXPERIENCE* HERE.


MEANWHILE, AT THE DA VINCI CODE HALL OF JUSTICE...

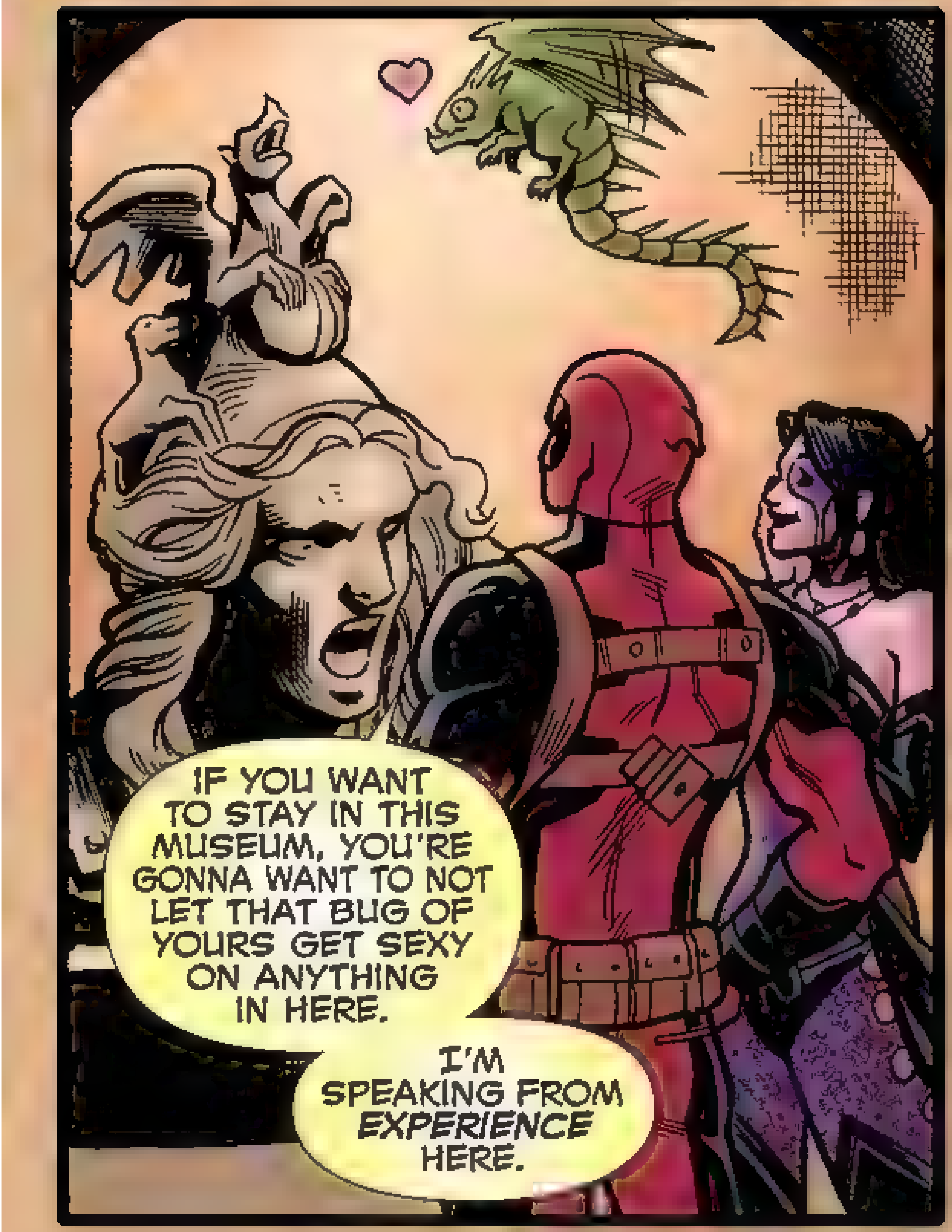
editor-in-chiefery by
AXEL ALONSO

chief creative
officiating by
JOE QUESADA

publishing by
DAN BUCKLEY

executive
production by
ALAN FINE

AN AMERICAN MERCENARY IN PARIS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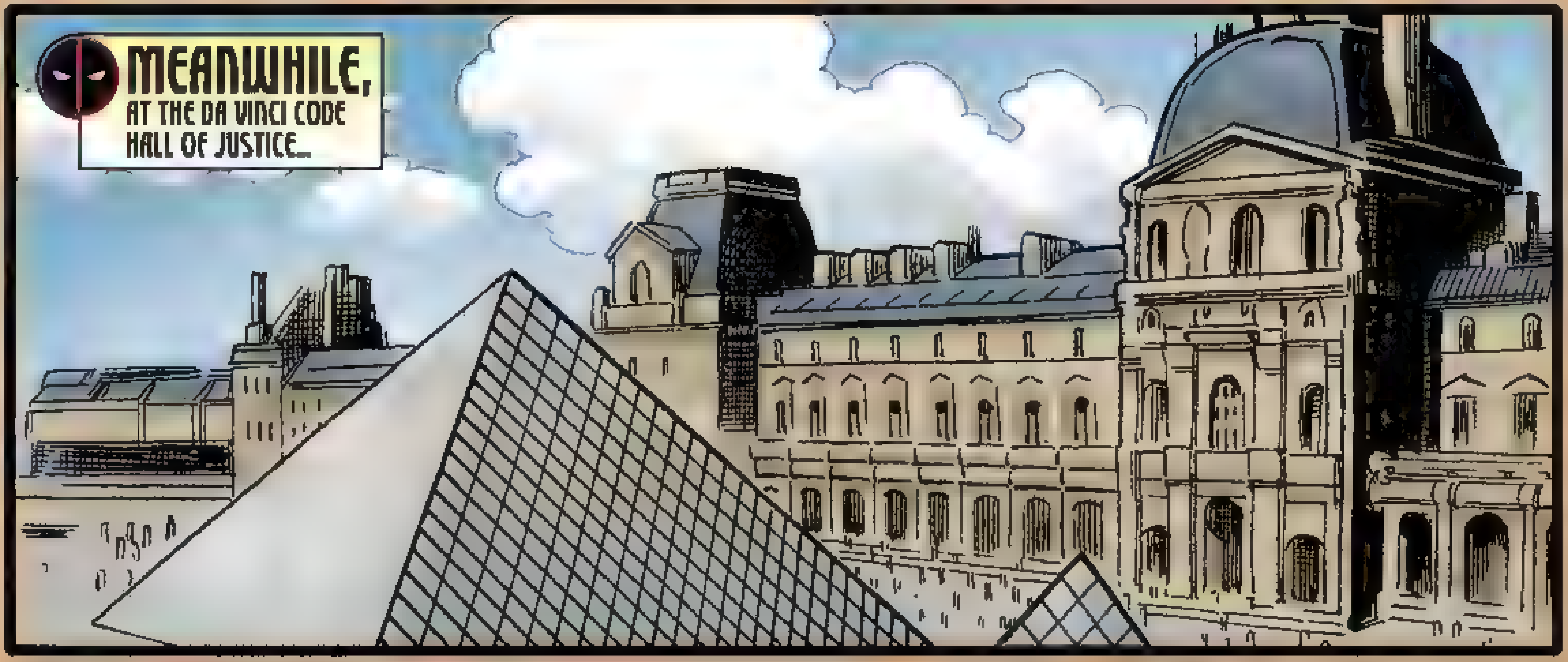
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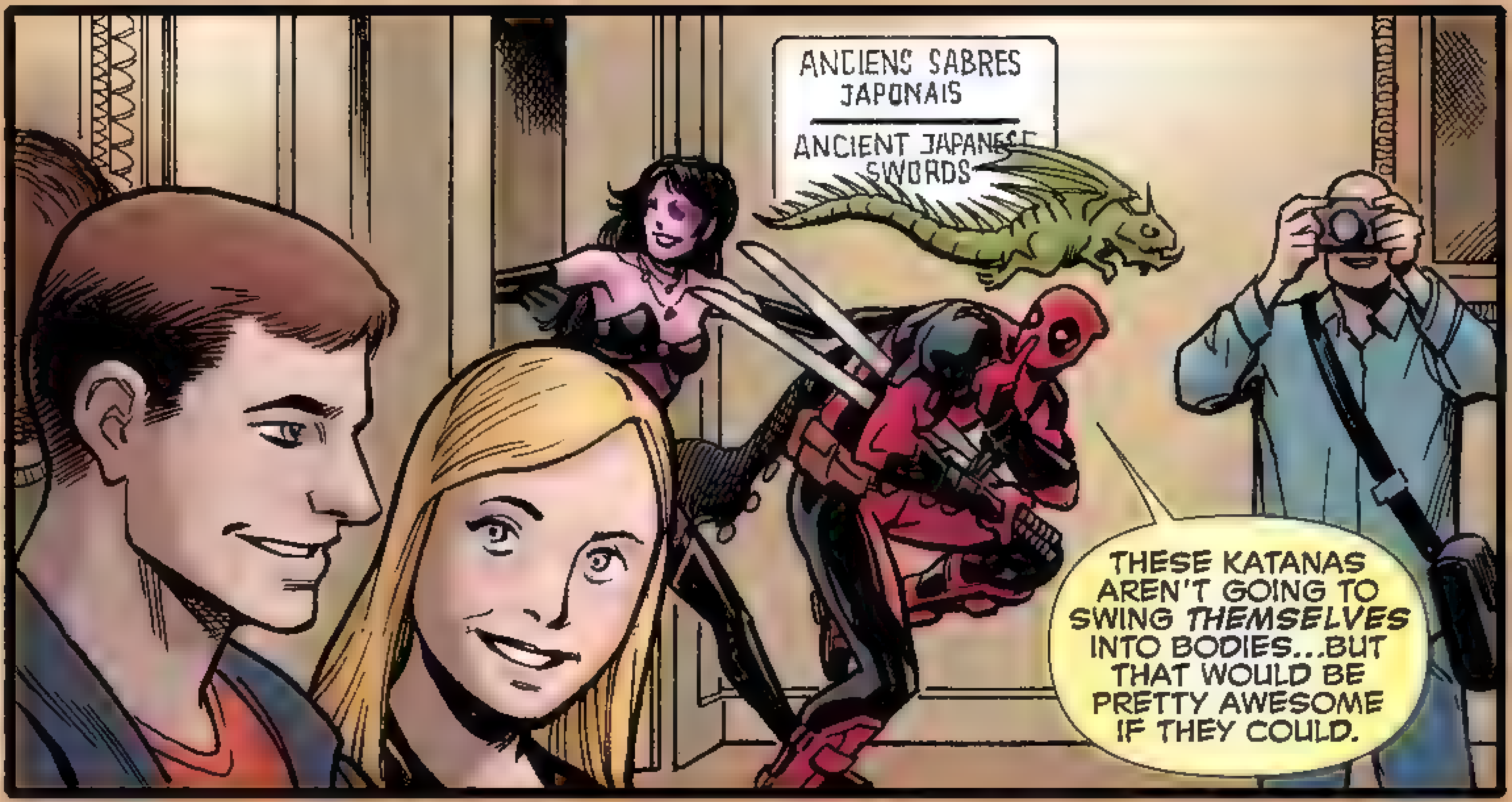
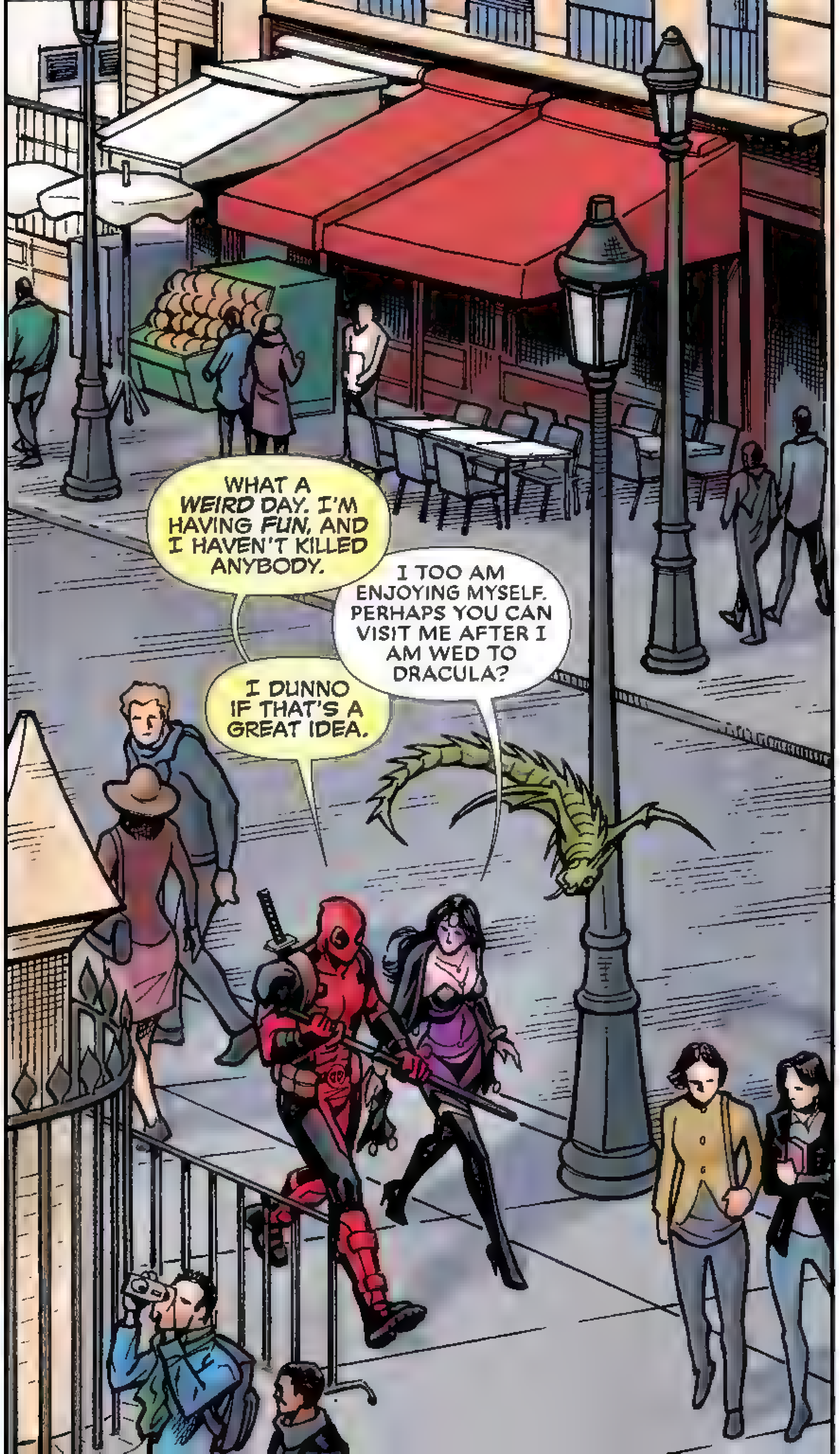
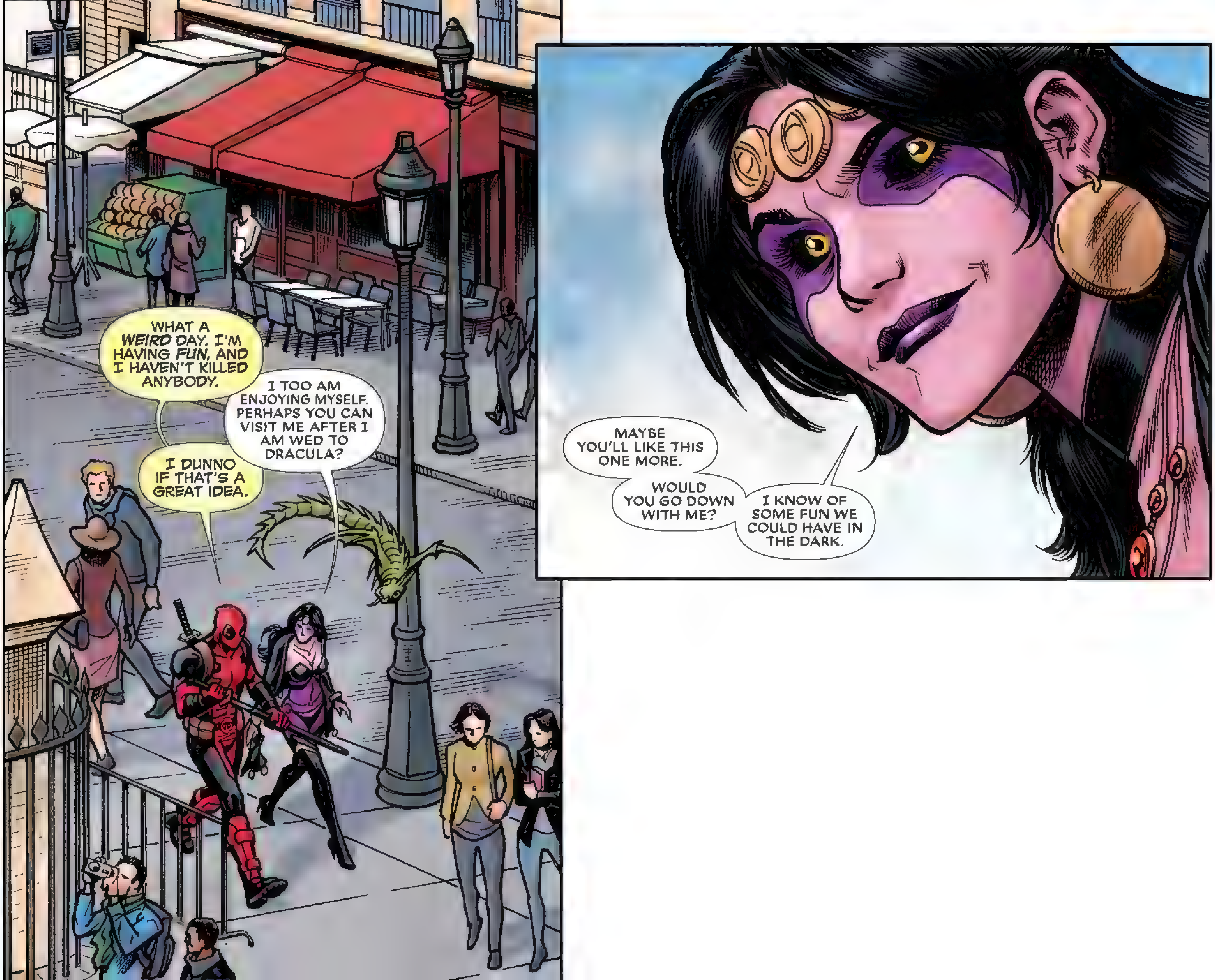

ANCIENS SABRES JAPONAIS
ANCIENT JAPANESE SWORDS
THESE KATANAS AREN'T GOING TO SWING *THEMSELVES* INTO BODIES...BUT THAT WOULD BE PRETTY AWESOME IF THEY COULD.


WHAT A *WEIRD* DAY. I'M HAVING *FUN*, AND I HAVEN'T KILLED ANYBODY.
I TOO AM ENJOYING MYSELF. PERHAPS YOU CAN VISIT ME AFTER I AM WED TO DRACULA?
I DUNNO IF THAT'S A GREAT IDEA.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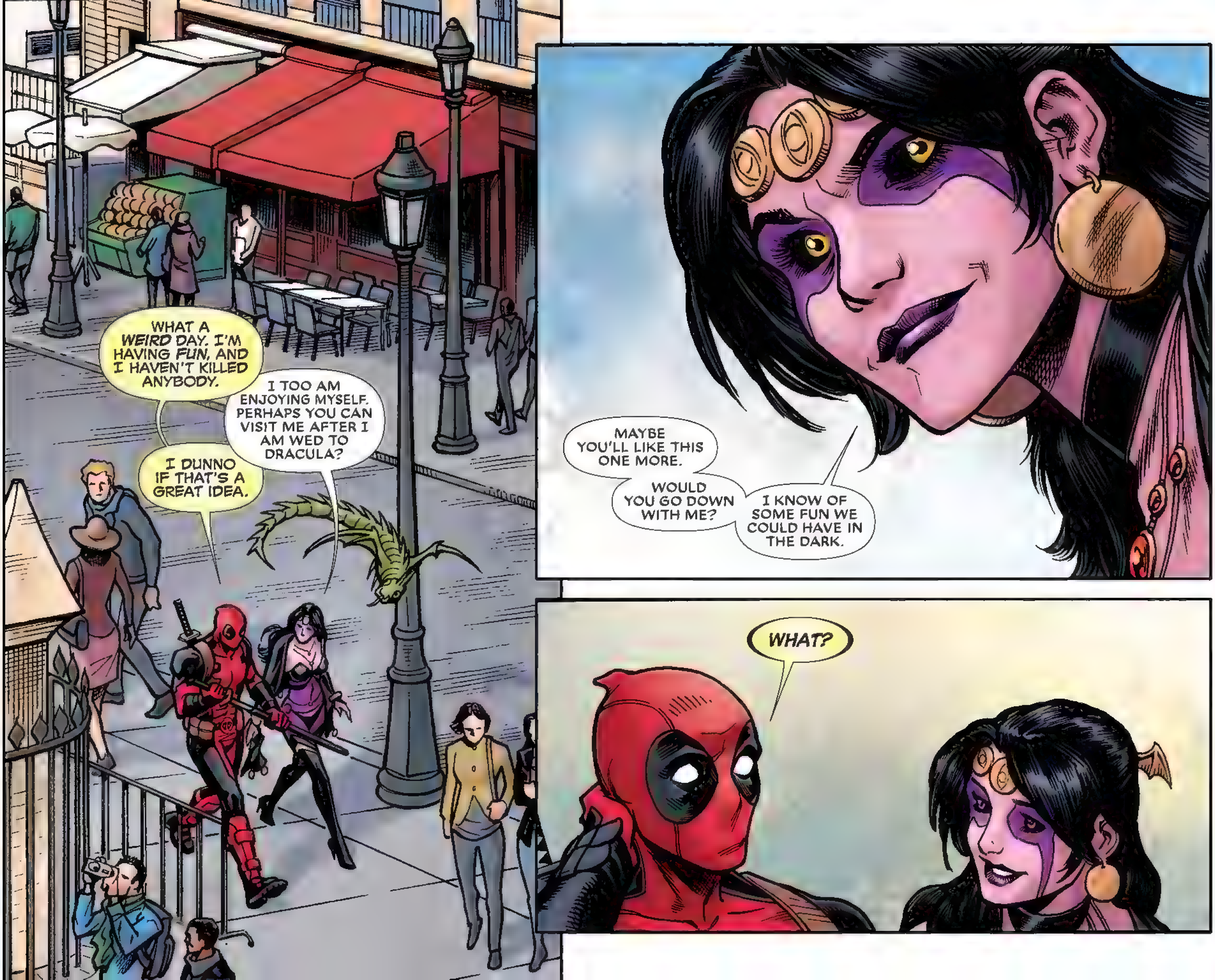
I TOO AM ENJOYING MYSELF. PERHAPS YOU CAN VISIT ME AFTER I AM WED TO DRACULA?
I DUNNO IF THAT'S A GREAT IDEA.
MAYBE YOU'LL LIKE THIS ONE MORE.
WOULD YOU GO DOWN WITH ME?
I KNOW OF SOME FUN WE COULD HAVE IN THE DARK.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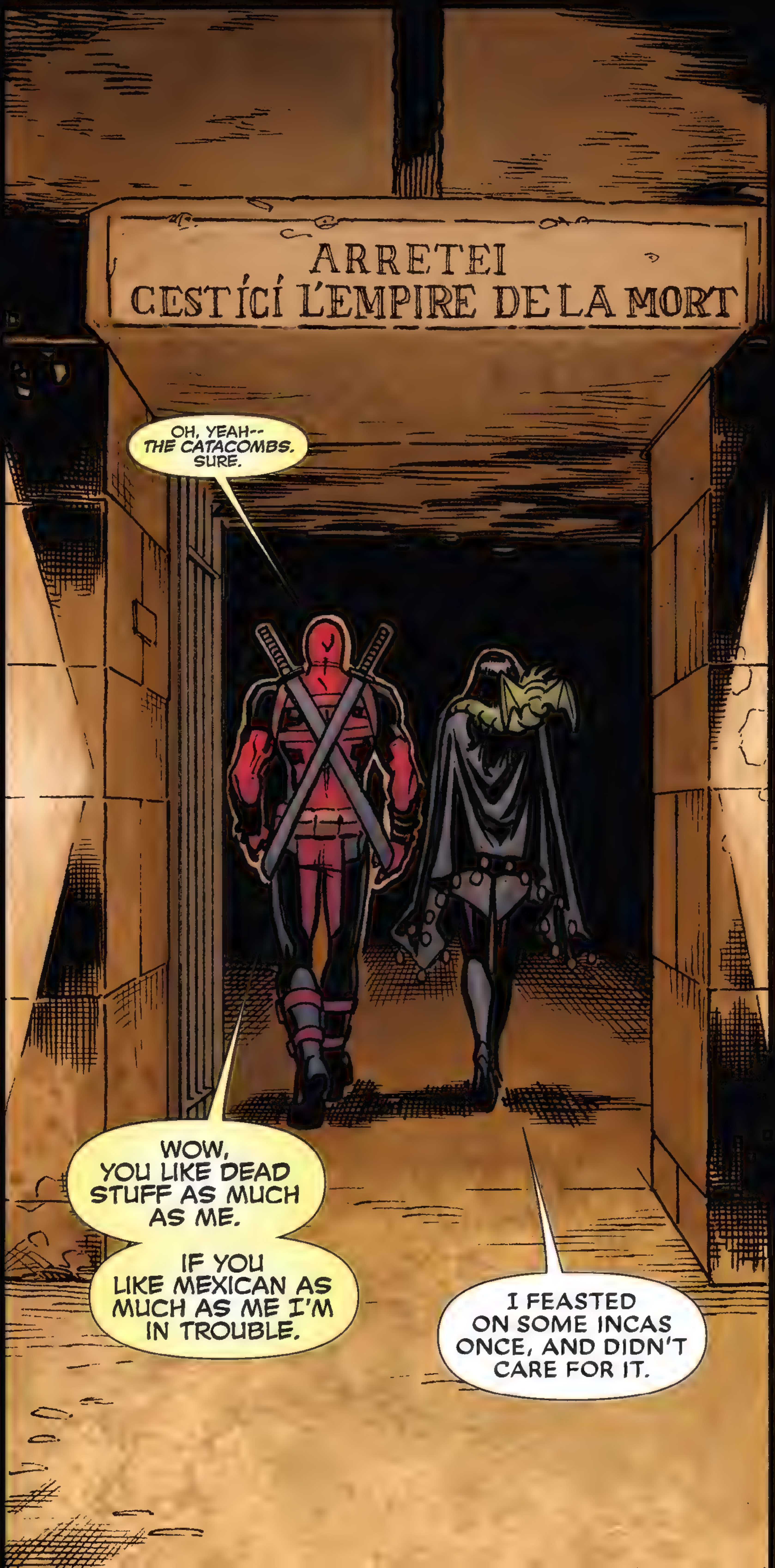
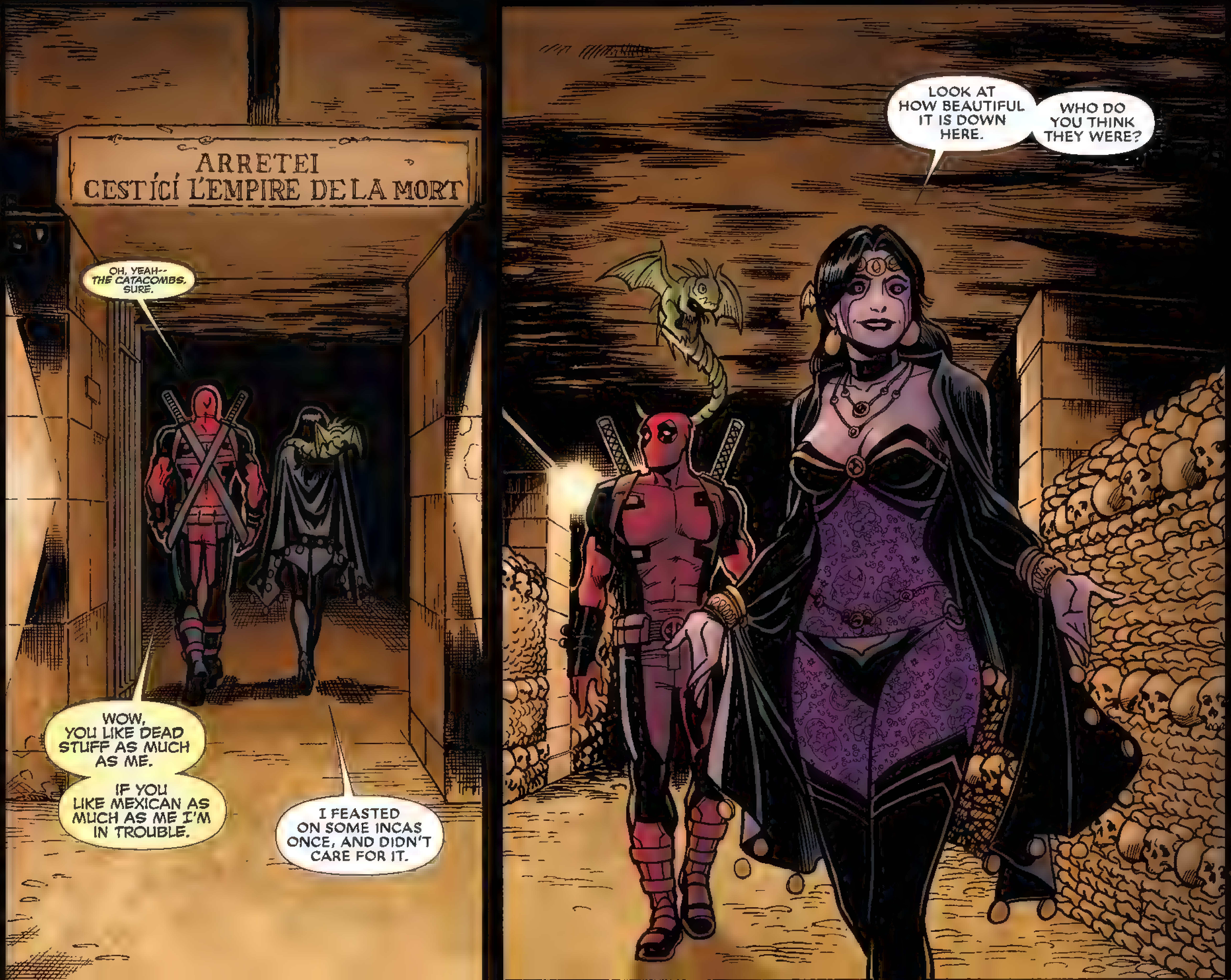
WOULD YOU GO DOWN WITH ME?
I KNOW OF SOME FUN WE COULD HAVE IN THE DARK.
WHAT?


ARRETEI
CESTICI L'EMPIRE DE LA MORT
OH, YEAH-- *THE CATACOMBS.* SURE.
WOW, YOU LIKE DEAD STUFF AS MUCH AS ME.
IF YOU LIKE MEXICAN AS MUCH AS ME I'M IN TROUBLE.
I FEASTED ON SOME INCAS ONCE, AND DIDN'T CARE FOR IT.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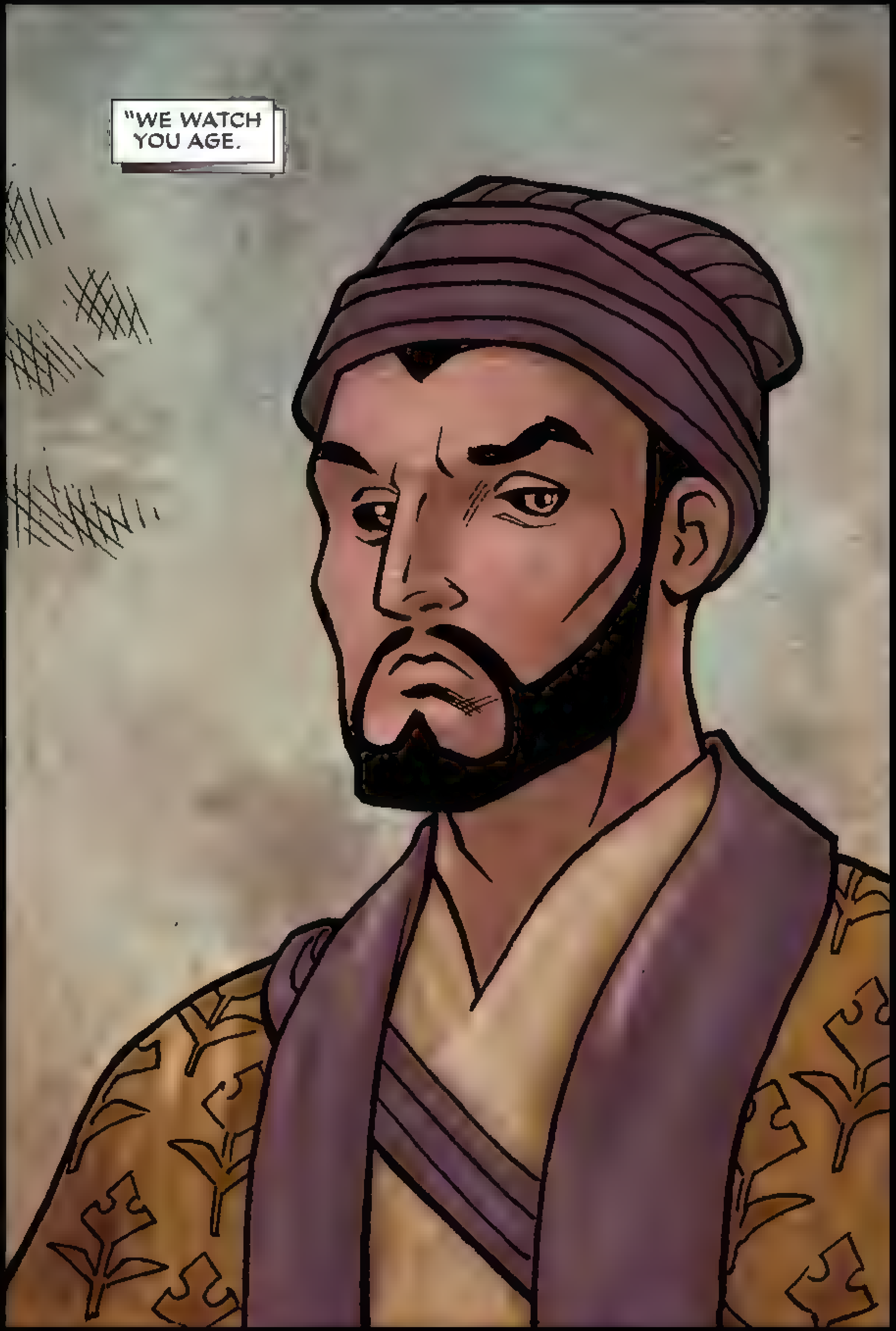
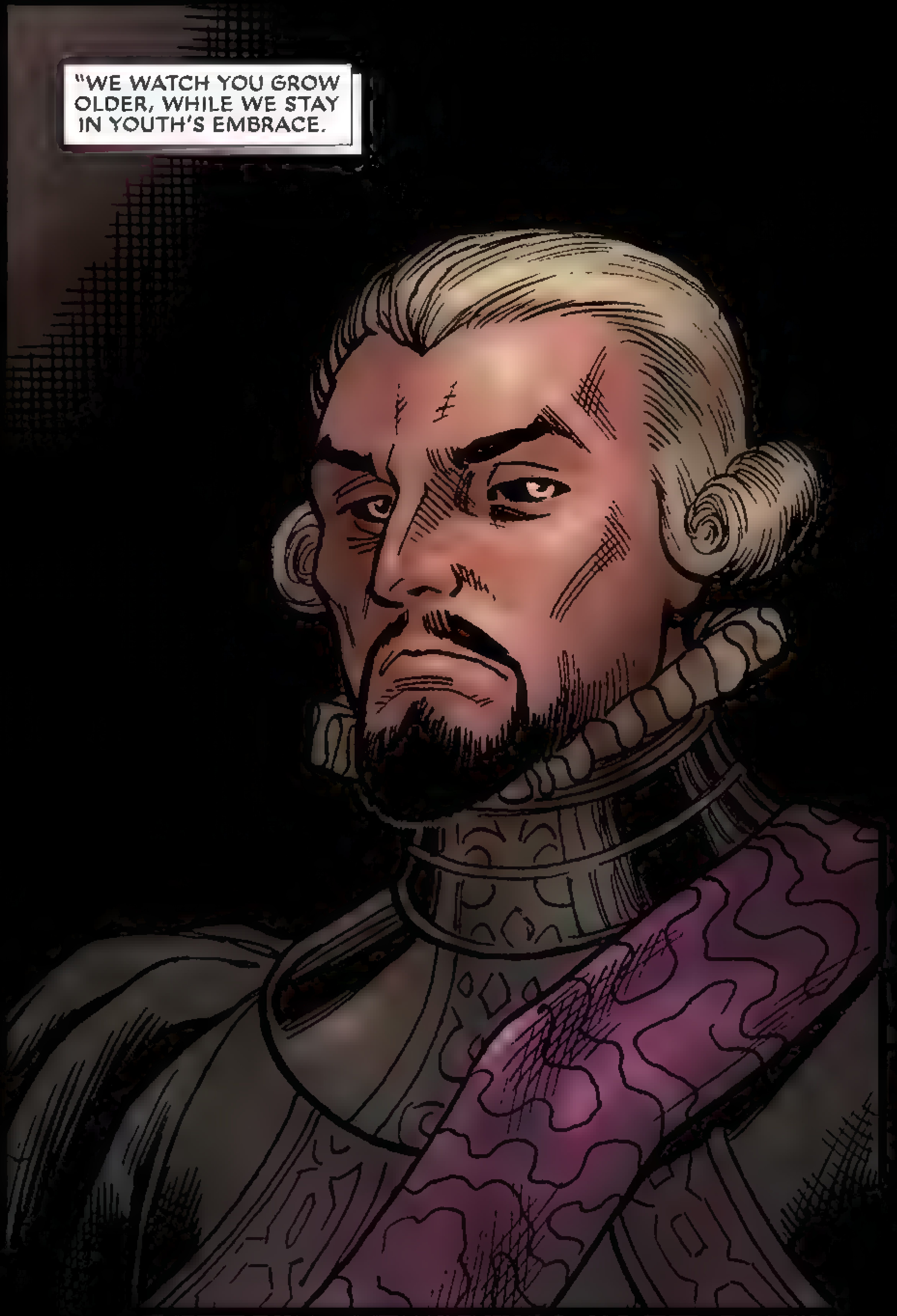
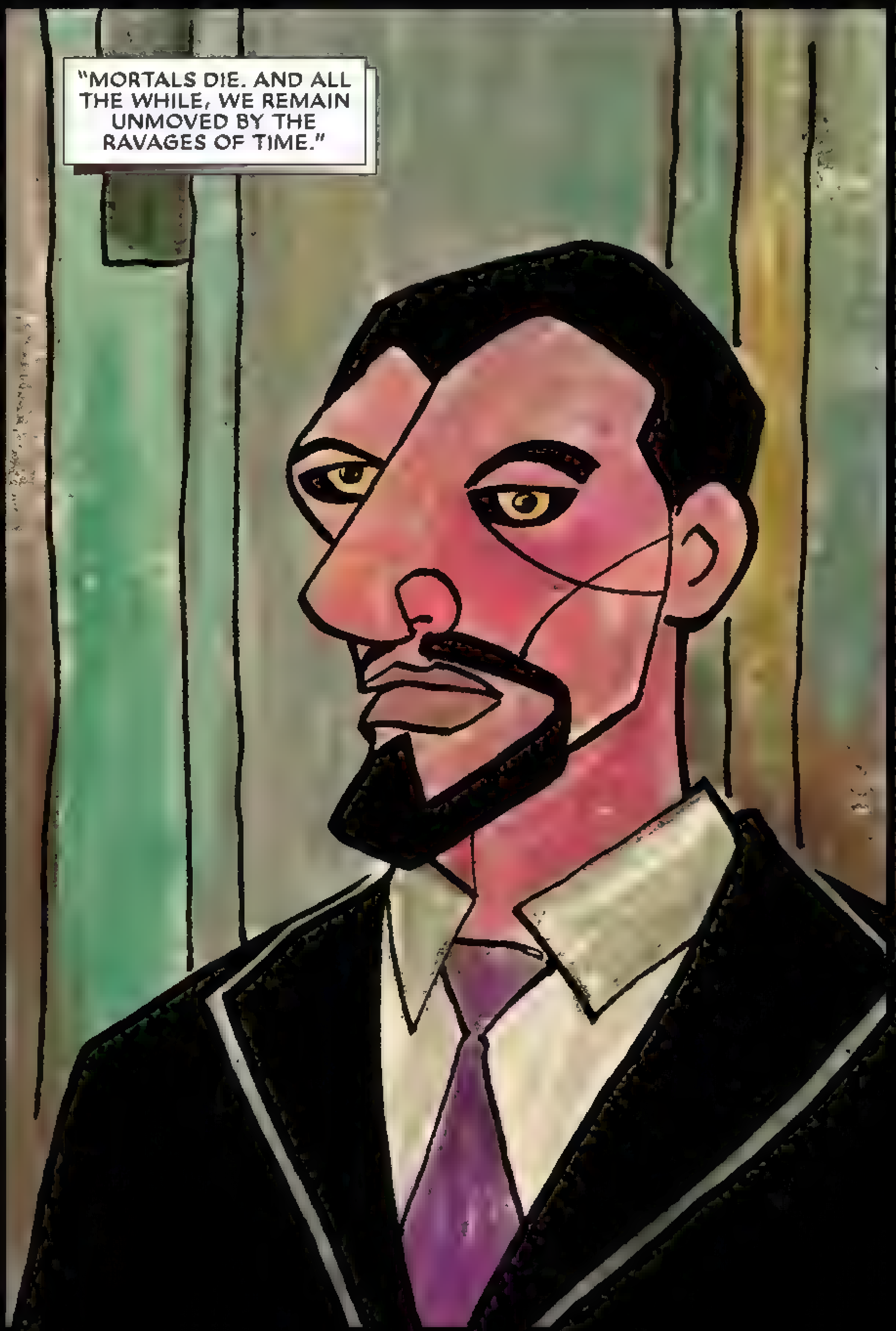
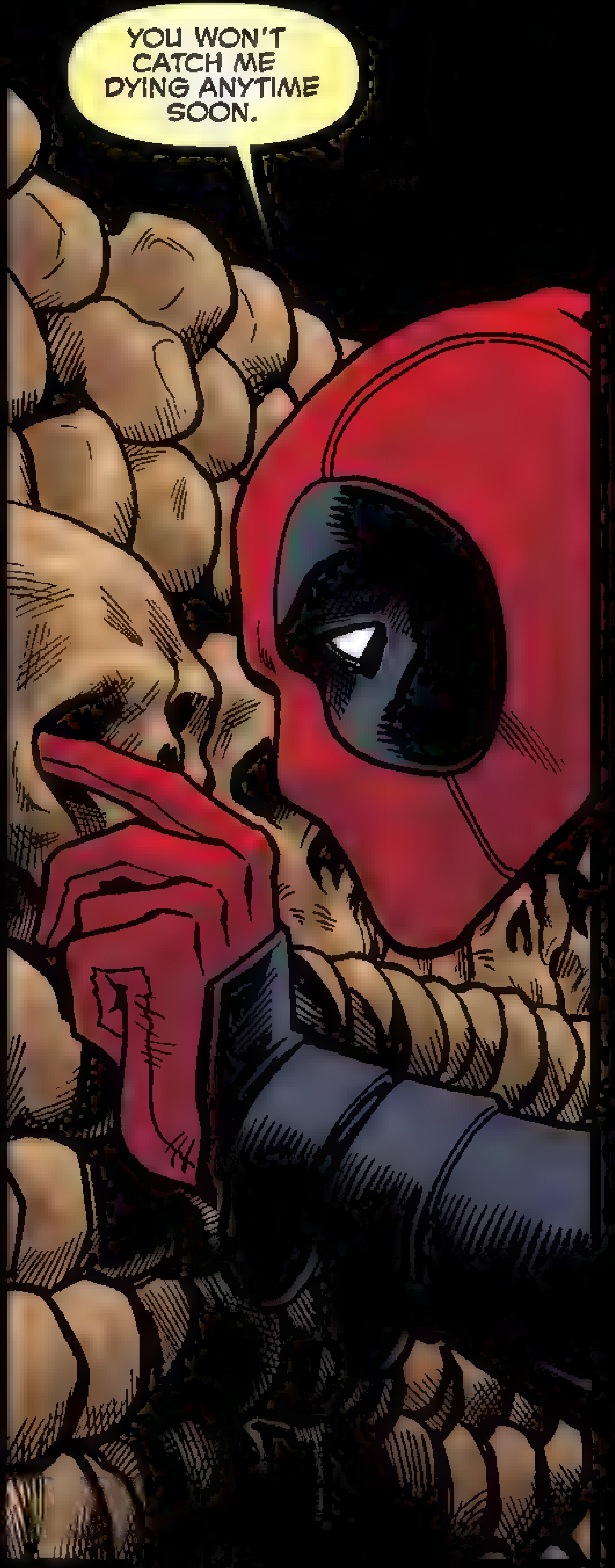
CEST ICI L'EMPIRE DE LA MORT
OH, YEAH-- *THE CATACOMBS.* SURE.
WOW, YOU LIKE DEAD STUFF AS MUCH AS ME.
IF YOU LIKE MEXICAN AS MUCH AS ME I'M IN TROUBLE.
I FEASTED ON SOME INCAS ONCE, AND DIDN'T CARE FOR IT.
LOOK AT HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS DOWN HERE.
WHO DO YOU THINK THEY WERE?

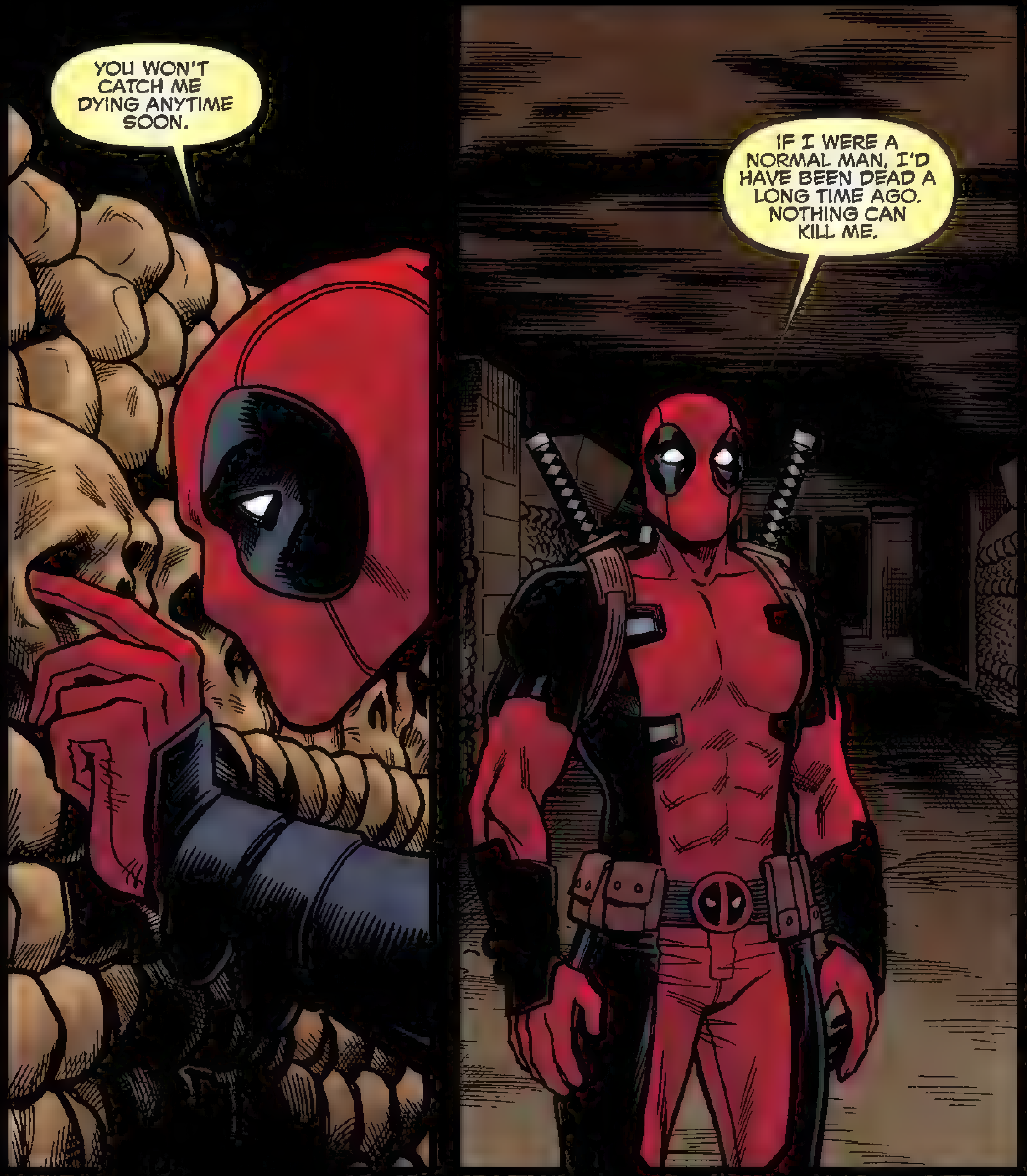
MAYBE MUSICAL THEATER MAJORS THAT WOLVERINE STABBED IN THAT MOVIE I SKIPPED?
ALL THIS DEATH REMINDS ME HOW BEAUTIFUL LIFE IS.
MY PEOPLE ARE NEARLY IMMORTAL, DEADPOOL.

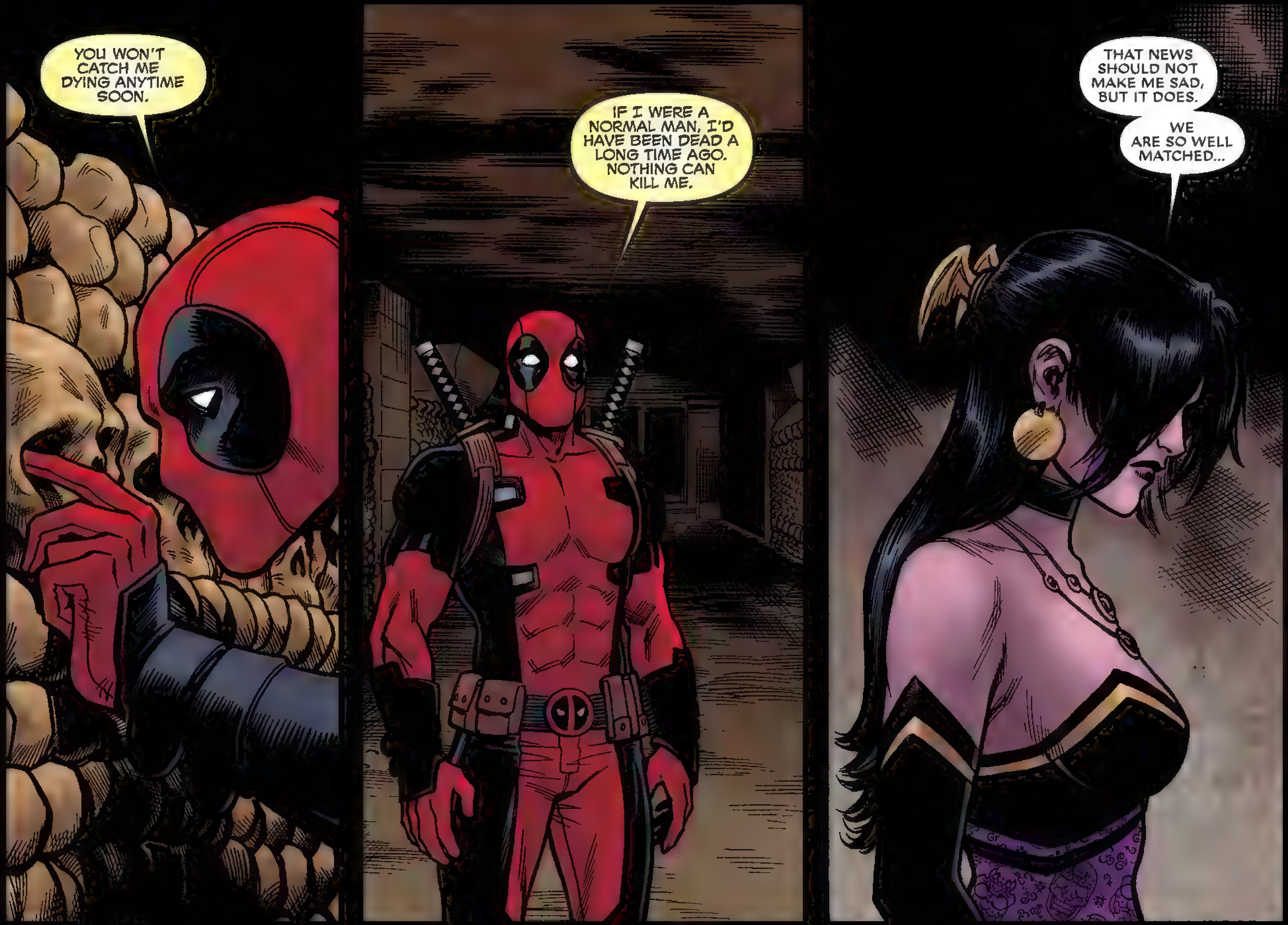

"WE WATCH YOU AGE.

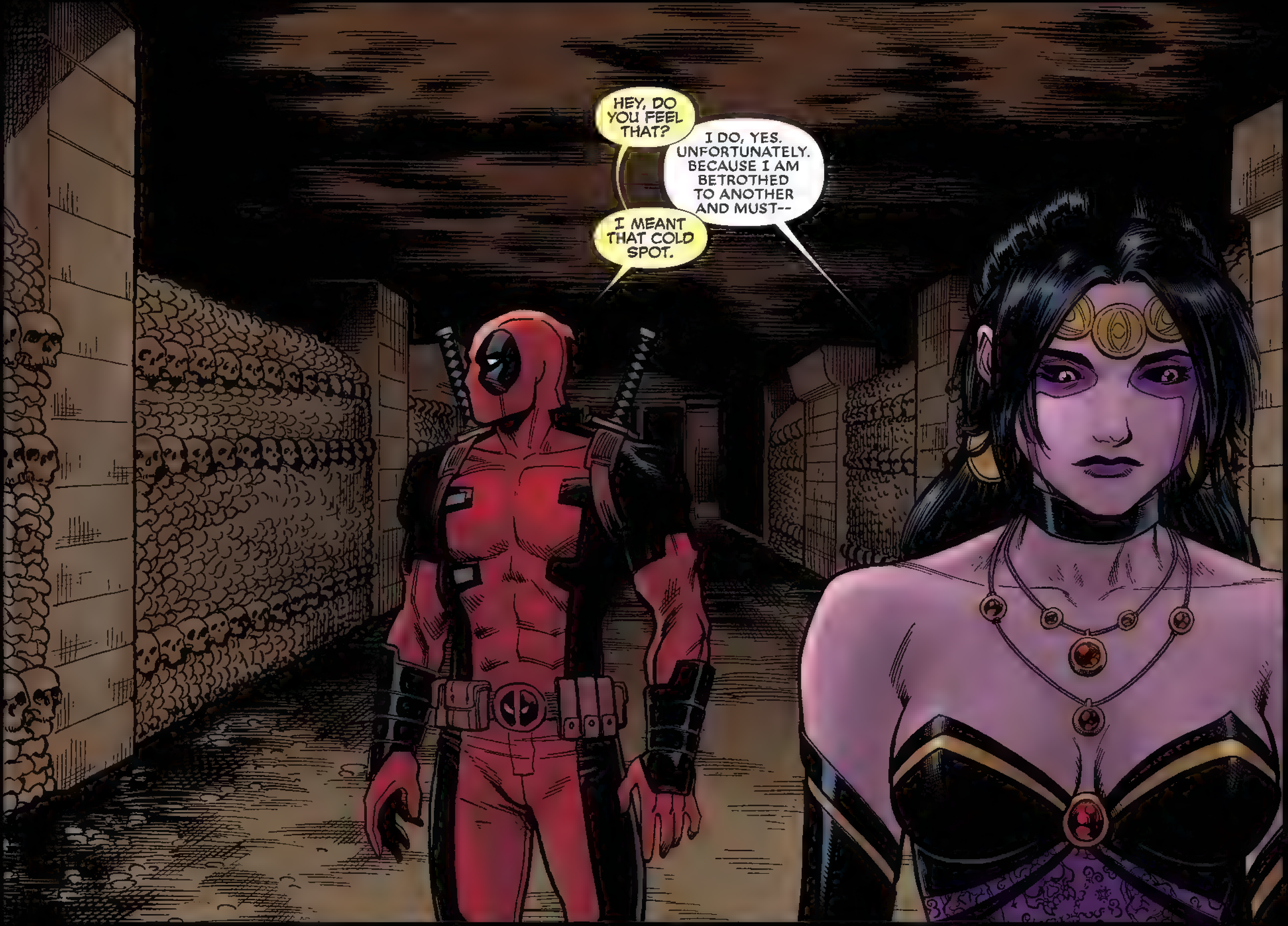

"WE WATCH YOU GROW OLDER, WHILE WE STAY IN YOUTH'S EMBRACE.

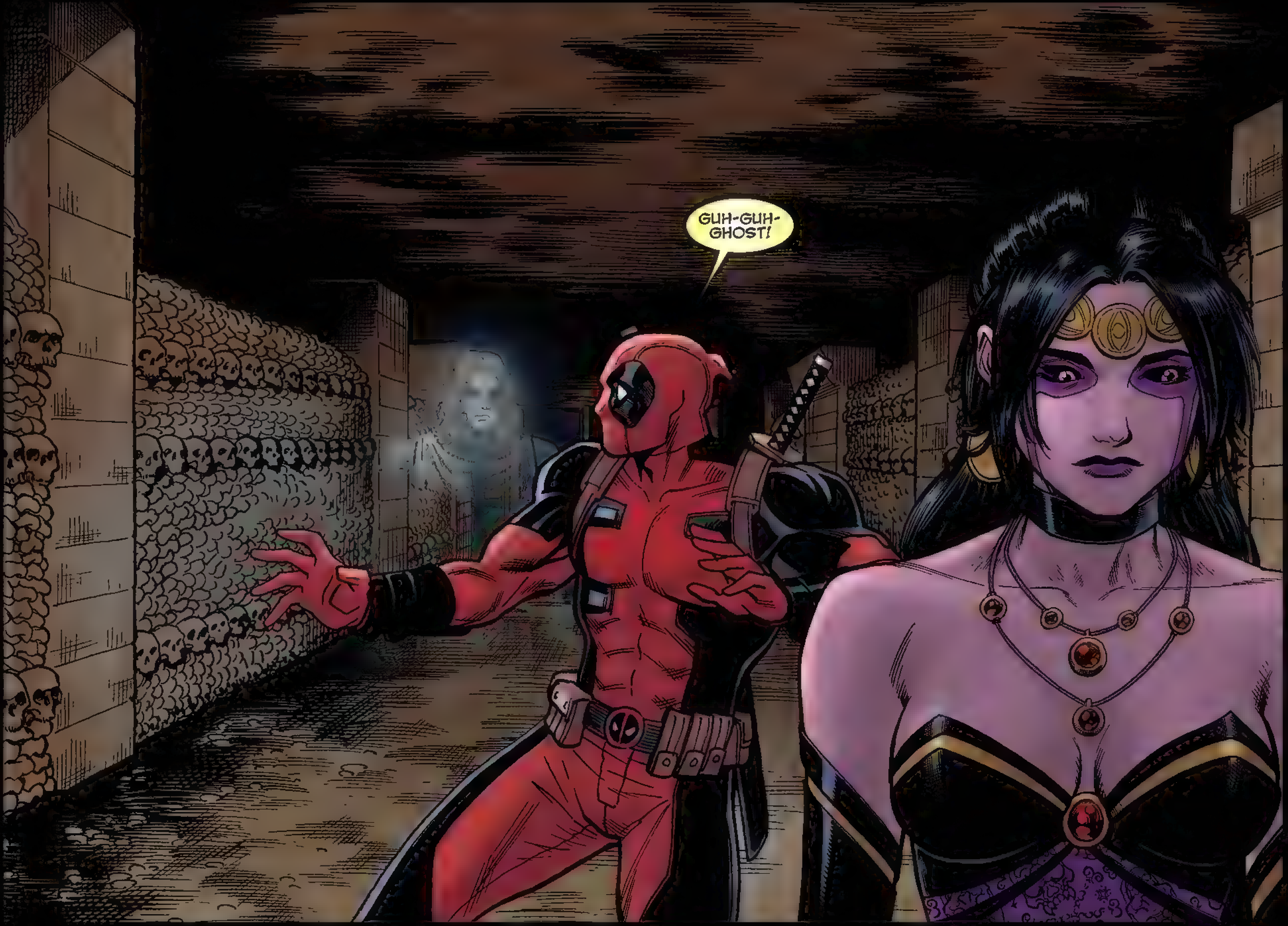

"MORTALS DIE. AND ALL THE WHILE, WE REMAIN UNMOVED BY THE RAVAGES OF TIME."

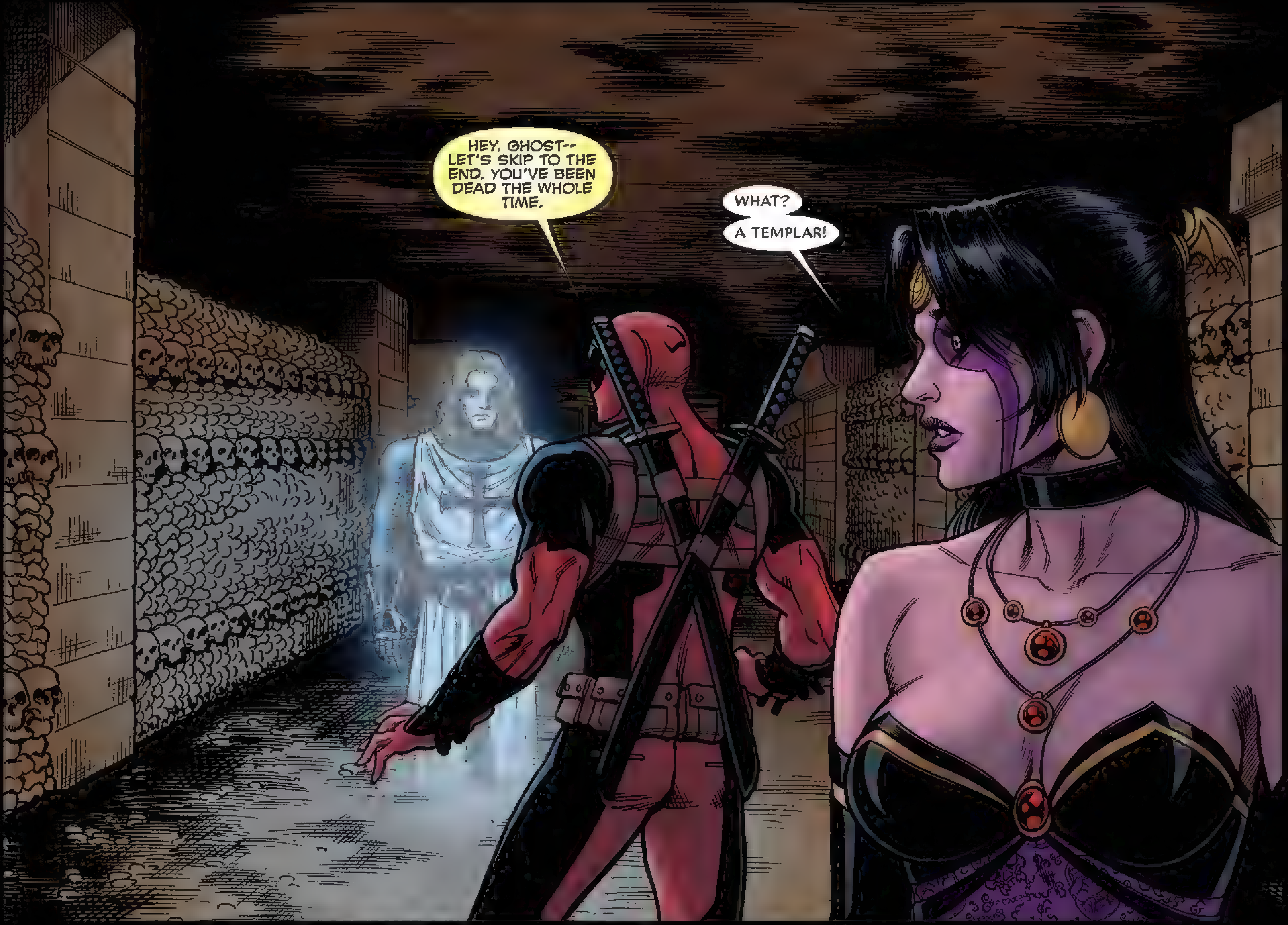

YOU WON'T CATCH ME DYING ANYTIME SOON.

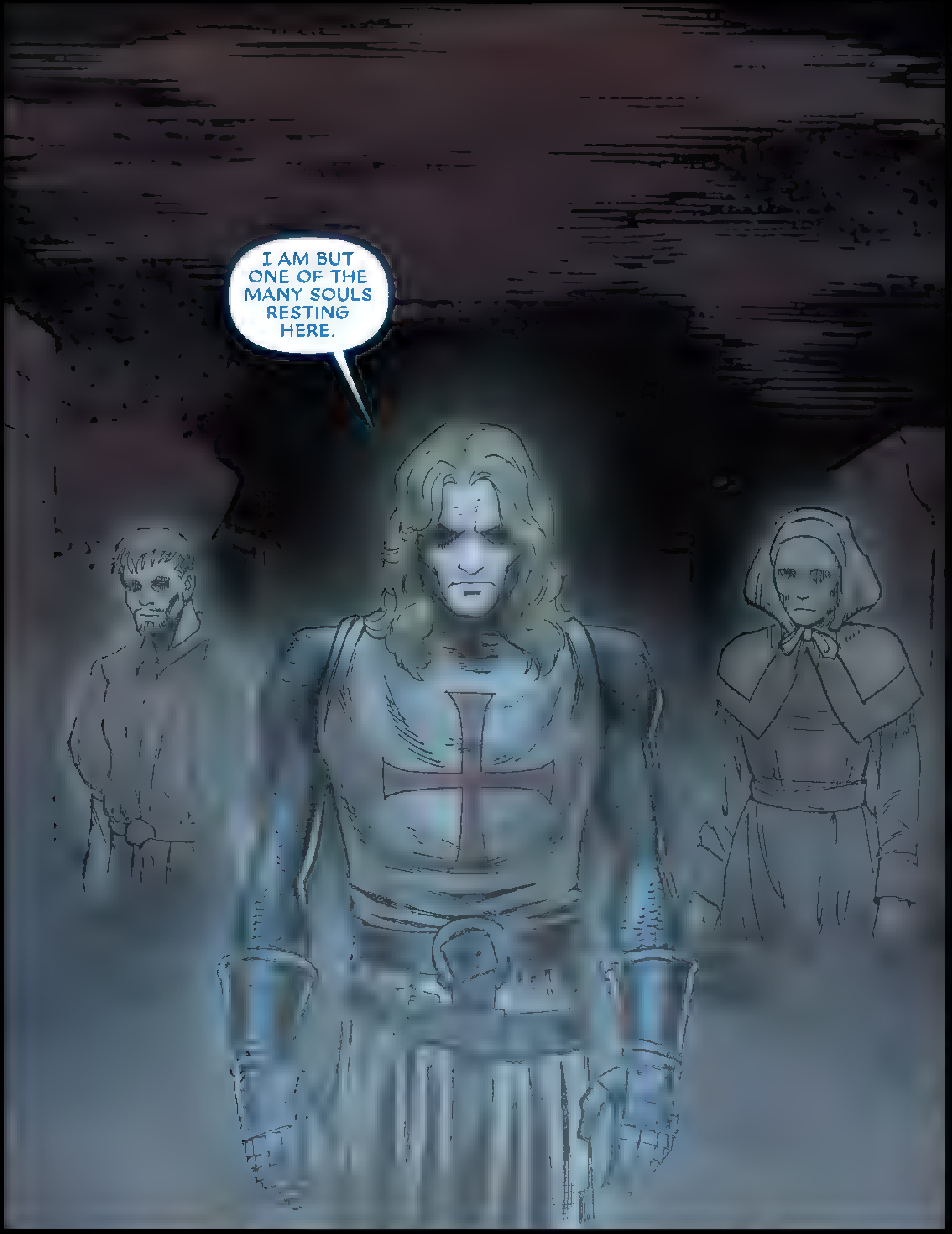

YOU WON'T CATCH ME DYING ANYTIME SOON.
IF I WERE A NORMAL MAN, I'D HAVE BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME AGO. NOTHING CAN KILL ME.

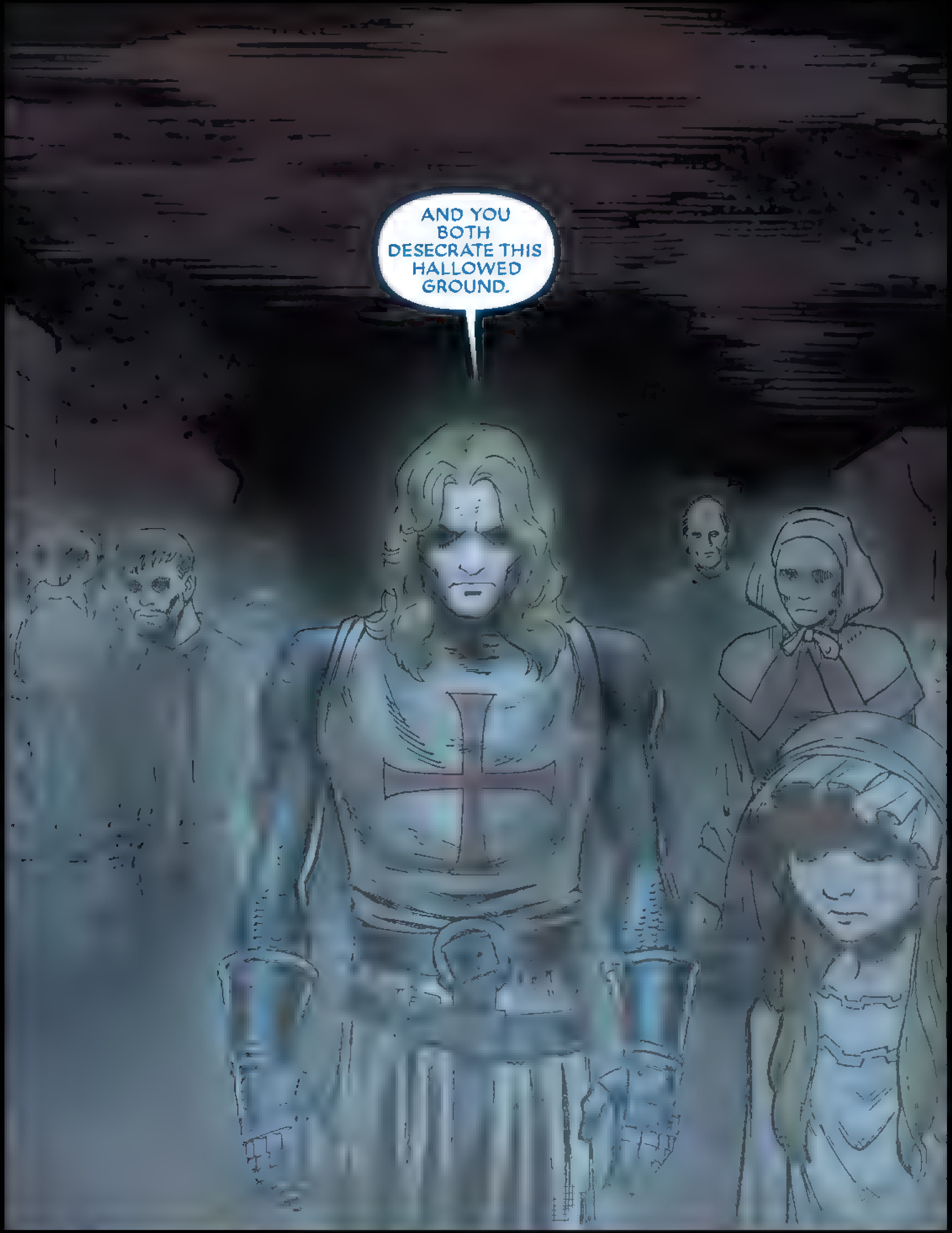

YOU WON'T CATCH ME DYING ANYTIME SOON.
IF I WERE A NORMAL MAN, I'D HAVE BEEN DEAD A LONG TIME AGO. NOTHING CAN KILL ME.
THAT NEWS SHOULD NOT MAKE ME SAD, BUT IT DOES.
WE ARE SO WELL MATCHED...

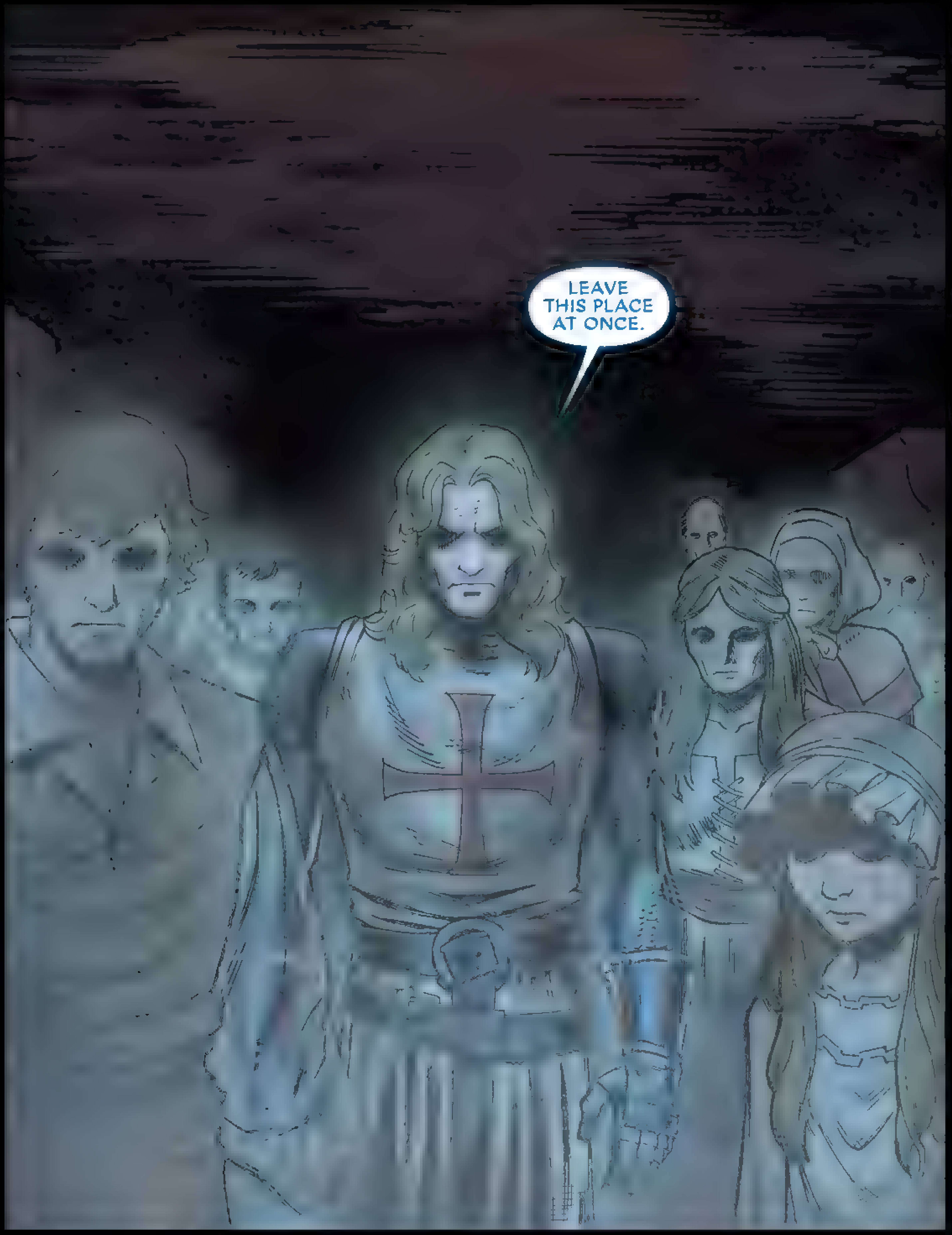

HEY, DO YOU FEEL THAT?
I DO, YES. UNFORTUNATELY. BECAUSE I AM BETROTHED TO ANOTHER AND MUST--
I MEANT THAT COLD SPOT.

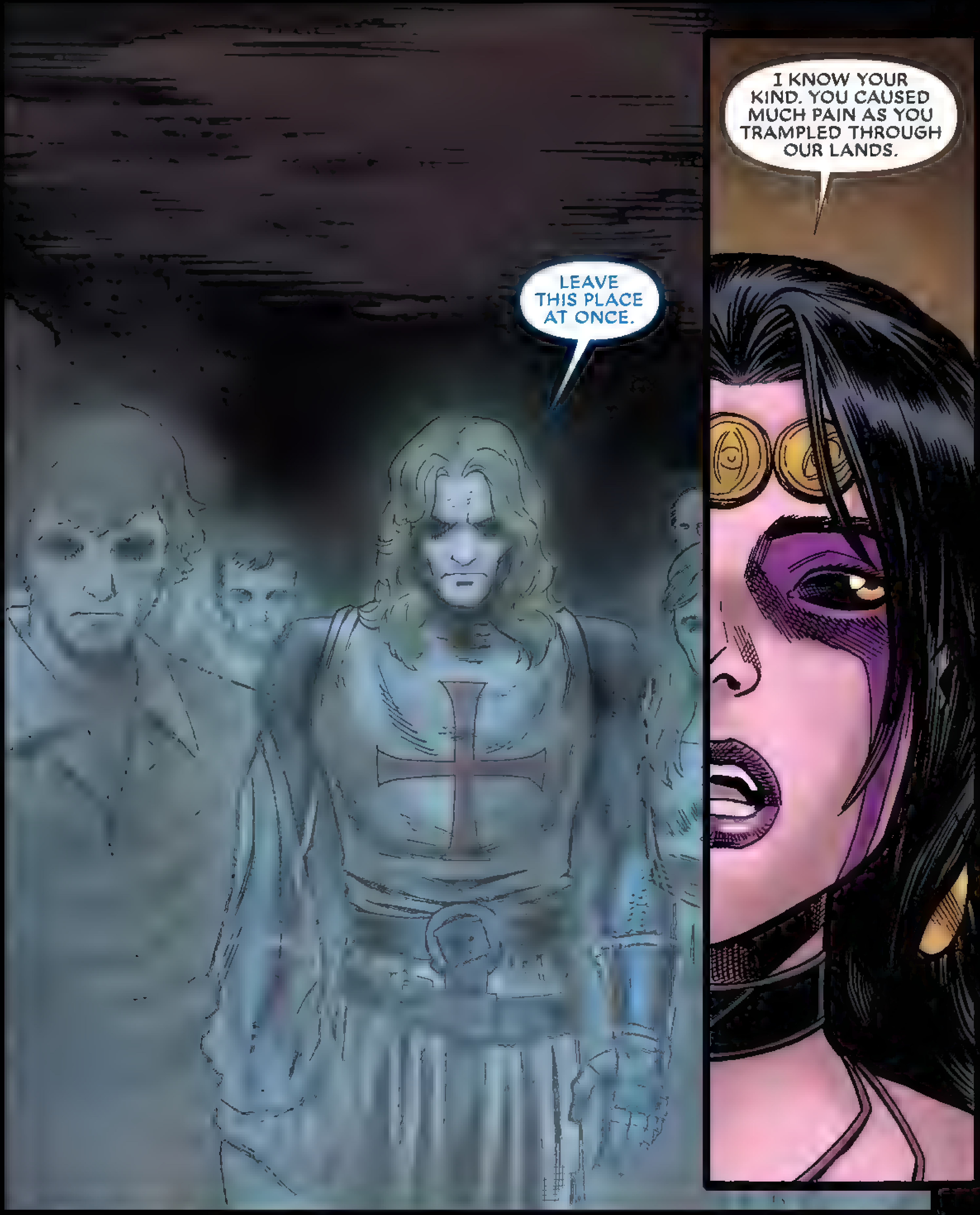

GUH-GUH-GHOST!

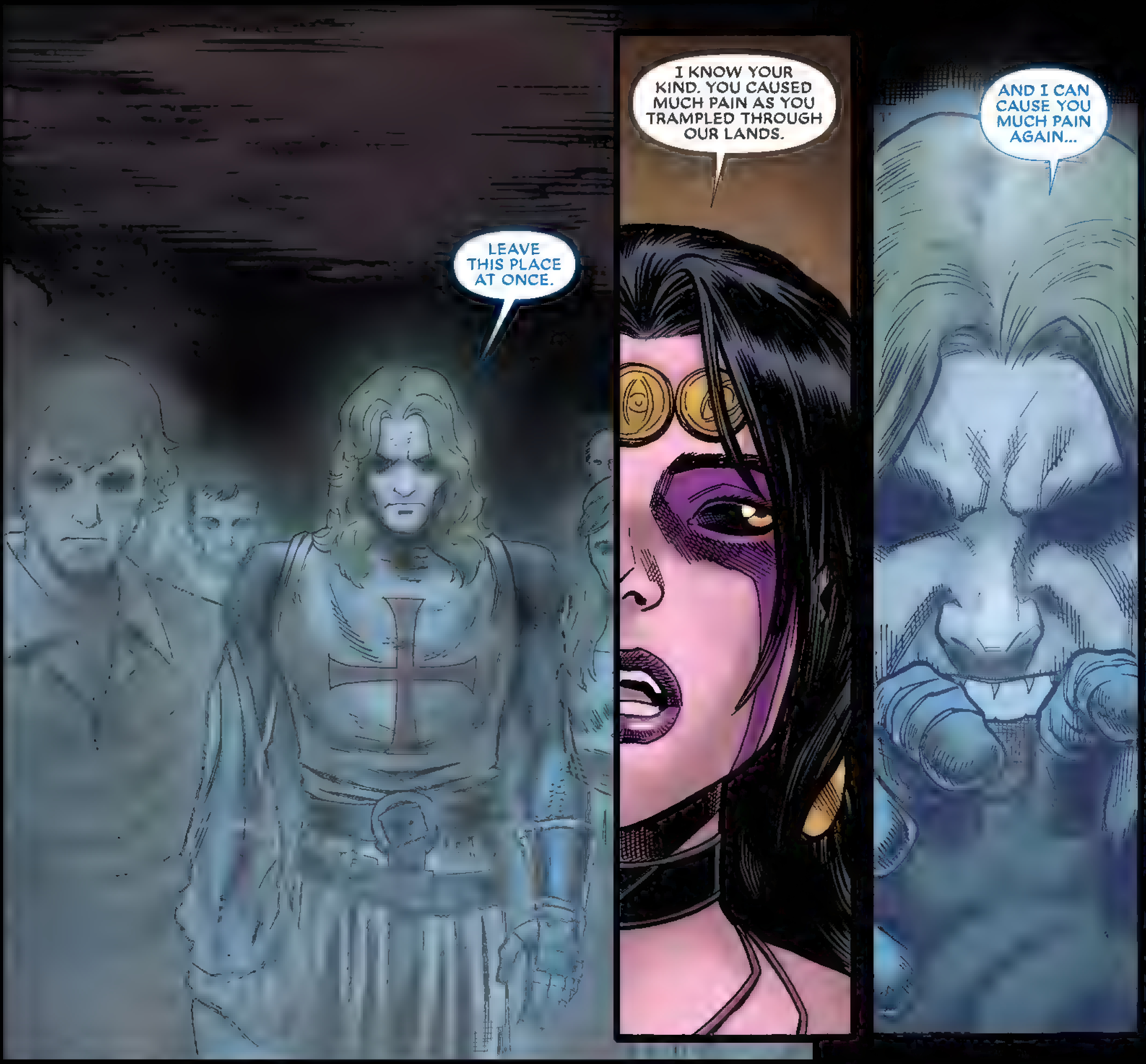

HEY, GHOST-- LET'S SKIP TO THE END. YOU'VE BEEN DEAD THE WHOLE TIME.
WHAT?
A TEMPLAR!

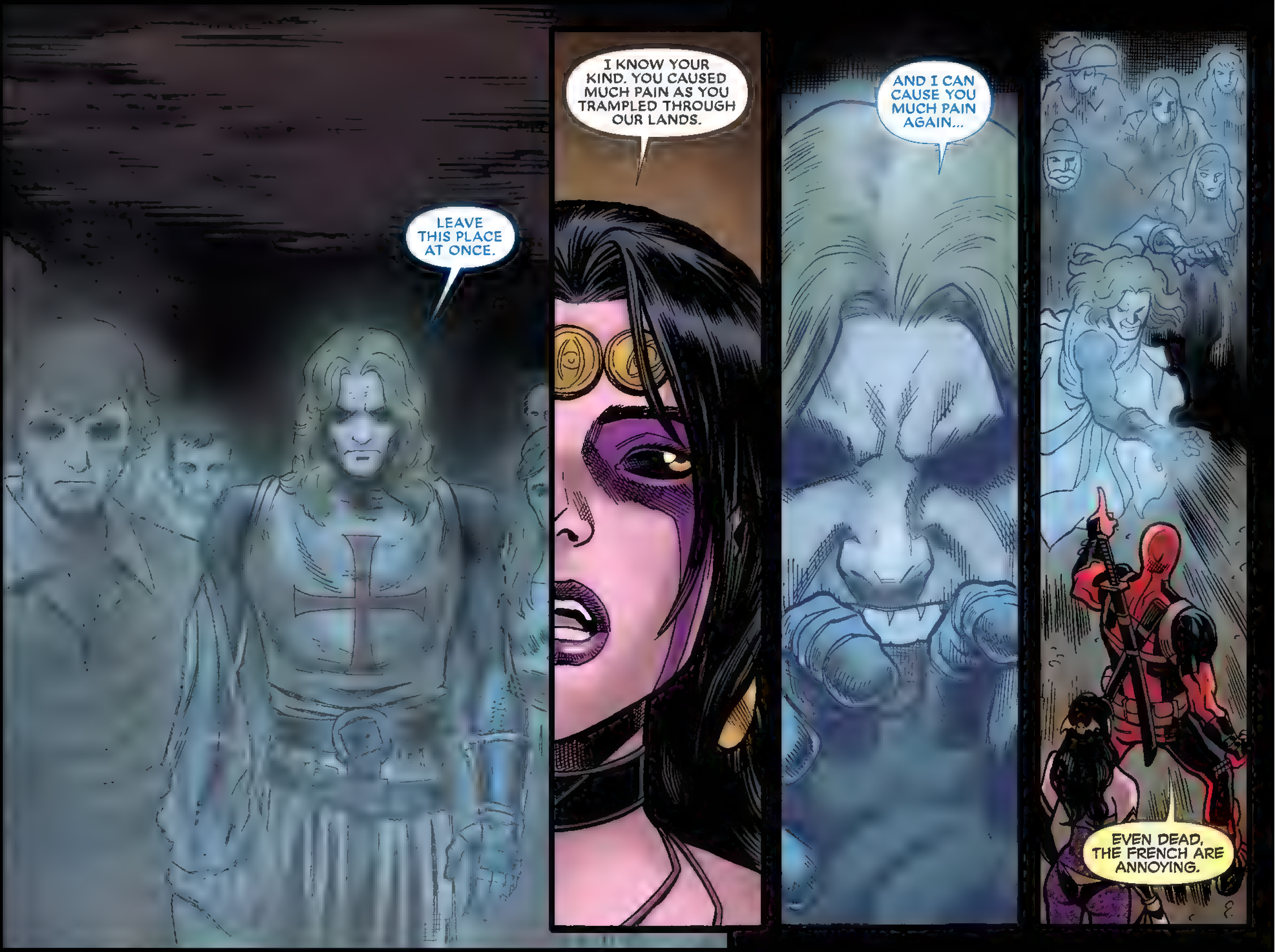

I AM BUT ONE OF THE MANY SOULS RESTING HERE.

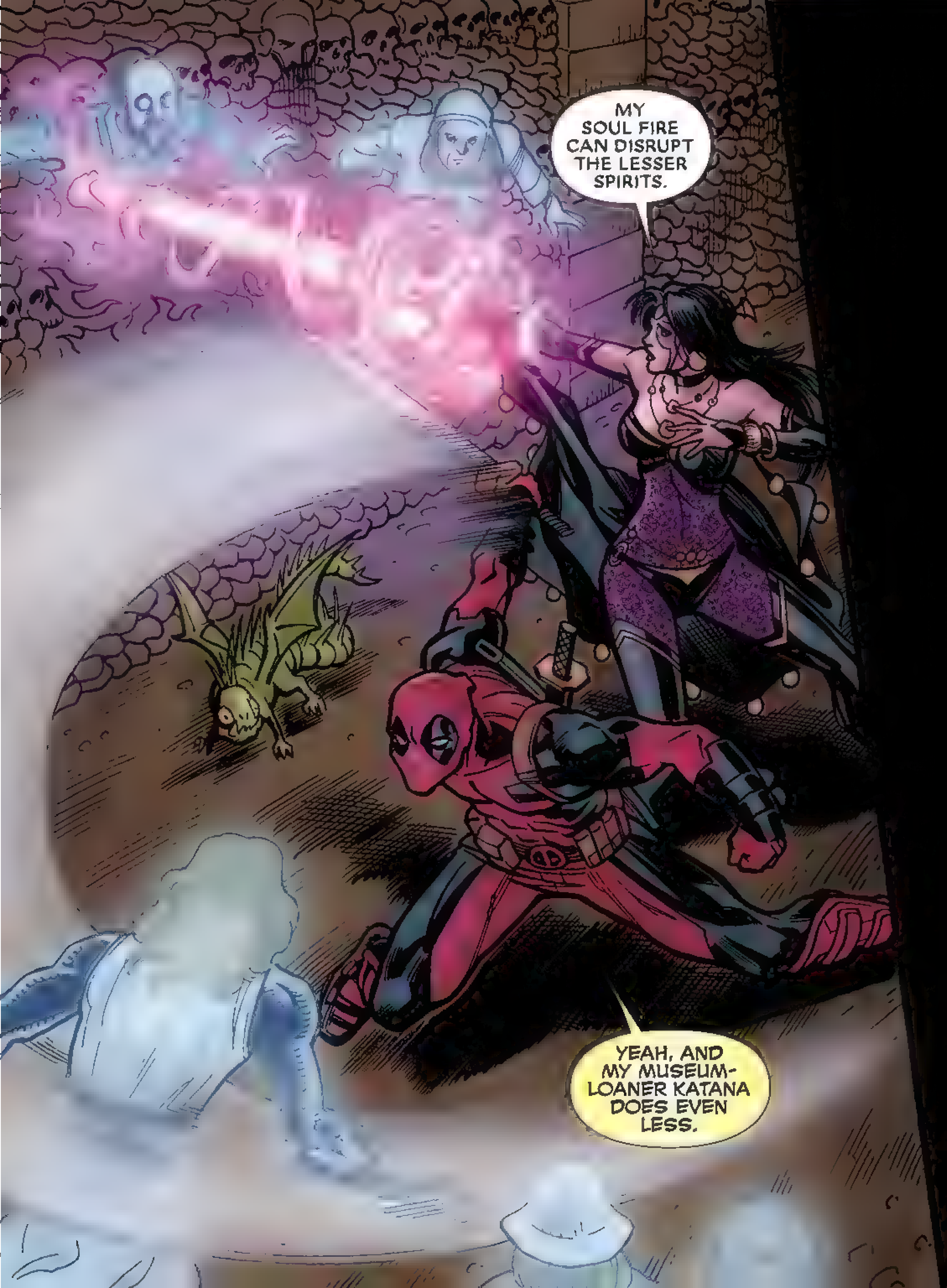

AND YOU BOTH DESECRATE THIS HALLOWED GROUND.


LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE.


I KNOW YOUR KIND. YOU CAUSED MUCH PAIN AS YOU TRAMPLED THROUGH OUR LANDS.
LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE.

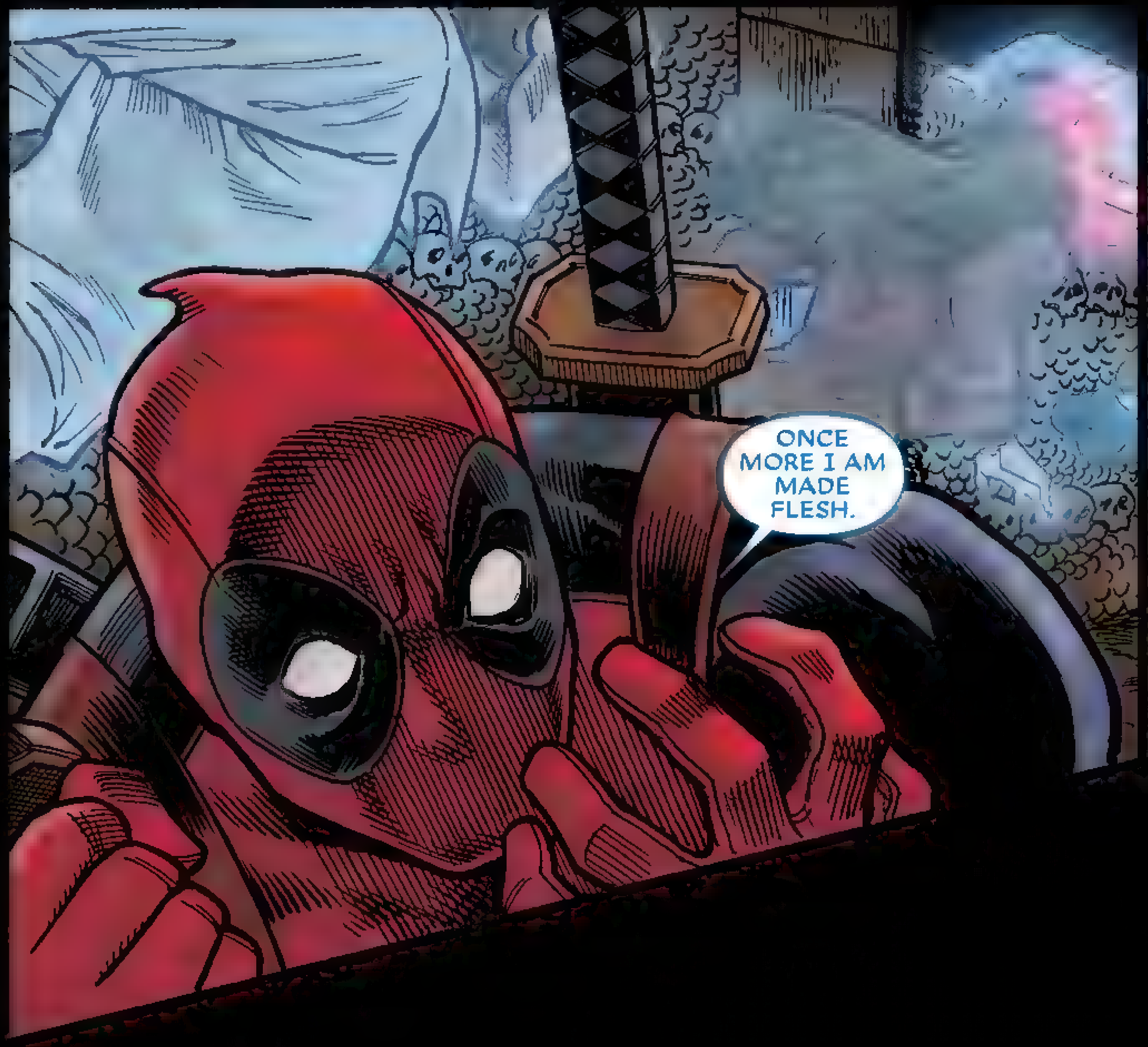

LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE.
I KNOW YOUR KIND. YOU CAUSED MUCH PAIN AS YOU TRAMPLED THROUGH OUR LANDS.
AND I CAN CAUSE YOU MUCH PAIN AGAIN...

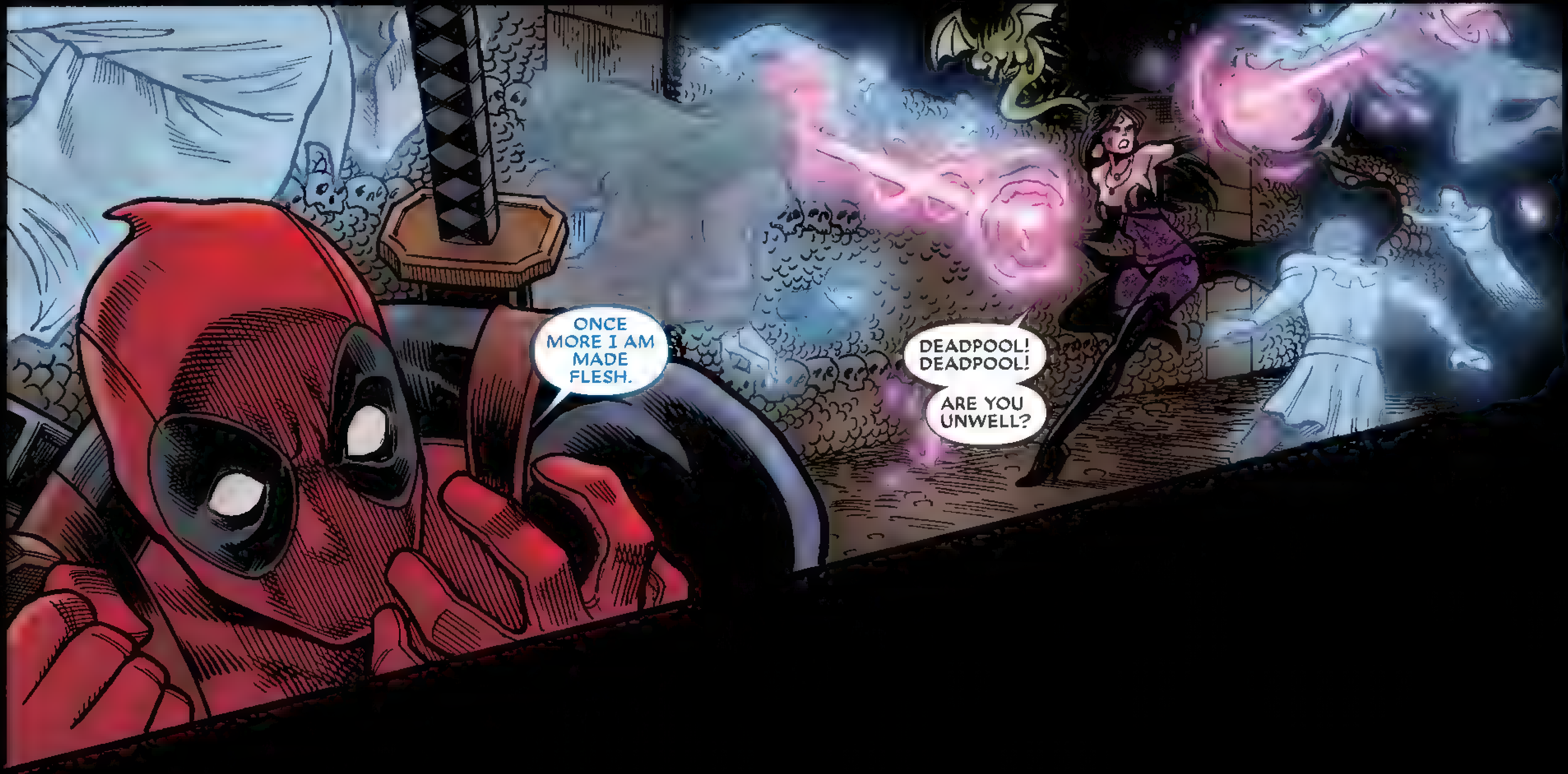

LEAVE THIS PLACE AT ONCE.
I KNOW YOUR KIND. YOU CAUSED MUCH PAIN AS YOU TRAMPLED THROUGH OUR LANDS.
AND I CAN CAUSE YOU MUCH PAIN AGAIN...
EVEN DEAD, THE FRENCH ARE ANNOYING.

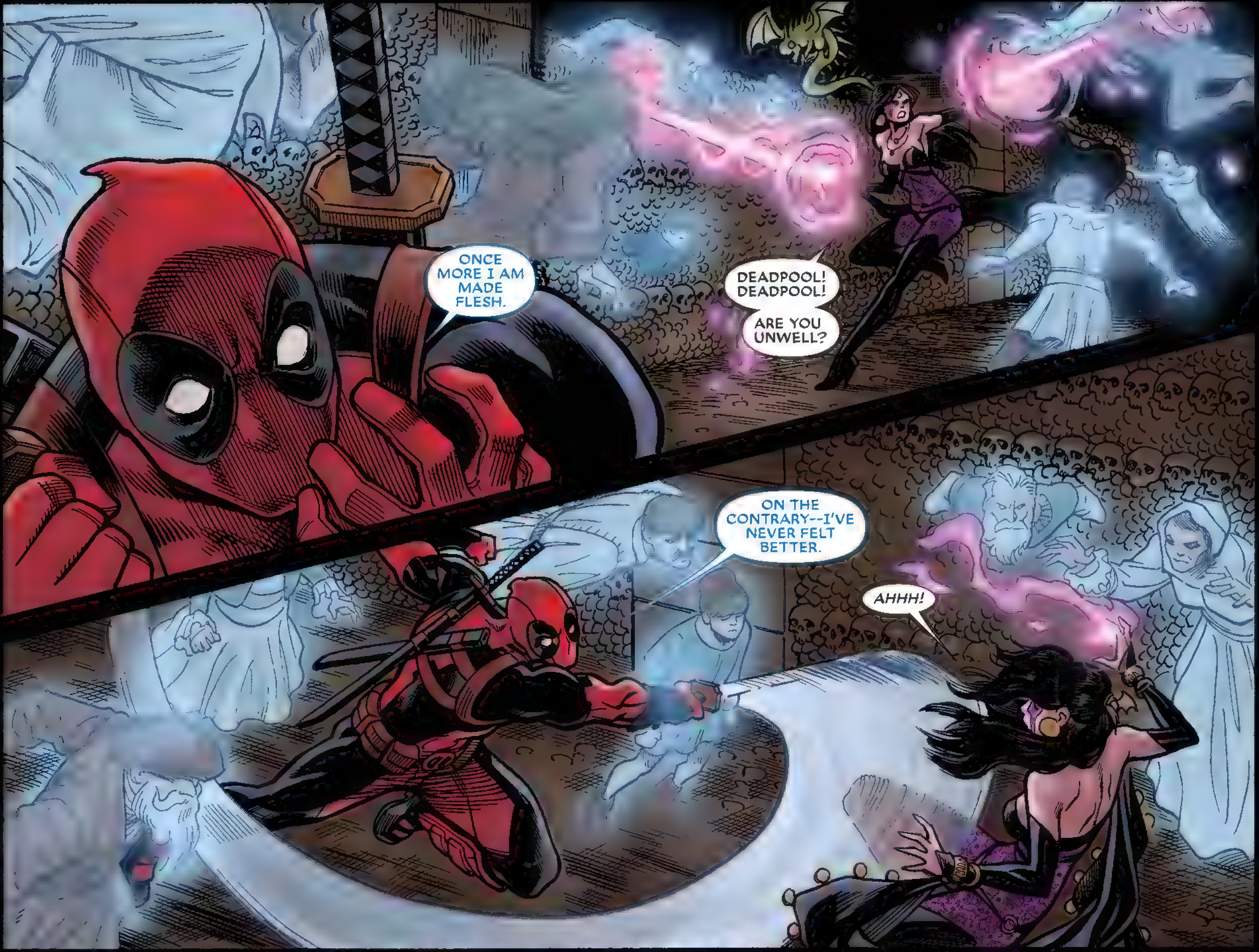

MY SOUL FIRE CAN DISRUPT THE LESSER SPIRITS.
YEAH, AND MY MUSEUM-LOANER KATANA DOES EVEN LESS.

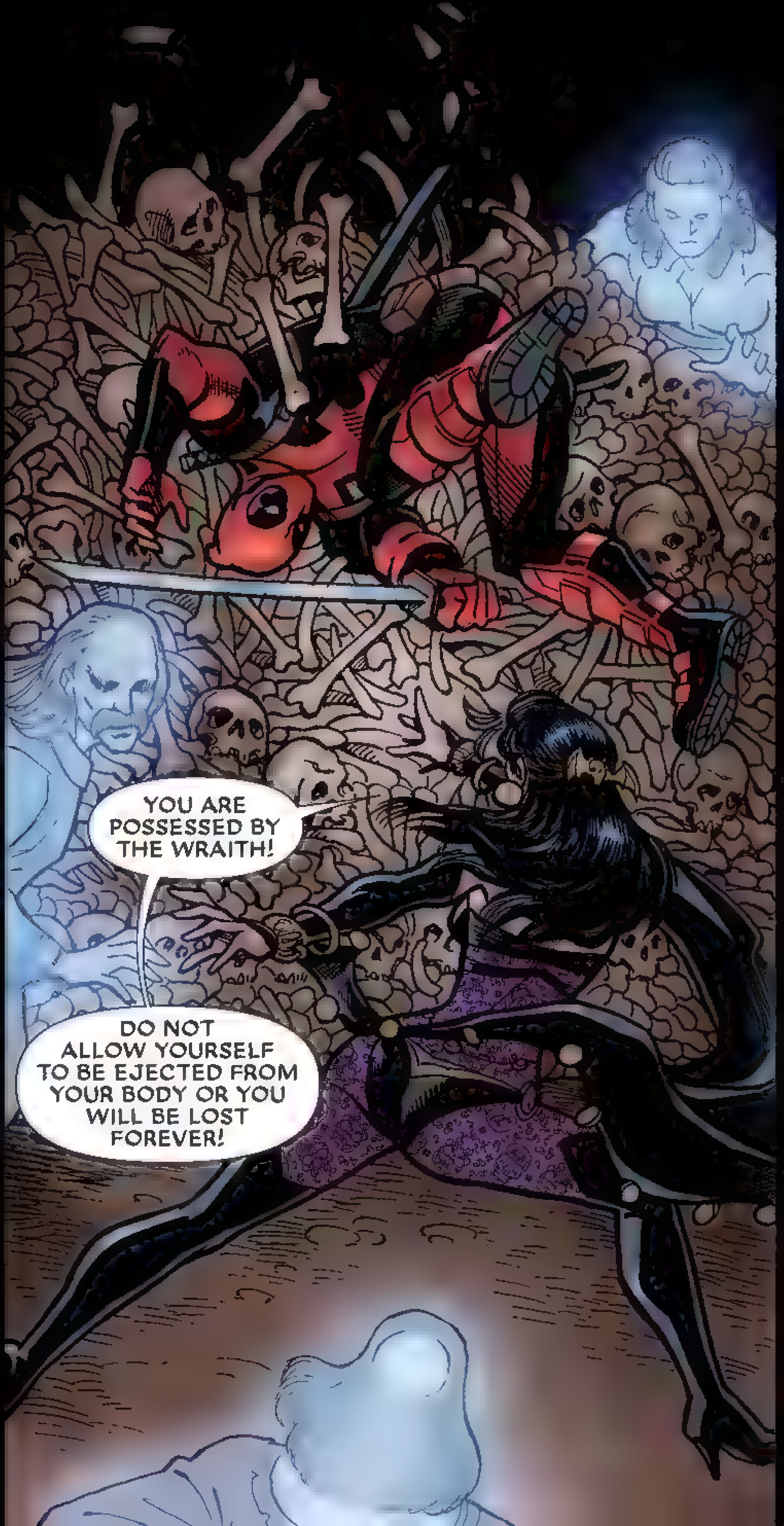
MY SOUL FIRE CAN DISRUPT THE LESSER SPIRITS.
YEAH, AND MY MUSEUM-LOANER KATANA DOES EVEN LESS.
LET US PASS AND YOU CAN RESUME YOUR SLUMBER. WE DID NOT MEAN TO WAKE YOU!

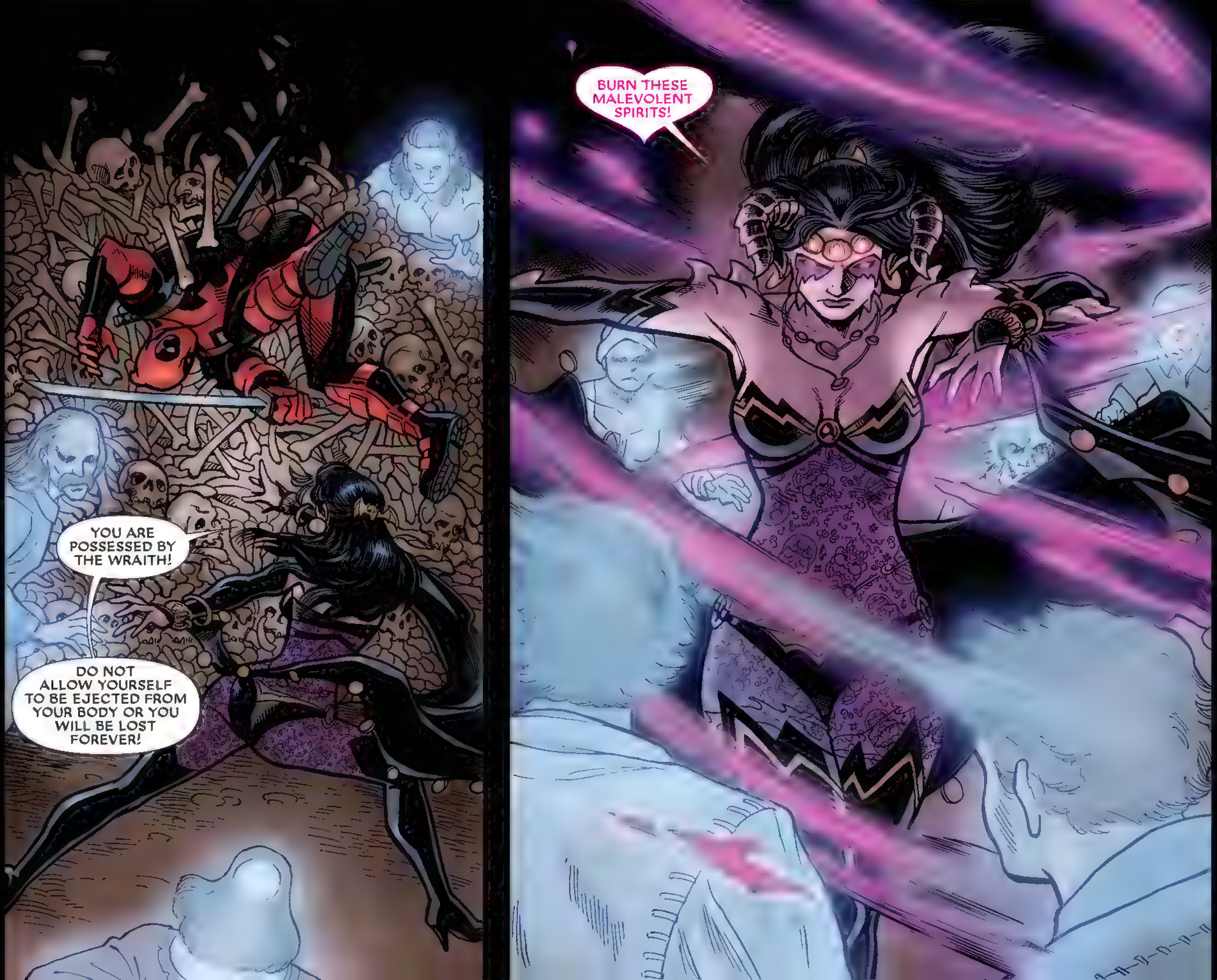
MY SOUL FIRE CAN DISRUPT THE LESSER SPIRITS.
YEAH, AND MY MUSEUM-LOANER KATANA DOES EVEN LESS.
LET US PASS AND YOU CAN RESUME YOUR SLUMBER. WE DID NOT MEAN TO WAKE YOU!
TOO LATE FOR THAT.


ONCE MORE I AM MADE FLESH.


ONCE MORE I AM MADE FLESH.
DEADPOOL! DEADPOOL!
ARE YOU UNWELL?

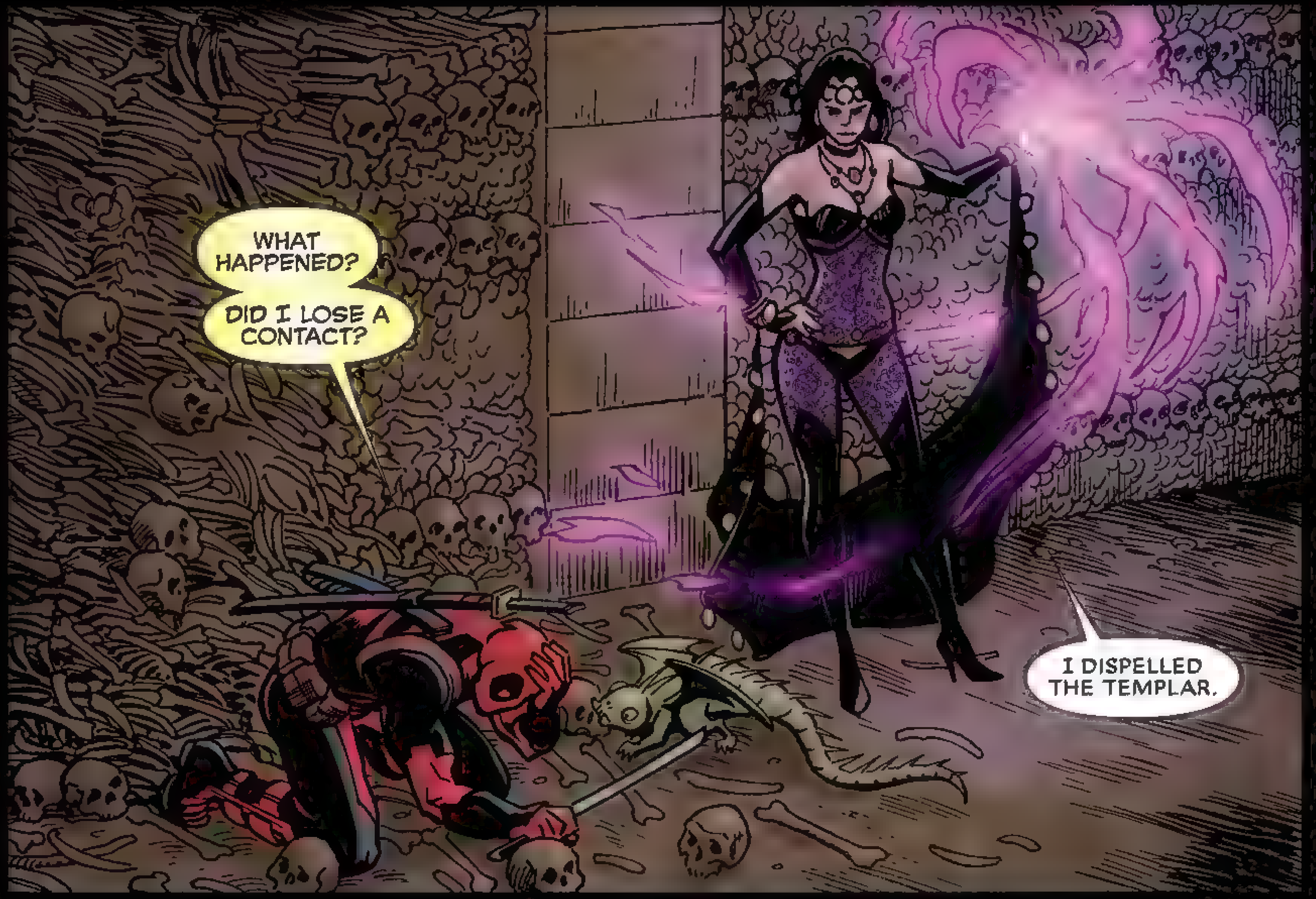

ONCE MORE I AM MADE FLESH.
DEADPOOL! DEADPOOL!
ARE YOU UNWELL?
ON THE CONTRARY--I'VE NEVER FELT BETTER.
AHHH!

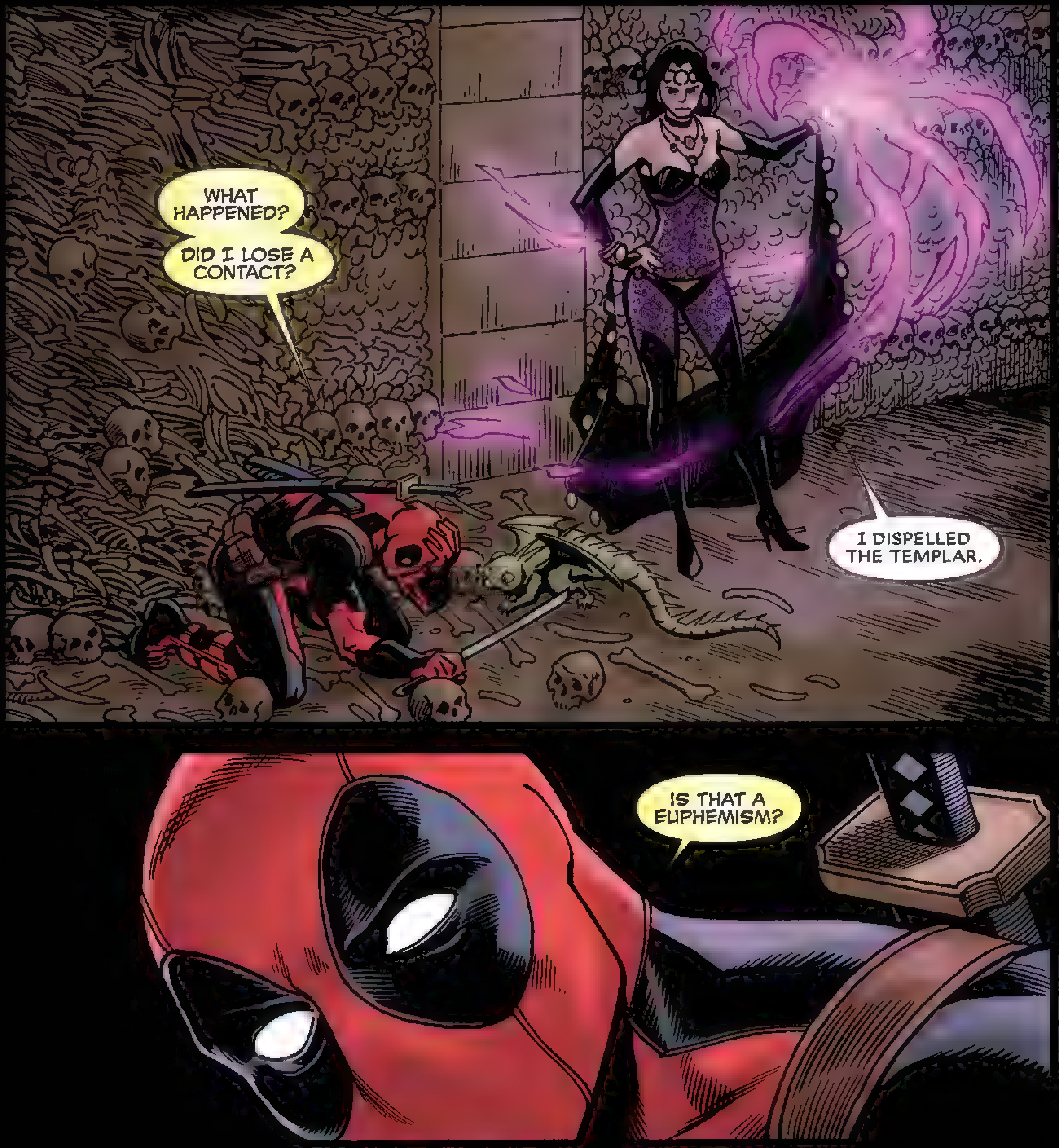

YOU ARE POSSESSED BY THE WRAITH!
DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE EJECTED FROM YOUR BODY OR YOU WILL BE LOST FOREVER!

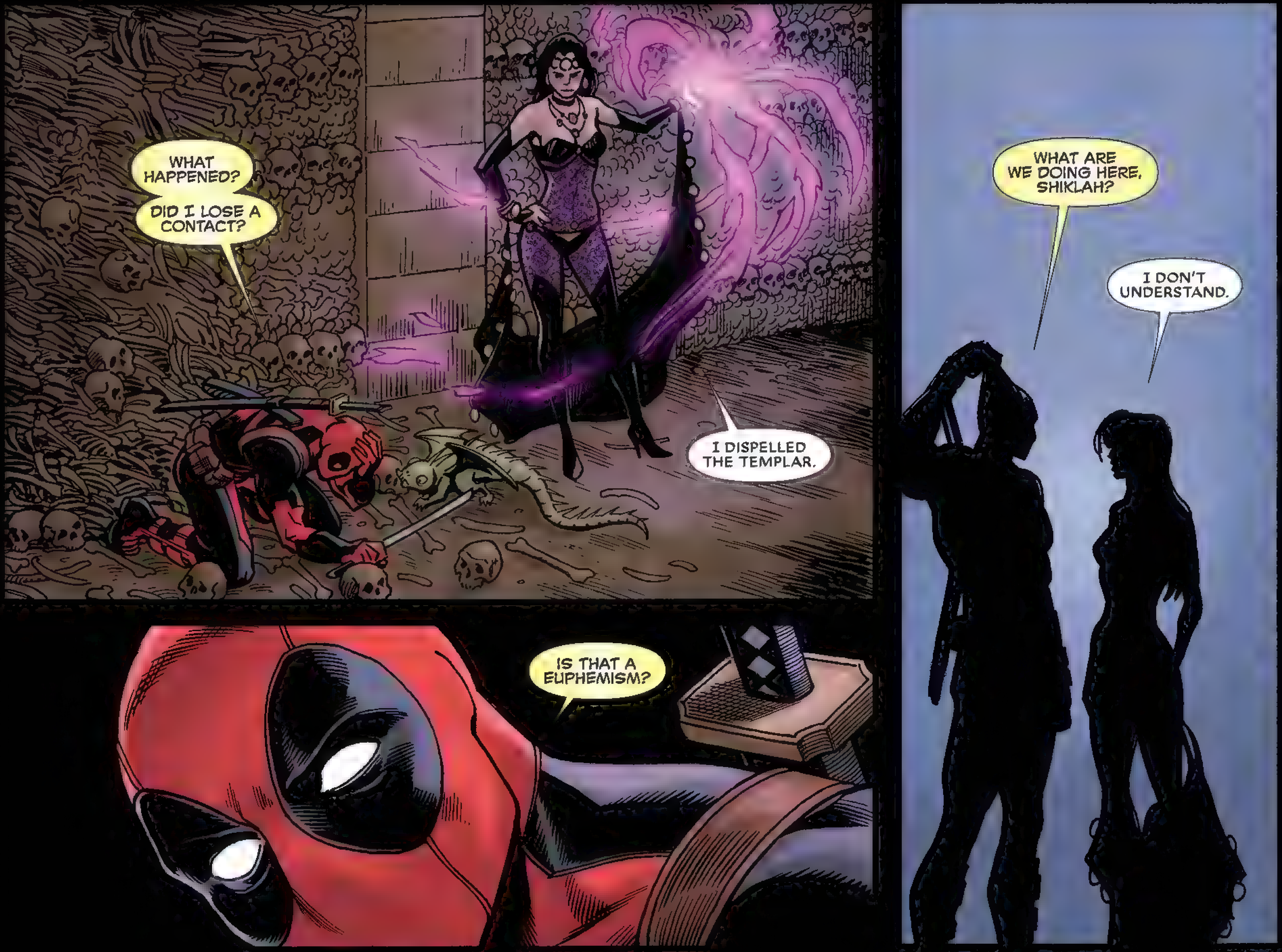

YOU ARE POSSESSED BY THE WRAITH!
DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE EJECTED FROM YOUR BODY OR YOU WILL BE LOST FOREVER!
BURN THESE MALEVOLENT SPIRITS!

YOU ARE POSSESSED BY THE WRAITH!
DO NOT ALLOW YOURSELF TO BE EJECTED FROM YOUR BODY OR YOU WILL BE LOST FOREVER!
AND YOU-- TEMPLAR.

GET OUT OF MY FRIEND.

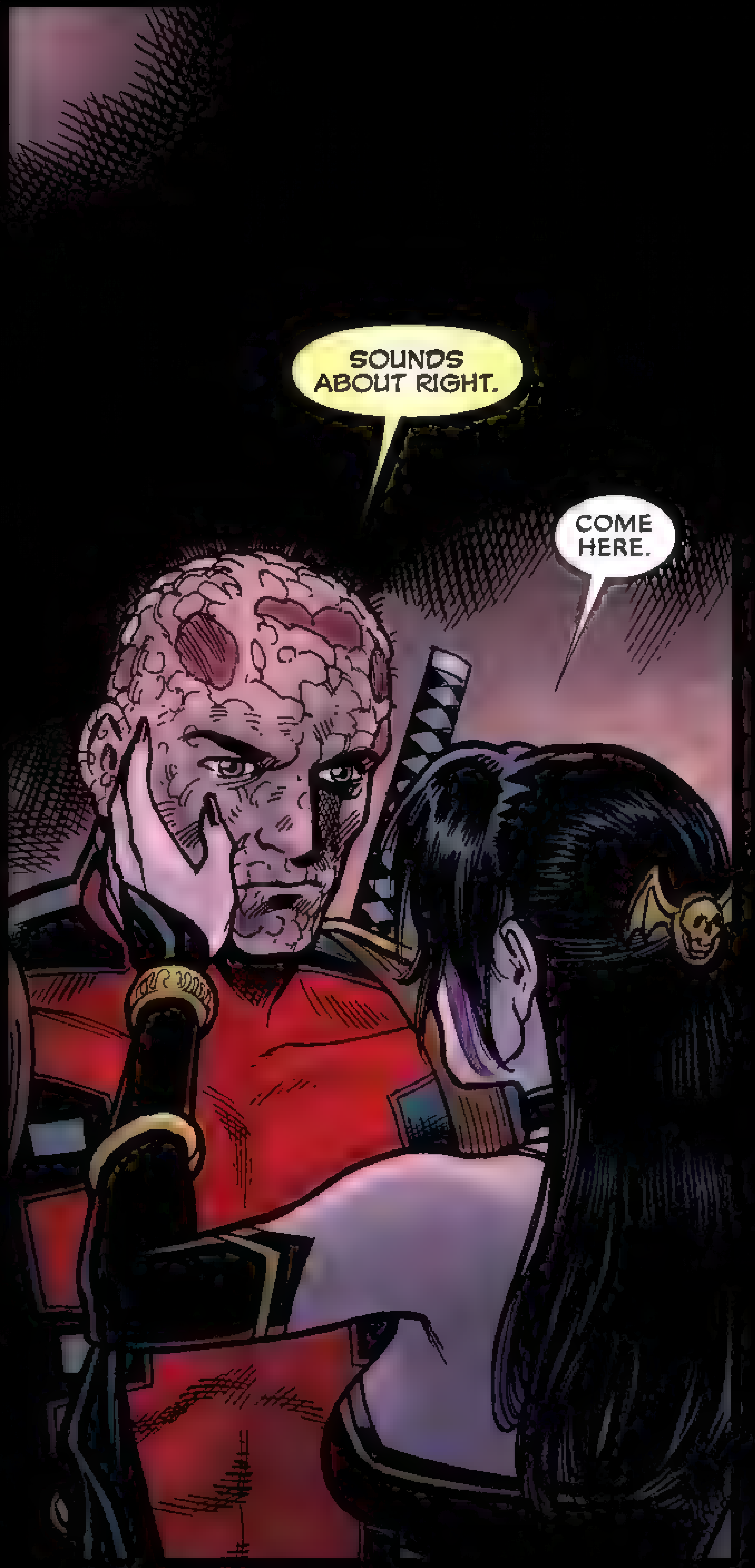

WHAT HAPPENED?
DID I LOSE A CONTACT?
I DISPELLED THE TEMPLAR.

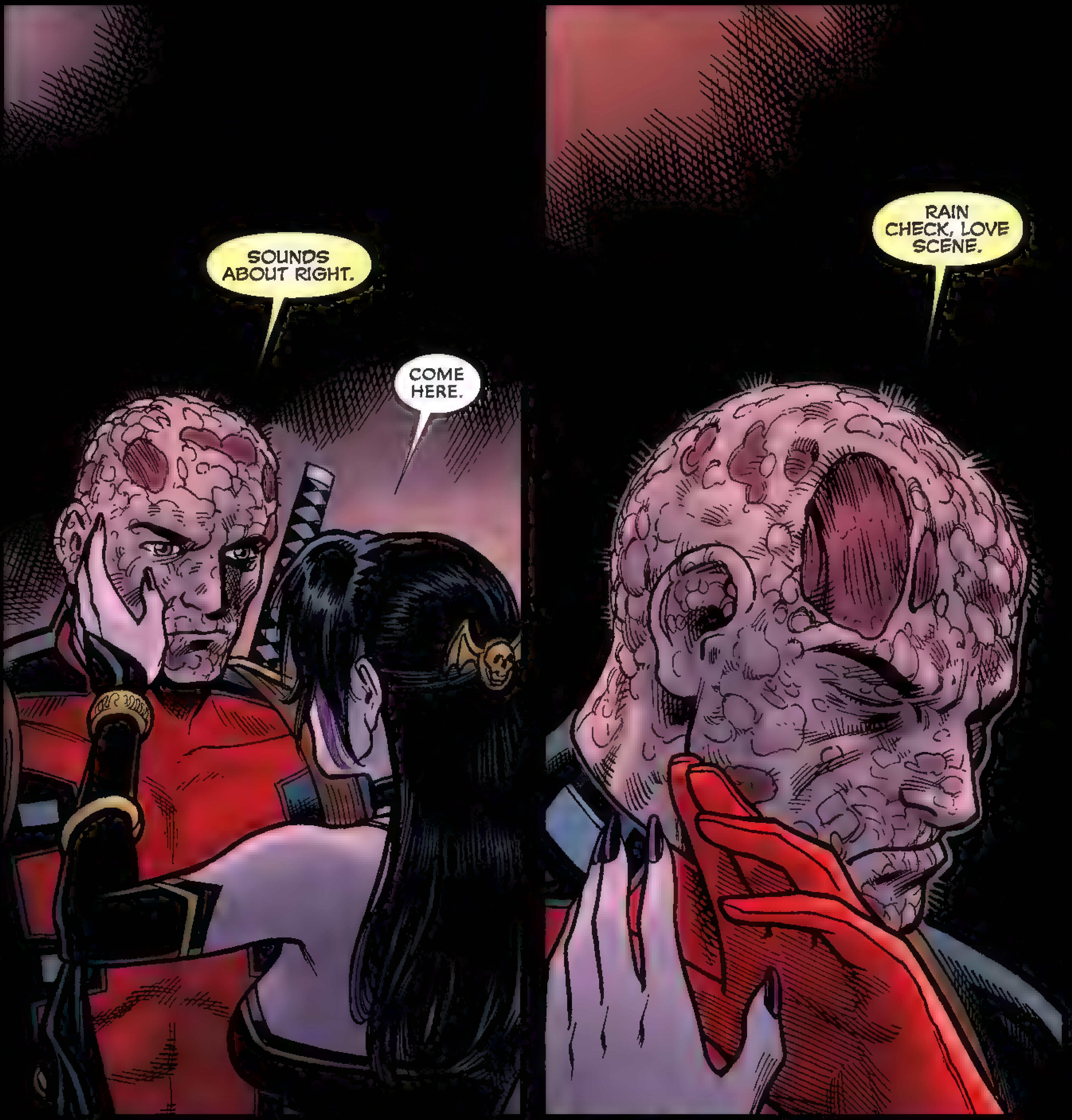

WHAT HAPPENED?
DID I LOSE A CONTACT?
I DISPELLED THE TEMPLAR.
IS THAT A EUPHEMISM?

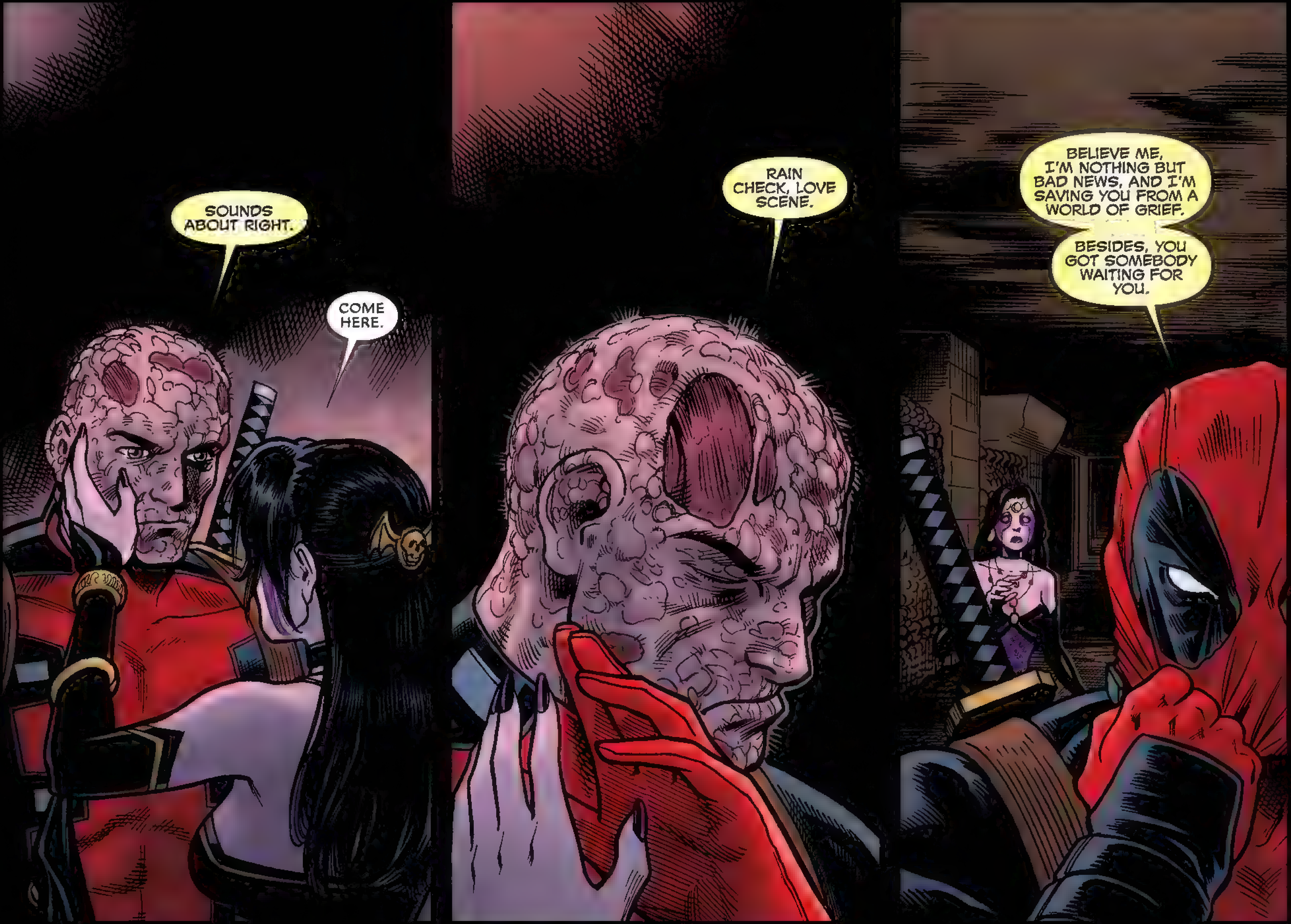

WHAT HAPPENED?
DID I LOSE A CONTACT?
I DISPELLED THE TEMPLAR.
IS THAT A EUPHEMISM?
WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE, SHIKLAH?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND.

YOU KNOW *EXACTLY* WHAT I MEAN. YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE GETTING MARRIED. I'VE BEEN DEALING WITH LOSS QUITE A BIT RECENTLY, AND I'VE DECIDED *I DON'T LIKE TO LOSE.*

FROM HERE ON OUT, LET'S JUST KEEP THIS A *BUSINESS TRIP*, OKAY?
I DON'T NEED TO GET ATTACHED. I DON'T NEED YOU PUTTING A SUCCUBUS WHAMMY ON ME.
I TRIED TO DRAIN YOU AND *FAILED*. PERHAPS YOU'RE NOT BEING HONEST ABOUT YOUR OWN EMOTIONS.

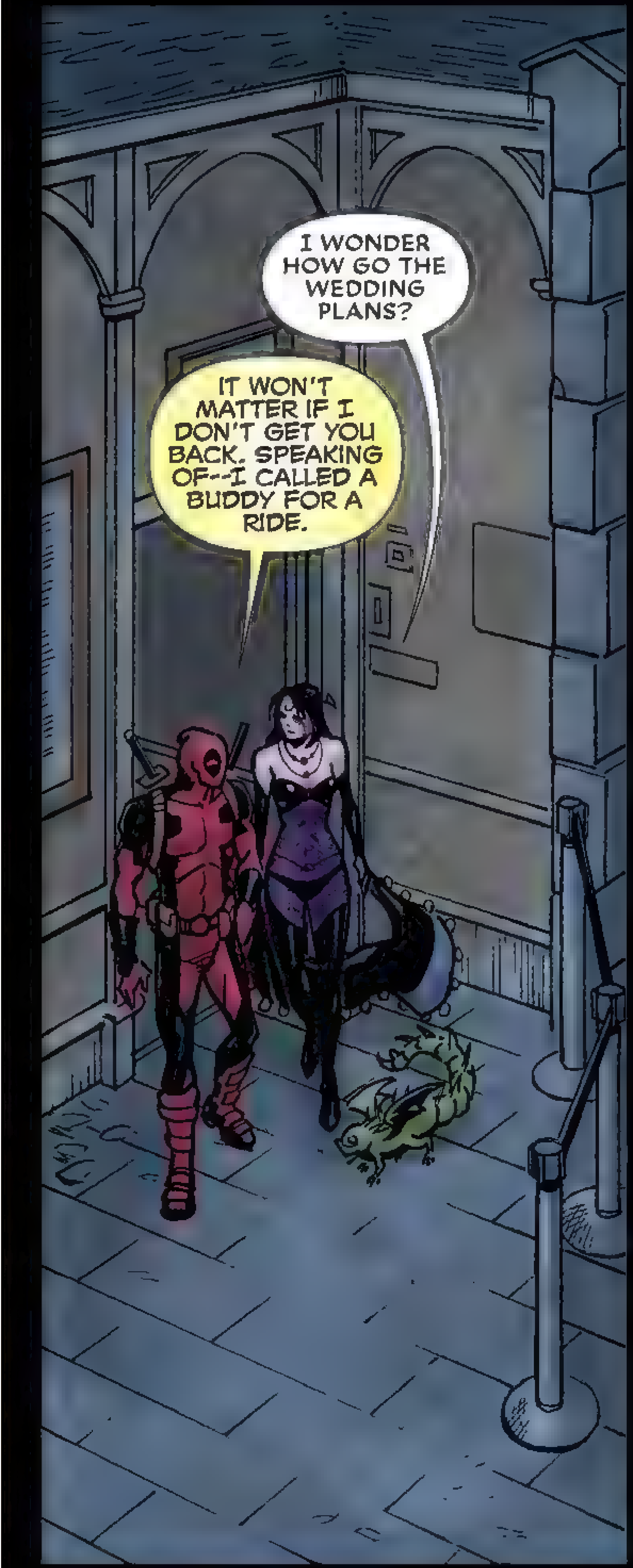

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
COME HERE.

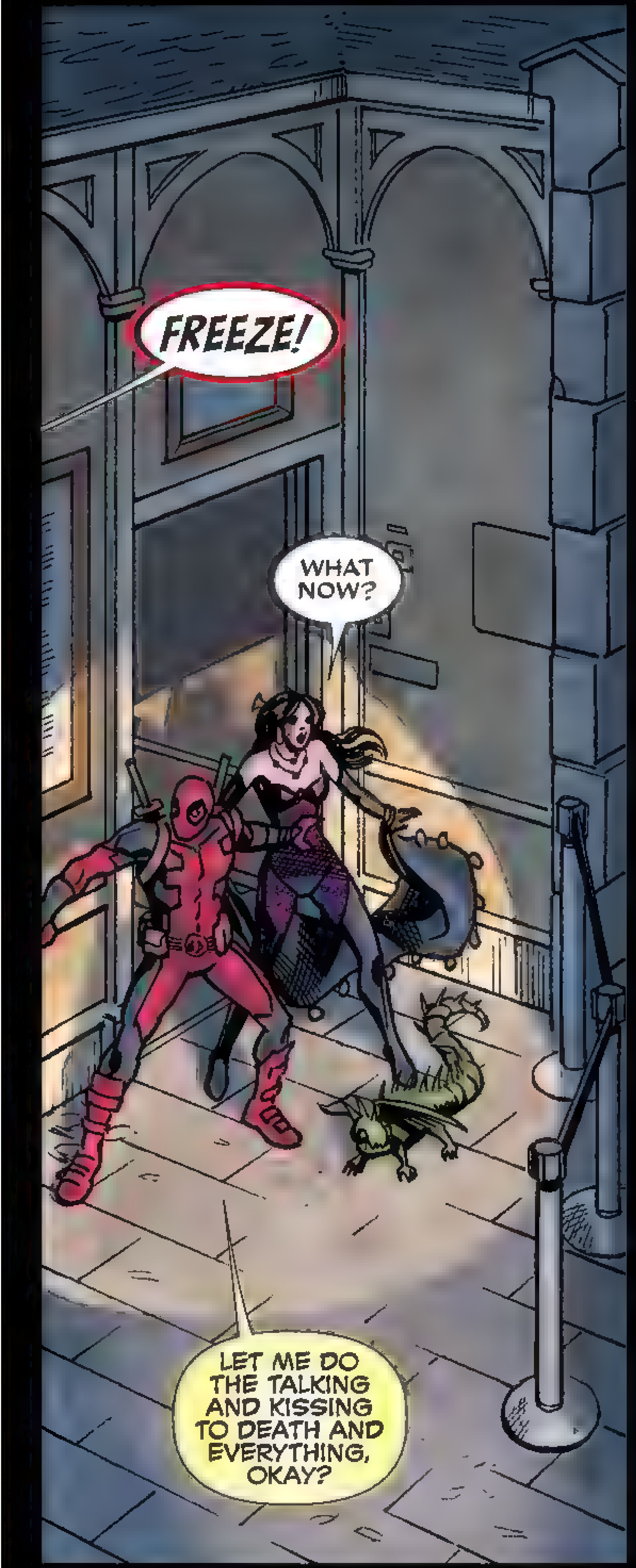

SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
COME HERE.
RAIN CHECK, LOVE SCENE.


SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT.
COME HERE.
RAIN CHECK, LOVE SCENE.
BELIEVE ME, I'M NOTHING BUT BAD NEWS, AND I'M SAVING YOU FROM A WORLD OF GRIEF.
BESIDES, YOU GOT SOMEBODY WAITING FOR YOU.

MEANWHILE, UNDER NEW YORK IN DRACULA'S MANSION...
SIR, DON'T--
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS GATHERING?!
A WEDDING MEANS PARTYING.
BESIDES, MAN--WE WERE INVITED.
BY WHOM?!
BY SHIKLAH'S BROTHERS!
CALM DOWN, BLOODSUCKER! WE'RE ALL FAMILY NOW.

MEANWHILE, UNDER NEW YORK IN DRACULA'S MANSION...
SIR, DON'T--
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS GATHERING?!
A WEDDING MEANS PARTYING.
BESIDES, MAN--WE WERE INVITED.
BY WHOM?!
BY SHIKLAH'S BROTHERS!
CALM DOWN, BLOODSUCKER! WE'RE ALL FAMILY NOW.
BRING ME STAKES, REGINALD.
NOW, SIR, PERHAPS WE SHOULD--
NOW.

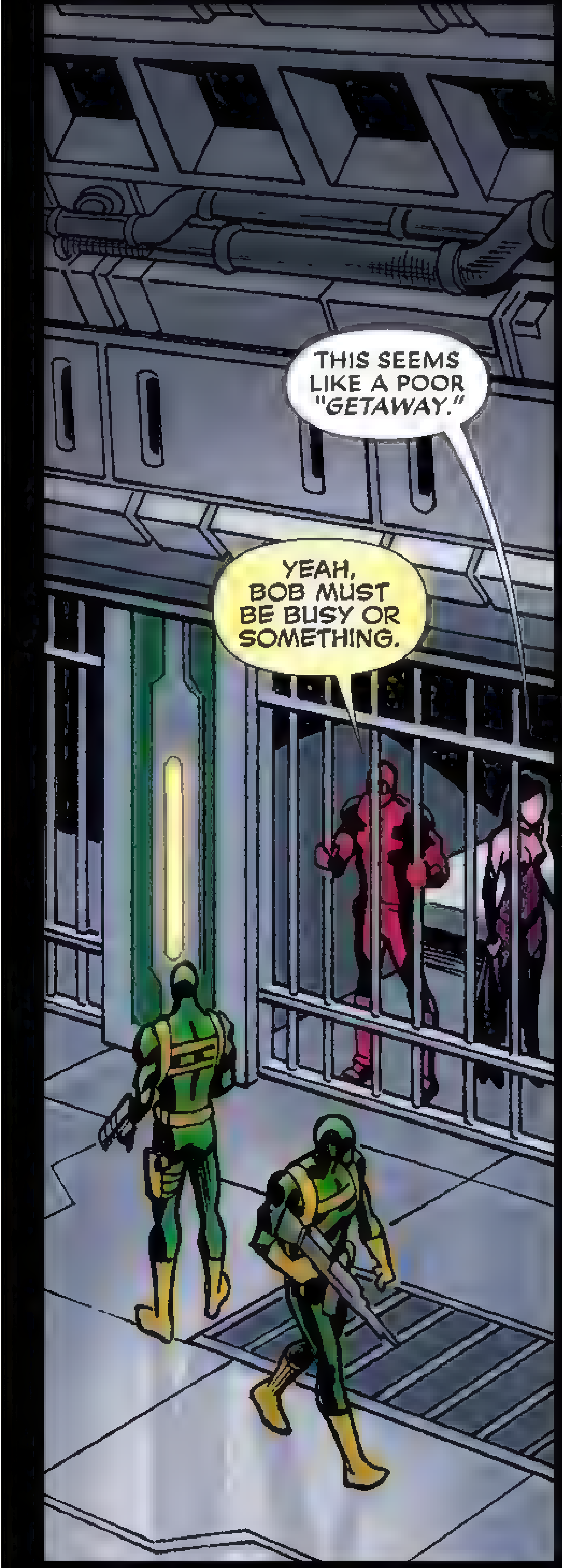

I WONDER HOW GO THE WEDDING PLANS?
IT WON'T MATTER IF I DON'T GET YOU BACK. SPEAKING OF--I CALLED A BUDDY FOR A RIDE.

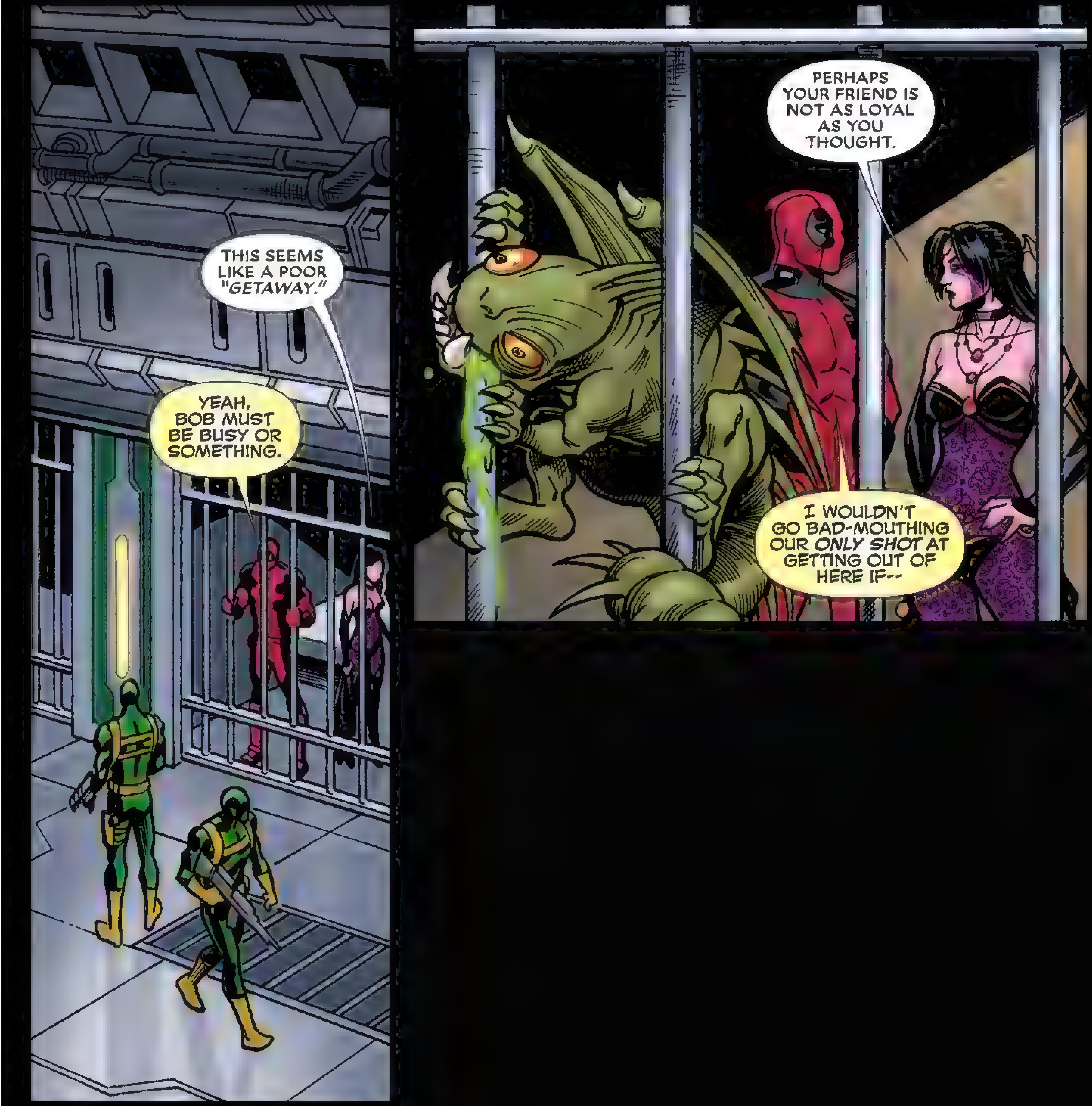

FREEZE!
WHAT NOW?
LET ME DO THE TALKING AND KISSING TO DEATH AND EVERYTHING, OKAY?

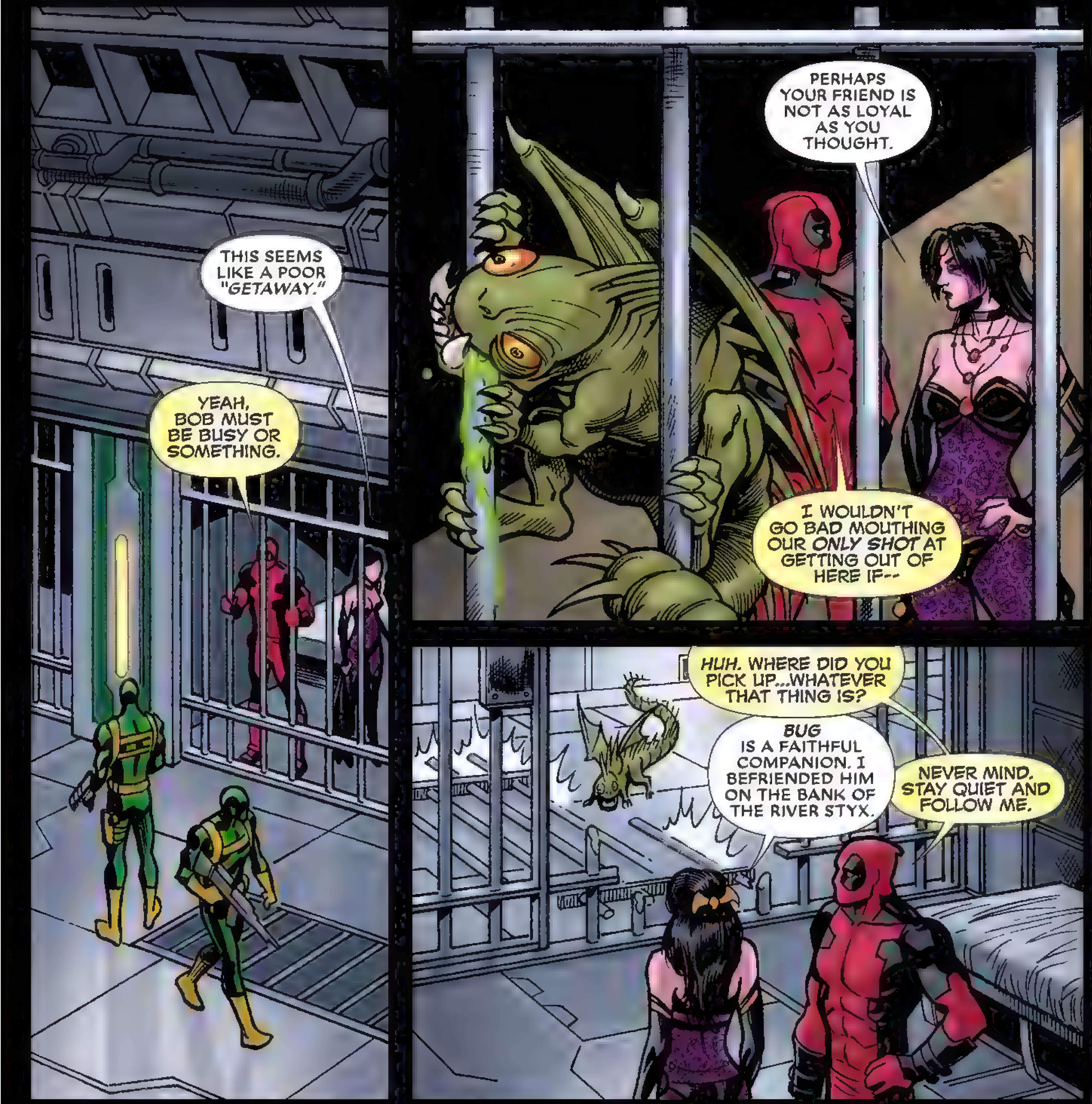
FREEZE!
WHAT NOW?
LET ME DO THE TALKING AND KISSING TO DEATH AND EVERYTHING, OKAY?
YOU'RE BOTH PRISONERS OF HYDRA!

FREEZE!
WHAT NOW?
LET ME DO THE TALKING AND KISSING TO DEATH AND EVERYTHING, OKAY?
YOU'RE BOTH PRISONERS OF HYDRA!
JUST AS I PLANNED. DON'T WORRY, ONE OF THESE GUYS IS MY FRIEND.

HYDRA TAKES US BY LAND... AND SEA.
THEN SEA AGAIN...
LET HYDRA PLAN ALL YOUR GETAWAYS!


THIS SEEMS LIKE A POOR "*GETAWAY.*"
YEAH, BOB MUST BE BUSY OR SOMETHING.


THIS SEEMS LIKE A POOR "*GETAWAY.*"
YEAH, BOB MUST BE BUSY OR SOMETHING.
PERHAPS YOUR FRIEND IS NOT AS LOYAL AS YOU THOUGHT.
I WOULDN'T GO BAD-MOUTHING OUR *ONLY SHOT* AT GETTING OUT OF HERE IF--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YEAH, BOB MUST BE BUSY OR SOMETHING.
PERHAPS YOUR FRIEND IS NOT AS LOYAL AS YOU THOUGHT.
I WOULDN'T GO BAD MOUTHING OUR *ONLY SHOT* AT GETTING OUT OF HERE IF--
HUH. WHERE DID YOU PICK UP...WHATEVER THAT THING IS?
BUG IS A FAITHFUL COMPANION. I BEFRIENDED HIM ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER STYX.
NEVER MIND. STAY QUIET AND FOLLOW ME.

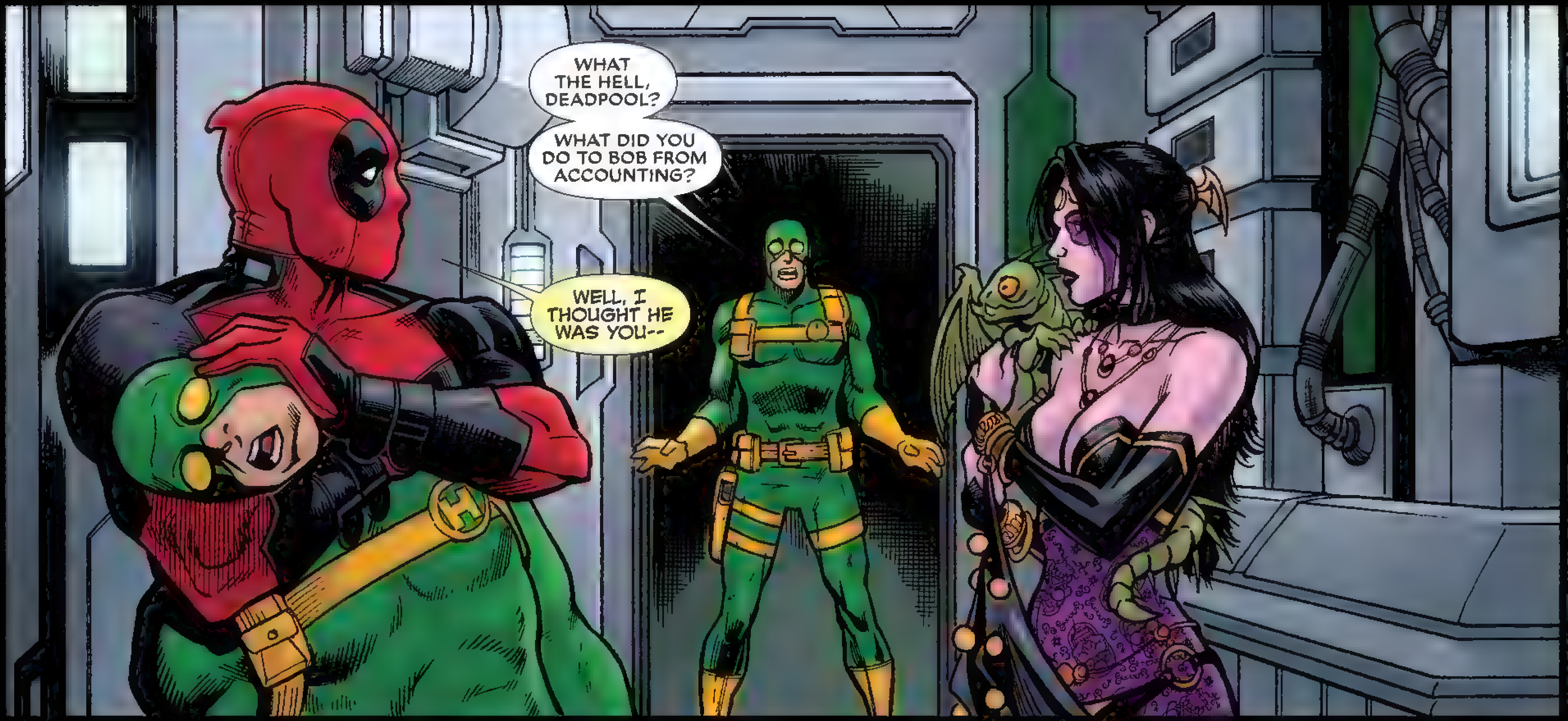
THIS SEEMS LIKE A POOR *"GETAWAY."*
YEAH, BOB MUST BE BUSY OR SOMETHING.
PERHAPS YOUR FRIEND IS NOT AS LOYAL AS YOU THOUGHT.
I WOULDN'T GO BAD MOUTHING OUR *ONLY SHOT* AT GETTING OUT OF HERE IF--
HUH. WHERE DID YOU PICK UP...WHATEVER THAT THING IS?
BUG IS A FAITHFUL COMPANION. I BEFRIENDED HIM ON THE BANK OF THE RIVER STYX.
NEVER MIND. STAY QUIET AND FOLLOW ME.
THERE'S BOB!

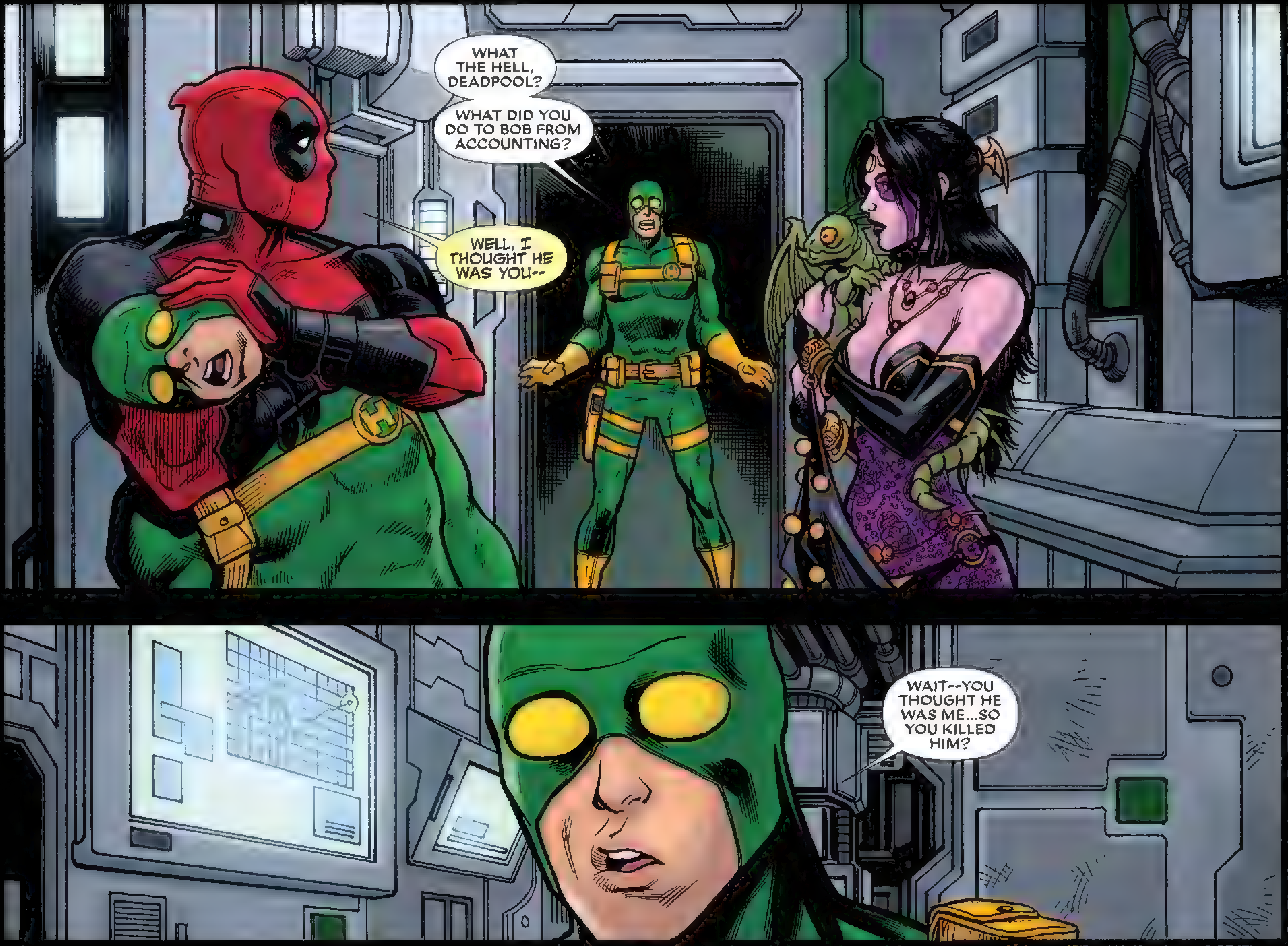
BOB! WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GOONS?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING *ALONE!*

BOB! WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GOONS?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING *ALONE!*
OH, HA! I GET IT--I'M BOB *OPPENHEIM.* YOU MUST WANT THE OTHER BOB--

BOB! WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GOONS?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING *ALONE!*
HEY, WAIT A SECOND! THE OTHER BOB IS WORKING WITH *YOU?* I'M CALLING *SECU--*

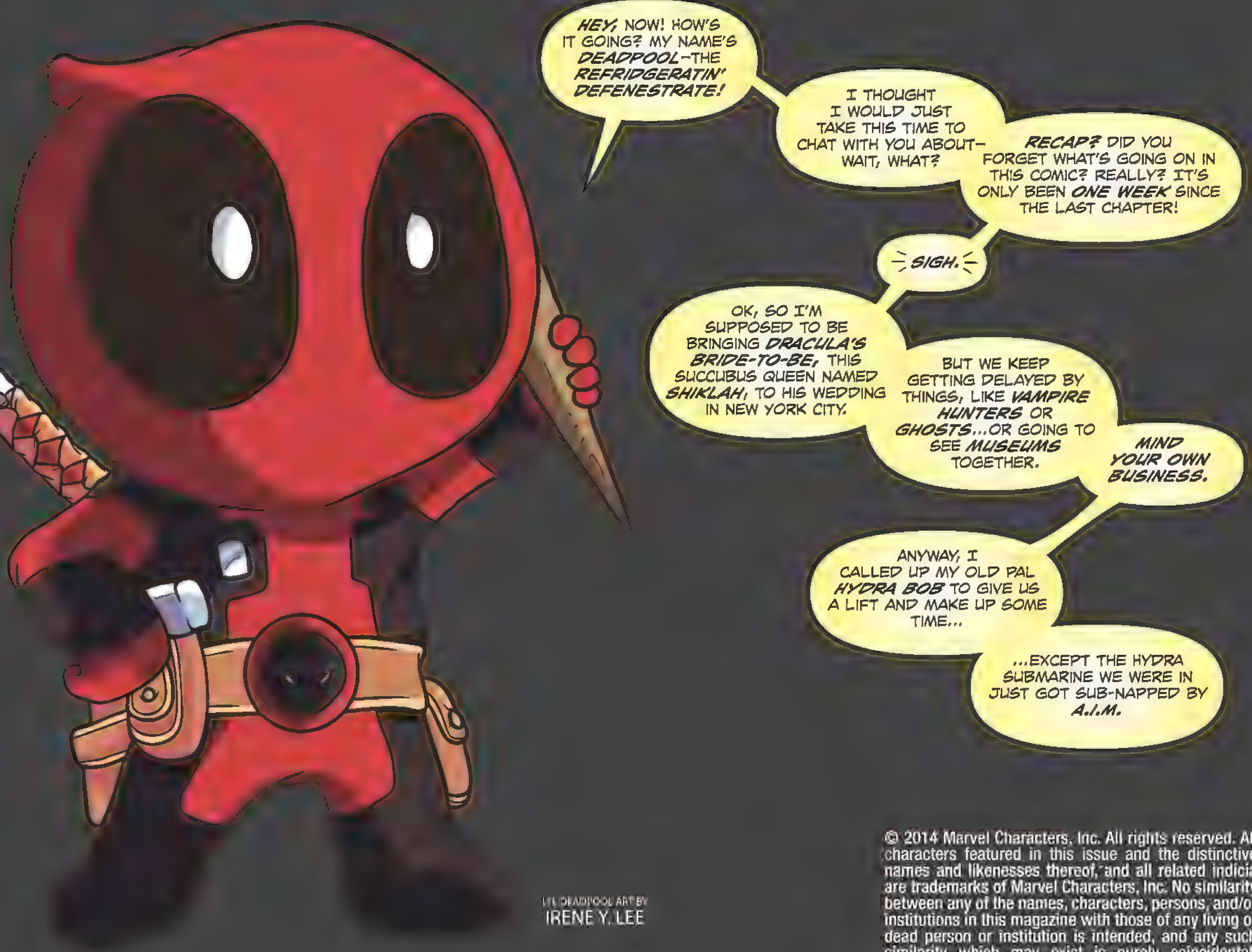
BOB! WHAT'S WITH ALL THE GOONS?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING *ALONE!*
HEY, WAIT A SECOND! THE OTHER BOB IS WORKING WITH *YOU?* I'M CALLING *SECU--*
GAK!
KERACK


WHAT THE HELL, DEADPOOL?
WHAT DID YOU DO TO BOB FROM ACCOUNTING?
WELL, I THOUGHT HE WAS YOU--


WHAT THE HELL, DEADPOOL?
WHAT DID YOU DO TO BOB FROM ACCOUNTING?
WELL, I THOUGHT HE WAS YOU--
WAIT--YOU THOUGHT HE WAS ME...SO YOU KILLED HIM?

YEAAAAAH--
WHAT'S HAPPENING?

ATTENTION, HYDRA--
YOU ARE NOW PRISONERS OF A.I.M.
TO BE CONTINUED...


HEY, NOW! HOW'S IT GOING? MY NAME'S DEADPOOL—THE REFRIDGERATIN' DEFENESTRATE!
I THOUGHT I WOULD JUST TAKE THIS TIME TO CHAT WITH YOU ABOUT— WAIT, WHAT?
RECAP? DID YOU FORGET WHAT'S GOING ON IN THIS COMIC? REALLY? IT'S ONLY BEEN ONE WEEK SINCE THE LAST CHAPTER!
SIGH.
OK, SO I'M SUPPOSED TO BE BRINGING DRACULA'S BRIDE-TO-BE, THIS SUCCUBUS QUEEN NAMED SHIKLAH, TO HIS WEDDING IN NEW YORK CITY.
BUT WE KEEP GETTING DELAYED BY THINGS, LIKE VAMPIRE HUNTERS OR GHOSTS...OR GOING TO SEE MUSEUMS TOGETHER.
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.
ANYWAY, I CALLED UP MY OLD PAL HYDRA BOB TO GIVE US A LIFT AND MAKE UP SOME TIME...
...EXCEPT THE HYDRA SUBMARINE WE WERE IN JUST GOT SUB-NAPPED BY A.I.M.

LIL DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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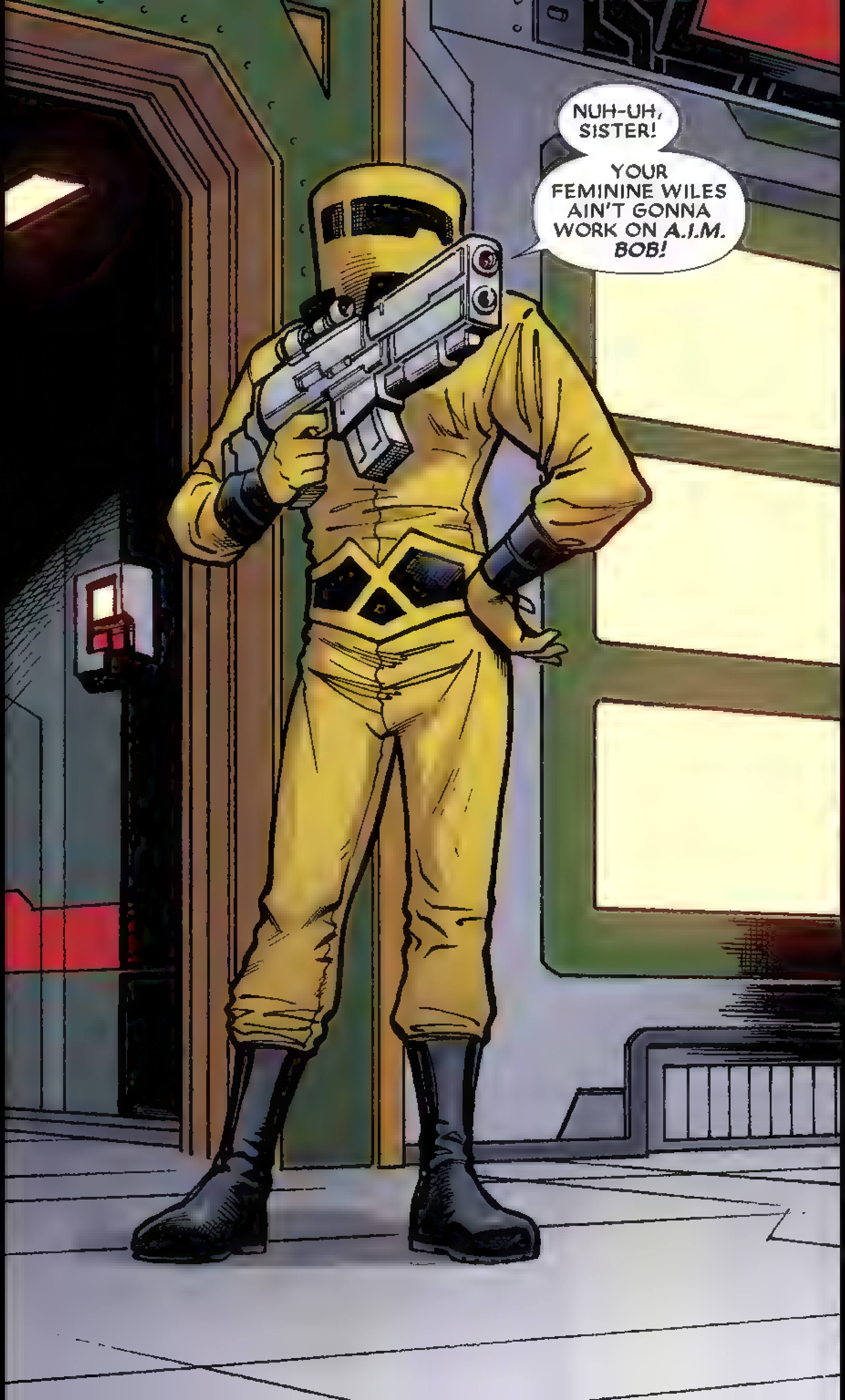
"OH, MAN, THIS SUCKS!"

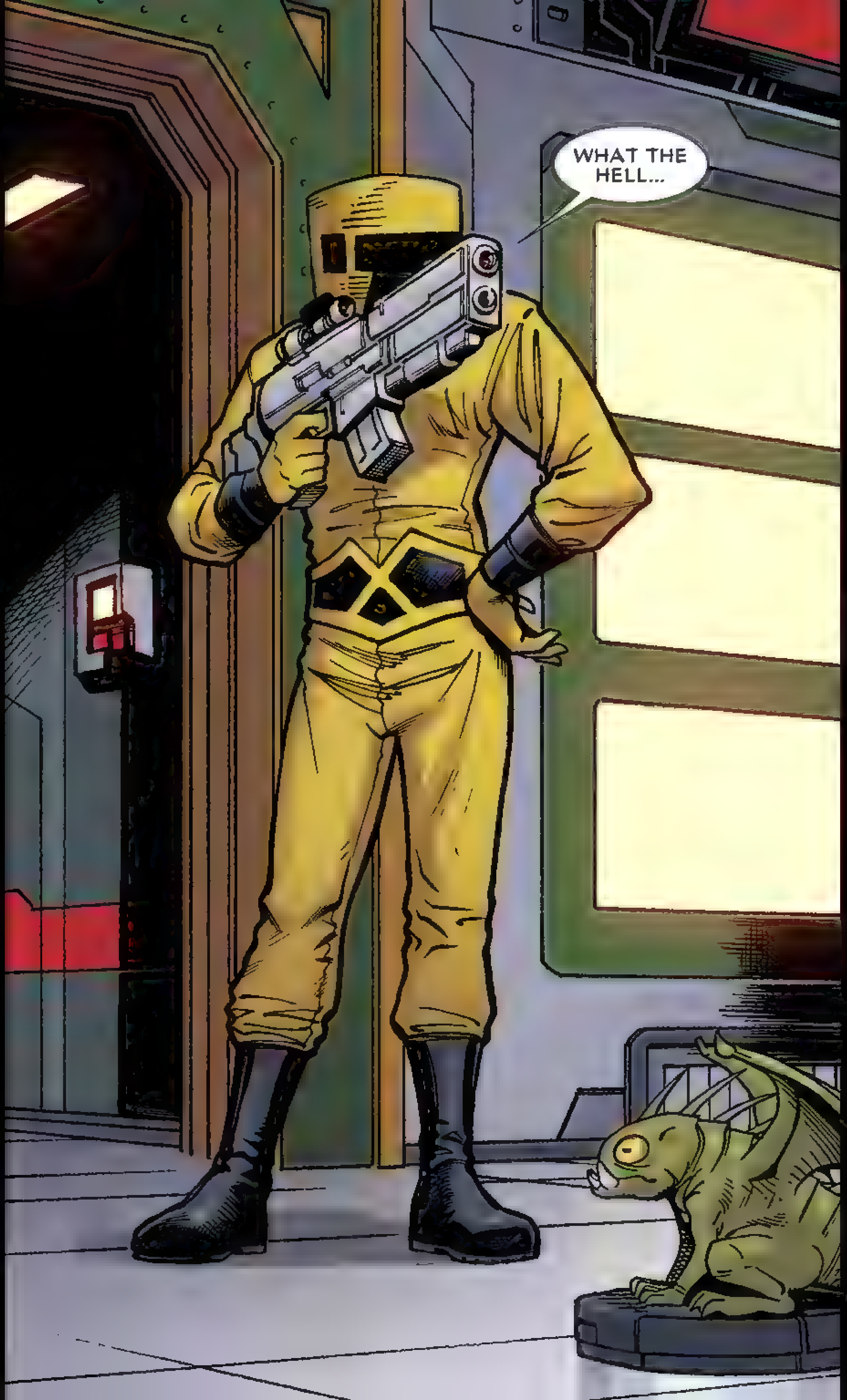
"OH, MAN, THIS SUCKS!"
A.I.M. IS AFTER YOU!
WHY'D YOU SELL US OUT TO A.I.M., BOB?

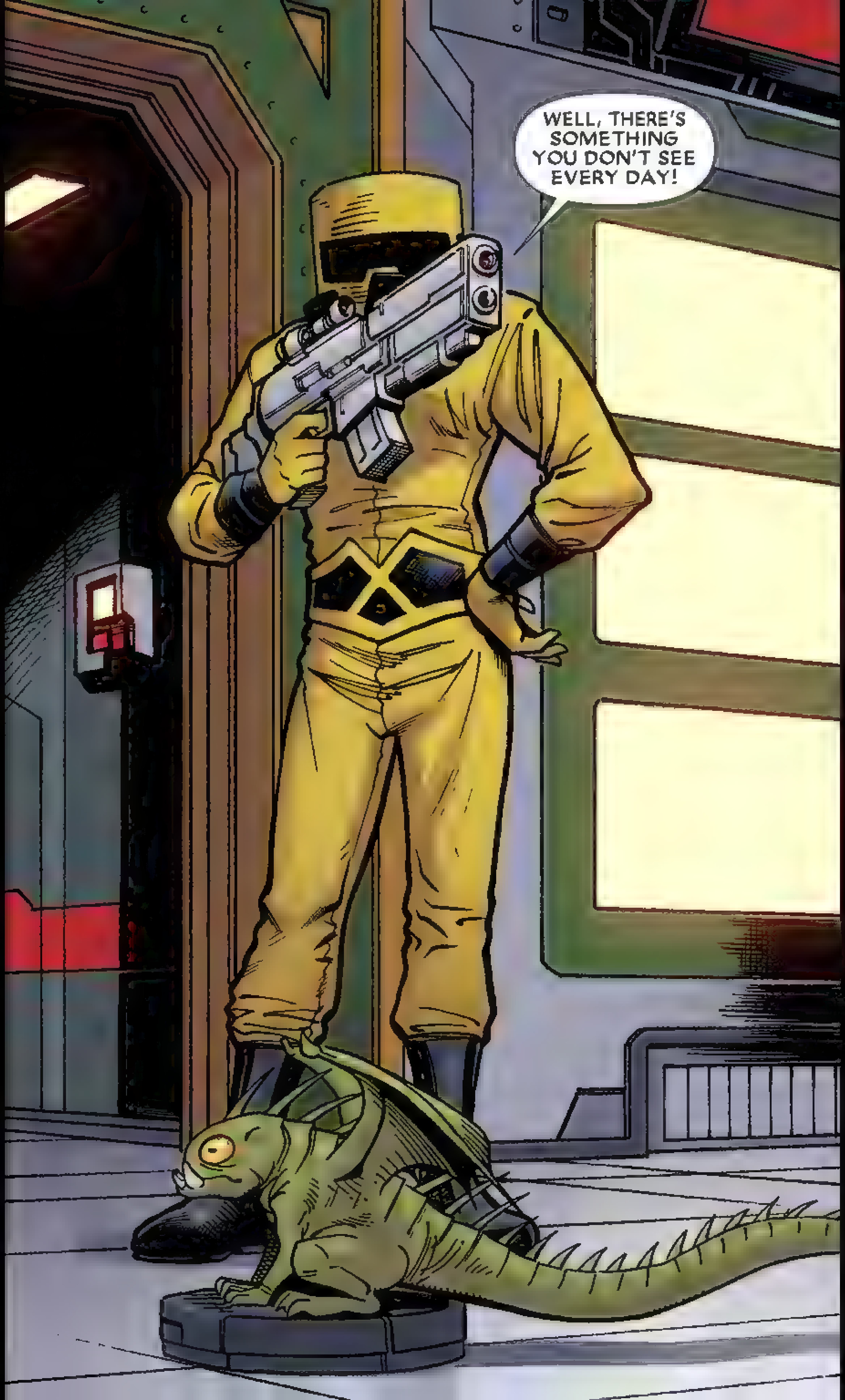
"OH, MAN, THIS SUCKS!"
A.I.M. IS AFTER YOU!
WHY'D YOU SELL US OUT TO A.I.M., BOB?
I DIDN'T SELL YOU OUT!
YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME!
I KNOW! DID YOU THINK I WAS GOING TO BREAK YOUR NECK?

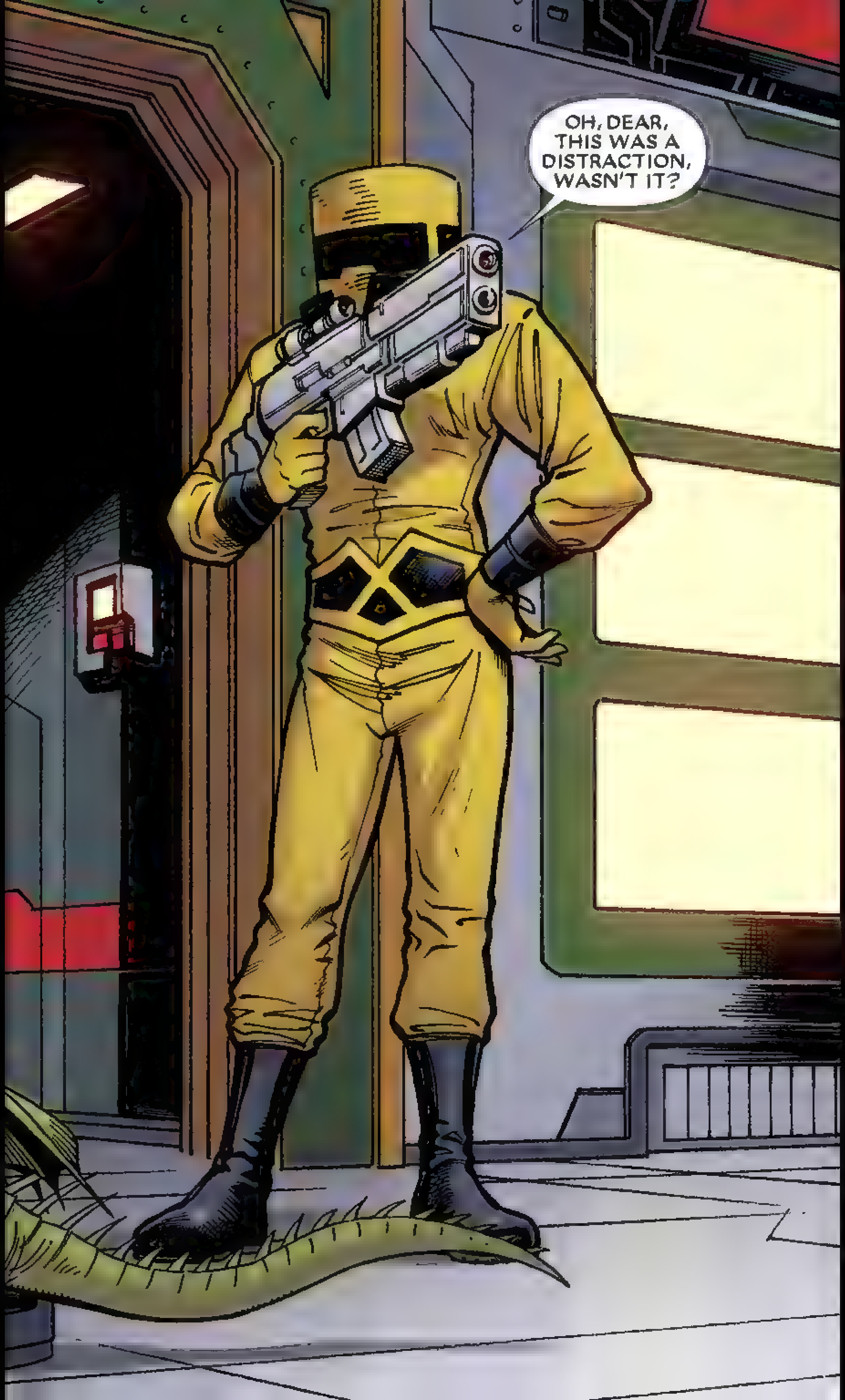
NO QUICK MOVES. DROP YOUR WEAPONS.
LET ME HANDLE THIS.

WHAT A BIG WEAPON YOU HAVE!
WHY DON'T YOU PUT IT TO YOUR HEAD AND PULL THE--


NUH-UH, SISTER!
YOUR FEMININE WILES AIN'T GONNA WORK ON *A.I.M. BOB!*

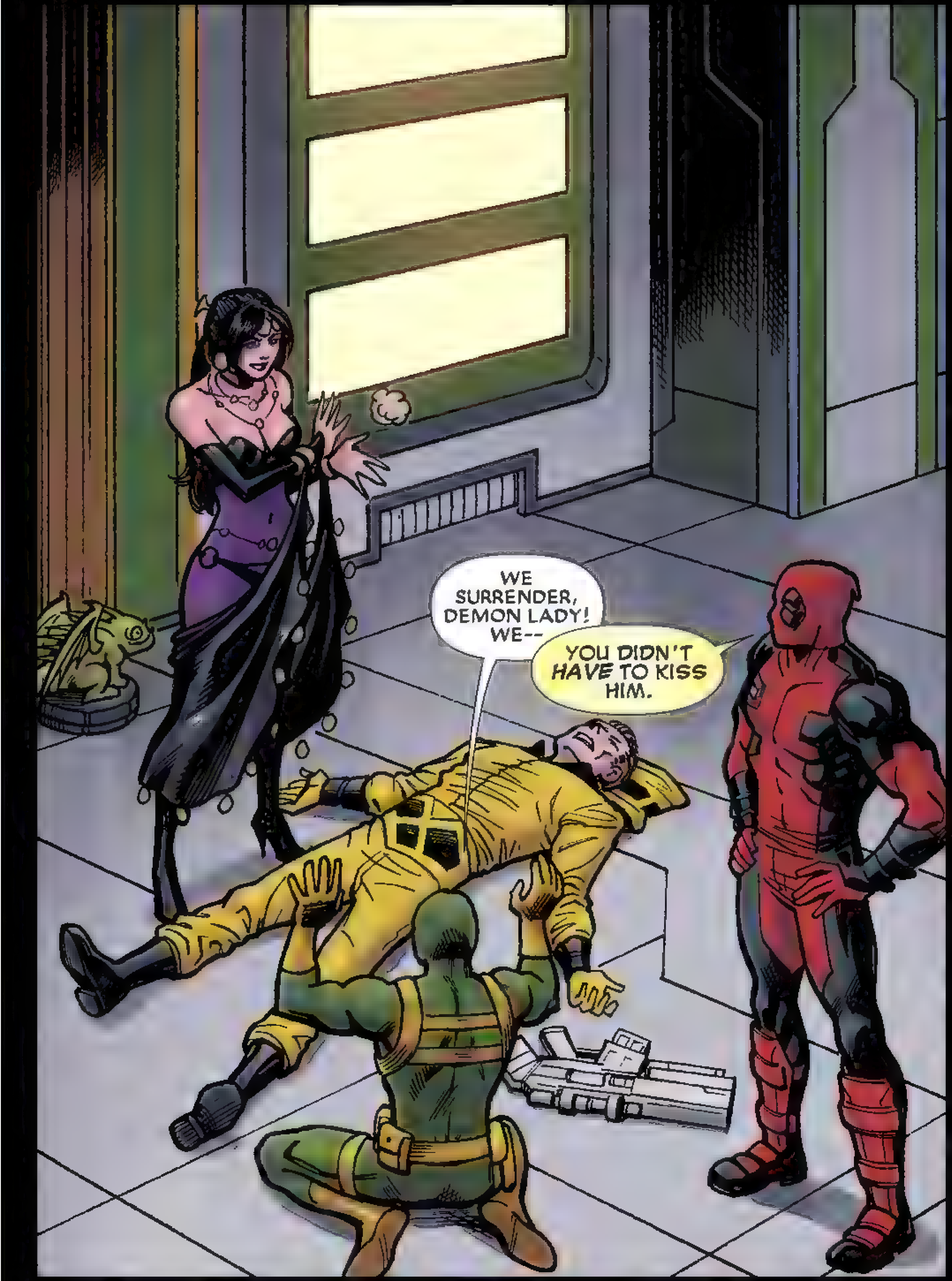

WHAT THE HELL...

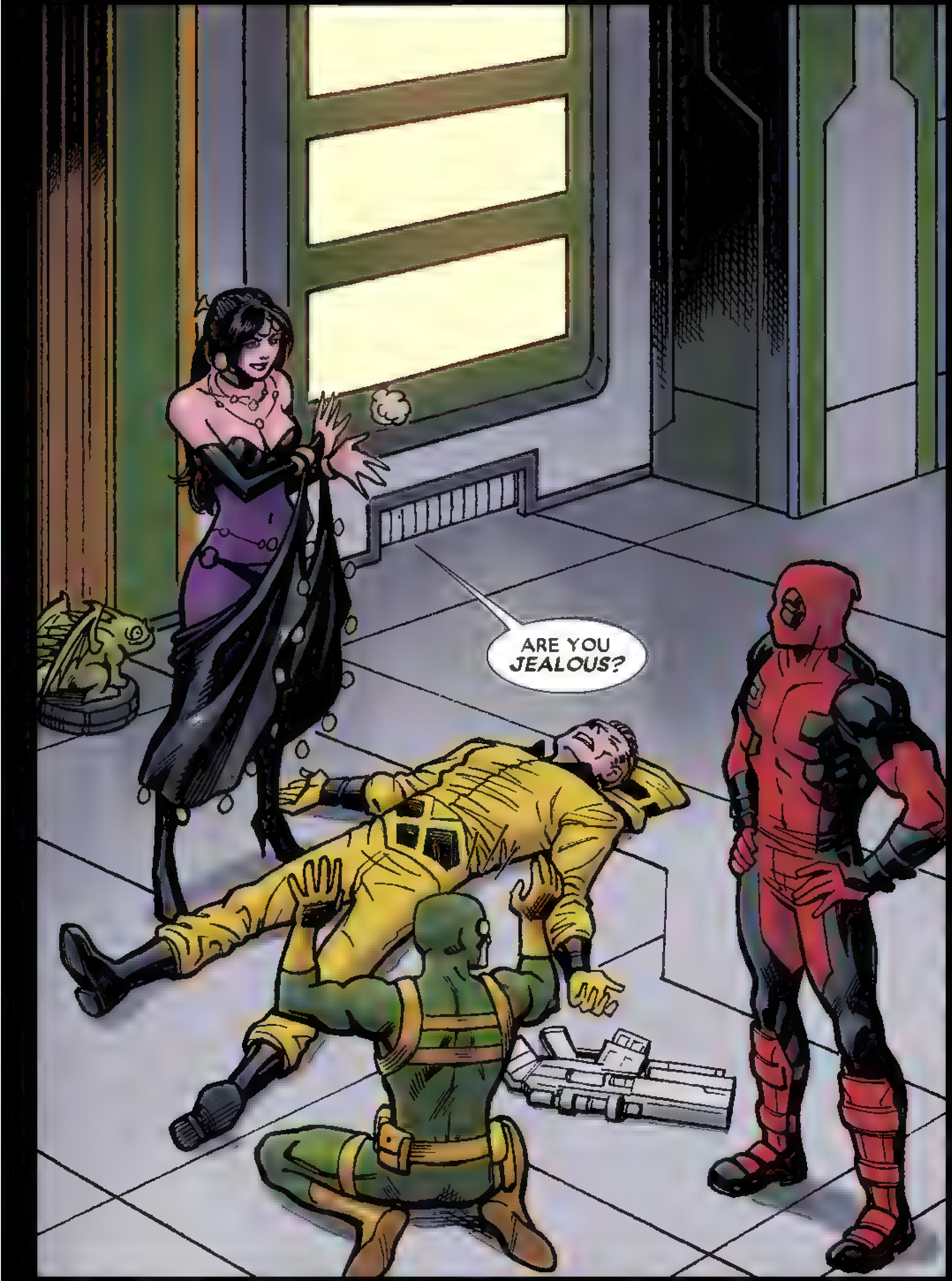

WELL, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY!


OH, DEAR, THIS WAS A DISTRACTION, WASN'T IT?

OH, DEAR, THIS WAS A DISTRACTION, WASN'T IT?
YAH!
GAK!

OH, DEAR, THIS WAS A DISTRACTION, WASN'T IT?
YAH!
GAK!


WE SURRENDER, DEMON LADY! WE--
YOU DIDN'T *HAVE* TO KISS HIM.


ARE YOU *JEALOUS?*

ARE YOU *JEALOUS?*
NO, I'M JUST POINTING OUT THAT YOU COULD HAVE TURNED INTO THAT THING AT THE END OF GHOSTBUSTERS AND EATEN HIM--YOU DIDN'T *HAVE* TO KISS HIM.

ARE YOU *JEALOUS?*
NO, I'M JUST POINTING OUT THAT YOU COULD HAVE TURNED INTO THAT THING AT THE END OF GHOSTBUSTERS AND EATEN HIM--YOU DIDN'T *HAVE* TO KISS HIM.
YOU *ARE* JEALOUS. WHY DON'T YOU CATCH UP WITH YOUR FRIEND AND I WILL LIBERATE US?

DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet
inks by NELSON DECASTRO & TERRY PALLOT
colors by JIM CHARALAMPIDIS
letters by VC'S JOE SABINO
story by BRIAN POSEHN & GERRY DUGGAN
written by GERRY DUGGAN
storyboards & pencils by REILLY BROWN
MAYBE LESS KISSING THIS TIME?
WE'LL SEE.

DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet
editor-in-chiefery by
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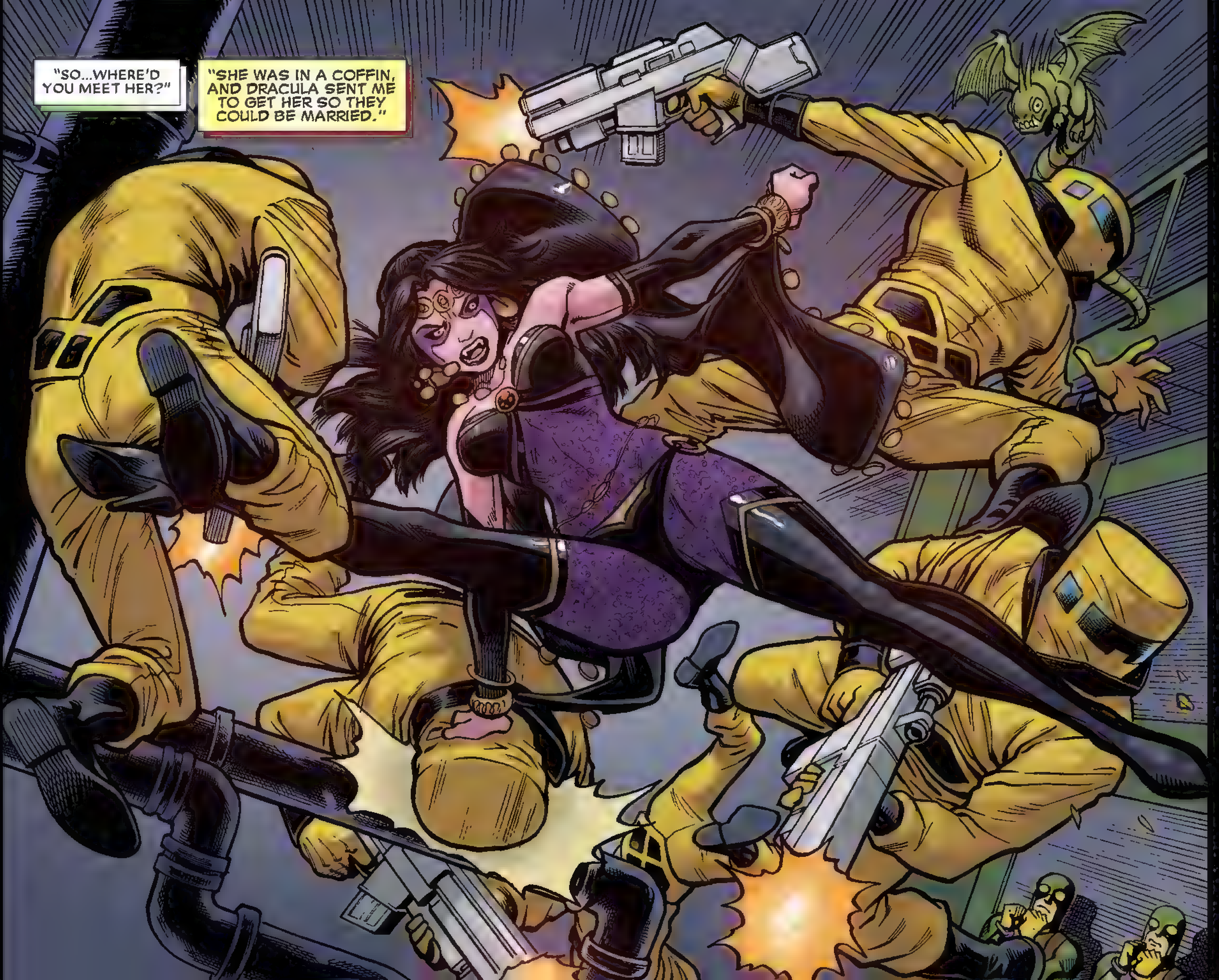
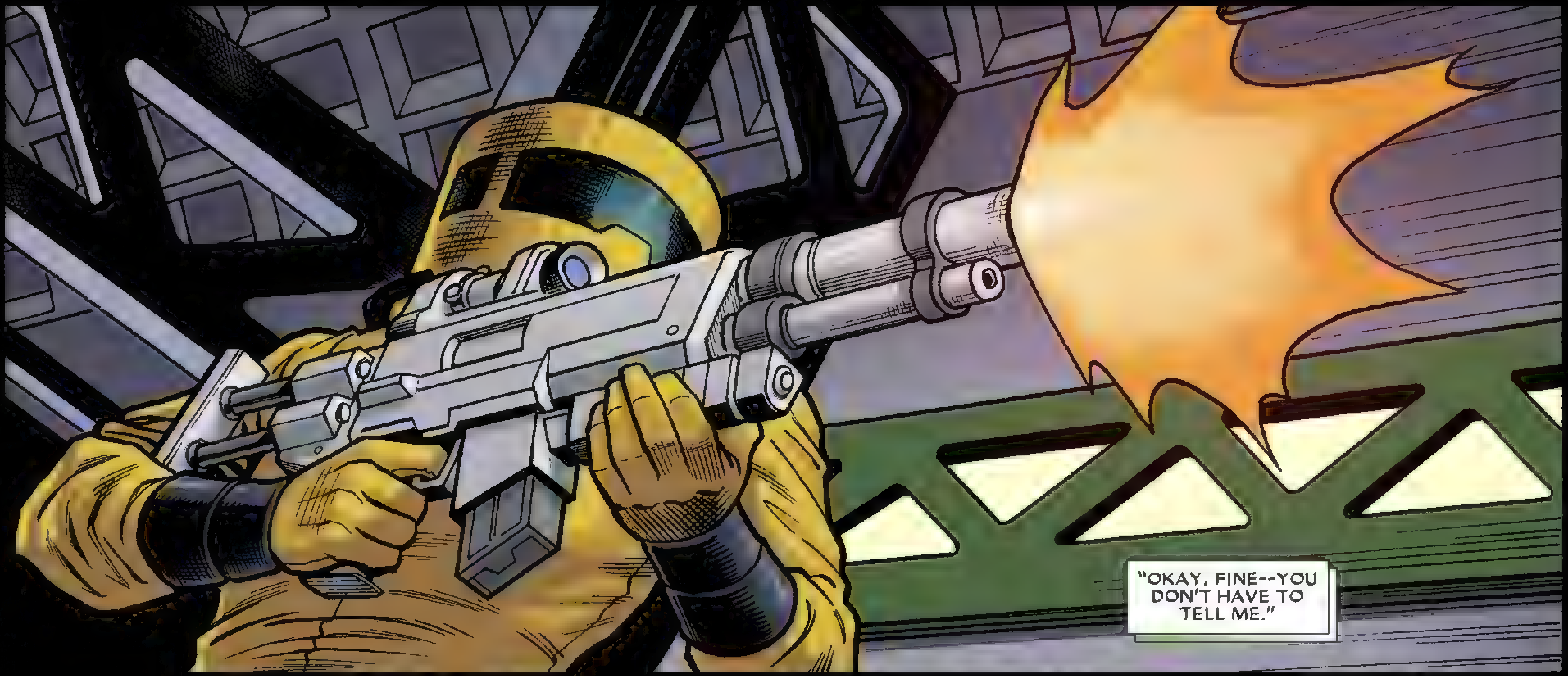
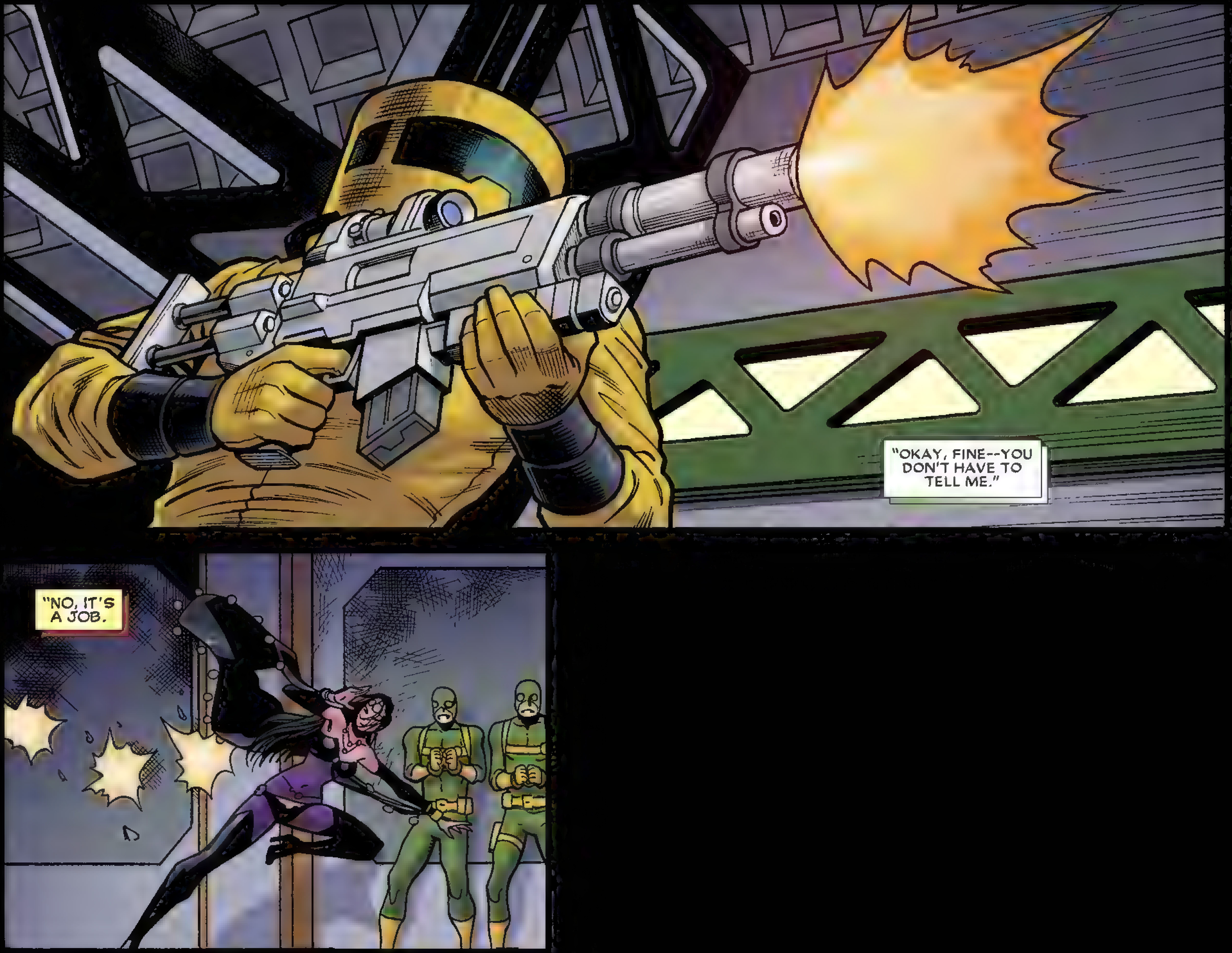
chief creative
officiating by
JOE QUESADA
publishing by
DAN BUCKLEY
executive
production by
ALAN FINE
production by
ARLIN ORTIZ
edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE
production
management by
TIM SMITH 3

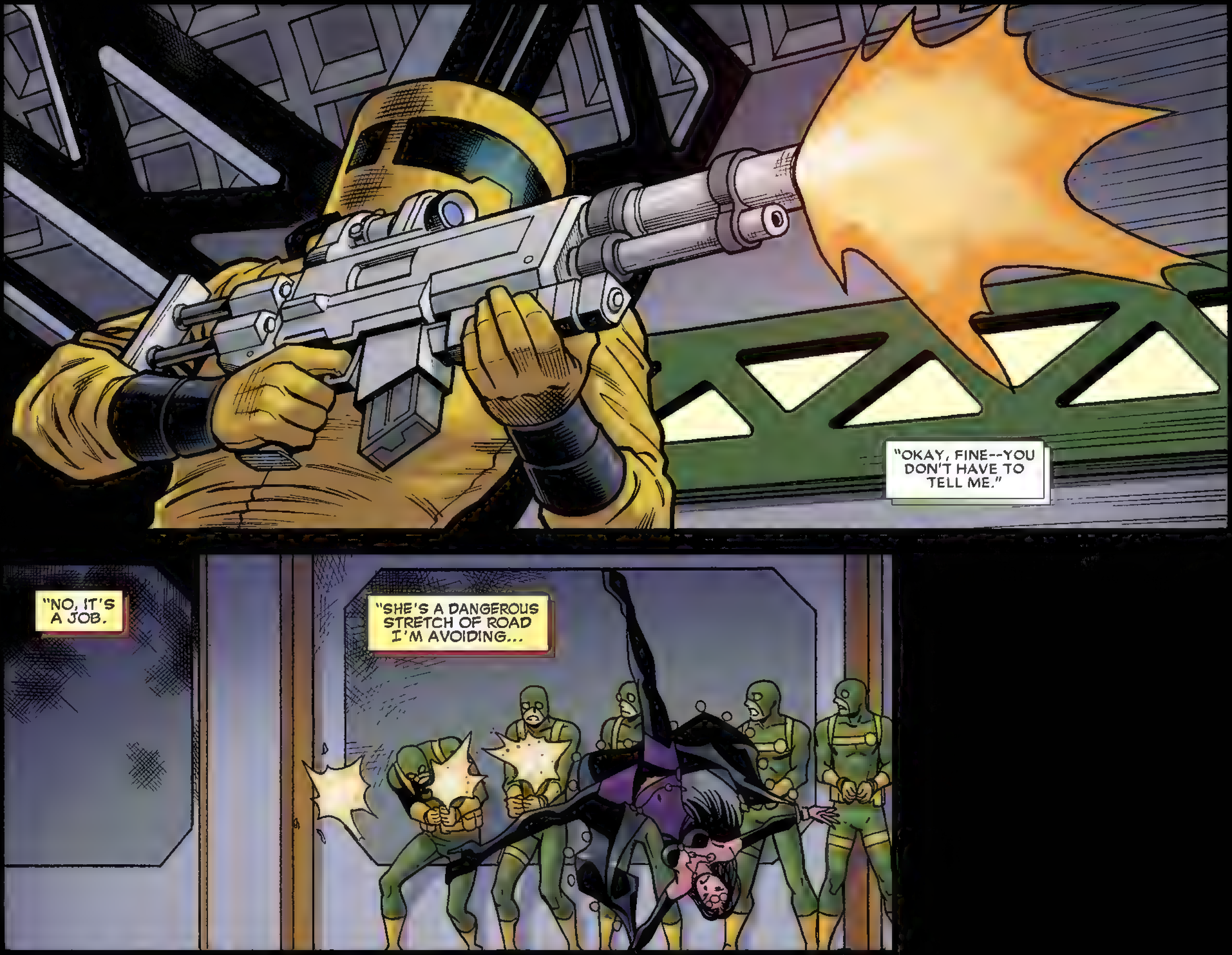
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet
CHAPTER
SEVEN

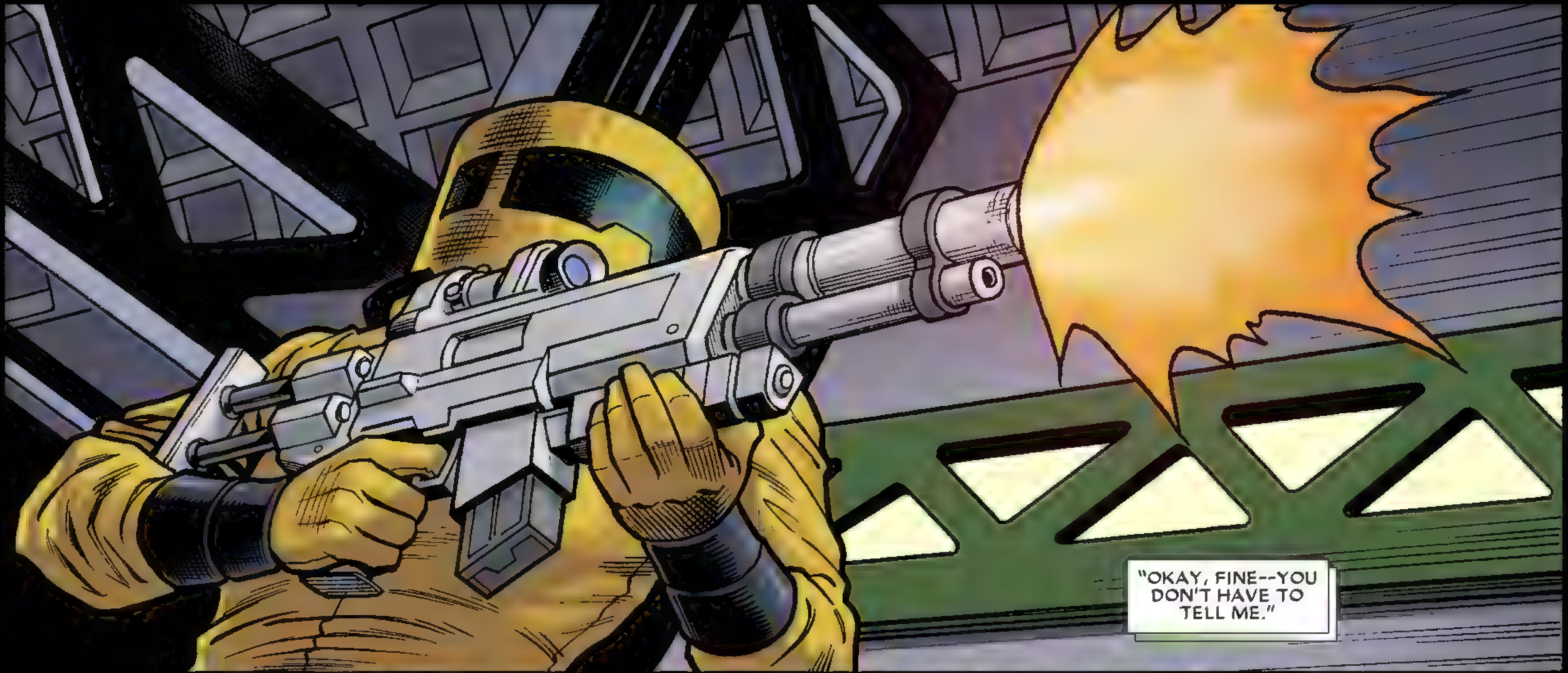
RE
AD
Y?
A.I.M.
FIRE!


"SO...WHERE'D YOU MEET HER?"
"SHE WAS IN A COFFIN, AND DRACULA SENT ME TO GET HER SO THEY COULD BE MARRIED."


"OKAY, FINE--YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME."


"OKAY, FINE--YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME."
"NO, IT'S A JOB.


"OKAY, FINE--YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME."
"NO, IT'S A JOB.
"SHE'S A DANGEROUS STRETCH OF ROAD I'M AVOIDING...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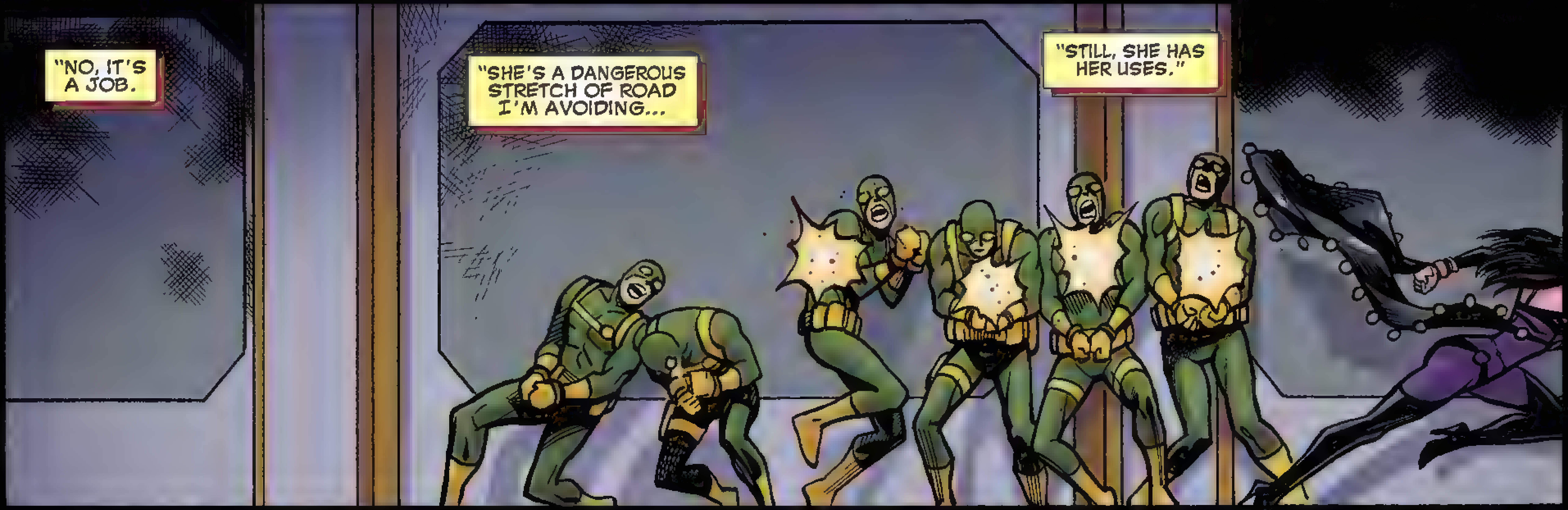
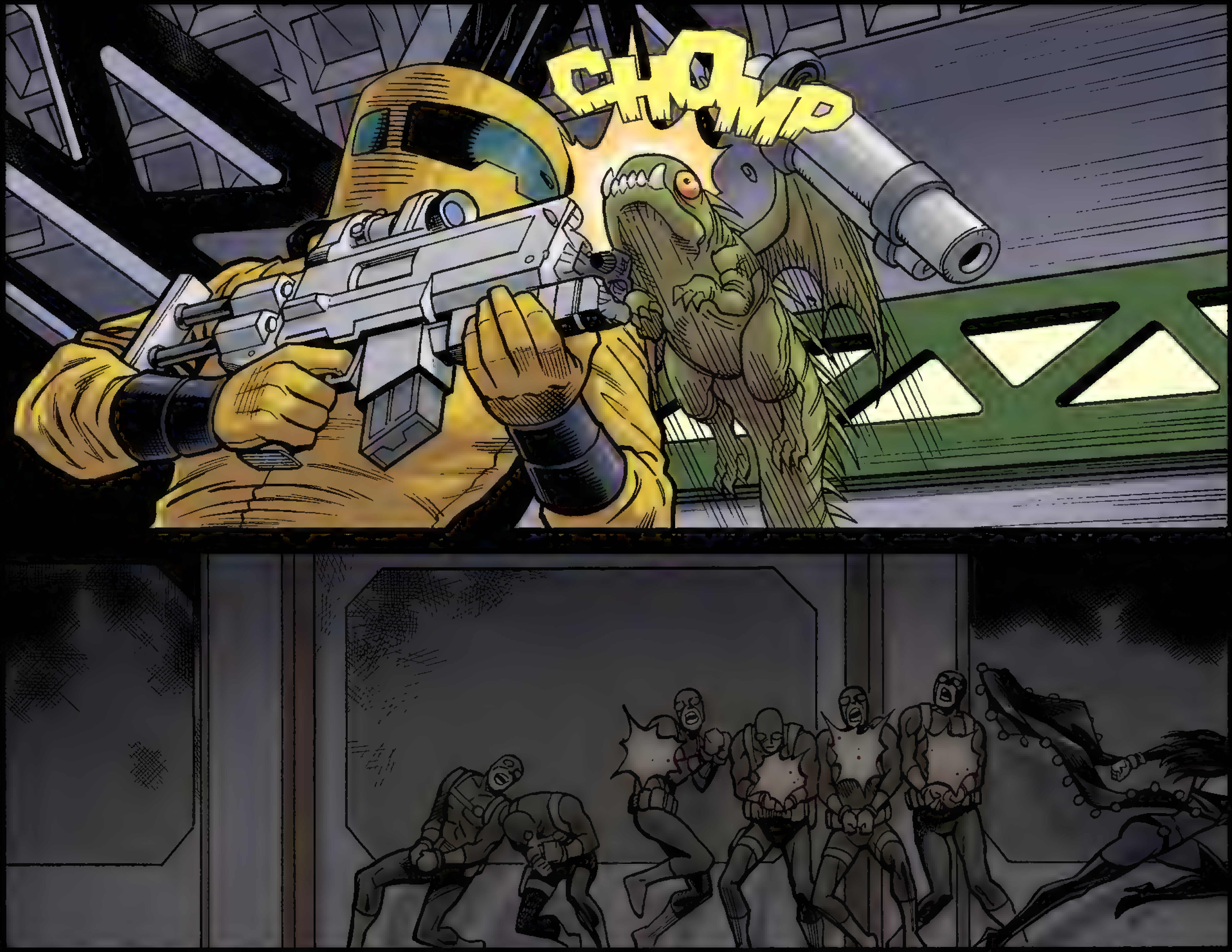
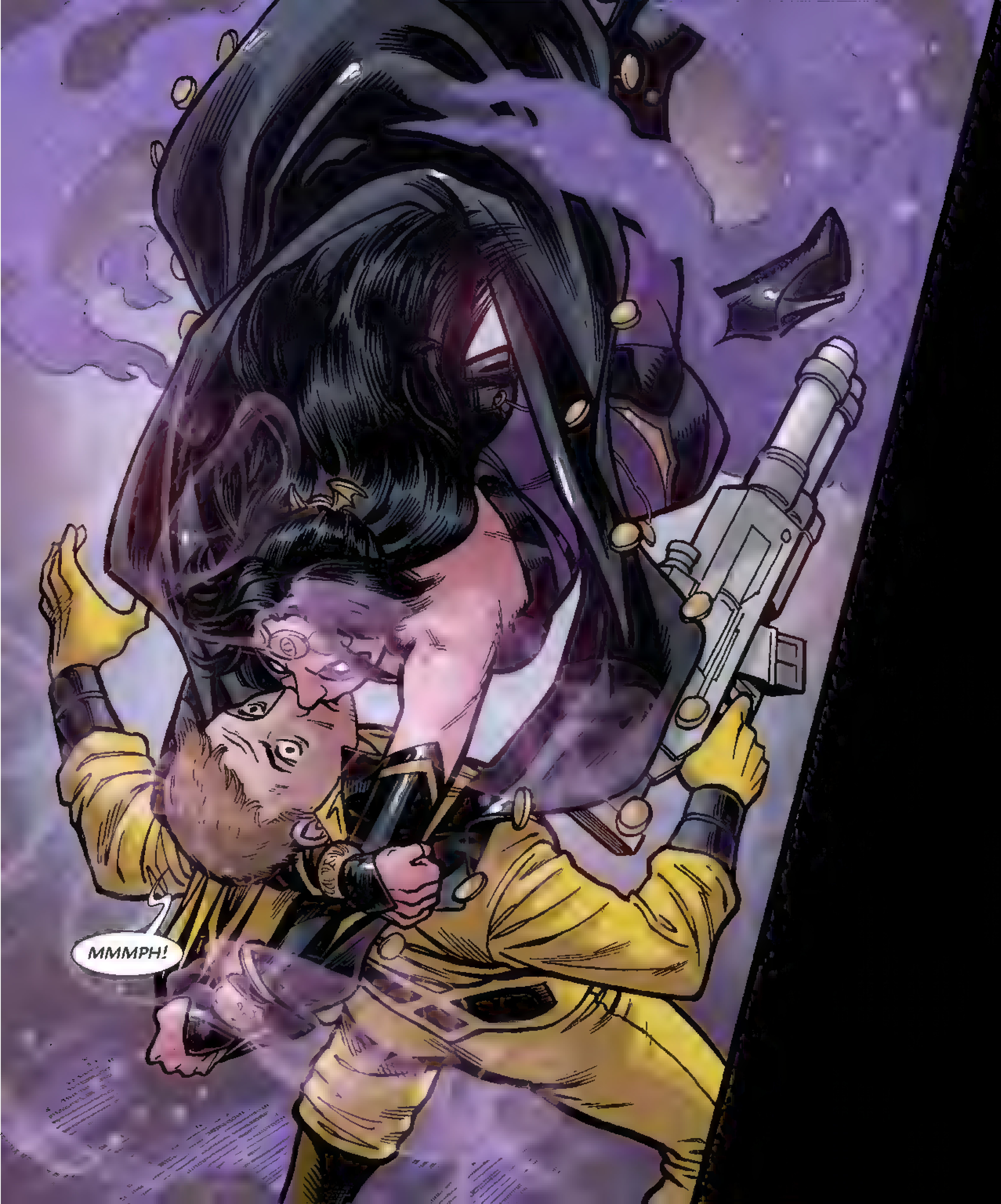

"NO, IT'S A JOB.
"SHE'S A DANGEROUS STRETCH OF ROAD I'M AVOIDING...
"STILL, SHE HAS HER USES."


CHOMP


MMMPH!

MMMPH!
ACCH!
PEOPLE TASTE GROSS NOW. WHAT IS EVERYONE EATING?

MMMPH!
ACCH!
PEOPLE TASTE GROSS NOW. WHAT IS EVERYONE EATING?
HALT!

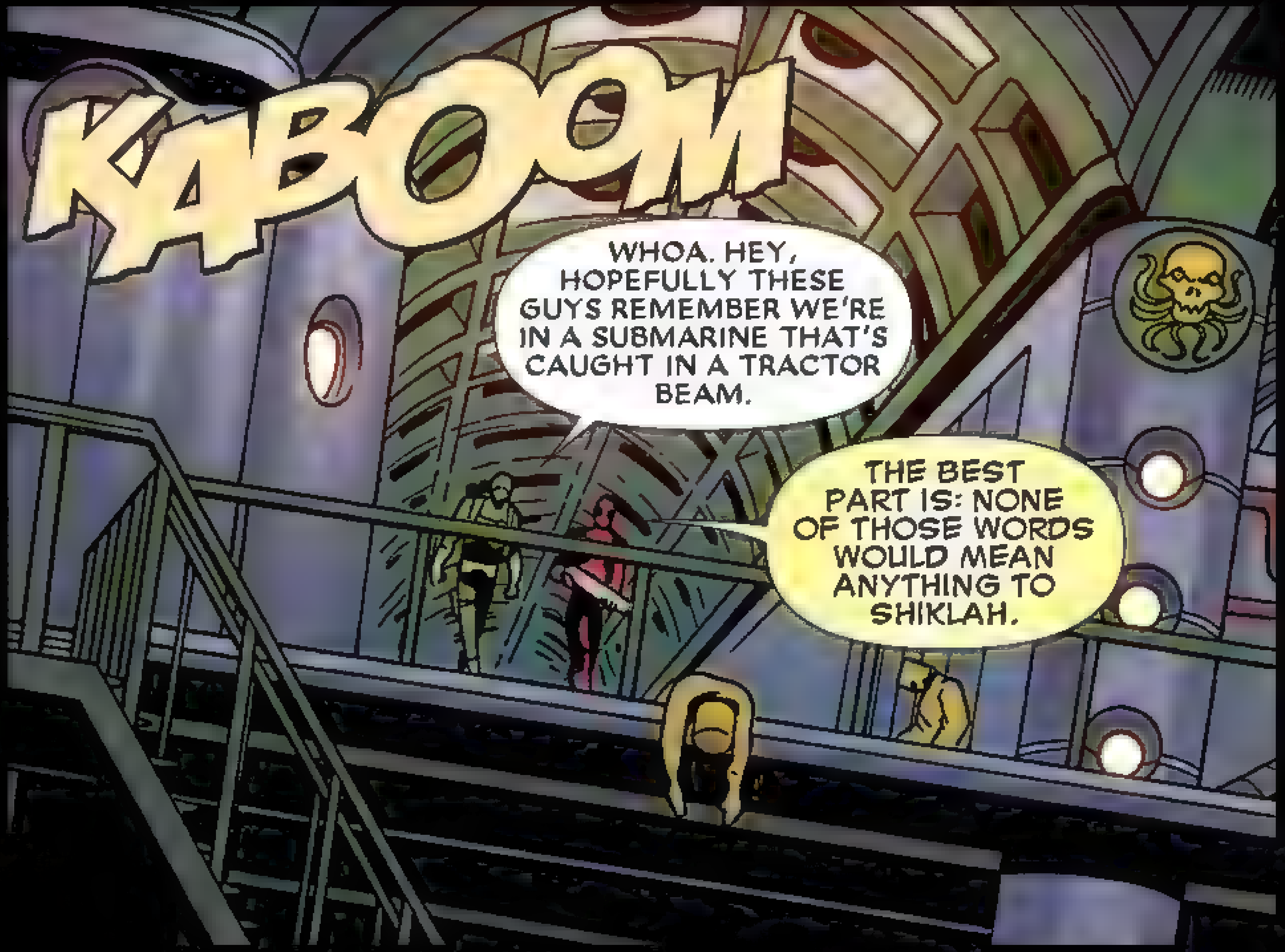
LIBIDO-LESS ARTIFICIAL LIFE FORM DEPLOYED.
U4

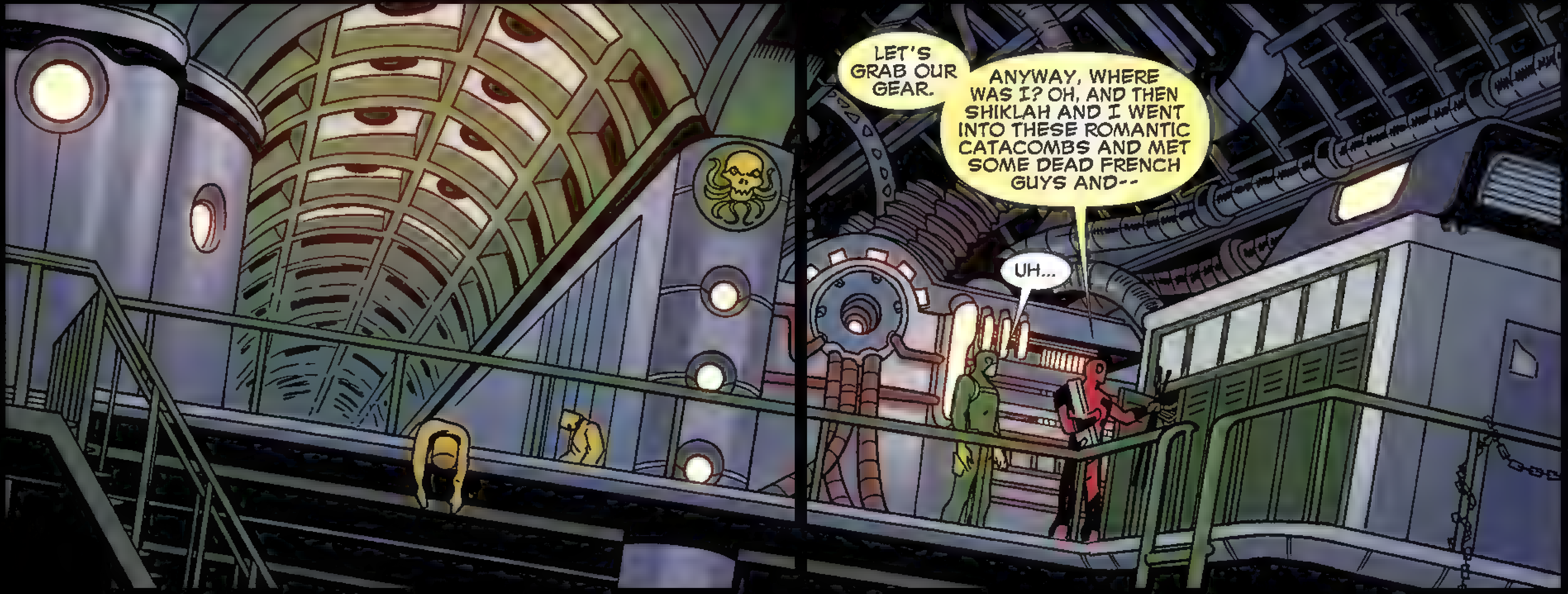
YOUR **PSIONIC ABILITIES** WILL NOT WORK ON ME. MY BRAIN WAS HARVESTED FROM A NEW YORK CITY TRANSIENT DURING THE GIULIANI ADMINISTRATION AND--
U4
SILENCE!

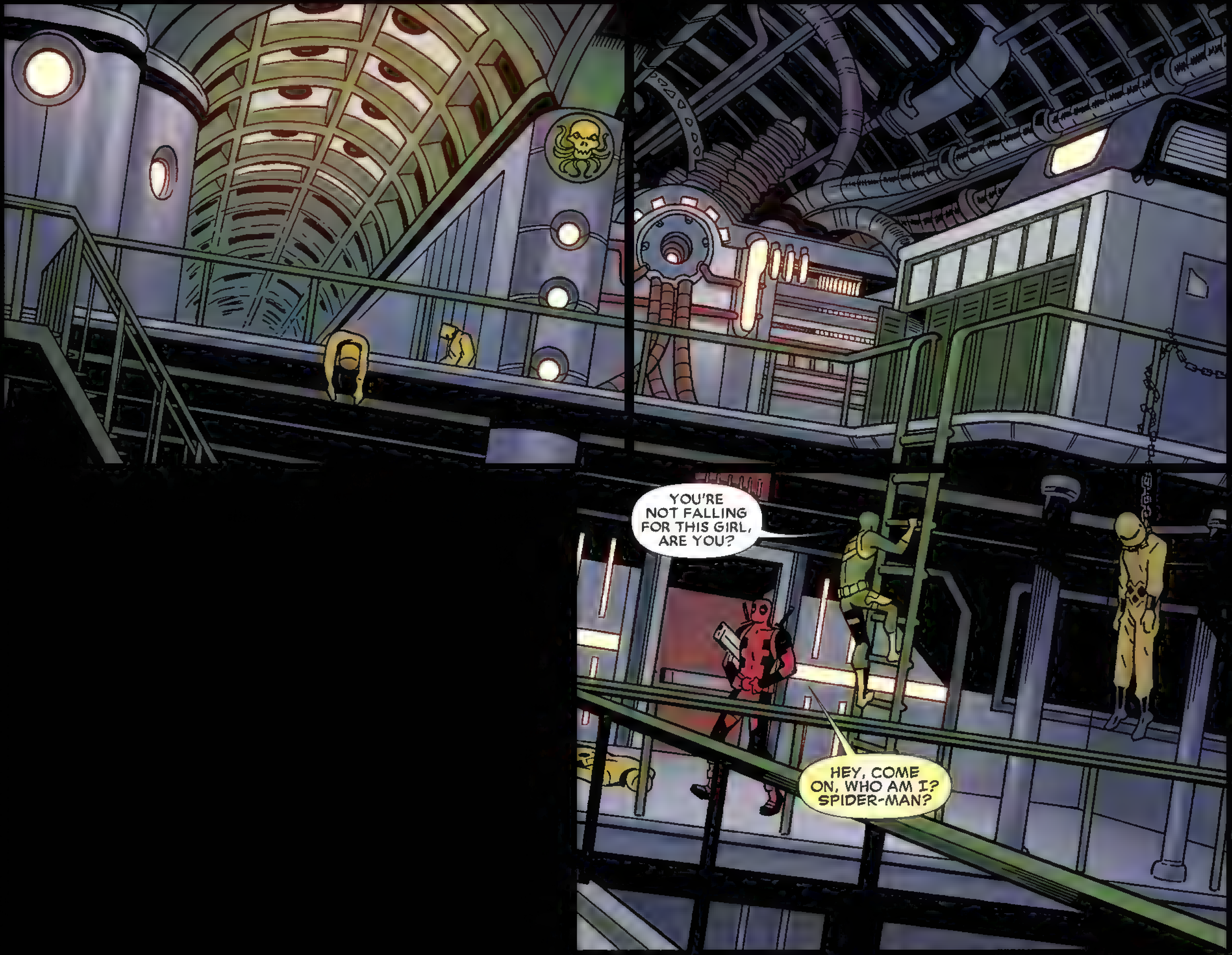
U4
ALLOW ME TO SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE APPROPRIATE.

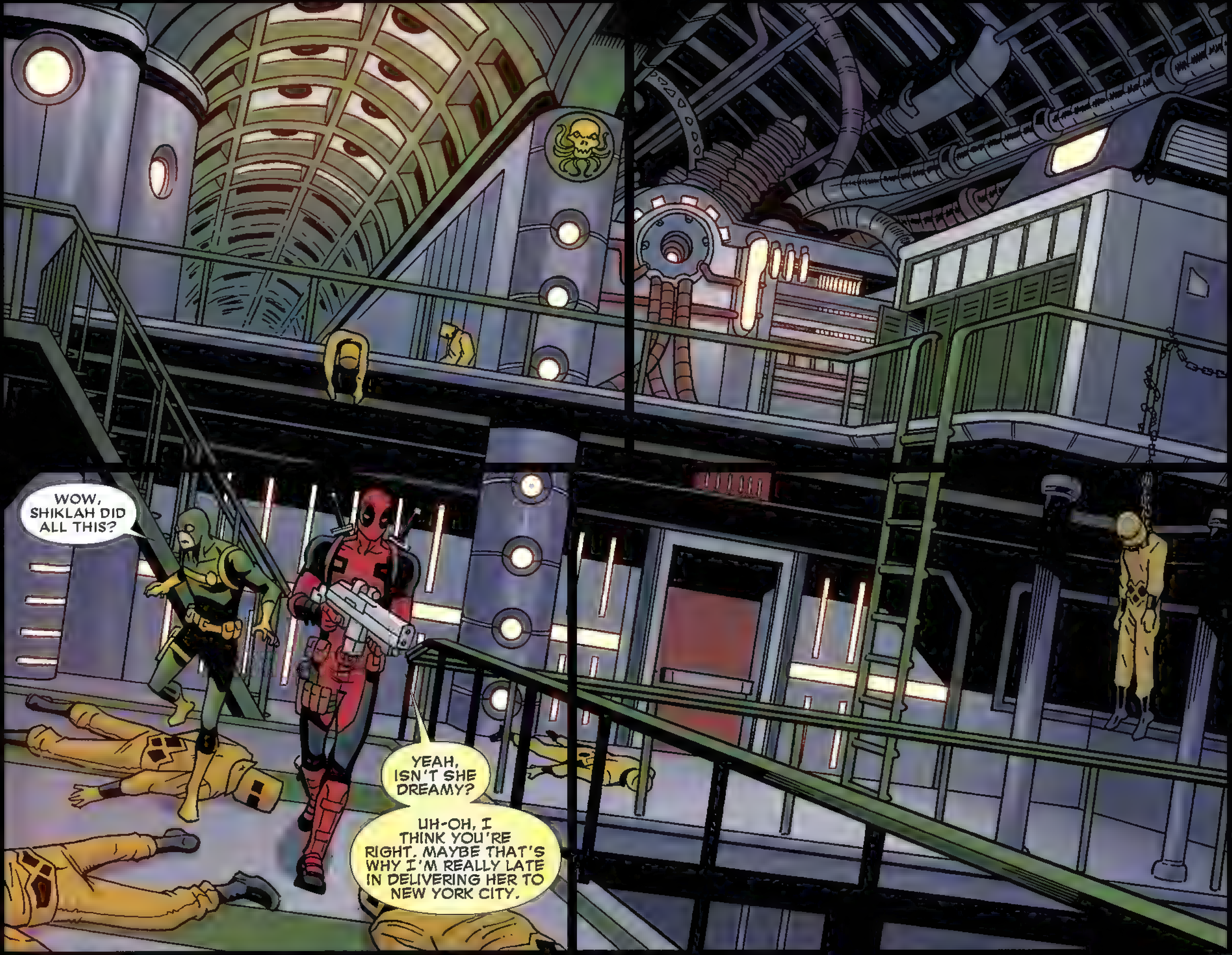
U4

L.A.L.F. ENGAGED!
RELEASE ME AND MY CONSORTS!


KABOOM
WHOA. HEY, HOPEFULLY THESE GUYS REMEMBER WE'RE IN A SUBMARINE THAT'S CAUGHT IN A TRACTOR BEAM.
THE BEST PART IS: NONE OF THOSE WORDS WOULD MEAN ANYTHING TO SHIKLAH.


LET'S GRAB OUR GEAR.
ANYWAY, WHERE WAS I? OH, AND THEN SHIKLAH AND I WENT INTO THESE ROMANTIC CATACOMBS AND MET SOME DEAD FRENCH GUYS AND--
UH...


YOU'RE NOT FALLING FOR THIS GIRL, ARE YOU?
HEY, COME ON, WHO AM I? SPIDER-MAN?


WOW, SHIKLAH DID ALL THIS?
YEAH, ISN'T SHE DREAMY?
UH-OH, I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. MAYBE THAT'S WHY I'M REALLY LATE IN DELIVERING HER TO NEW YORK CITY.

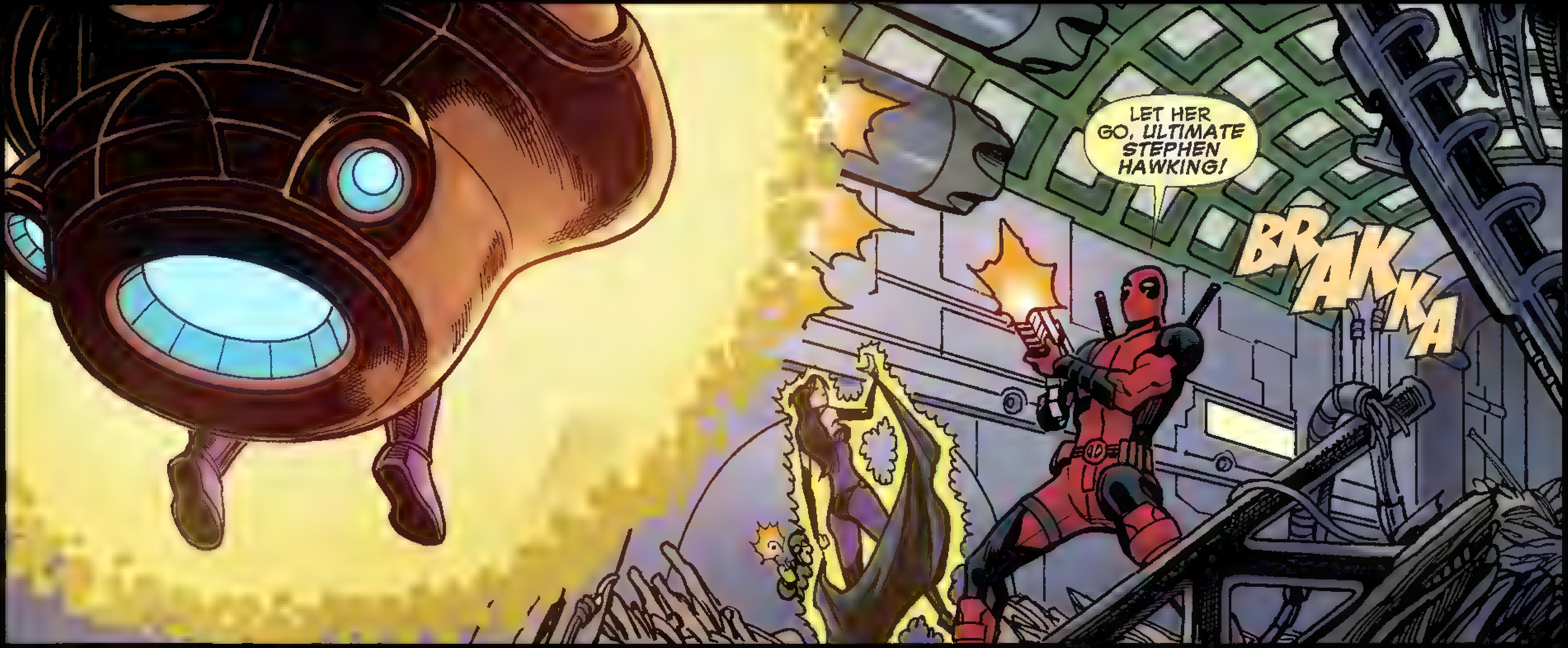
I CANNOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME I QUENCHED MY THIRST, BUT THESE TAINTED SOULS WILL SUFFICE.
ALSO, WHERE ARE L.A.L.F.'S LEGS?
IS SHE SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE THE END OF *RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK?*
YEP. EVIDENTLY IT'S HER LUNCHTIME.
LAST THING L.A.L.F. REMEMBERS IS SLEEPING OUTSIDE RAY'S PIZZA. WHERE IS L.A.L.F.'S CART?
WOW, DEADPOOL.
HEY, BABE.

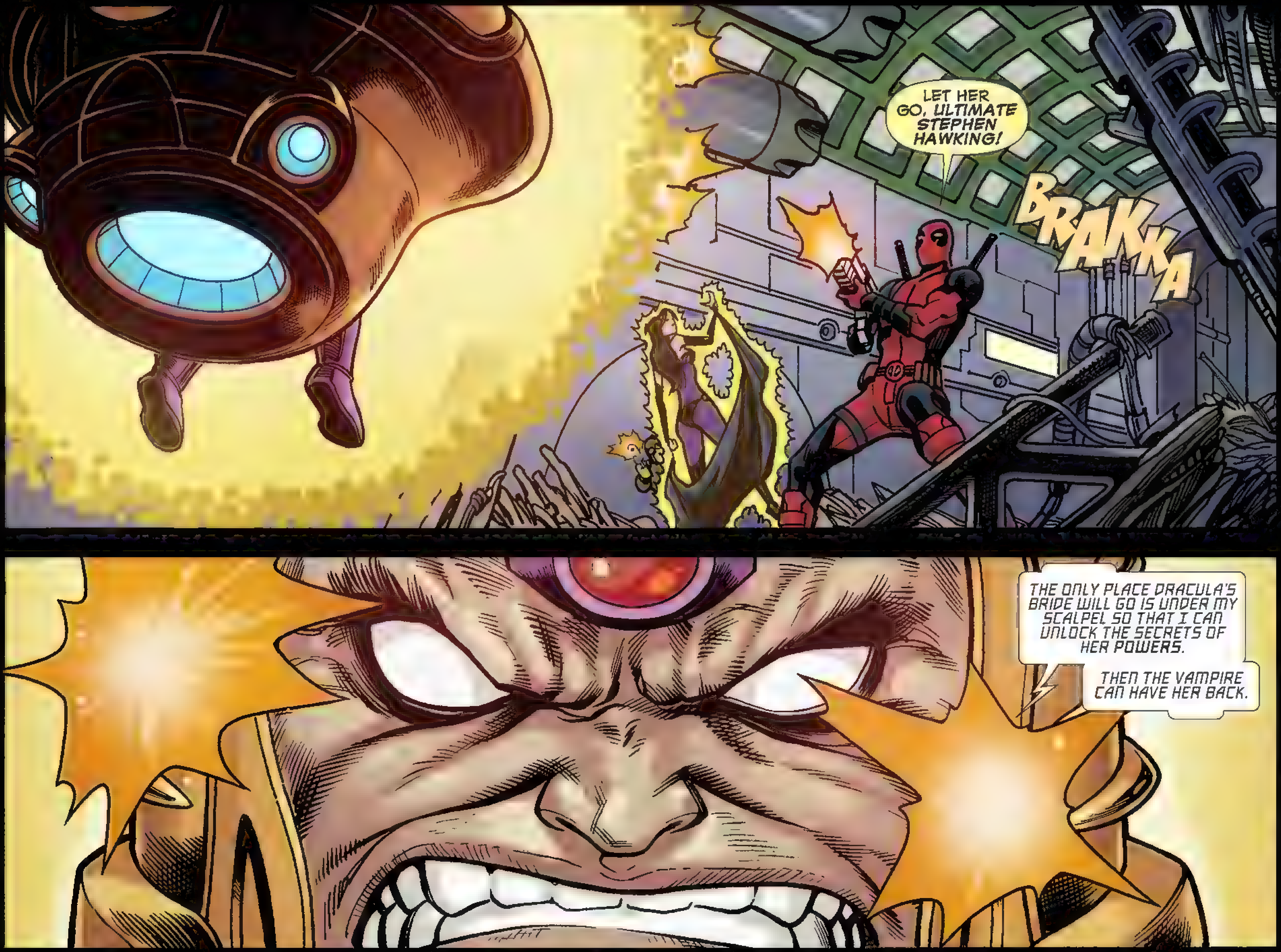
I CAN FEEL MY FULL POWER RETURN!

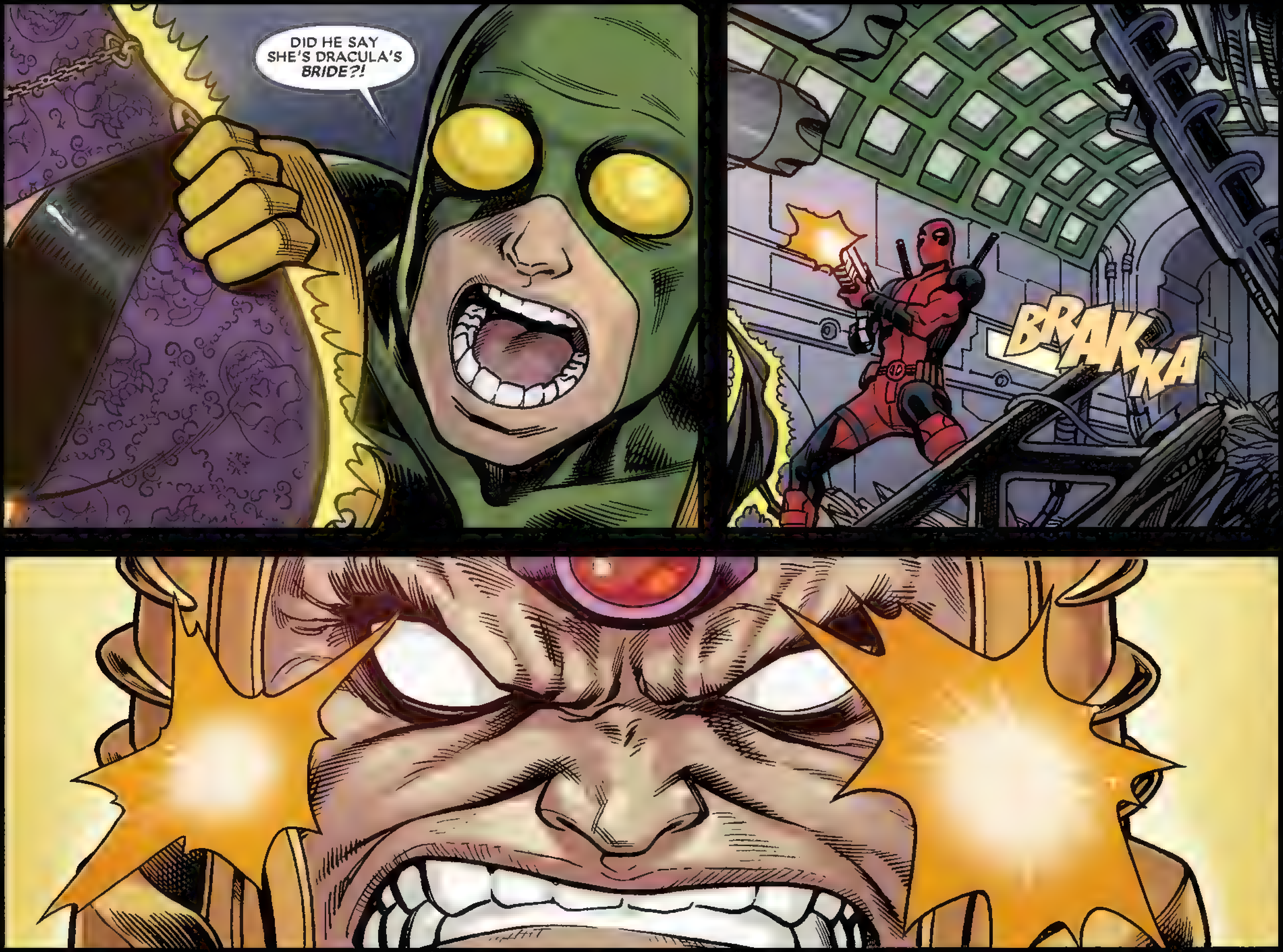
YES, YOUR POWER IS WHAT INTERESTS ME.

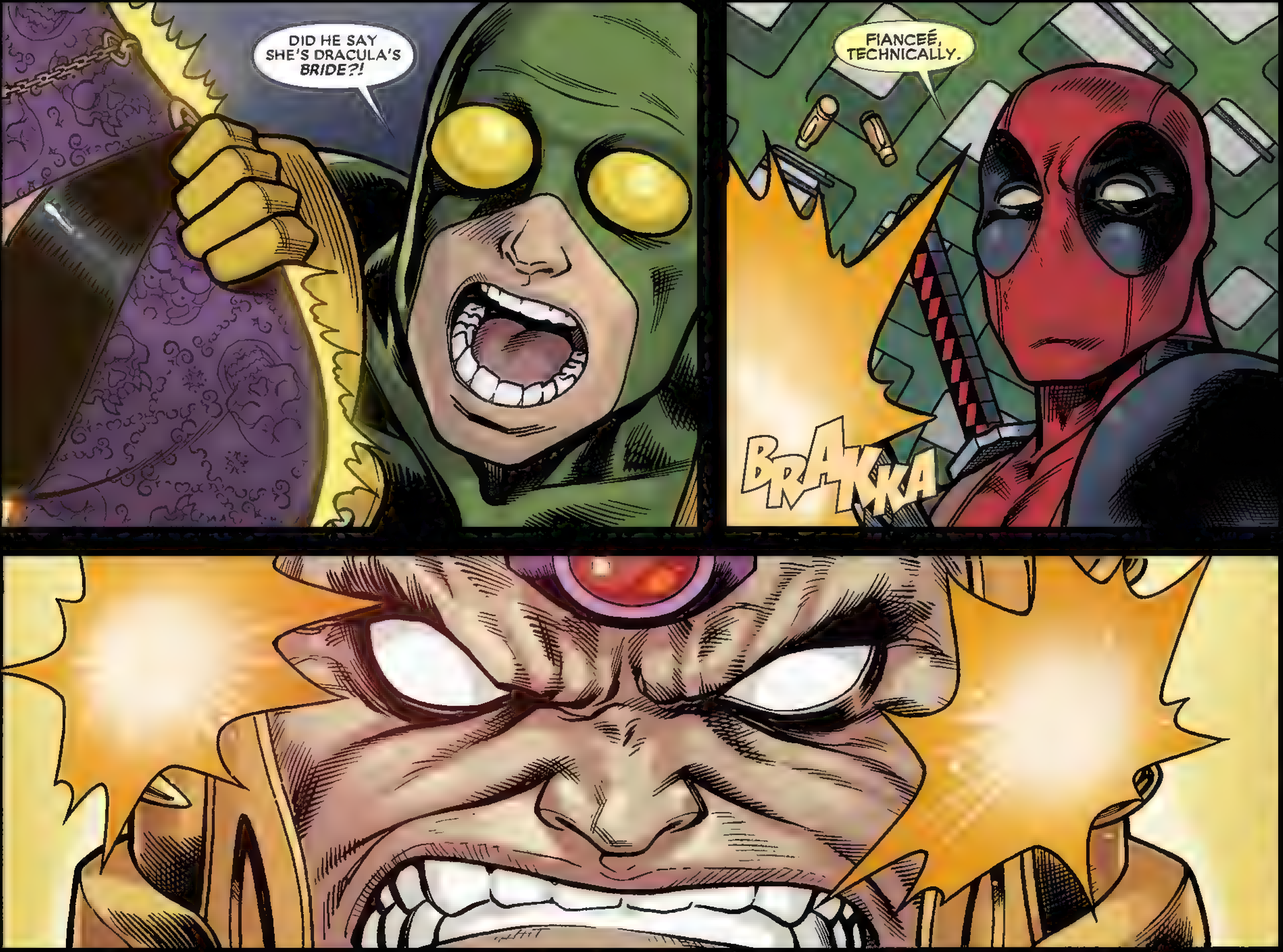
I AM M.O.D.O.K. A MENTAL ORGANISM DESIGNED ONLY FOR KILLING.
A TALENT YOU EXCEL AT.
CAN'T... MOVE.

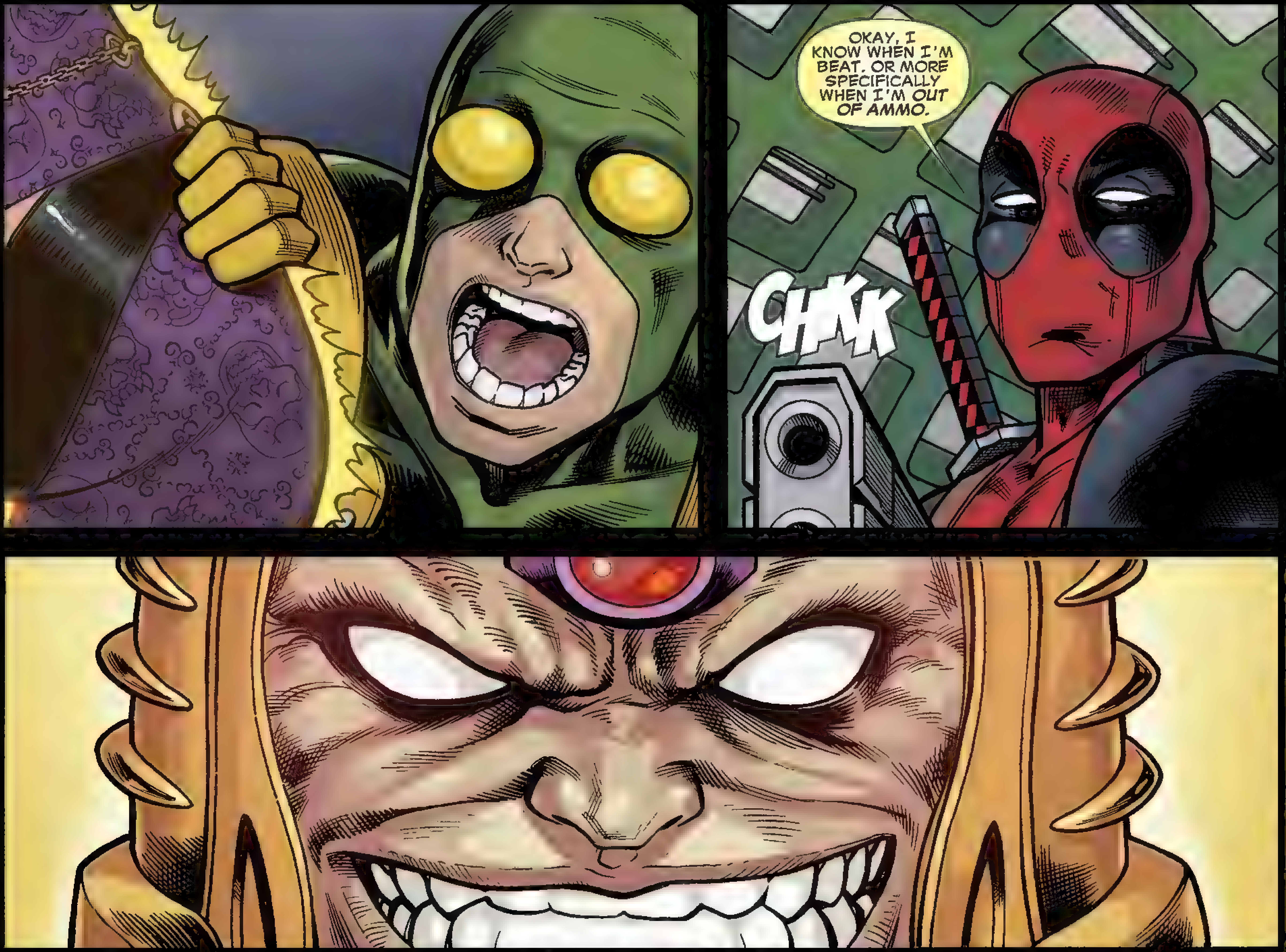
M.O.D.O.K.
ALIAS: MENTAL ORGANISM DESIGNED ONLY FOR KILLING
"THE BIG FACE GUY"
HEIGHT: 8'
WEIGHT: 750 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BAD.
POWERS & ABILITIES:
BRAIN STUFF. YOU KNOW--BRAIN BLASTS, SUPER SMARTNESS, STUFF LIKE THAT. AND HE RUNS A.I.M., SOMETIMES. IT'S COMPLICATED.
WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
BRAIN BLASTS AND HENCHMEN.

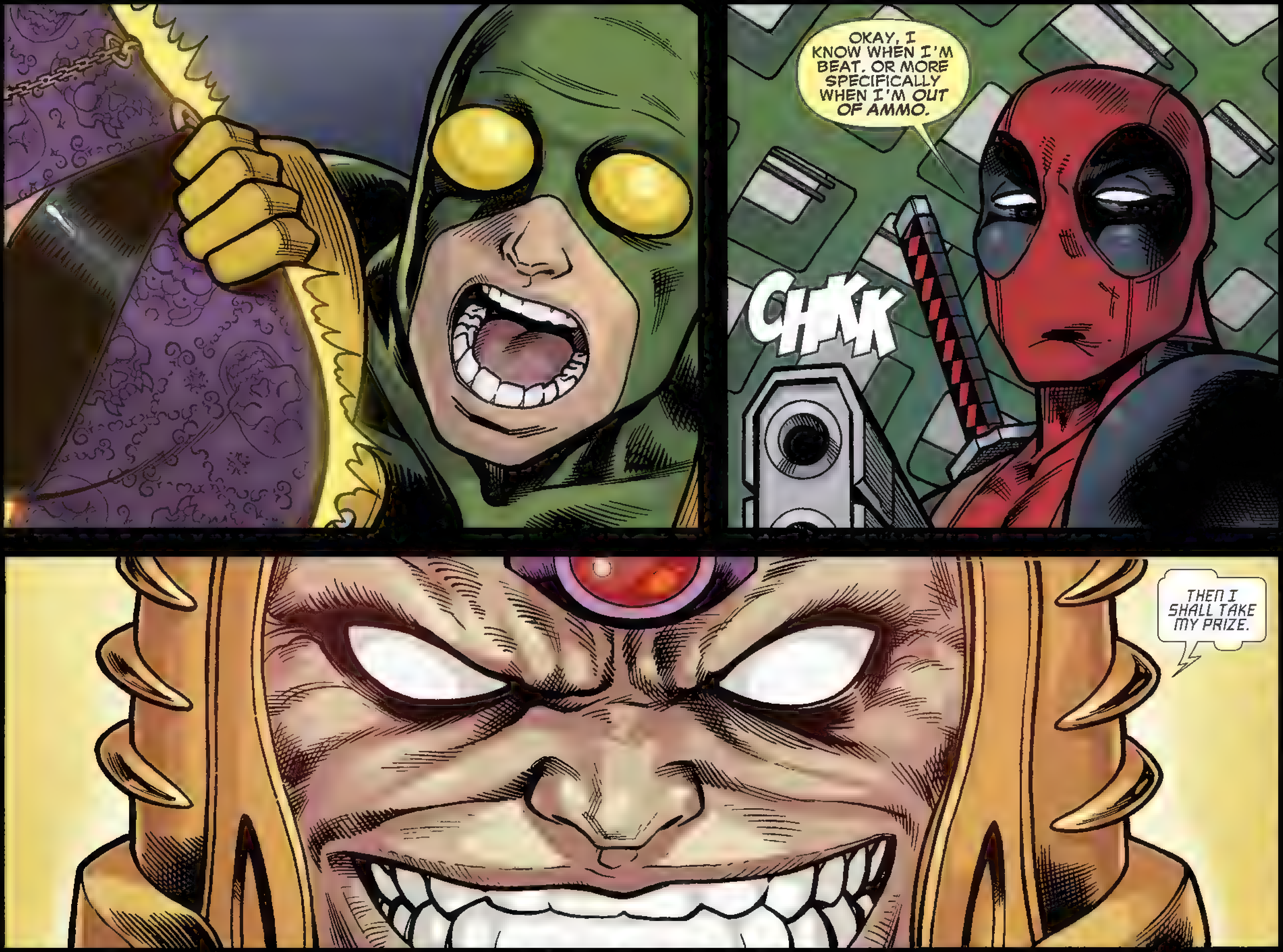

LET HER GO, ULTIMATE STEPHEN HAWKING!
BRAKKA

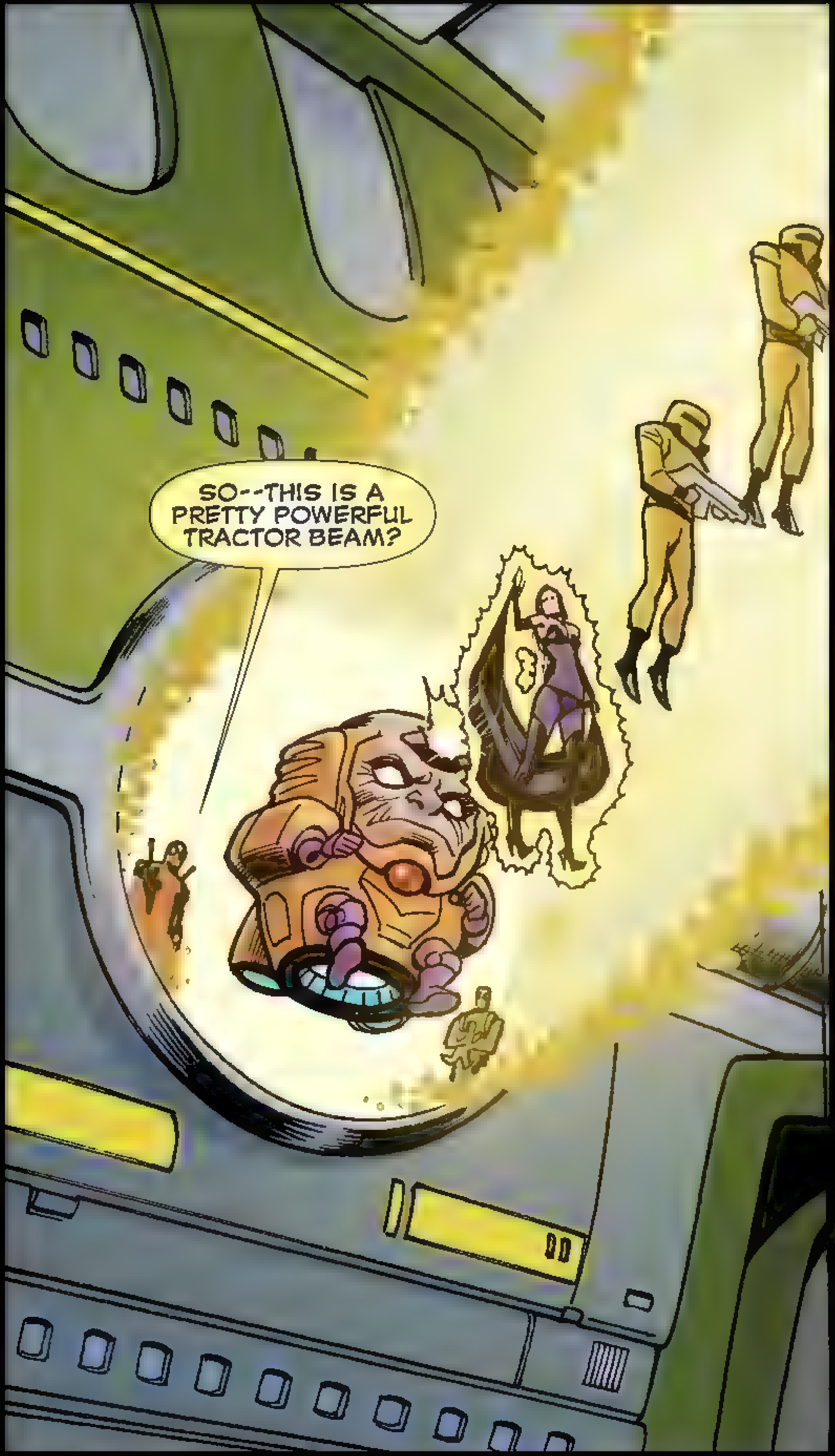

LET HER GO, ULTIMATE STEPHEN HAWKING!
BRAKKA
THE ONLY PLACE DRACULA'S BRIDE WILL GO IS UNDER MY SCALPEL SO THAT I CAN UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF HER POWERS.
THEN THE VAMPIRE CAN HAVE HER BACK.

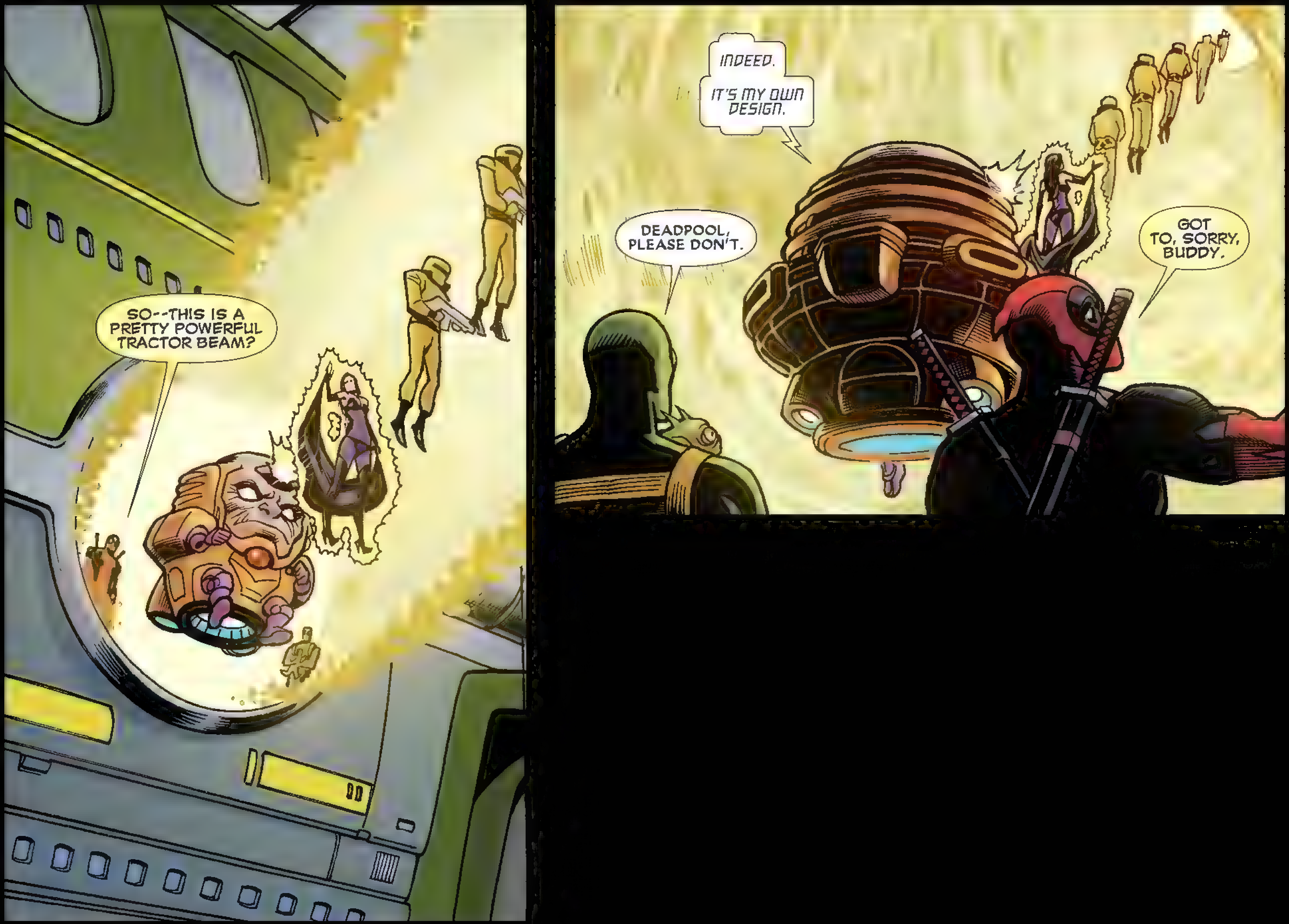

DID HE SAY SHE'S DRACULA'S *BRIDE?!*
BRAKKA

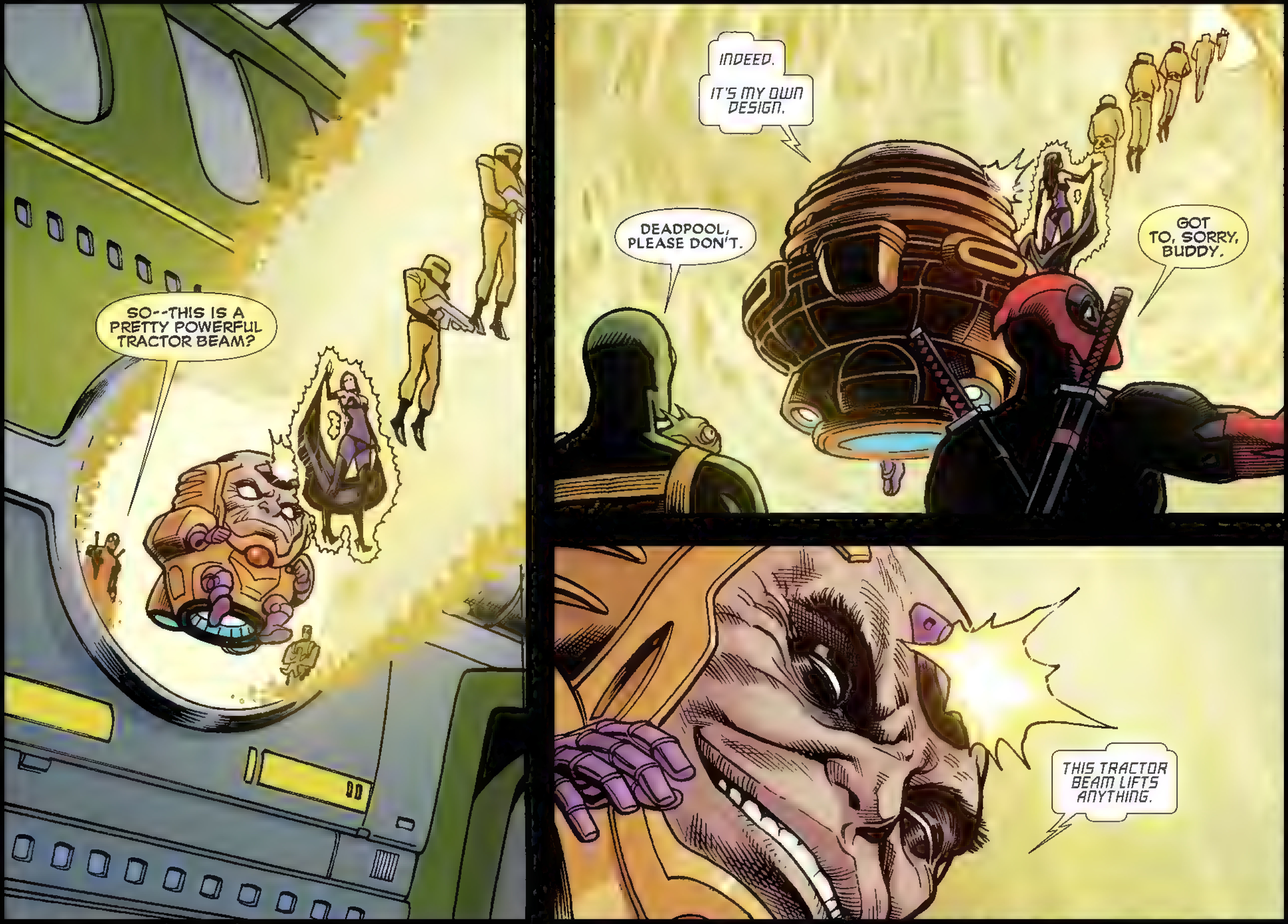

DID HE SAY SHE'S DRACULA'S *BRIDE?!*
FIANCEÉ, TECHNICALLY.
BRAKKA

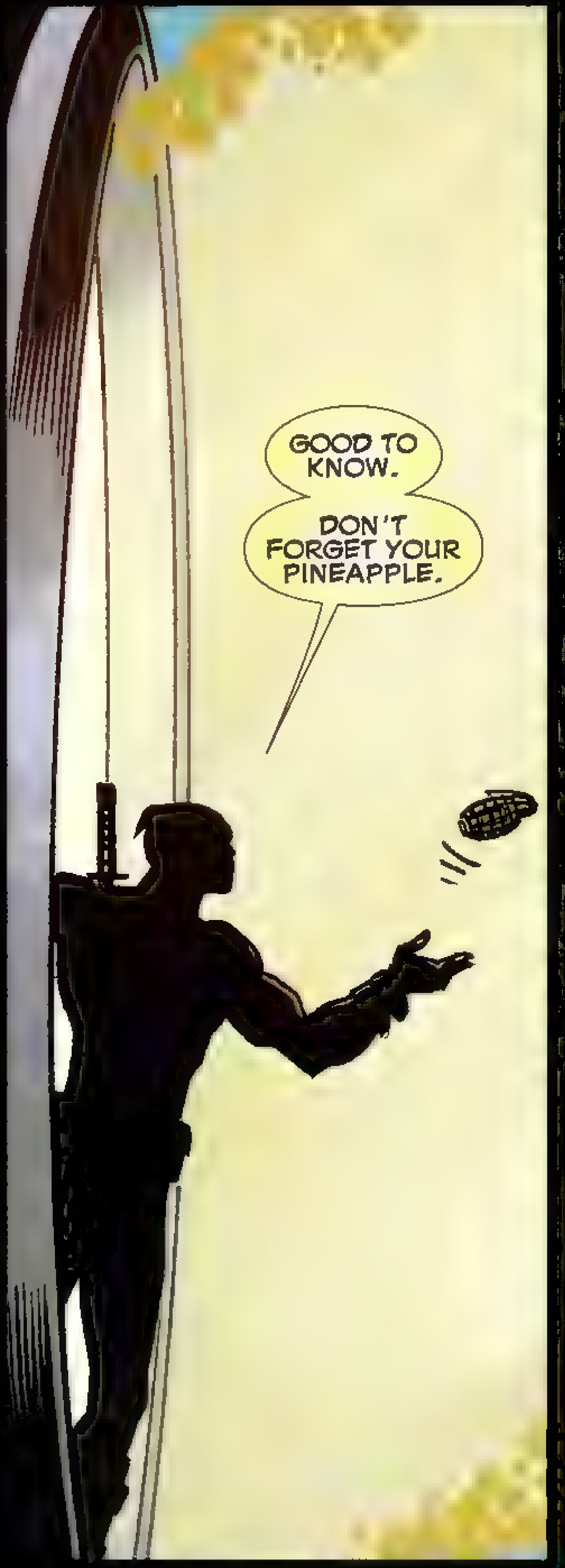

OKAY, I KNOW WHEN I'M BEAT. OR MORE SPECIFICALLY WHEN I'M *OUT OF AMMO.*
CHKK

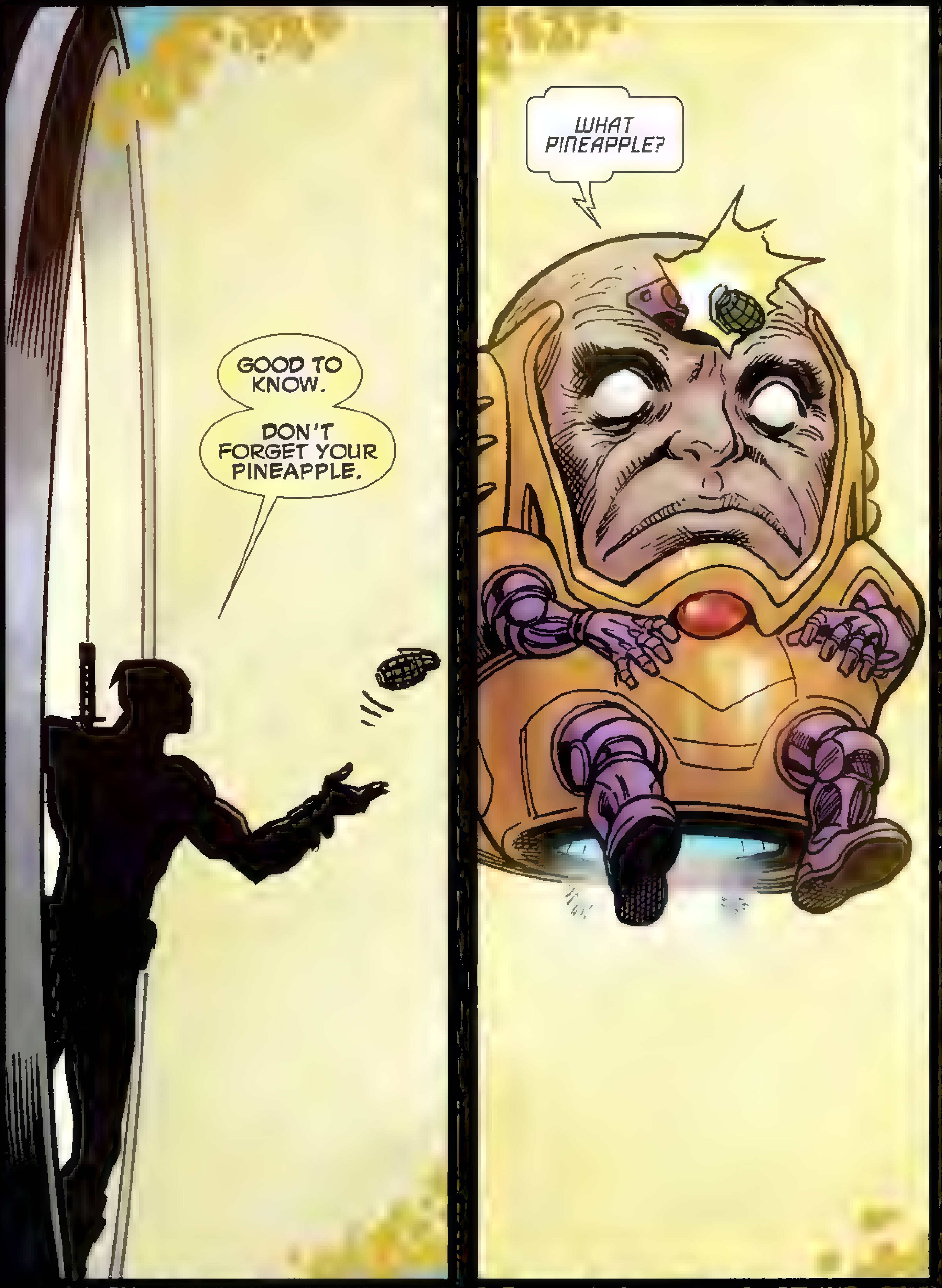

OKAY, I KNOW WHEN I'M BEAT. OR MORE SPECIFICALLY WHEN I'M *OUT OF AMMO.*
CHKK
THEN I SHALL TAKE MY PRIZE.

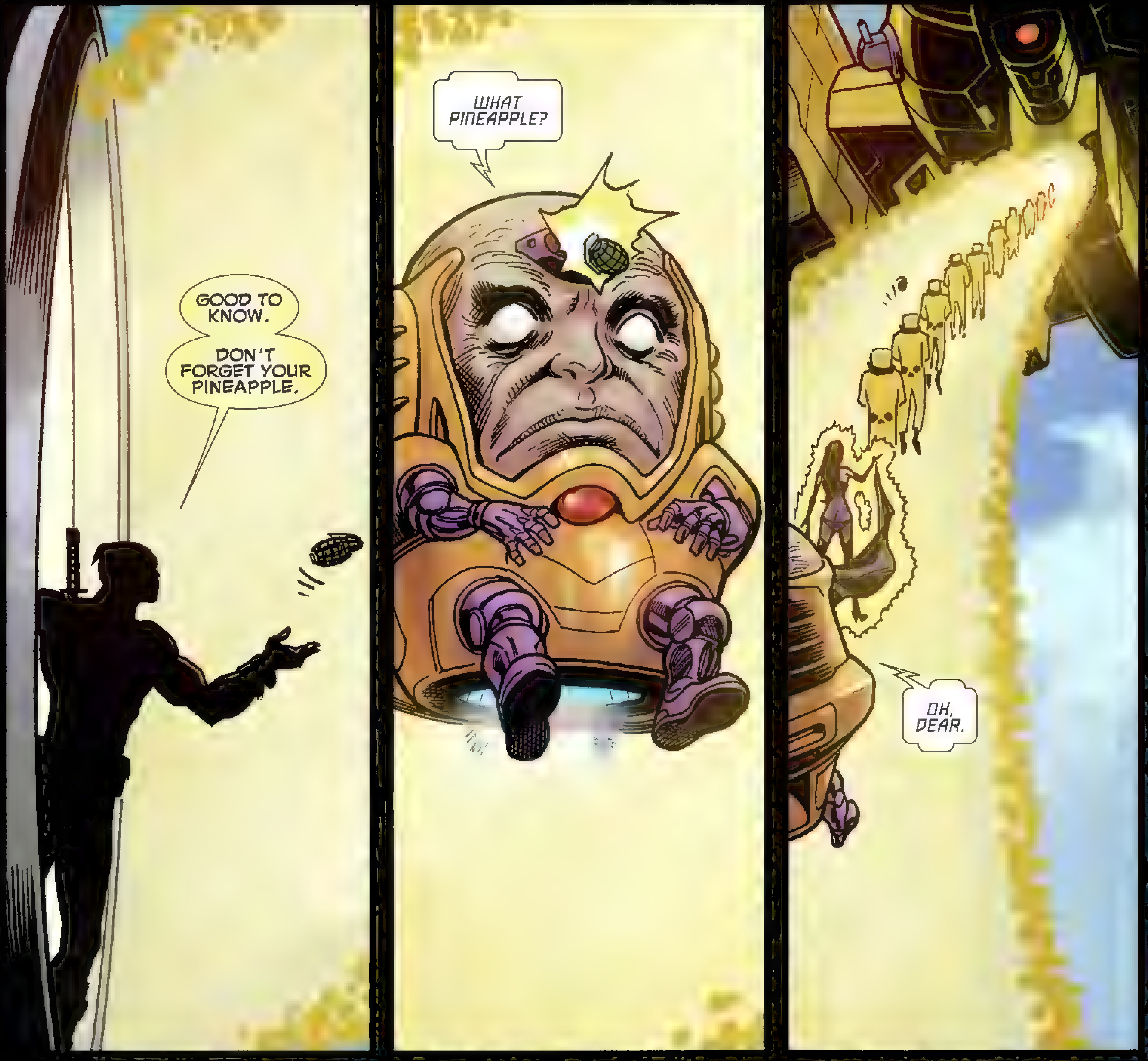

SO--THIS IS A PRETTY POWERFUL TRACTOR BEAM?

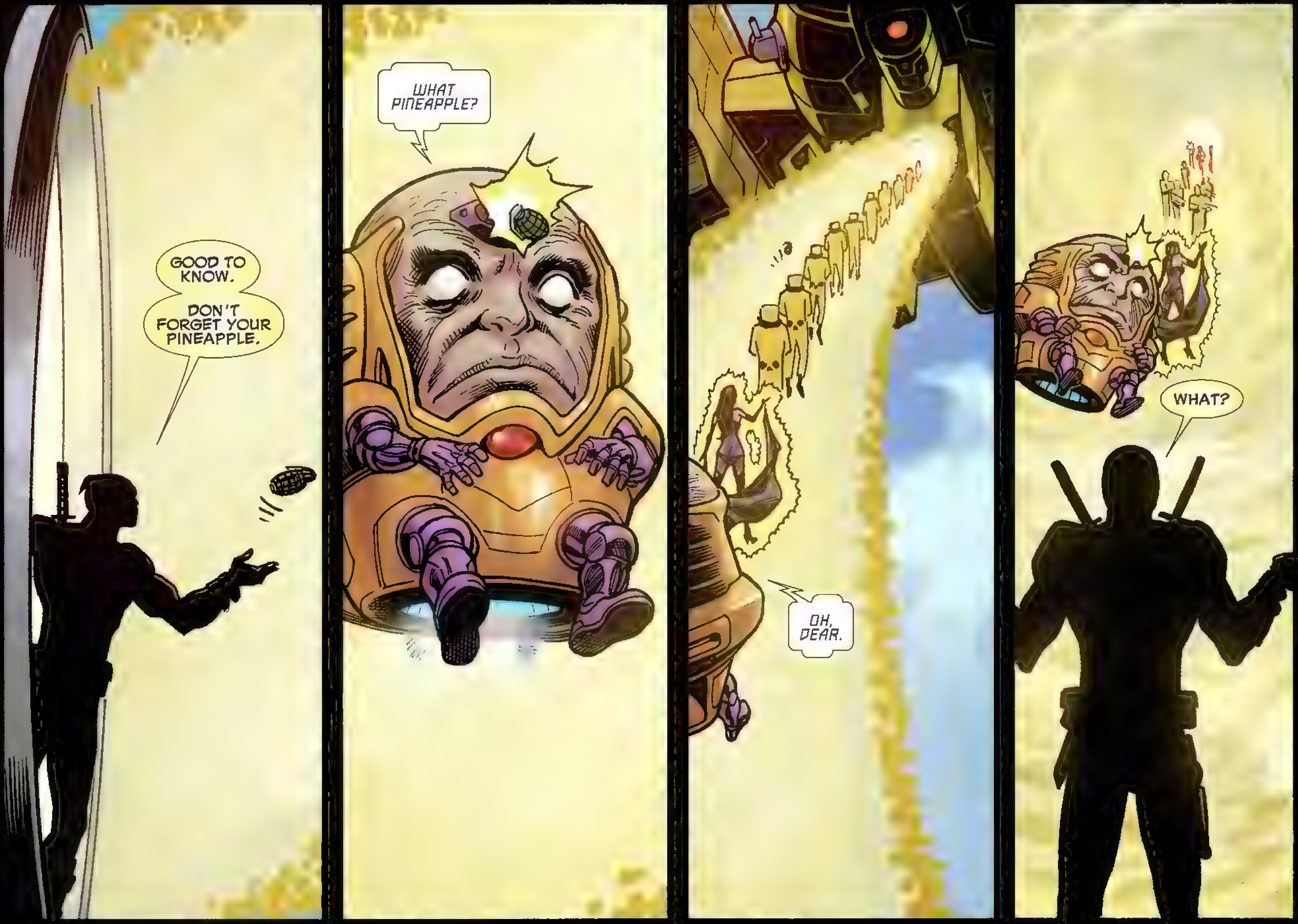

SO--THIS IS A PRETTY POWERFUL TRACTOR BEAM?
INDEED.
IT'S MY OWN DESIGN.
DEADPOOL, PLEASE DON'T.
GOT TO, SORRY, BUDDY.


SO--THIS IS A PRETTY POWERFUL TRACTOR BEAM?
INDEED.
IT'S MY OWN DESIGN.
DEADPOOL, PLEASE DON'T.
GOT TO, SORRY, BUDDY.
THIS TRACTOR BEAM LIFTS ANYTHING.

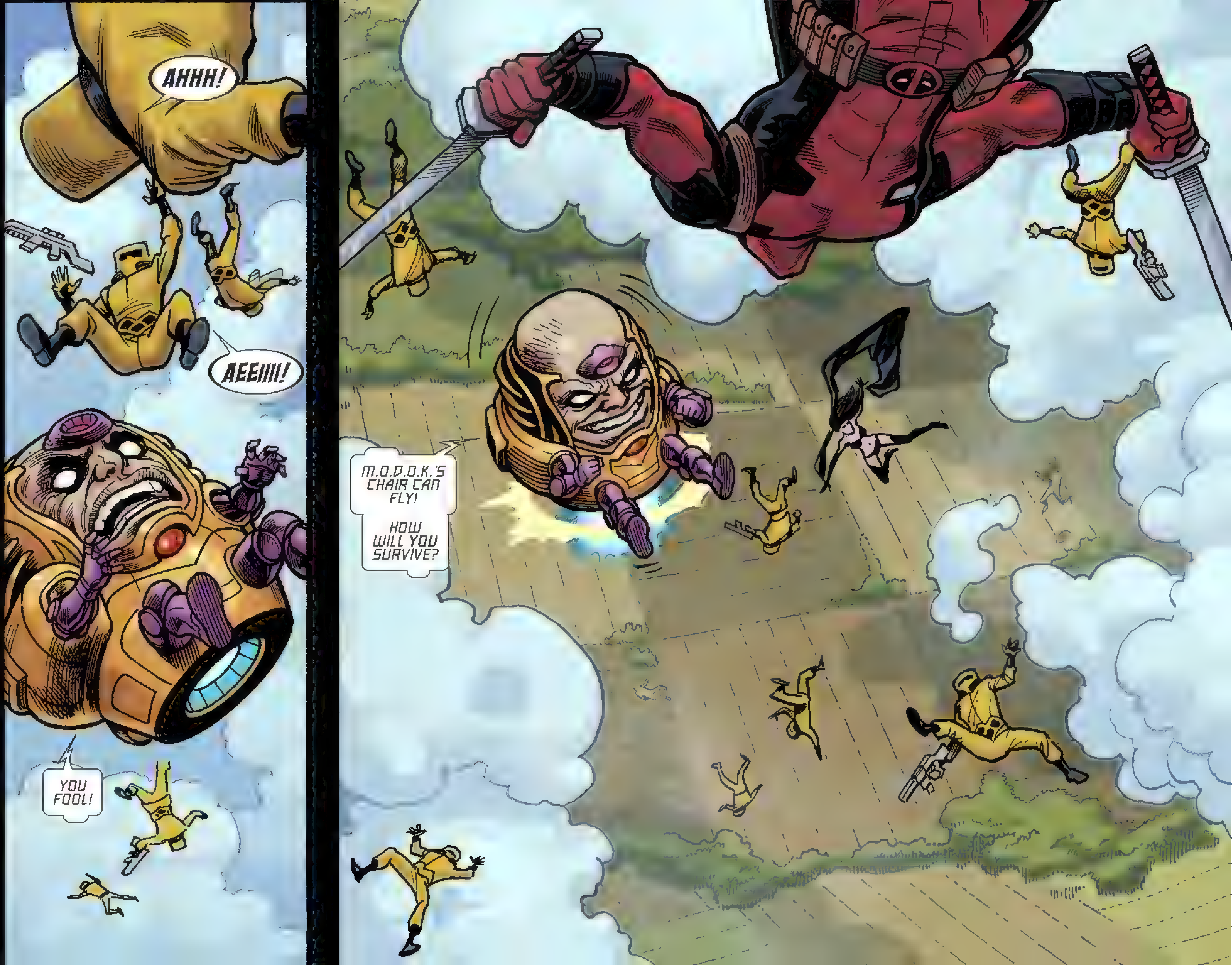

GOOD TO KNOW.
DON'T FORGET YOUR PINEAPPLE.

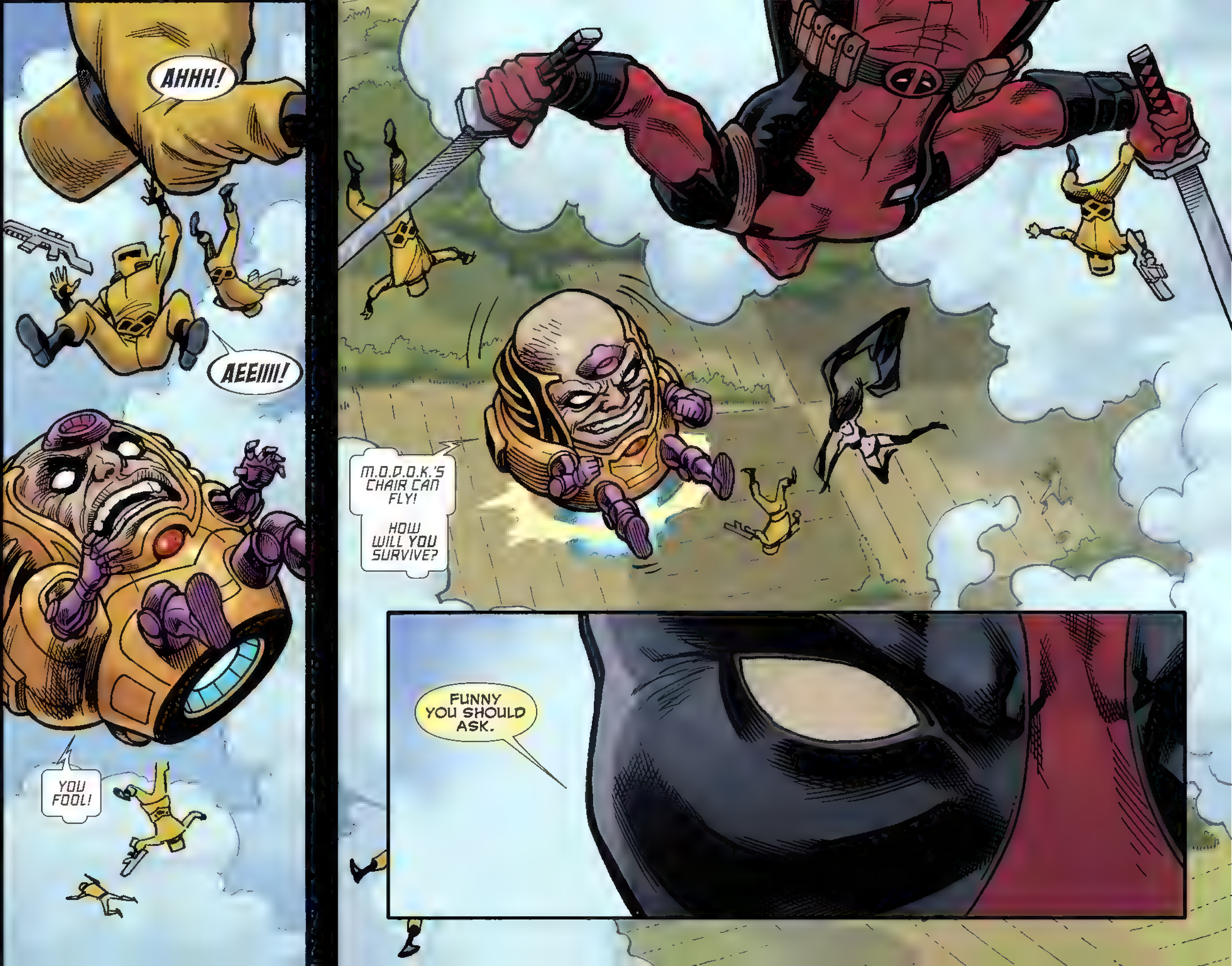

GOOD TO KNOW.
DON'T FORGET YOUR PINEAPPLE.
WHAT PINEAPPLE?

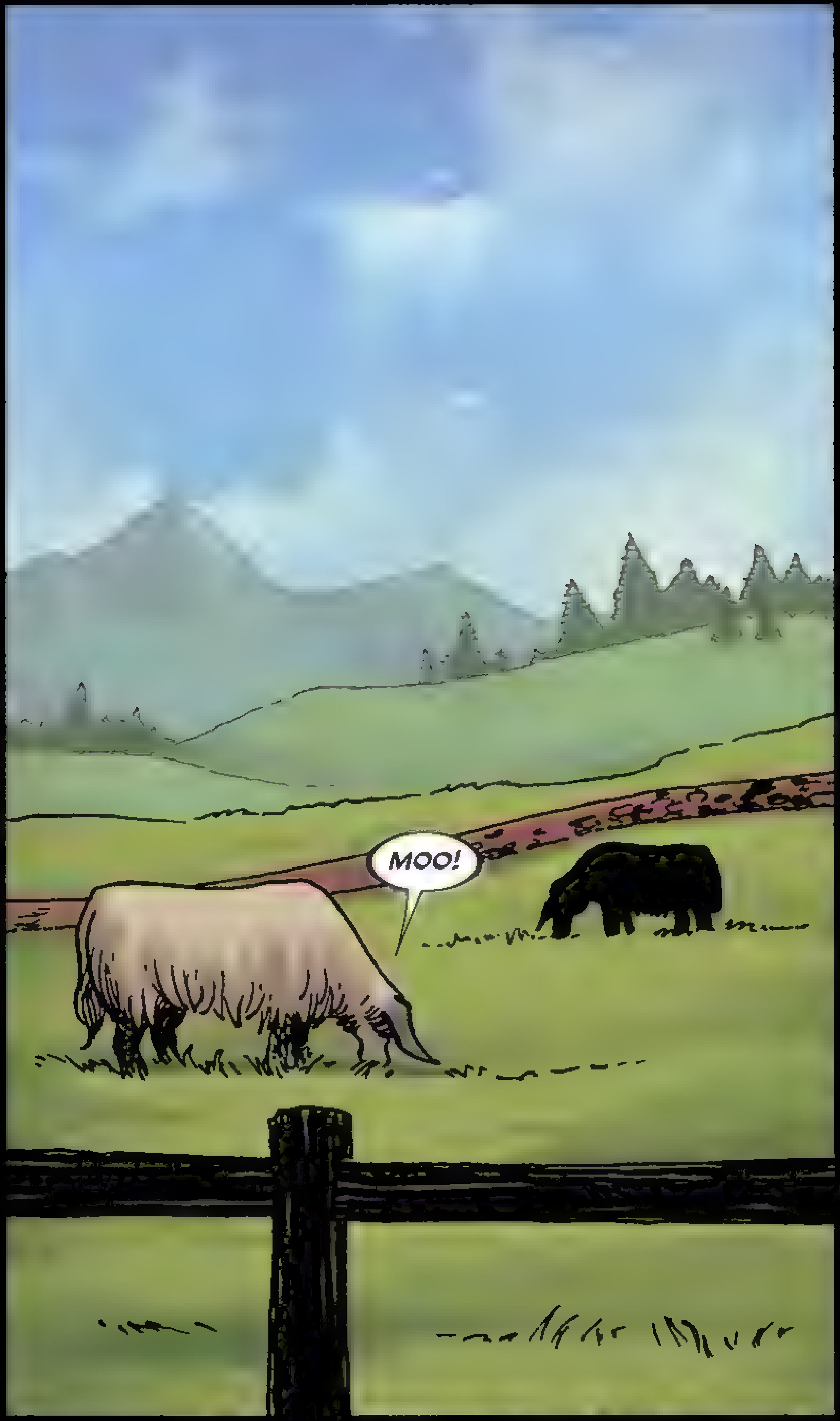

GOOD TO KNOW.
DON'T FORGET YOUR PINEAPPLE.
WHAT PINEAPPLE?
OH, DEAR.

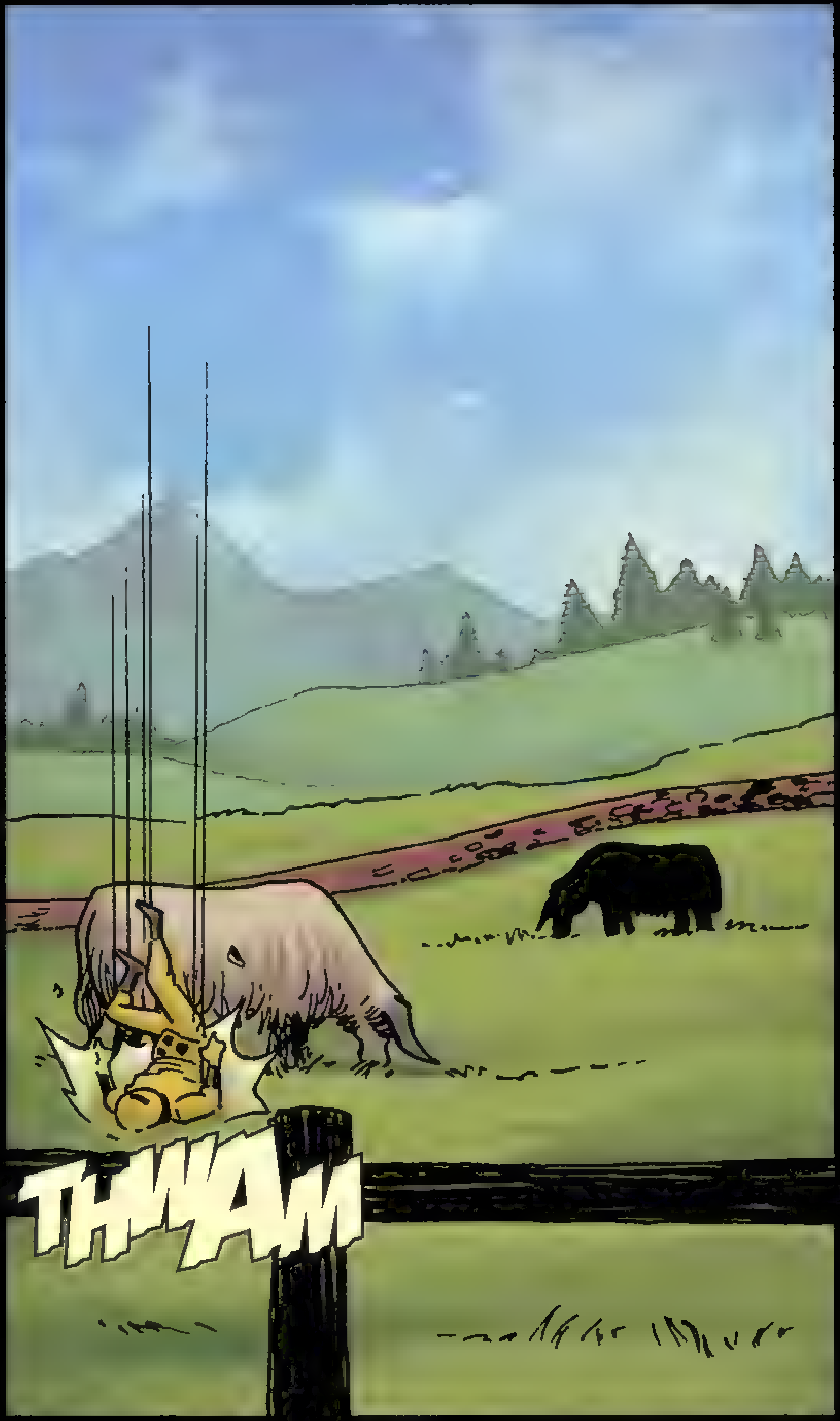

GOOD TO KNOW.
DON'T FORGET YOUR PINEAPPLE.
WHAT PINEAPPLE?
OH, DEAR.
WHAT?

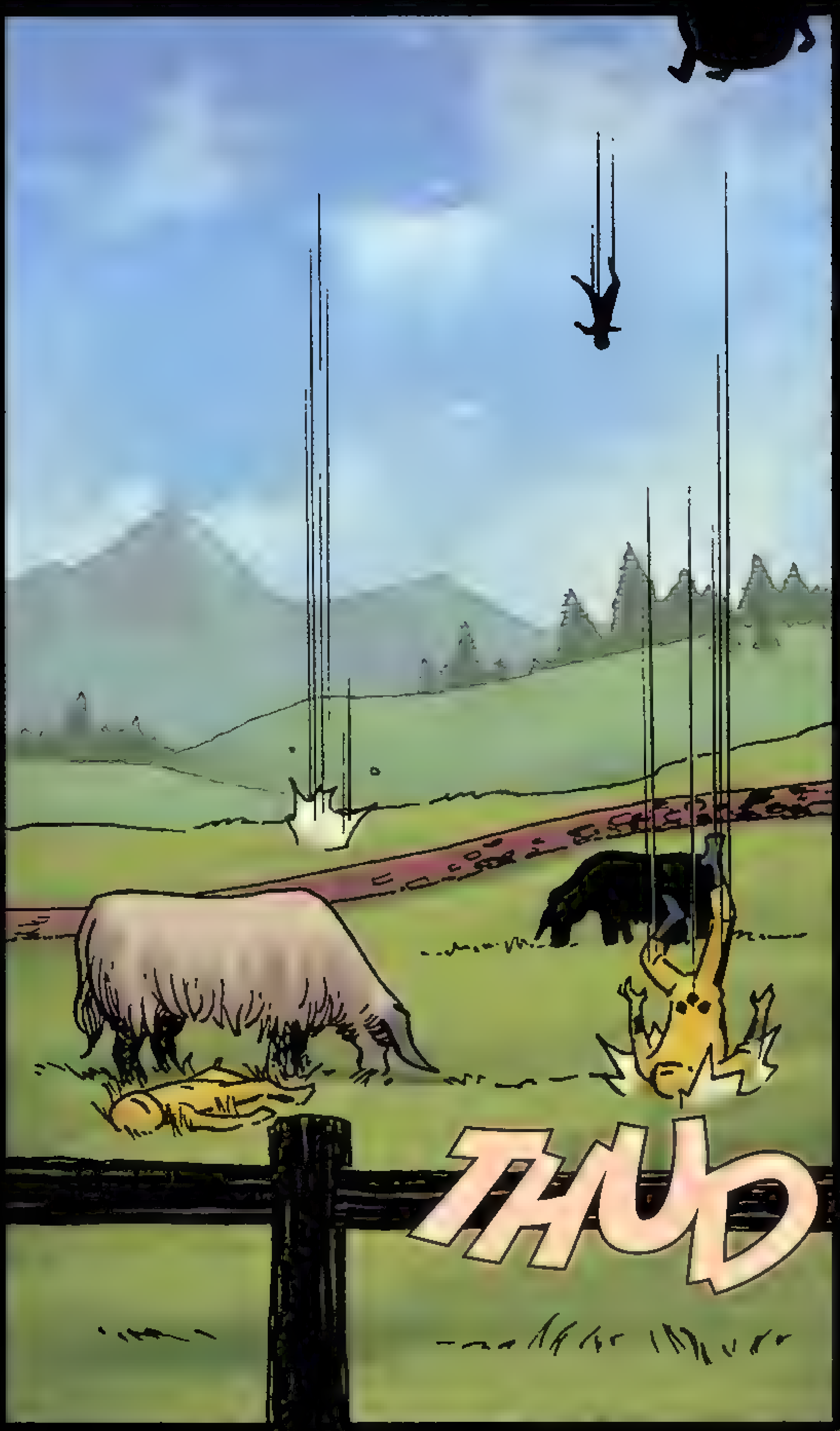
AHHH!
AEEIIII!
YOU FOOL!

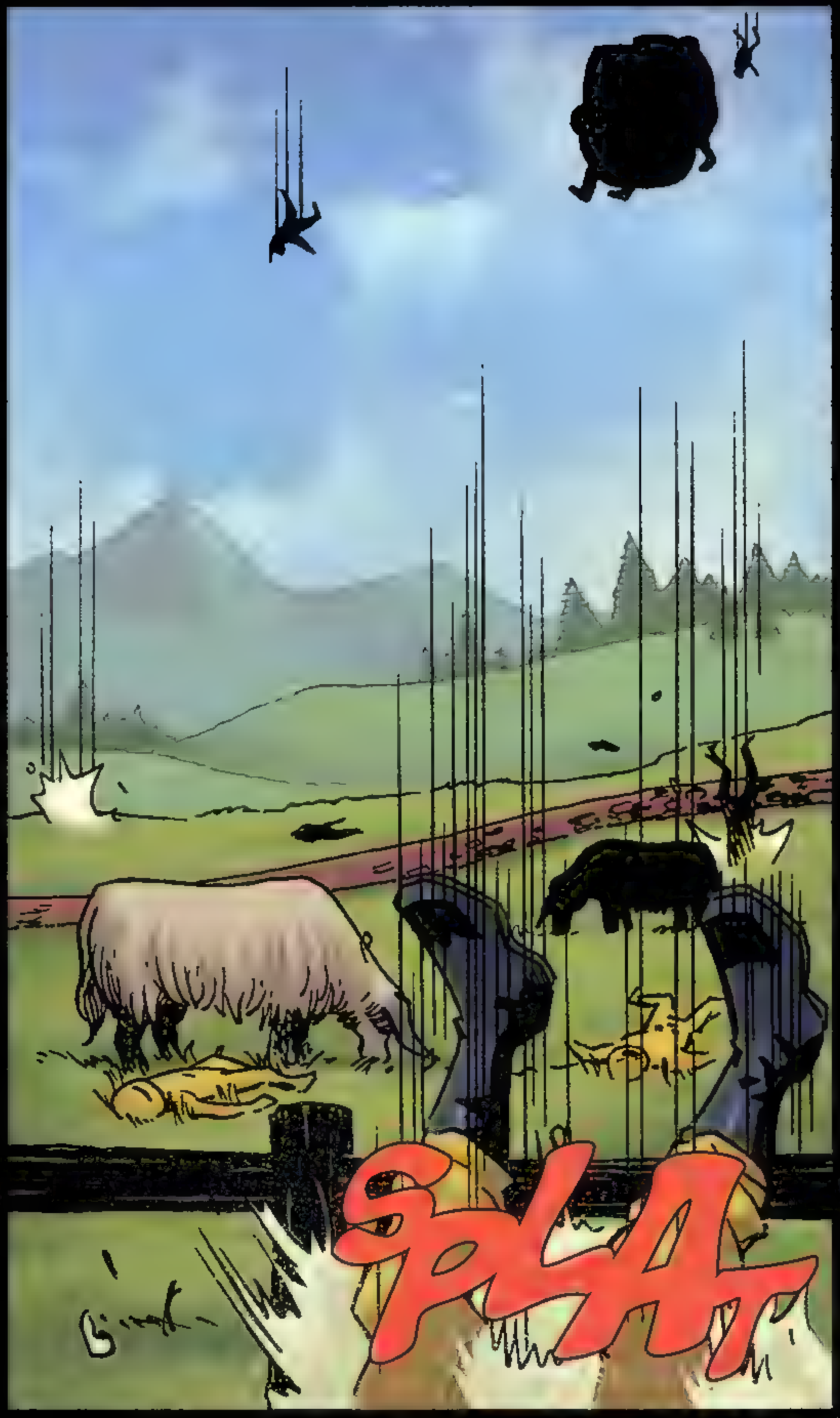

AHHH!
AEEIIII!
YOU FOOL!
M.O.D.O.K.'S CHAIR CAN FLY!
HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE?

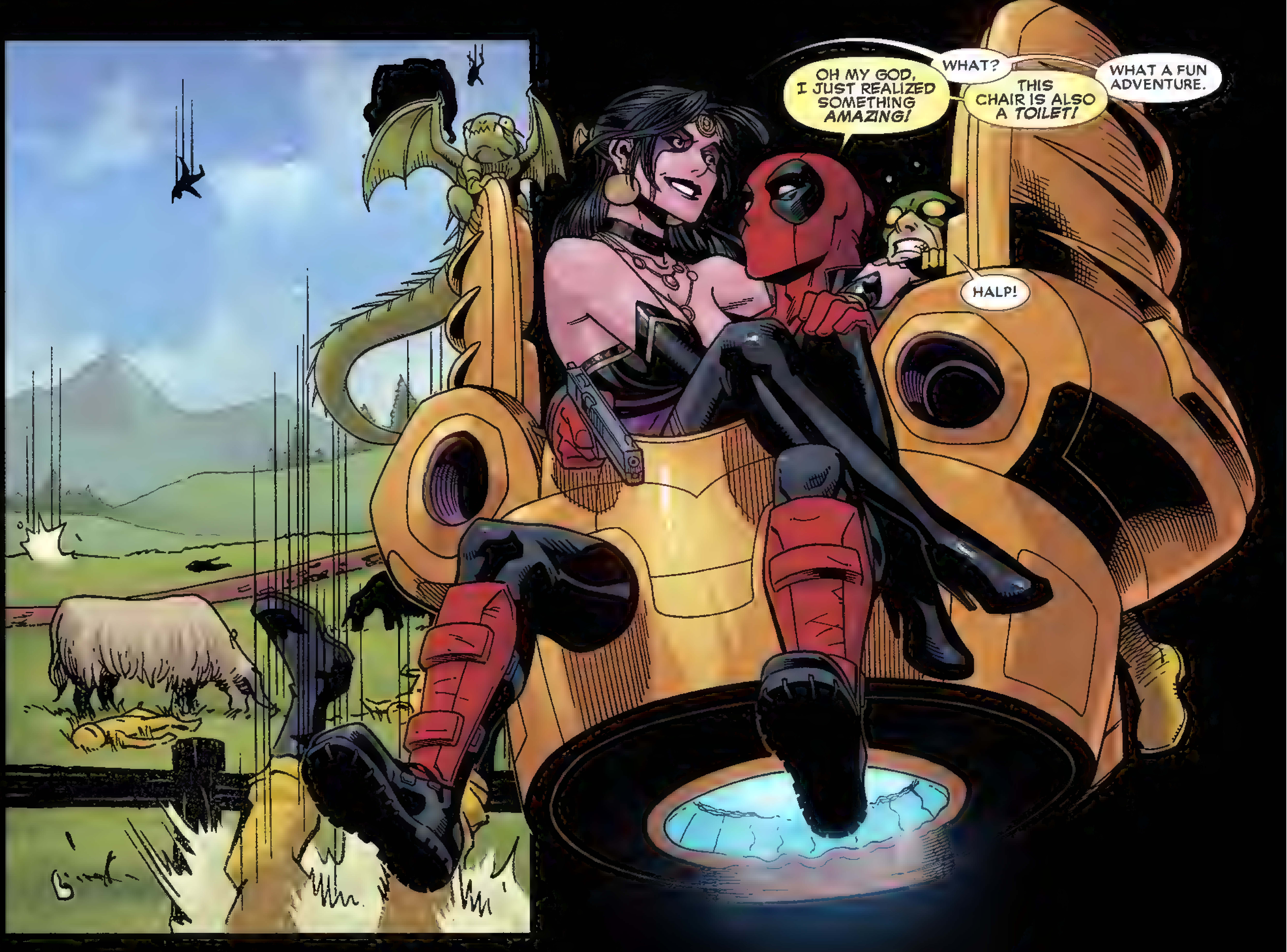

AHHH!
AEEIIII!
YOU FOOL!
M.O.D.O.K.'S CHAIR CAN FLY!
HOW WILL YOU SURVIVE?
FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK.

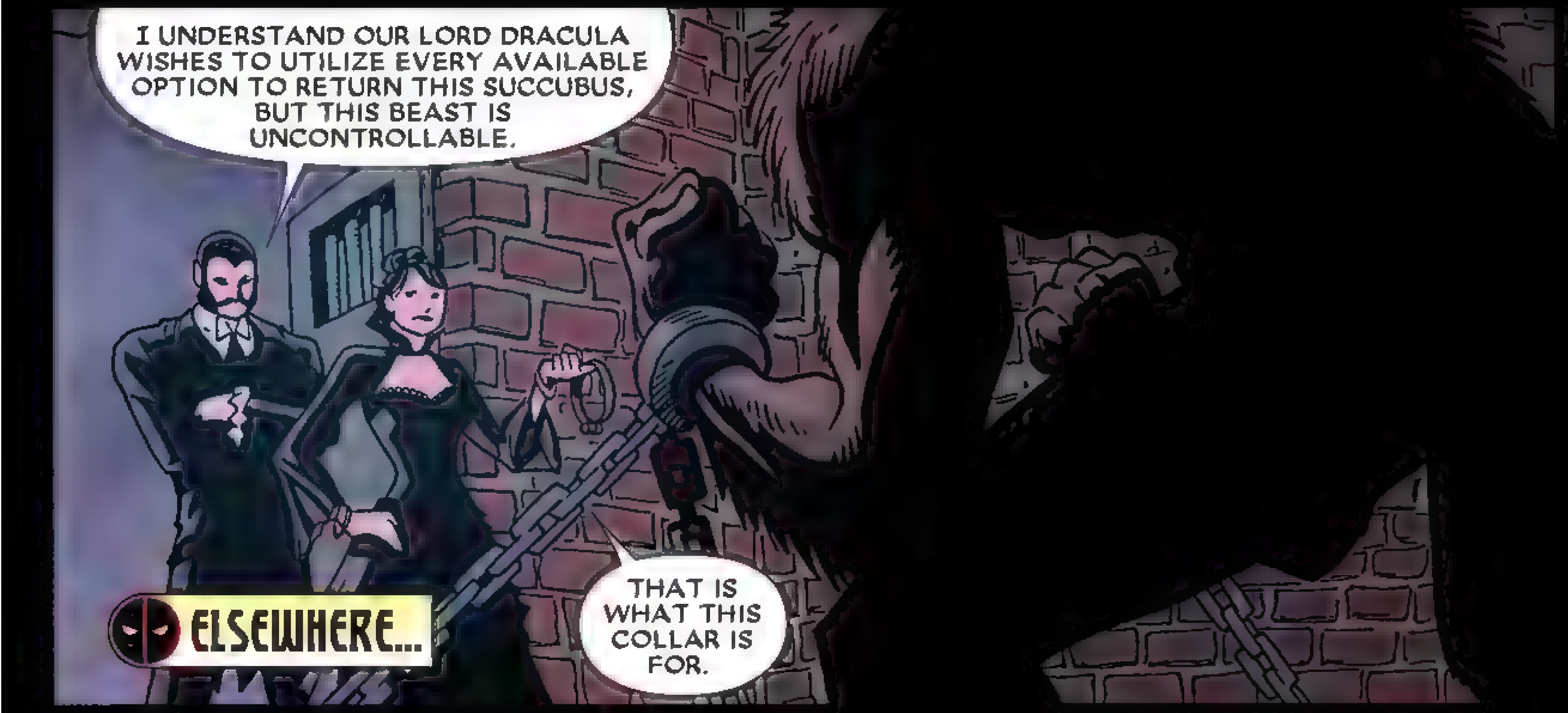

MOO!


THWAM


THUD


SPLAT


OH MY GOD, I JUST REALIZED SOMETHING *AMAZING!*
WHAT?
THIS CHAIR IS ALSO A *TOILET!*
WHAT A FUN ADVENTURE.
HALP!


I UNDERSTAND OUR LORD DRACULA WISHES TO UTILIZE EVERY AVAILABLE OPTION TO RETURN THIS SUCCUBUS, BUT THIS BEAST IS UNCONTROLLABLE.
ELSEWHERE...
THAT IS WHAT THIS COLLAR IS FOR.

I UNDERSTAND OUR LORD DRACULA WISHES TO UTILIZE EVERY AVAILABLE OPTION TO RETURN THIS SUCCUBUS, BUT THIS BEAST IS UNCONTROLLABLE.
ELSEWHERE...
THAT IS WHAT THIS COLLAR IS FOR.
IT IS AN OLD NECROMANTIC ANTIQUITY...

DEADPOOL IS LATE IN DELIVERING THE BRIDE. HIS CONTRACT IS TERMINATED...AND SO IS HIS LIFE.
KILL THE FOOL, AND HURRY THE BRIDE BACK HERE SO WE CAN GET HER TO OUR MASTER.

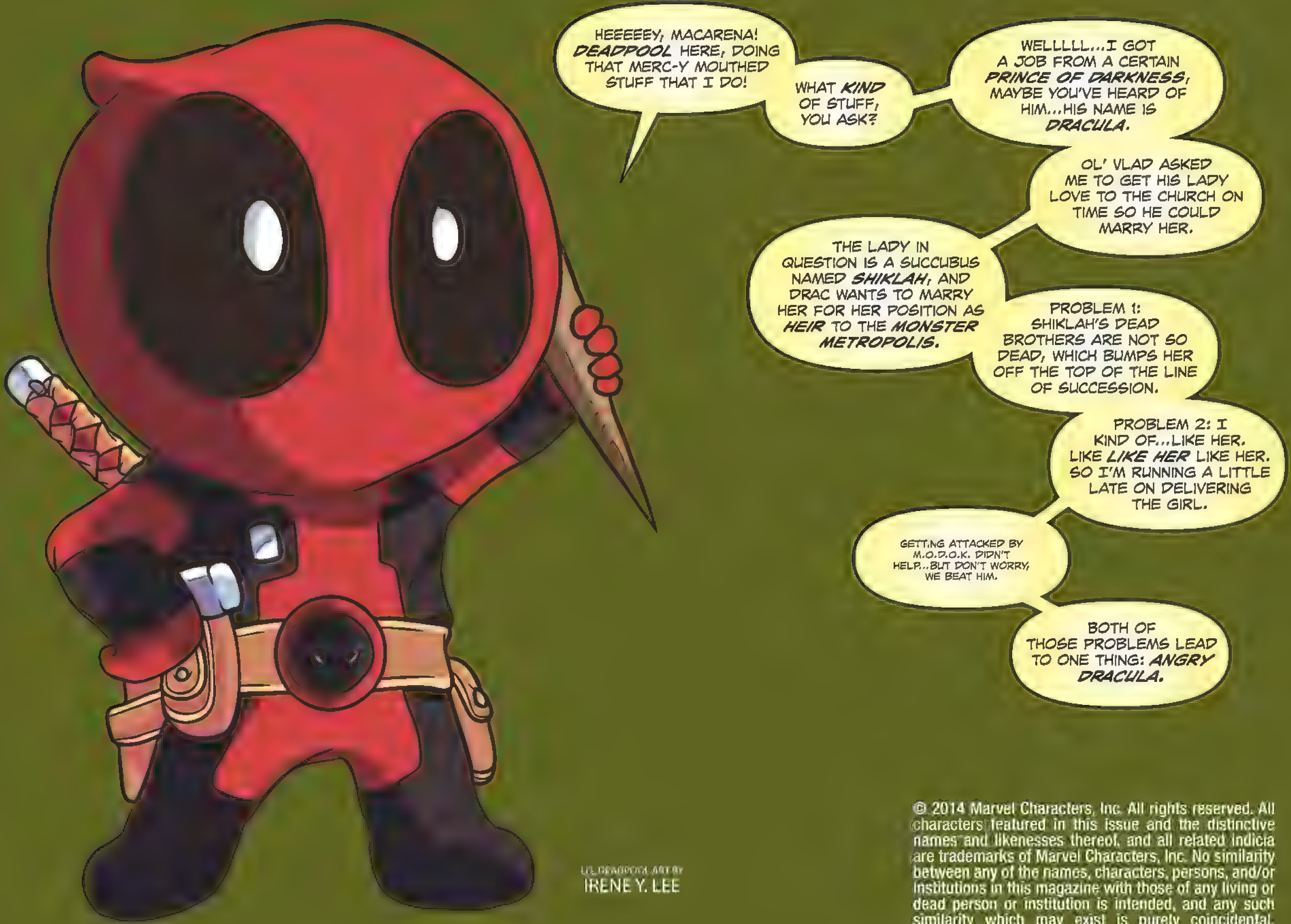
WEREWOLF BY NIGHT

ALIAS: JACK RUSSELL (SERIOUSLY!)
"A WEREWOLF!"
HEIGHT: 6'8"
WEIGHT: 300 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BAD...RIGHT NOW.

POWERS & ABILITIES:
HE'S LIKE A WEREWOLF, BUT, LIKE...EVERY NIGHT, NOT JUST UNDER THE FULL MOON.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
CLAWS AND TEETH.

TO BE CONTINUED...


HEEEEEY, MACARENA! DEADPOOL HERE, DOING THAT MERC-Y MOUTHED STUFF THAT I DO!
WHAT KIND OF STUFF, YOU ASK?
WELLLLL...I GOT A JOB FROM A CERTAIN PRINCE OF DARKNESS, MAYBE YOU'VE HEARD OF HIM...HIS NAME IS DRACULA.
OL' VLAD ASKED ME TO GET HIS LADY LOVE TO THE CHURCH ON TIME SO HE COULD MARRY HER.
THE LADY IN QUESTION IS A SUCCUBUS NAMED SHIKLAH, AND DRAC WANTS TO MARRY HER FOR HER POSITION AS HEIR TO THE MONSTER METROPOLIS.
PROBLEM 1: SHIKLAH'S DEAD BROTHERS ARE NOT SO DEAD, WHICH BUMPS HER OFF THE TOP OF THE LINE OF SUCCESSION.
PROBLEM 2: I KIND OF...LIKE HER. LIKE LIKE HER LIKE HER. SO I'M RUNNING A LITTLE LATE ON DELIVERING THE GIRL.
GETTING ATTACKED BY M.O.D.O.K. DIDN'T HELP...BUT DON'T WORRY, WE BEAT HIM.
BOTH OF THOSE PROBLEMS LEAD TO ONE THING: ANGRY DRACULA.

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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THIS IS GREAT *FUN!* SO THE BOVINE MAN DIDN'T REQUIRE THIS ENCHANTED LITTER TO FLY?
LAND THIS THING, DEADPOOL! I CAN'T HANG ON!
OH, NO-- M.O.D.O.K. NEEDED THIS CHAIR TO FLY. R.I.P. MODOK.
OF COURSE YOU CAN, BOB. YOU'RE A MEMBER OF A MAJOR TERRORIST ORGANIZATION. I'M SURE THERE ARE *FITNESS REQUIREMENTS.* YOUR MIND IS SAYING, "*NO*" BUT YOUR BODY CAN EASILY HANG ON.

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YEAAAAAAA

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YEAAAAAAA
WALOOOOF!
UGH.
DERP.

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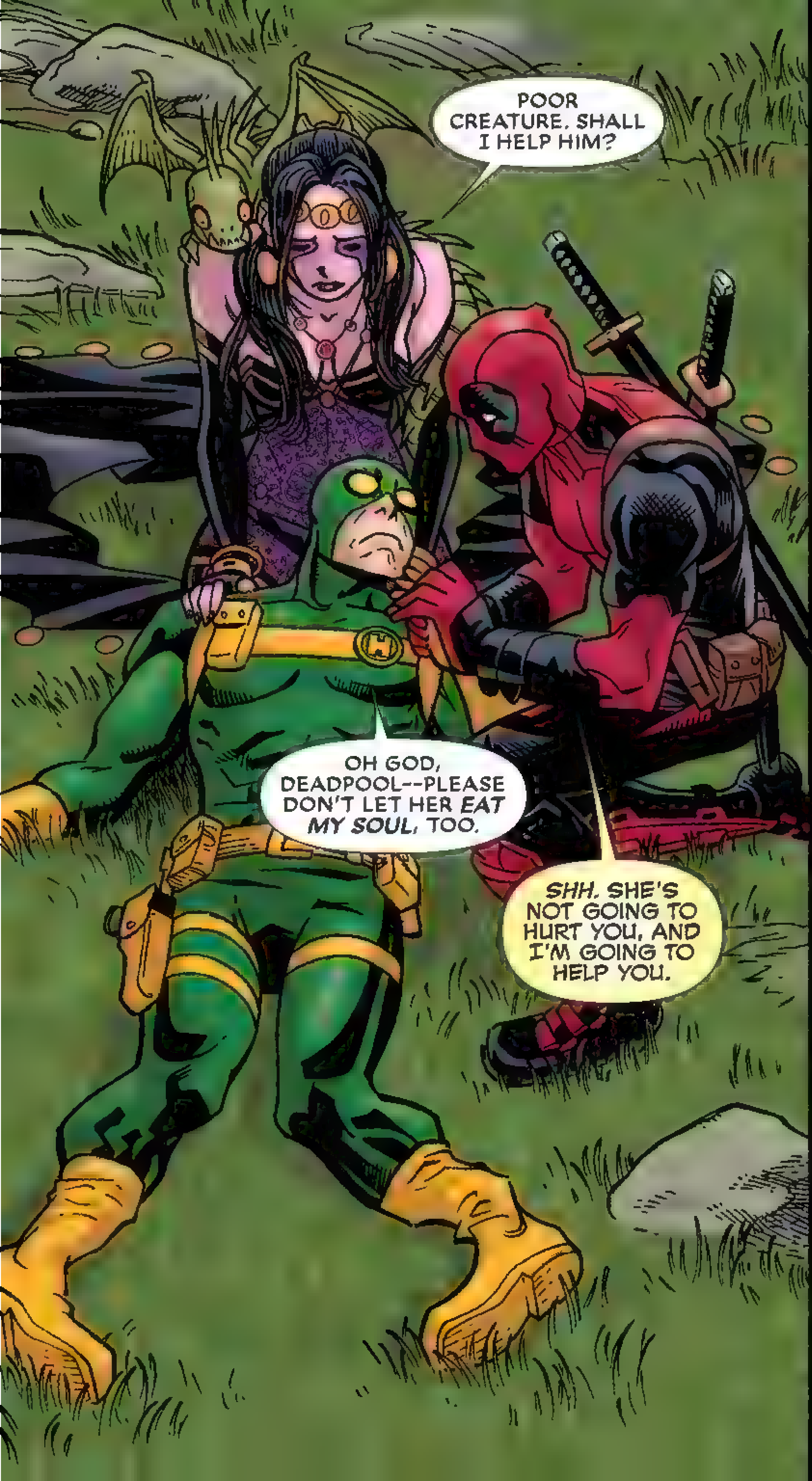
LAND THIS THING, DEADPOOL! I CAN'T HANG ON!
OH, NO-- M.O.D.O.K. NEEDED THIS CHAIR TO FLY. R.I.P. MODOK.
OF
YOU CAN
A MEMB
TERRORIST
I'M SURE TH
REQUIREM
IS SAYING
BODY
H
YEAAAAAAA
WALOOOOF!
UGH.
DERP.
AH AH AH *AEEEEIIIWOOOO*
I'M SURE HE'S FINE.

POOR CREATURE. SHALL I HELP HIM?
OH GOD, DEADPOOL--PLEASE DON'T LET HER *EAT MY SOUL*, TOO.
SHH. SHE'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, AND I'M GOING TO HELP YOU.
I HAVE SOMETHING RIGHT HERE IN MY POUCH THAT WILL HELP YOU WITH THE PAIN.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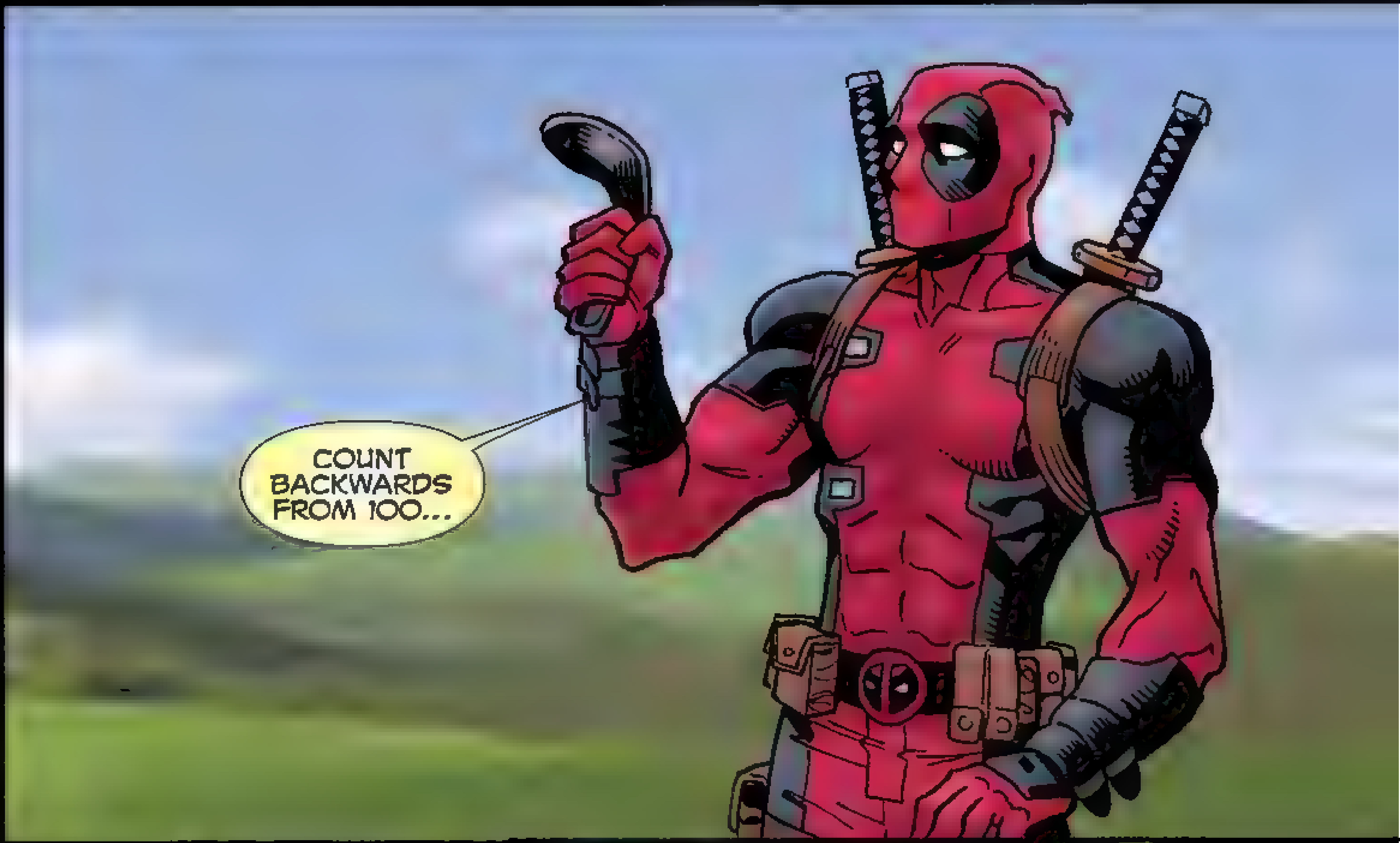

COUNT BACKWARDS FROM 100...

POOR CREATURE. SHALL I HELP HIM?
OH GOD, DEADPOOL--PLEASE DON'T LET HER *EAT MY SOUL*, TOO.
SHH. SHE'S NOT GOING TO HURT YOU, AND I'M GOING TO HELP YOU.
COUNT BACKWARDS FROM 100...
THWAM
GAK!

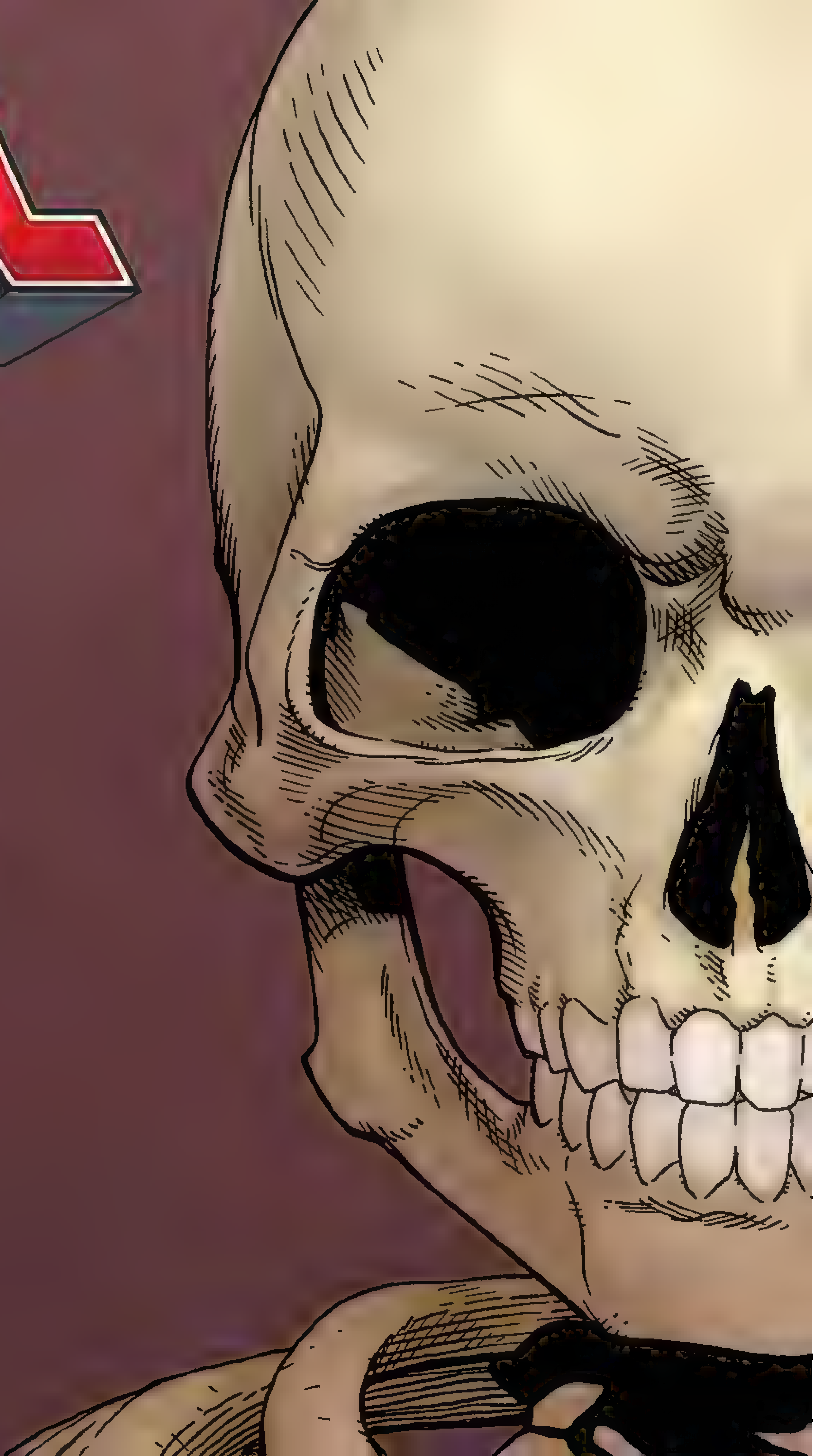
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 8: WEREWOLF OF LONDON-ADJACENT

story by
BRIAN POSEHN & GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN

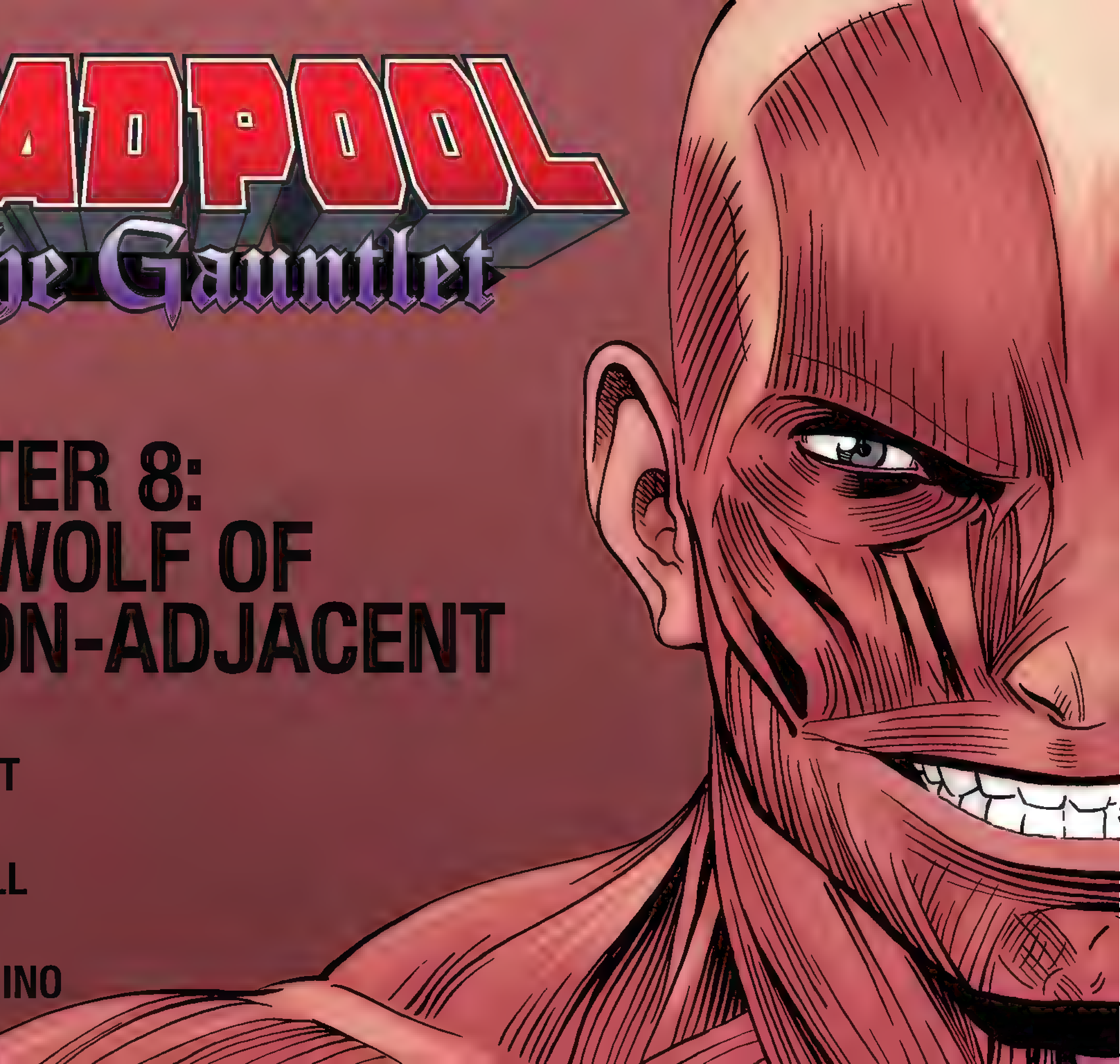
storyboards & pencils by
REILLY BROWN



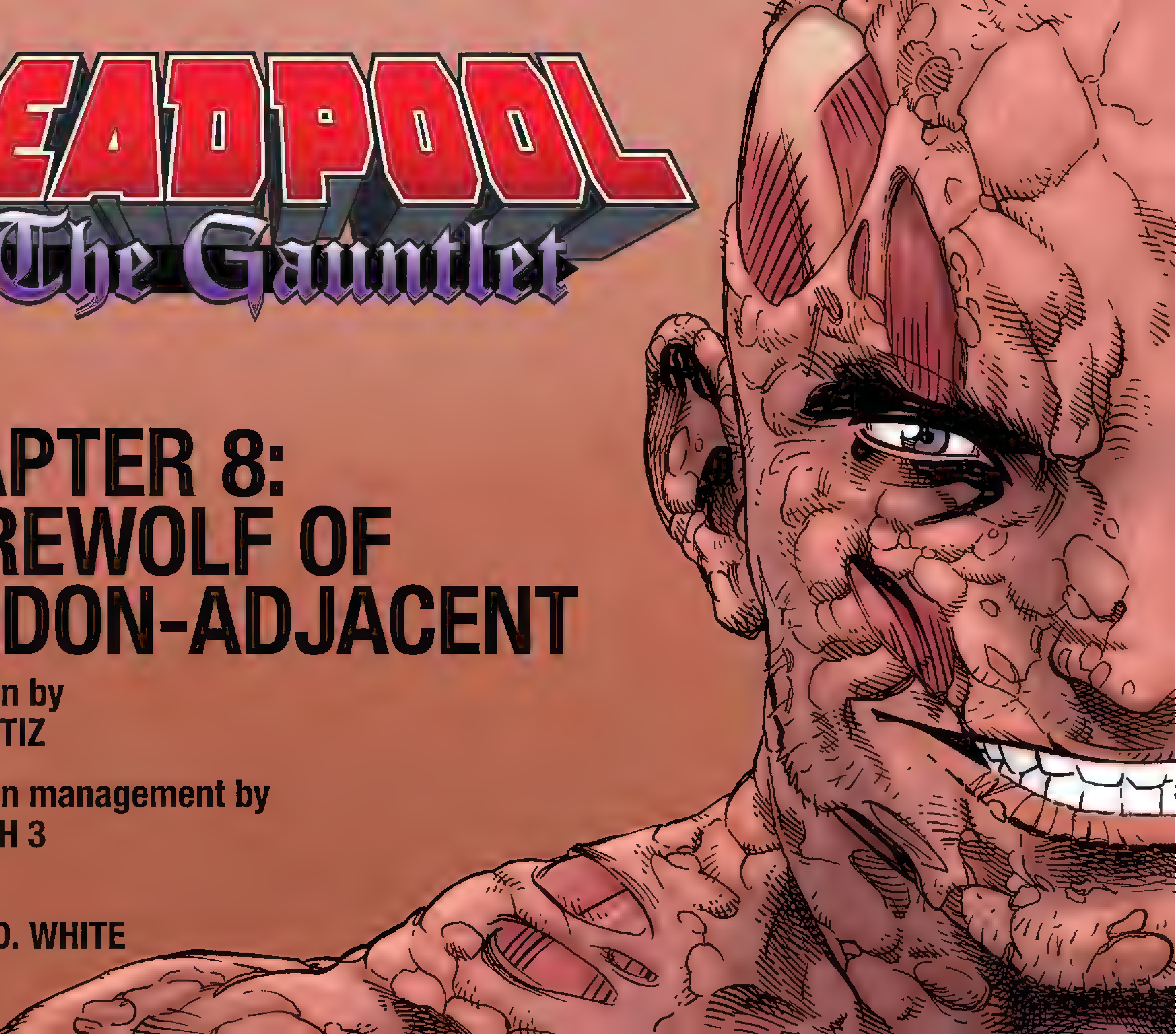
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 8: WEREWOLF OF LONDON-ADJACENT

inks by
TERRY PALLOT
colors by
JIM CAMPBELL
letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO



DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet



CHAPTER 8:
WEREWOLF OF LONDON-ADJACENT

production by
ARLIN ORTIZ

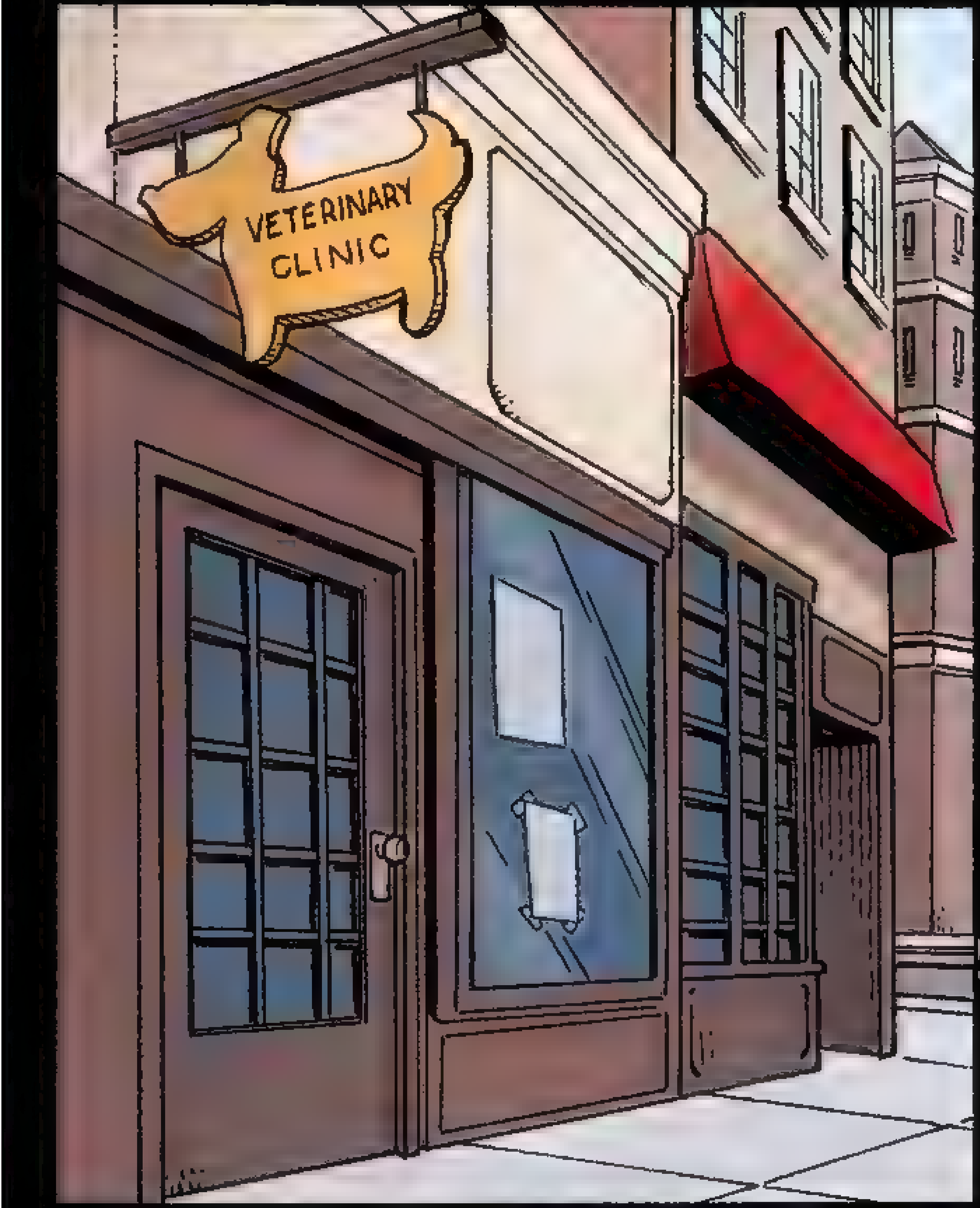
production management by
TIM SMITH 3

edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE

DEA POOL
The G ntlet

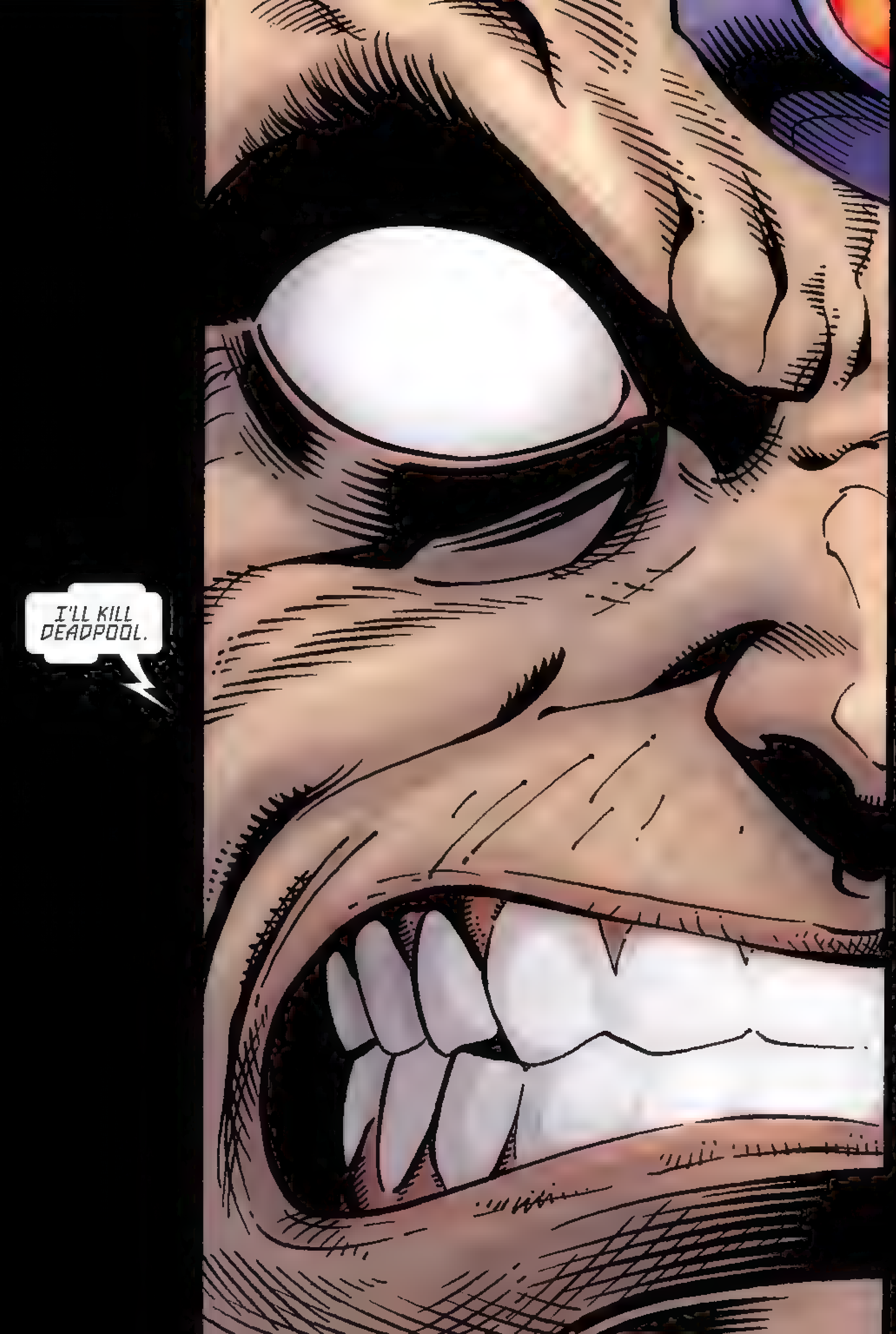
CHAPTER 8:
WEREWOLF O
LONDON-ADJ ENT

editor-in-chiefery by
AXEL ALONSO
chief creative officiating by
JOE QUESADA
publishing by
DAN BUCKLEY
executive production by
ALAN FINE

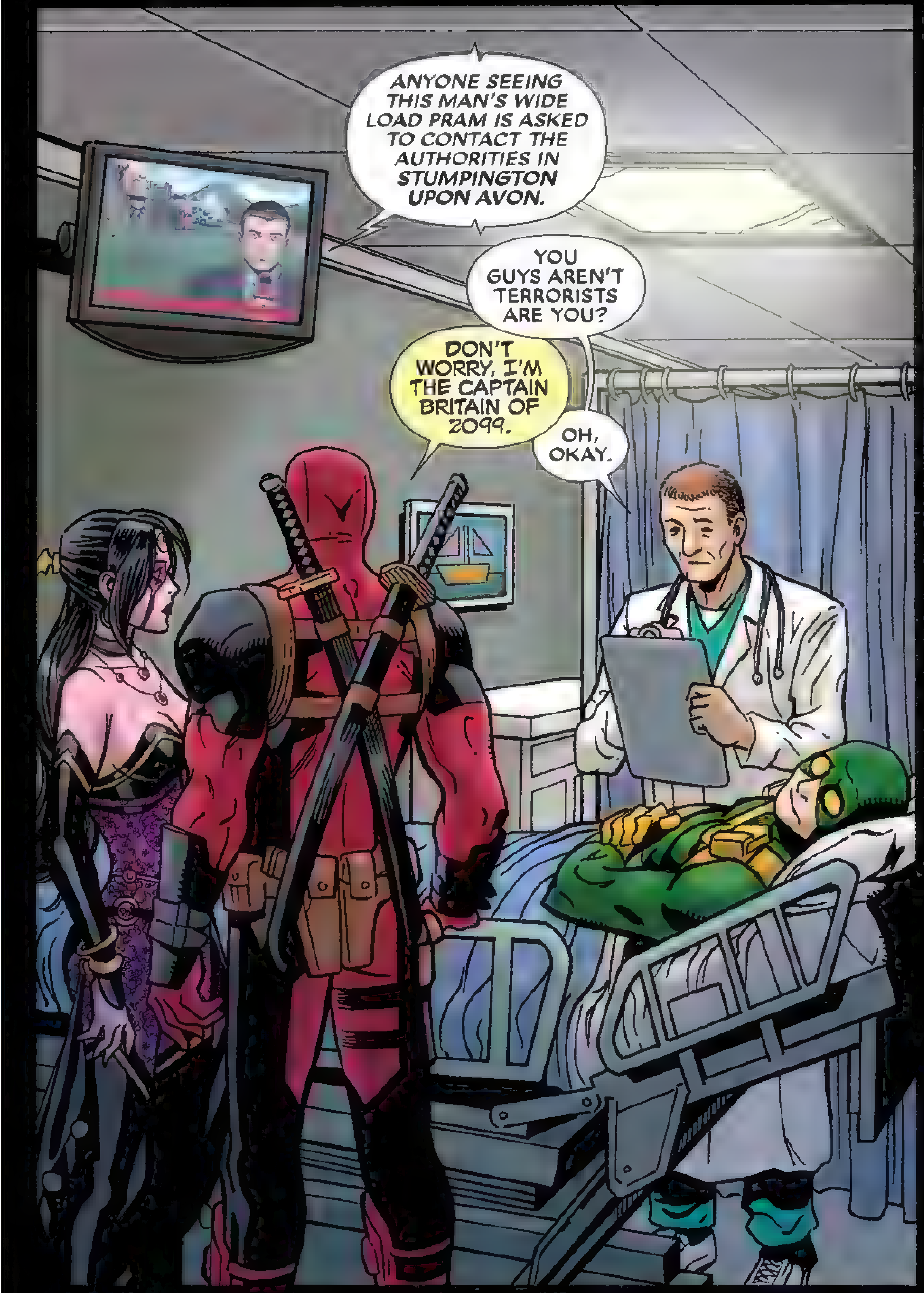

VETERINARY CLINIC

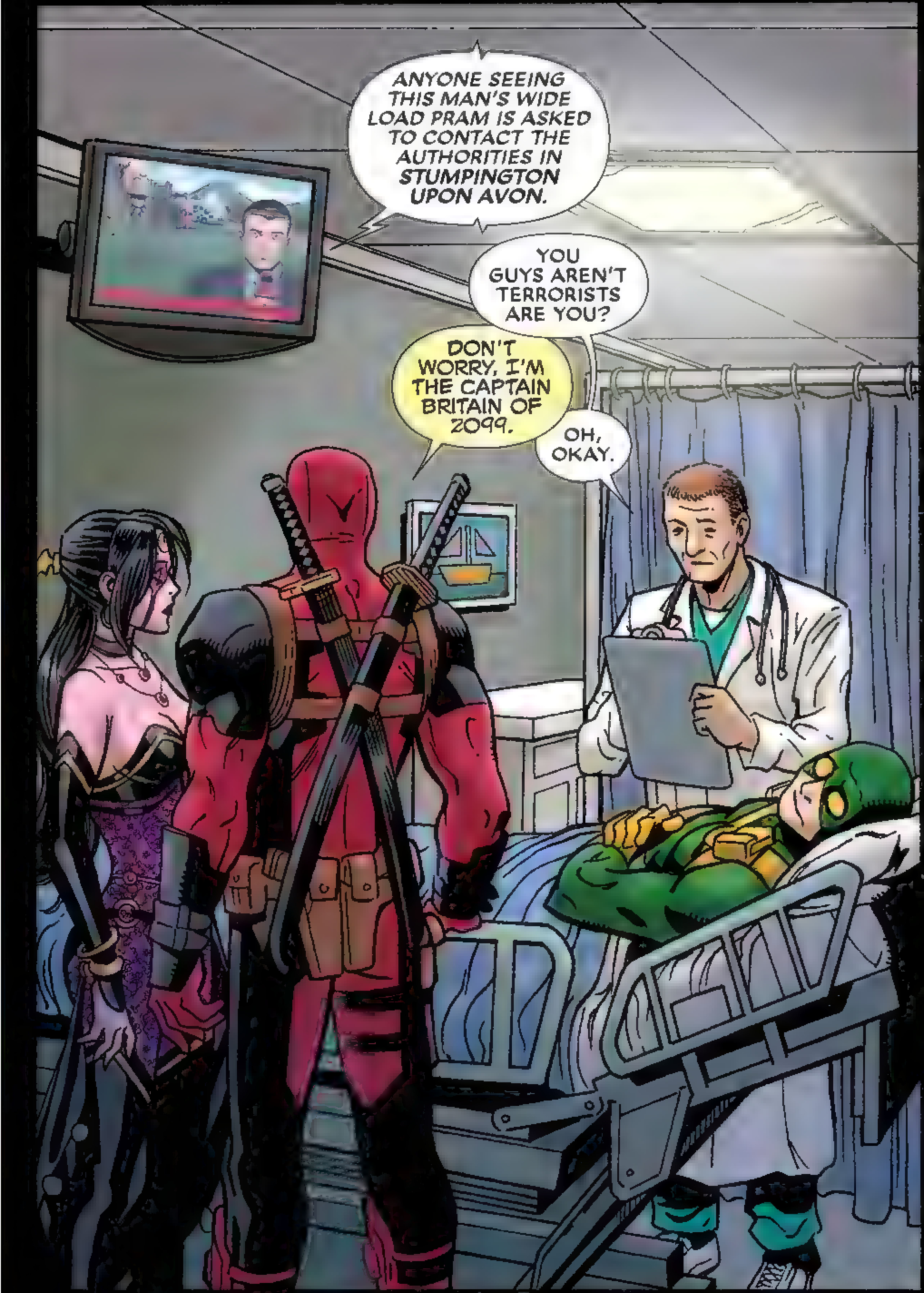
VETERINARY CLINIC
HELP! MY UH...DOG ATE SOMETHING AND TURNED INTO A MAN. WITH THESE BROKEN LEGS.

VETERINARY CLINIC
HELP! MY UH...DOG ATE SOMETHING AND TURNED INTO A MAN. WITH THESE BROKEN LEGS.
EXCUSE ME, NURSE. WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING AT *MR. FLUFFLE'S* LEGS, HOW MUCH WOULD IT BE TO HAVE HIM *FIXED?*


I'LL KILL DEADPOOL.

HE TOOK MY *CHAIR!* I'LL KILL HIM!
AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE SAD SCENE UNFOLDING BEHIND ME, A ***PROFOUNDLY DISABLED*** MAN HAS HAD HIS WHEELCHAIR STOLEN.
WRECKAGE AND BODIES OF TERRORISTS STREWN FROM HUMPSHIRE TO HUBBINSVILLE.


ANYONE SEEING THIS MAN'S WIDE LOAD PRAM IS ASKED TO CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES IN STUMPINGTON UPON AVON.
YOU GUYS AREN'T TERRORISTS ARE YOU?
DON'T WORRY, I'M THE CAPTAIN BRITAIN OF 2099.
OH, OKAY.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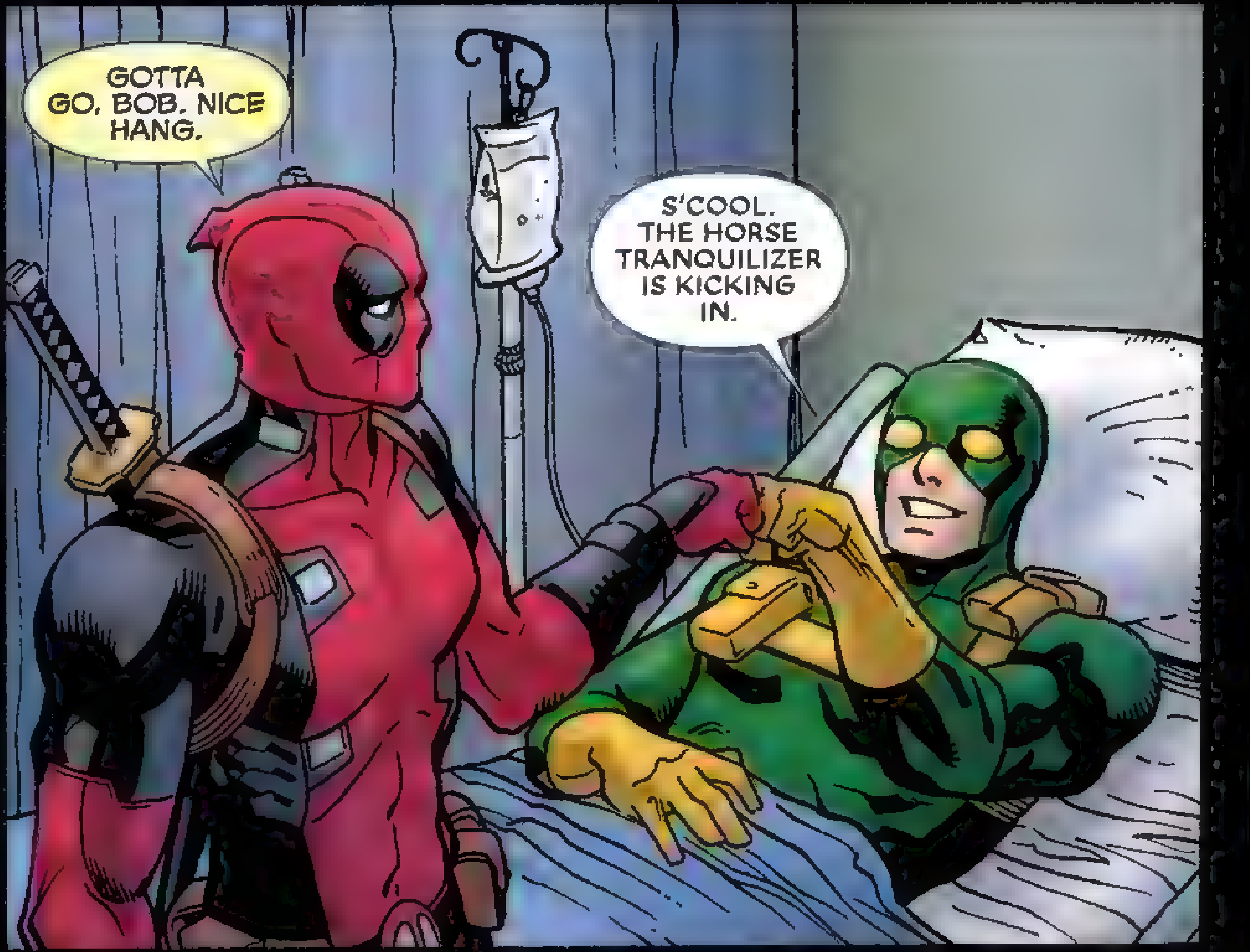
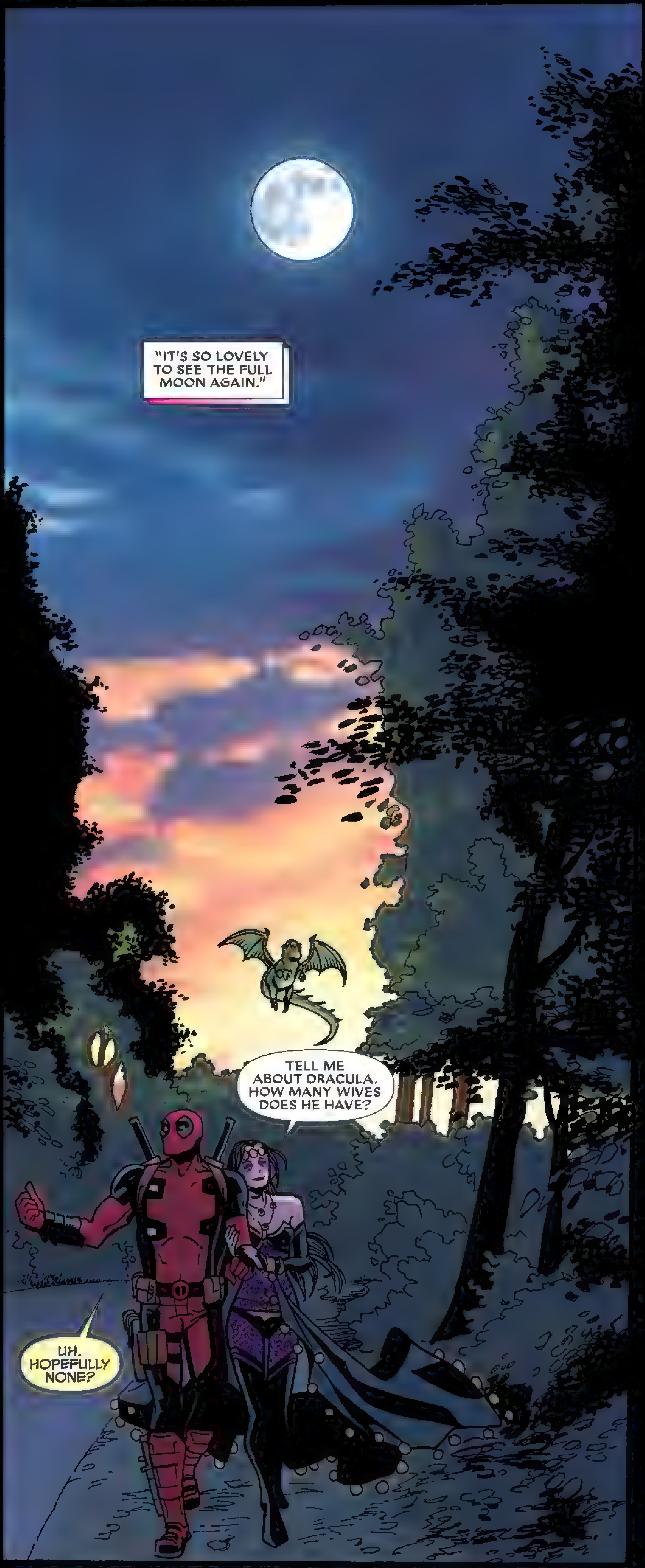
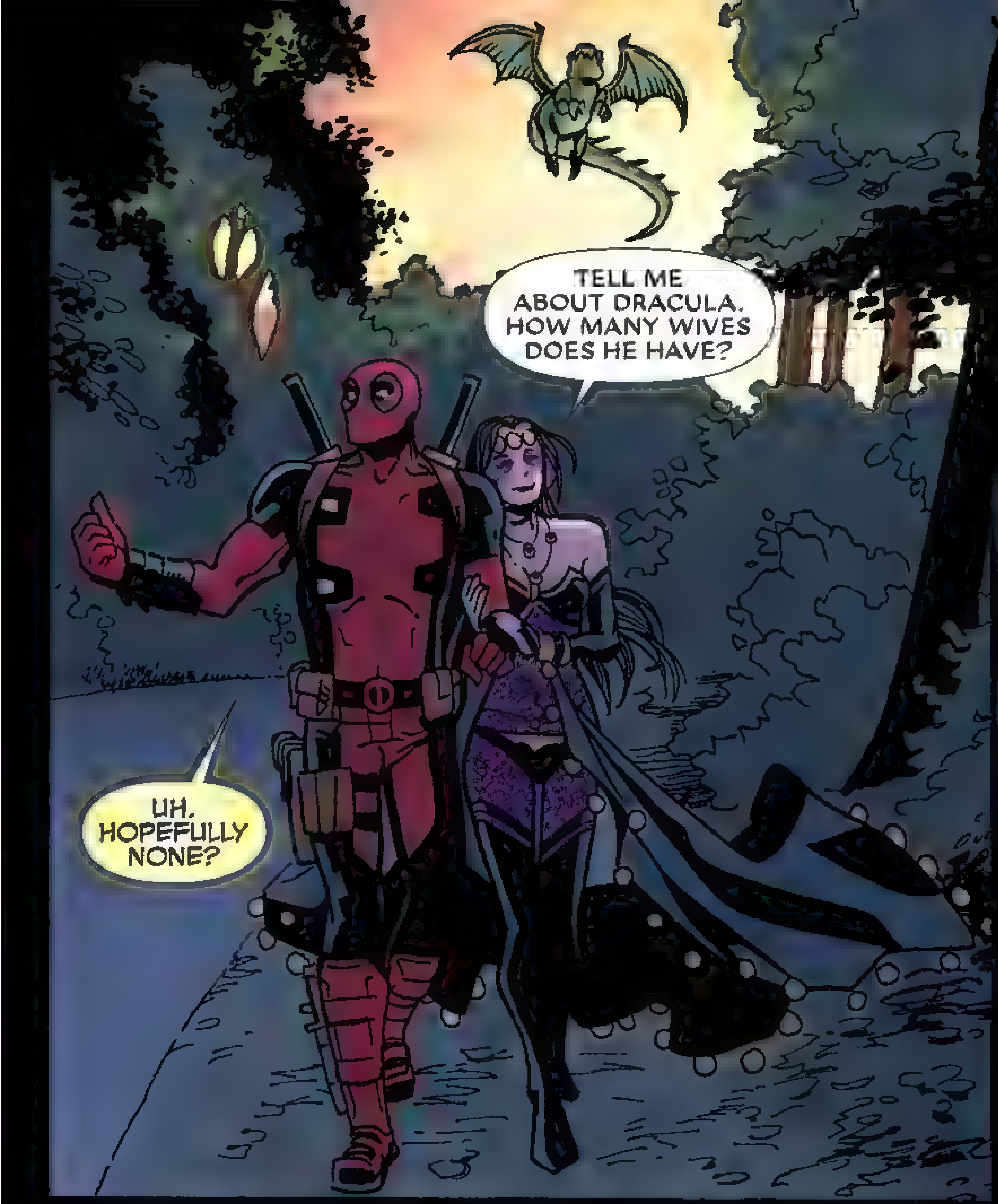

GOTTA GO, BOB. NICE HANG.
S'COOL. THE HORSE TRANQUILIZER IS KICKING IN.

ANYONE SEEING THIS MAN'S WIDE LOAD PRAM IS ASKED TO CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES IN STUMPINGTON UPON AVON.
YOU GUYS AREN'T TERRORISTS ARE YOU?
DON'T WORRY, I'M THE CAPTAIN BRITAIN OF 2099.
OH, OKAY.
GOTTA GO, BOB. NICE HANG.
S'COOL. THE HORSE TRANQUILIZER IS KICKING IN.
WHEN HE PASSES OUT, PLEASE PUT ONE OF THOSE DOG CONES AROUND HIS NECK.
YOU PAID CASH, SO SURE.


"IT'S SO LOVELY TO SEE THE FULL MOON AGAIN."
TELL ME ABOUT DRACULA. HOW MANY WIVES DOES HE HAVE?
UH. HOPEFULLY NONE?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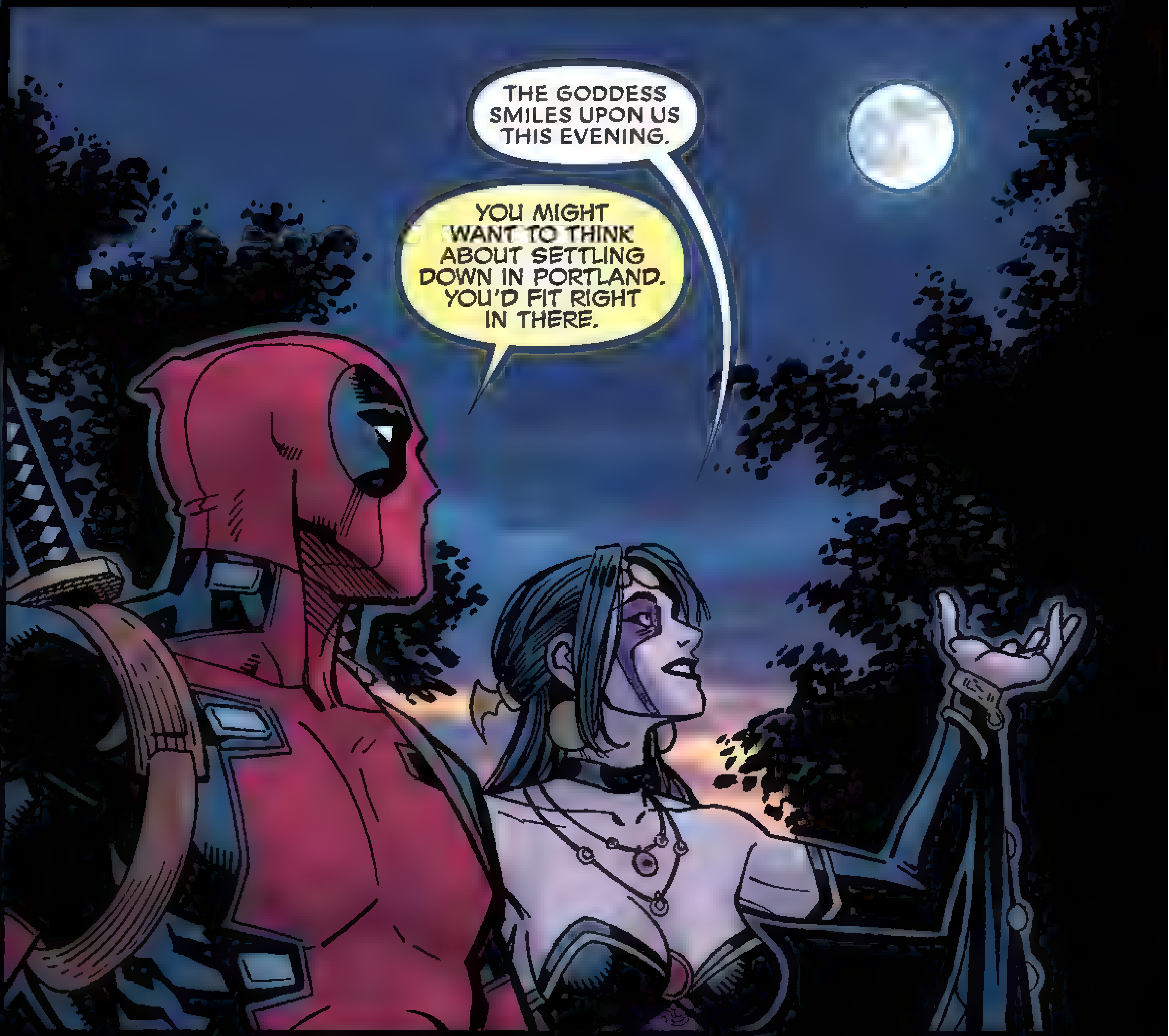
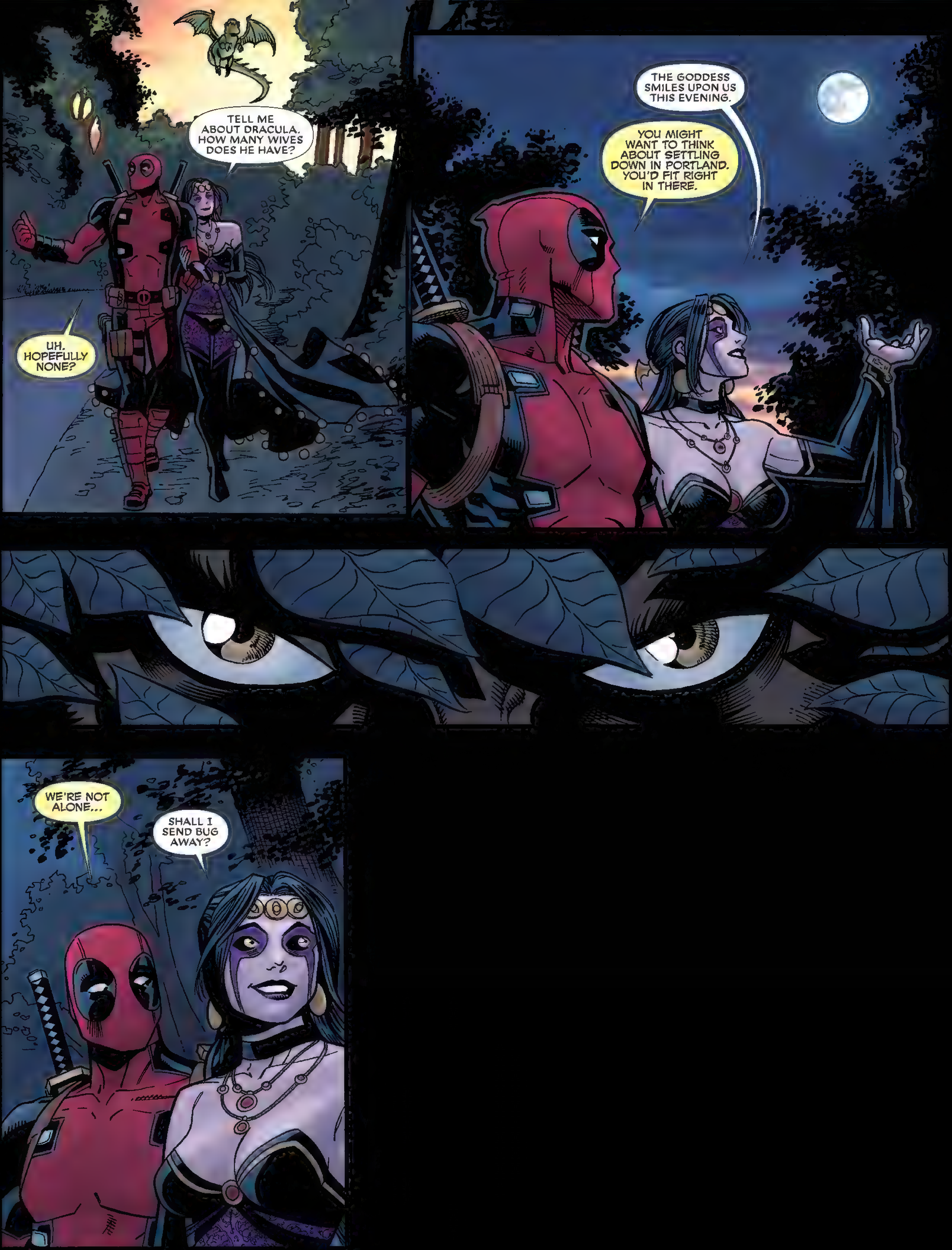

THE GODDESS SMILES UPON US THIS EVENING.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO THINK ABOUT SETTLING DOWN IN PORTLAND. YOU'D FIT RIGHT IN THERE.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UH. HOPEFULLY NONE?
THE GODDESS SMILES UPON US THIS EVENING.
YOU MIGHT WANT TO THINK ABOUT SETTLING DOWN IN PORTLAND. YOU'D FIT RIGHT IN THERE.
WE'RE NOT ALONE...
SHALL I SEND BUG AWAY?

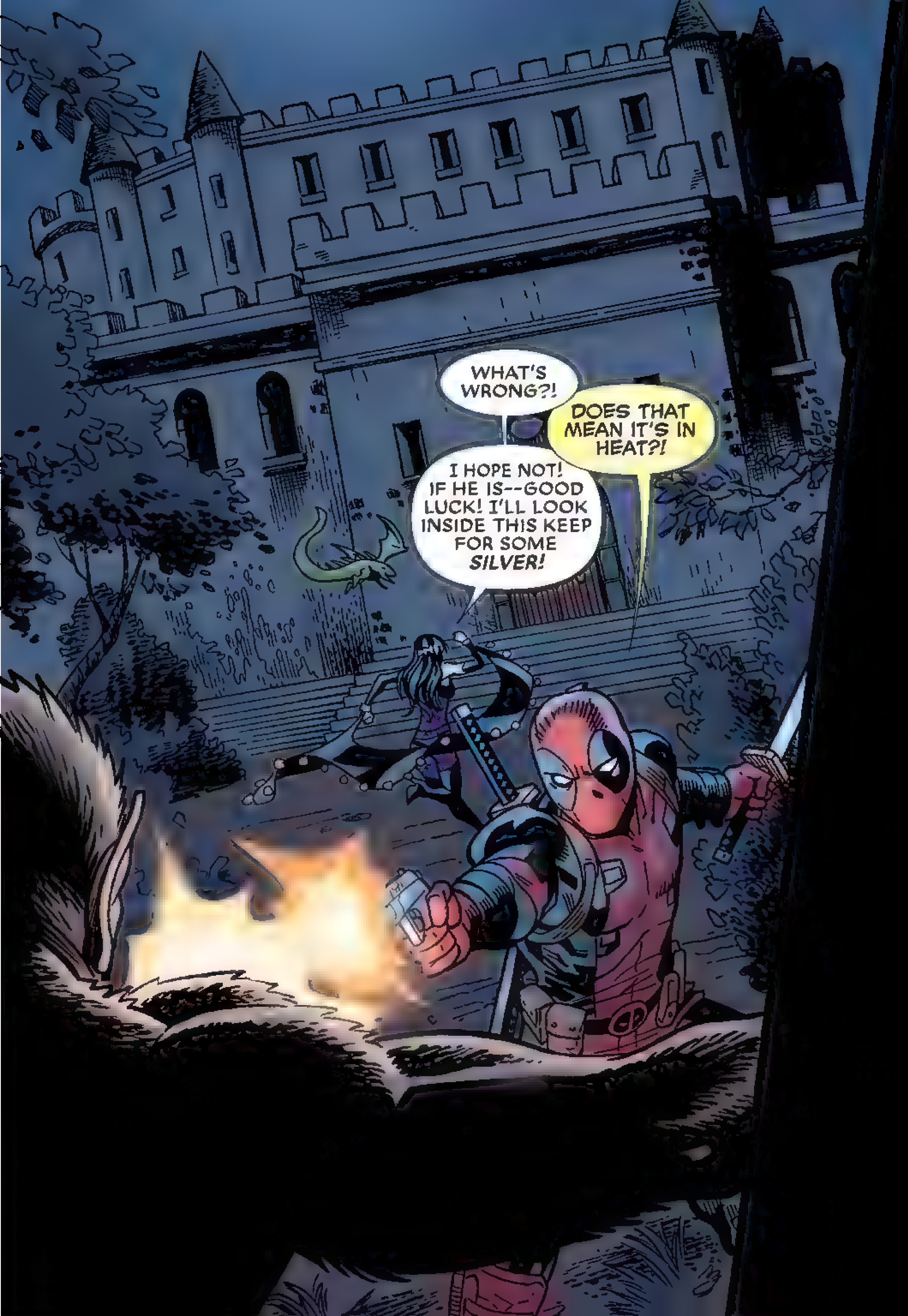
WE'RE NOT ALONE...
SHALL I SEND BUG AWAY?
YOU KNOW, WHAT I WAS THINKING?
WAIT A MINUTE!

WE'RE NOT ALONE...
SHALL I SEND BUG AWAY?
YOU KNOW, WHAT I WAS THINKING?
WAIT A MINUTE!
WHERE IS BUG?!
BUG!!!
DOES IT SMELL LIKE *WET DOG* TO YOU?

RRAARGH!
A WEREWOLF!
WHY DOES DANGER COURT YOU SO?
ARE WE IN DOWNTOWN ABBEY NOW? WHAT DID YOU SAY?

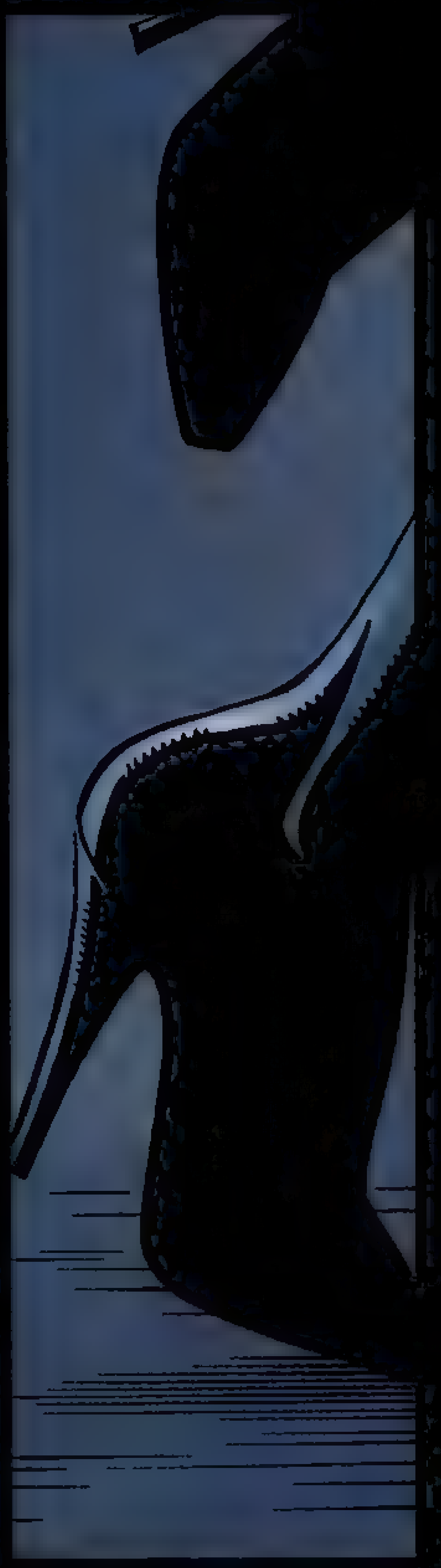
RRAARGH!
A WEREWOLF!
WHY DOES DANGER COURT YOU SO?
ARE WE IN DOWNTOWN ABBEY NOW? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
OFF!

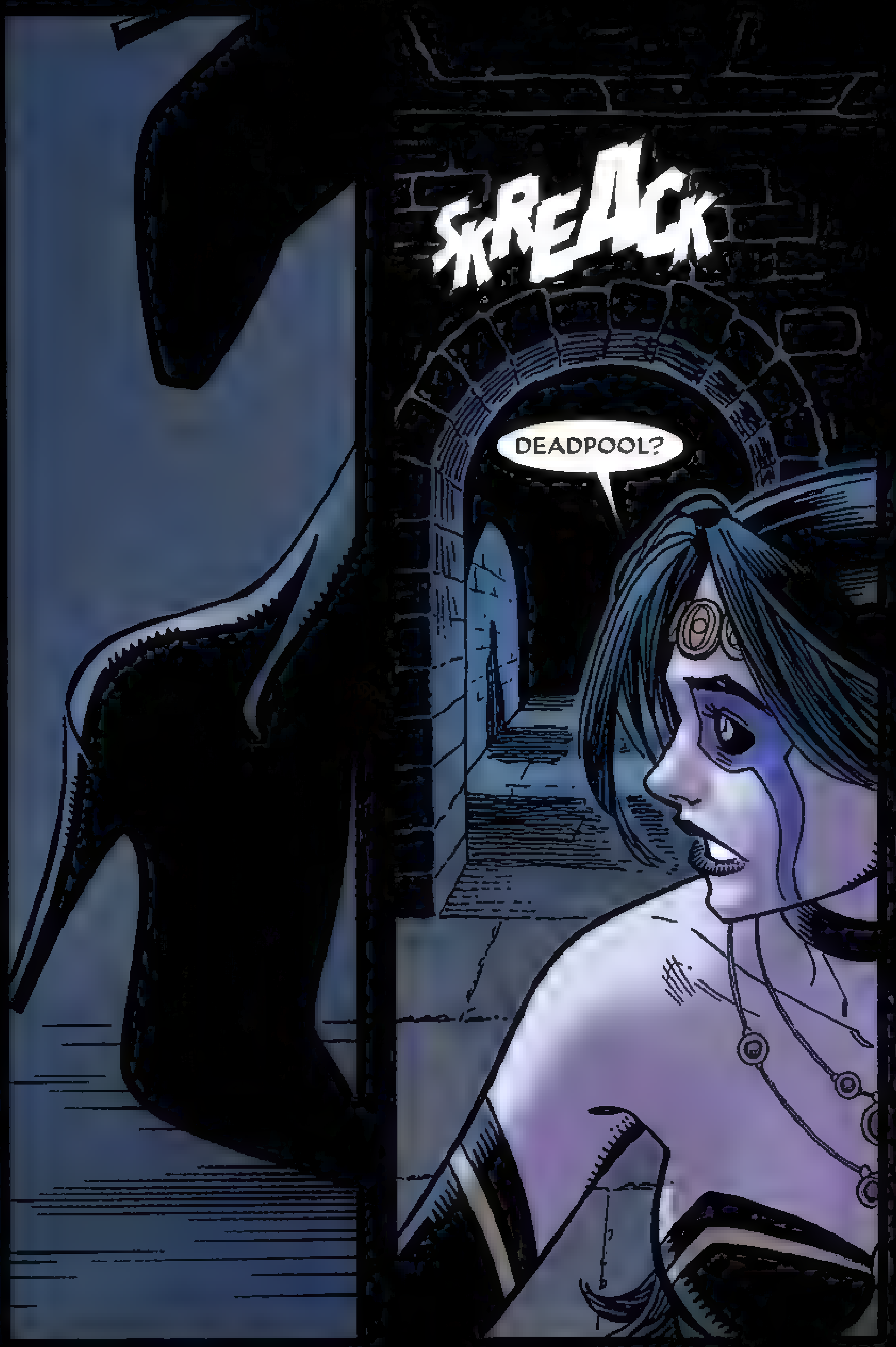
RRAARGH!
A WEREWOLF!
WHY DOES DANGER COURT YOU SO?
ARE WE IN DOWNTOWN ABBEY NOW? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
OFF!
IT'S ENTHRALLED!
OH, GROSS!


WHAT'S WRONG?!
DOES THAT MEAN IT'S IN HEAT?!
I HOPE NOT! IF HE IS--GOOD LUCK! I'LL LOOK INSIDE THIS KEEP FOR SOME *SILVER!*

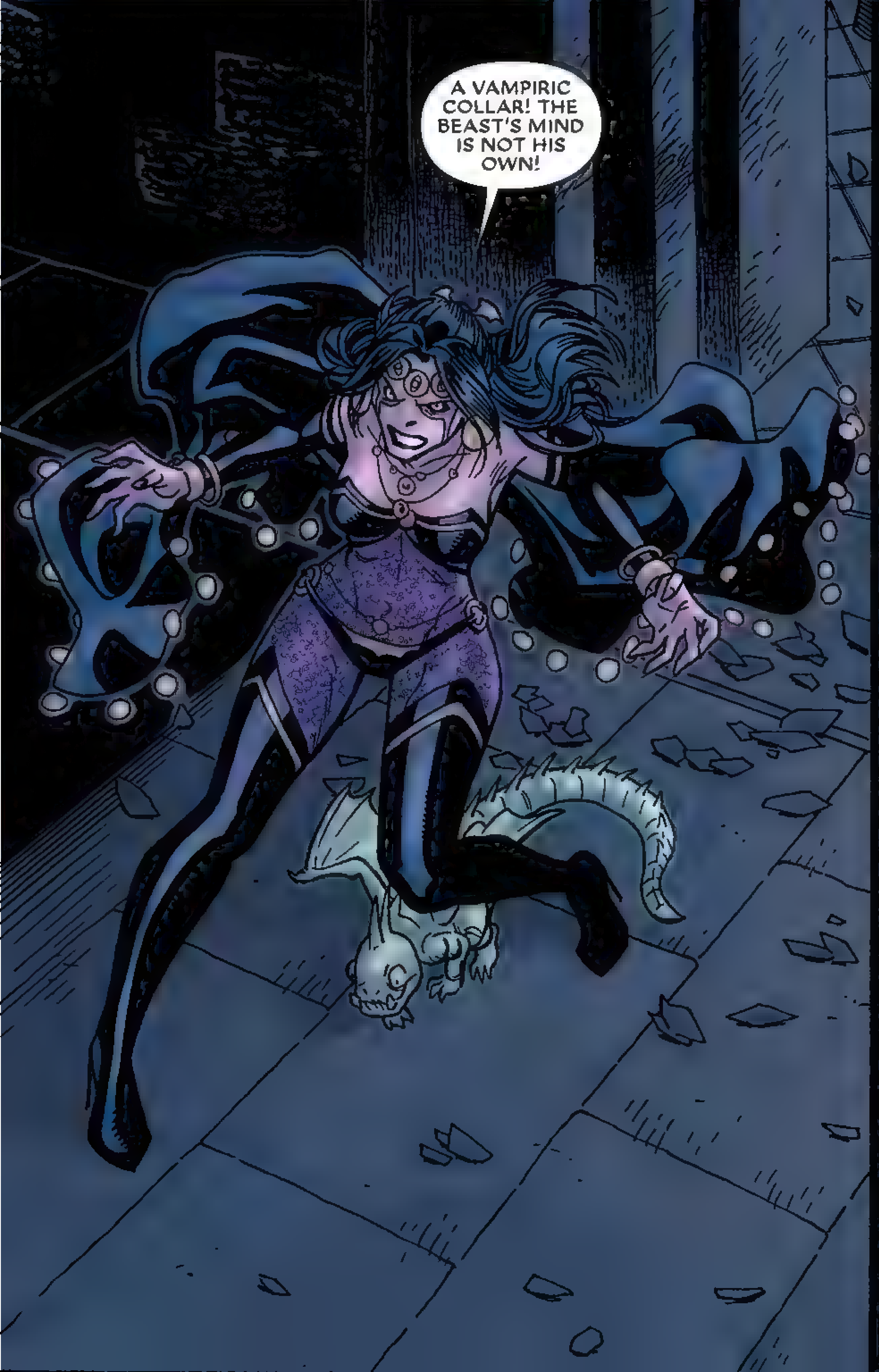
WHAT'S WRONG?!
DOES THAT MEAN IT'S IN HEAT?!
I HOPE NOT! IF HE IS--GOOD LUCK! I'LL LOOK INSIDE THIS KEEP FOR SOME *SILVER!*
AEEEOW!

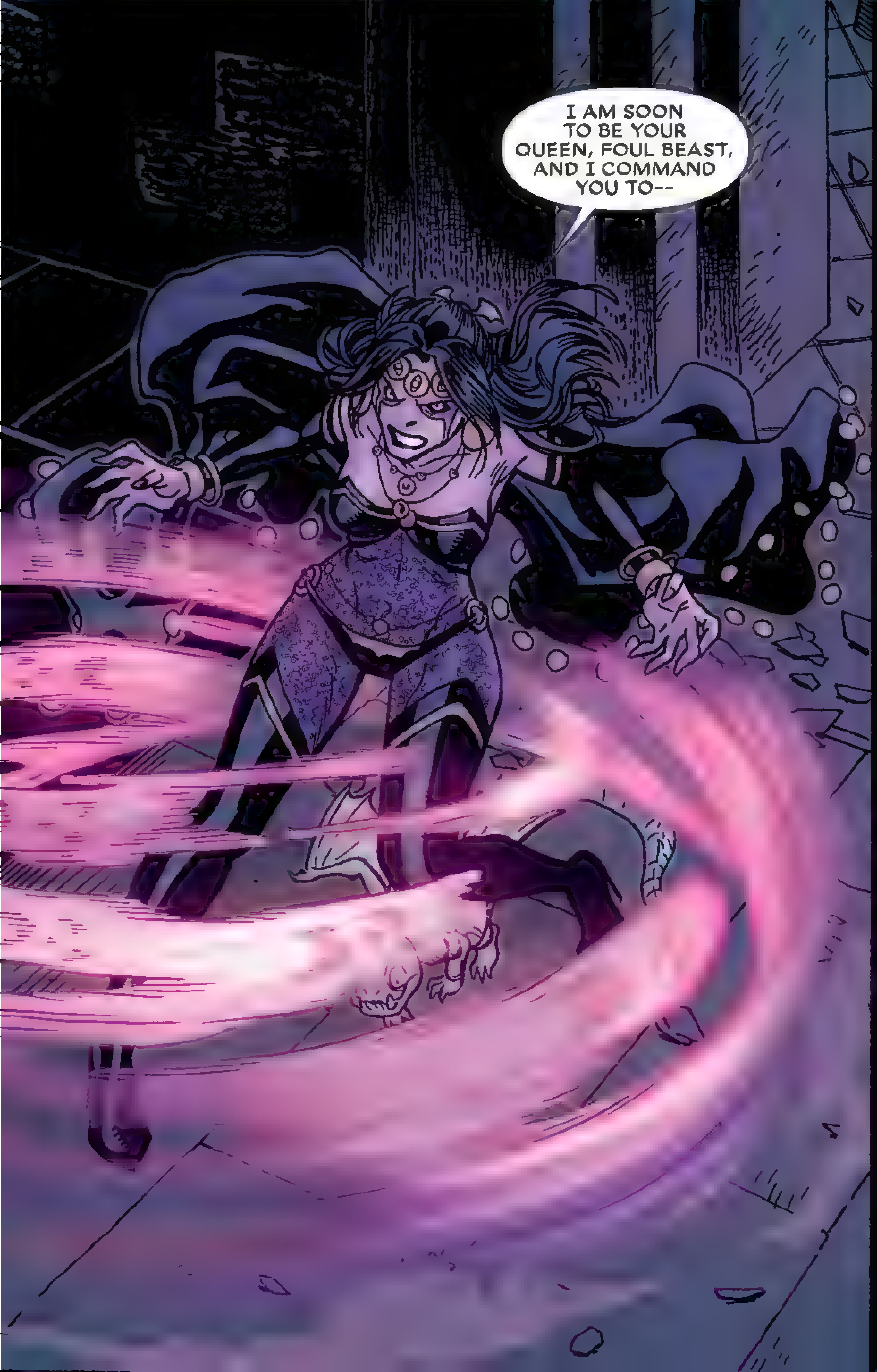
WHAT'S WRONG?!
DOES THAT MEAN IT'S IN HEAT?!
I HOPE NOT! IF HE IS--GOOD LUCK! I'LL LOOK INSIDE THIS KEEP FOR SOME *SILVER!*
AEEEOW!
STAND YOUR GROUND SO THAT I CAN SUMMON MY *WAR-SHAPE.*
YOU'RE REALLY BOSSY FOR SOMEONE THAT'S NOT MY GIRLFRIEND.

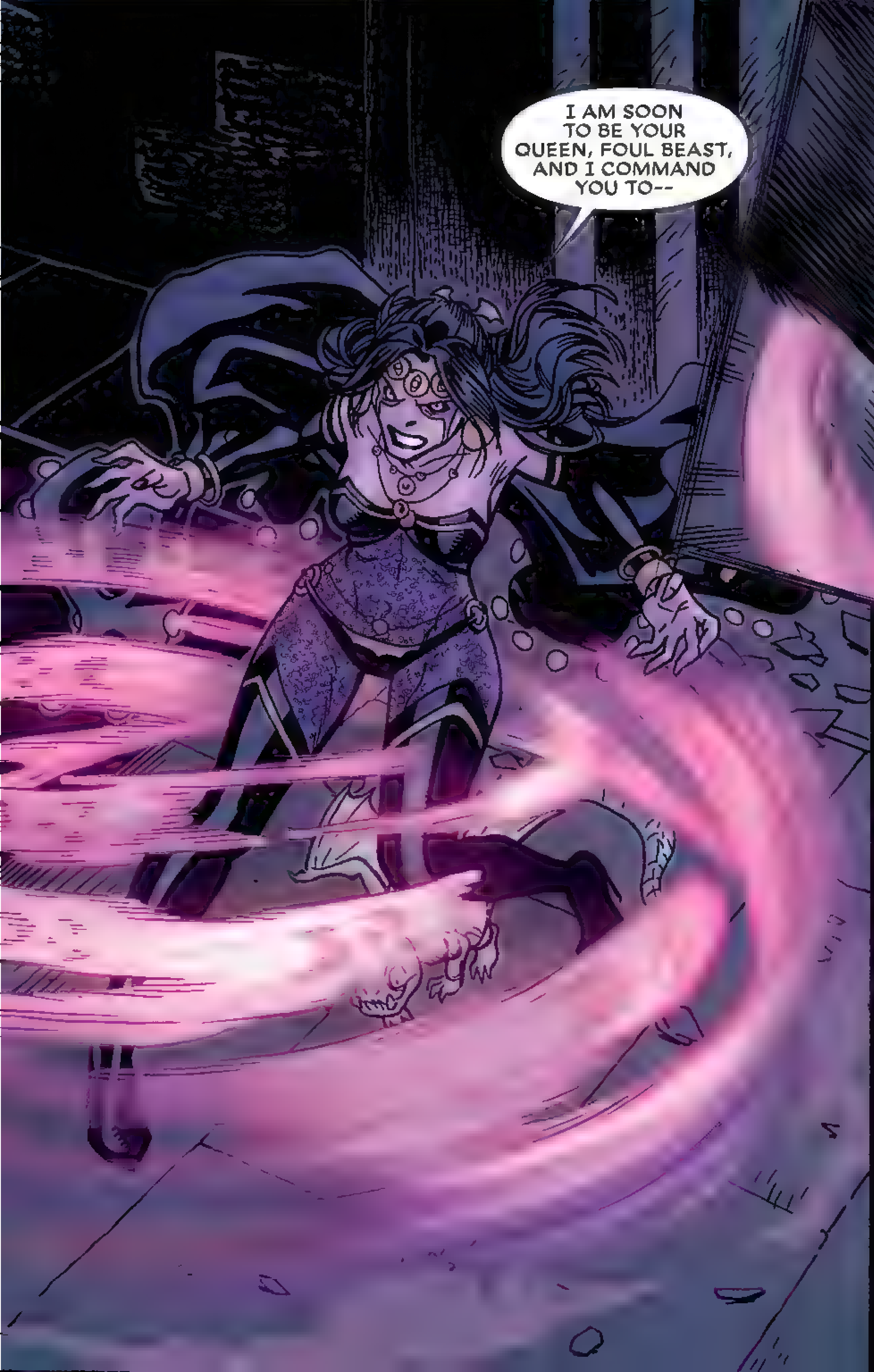



SKREACK
DEADPOOL?

SKREACK
DEADPOOL?
GRRRARGH.


A VAMPIRIC COLLAR! THE BEAST'S MIND IS NOT HIS OWN!


I AM SOON TO BE YOUR QUEEN, FOUL BEAST, AND I COMMAND YOU TO--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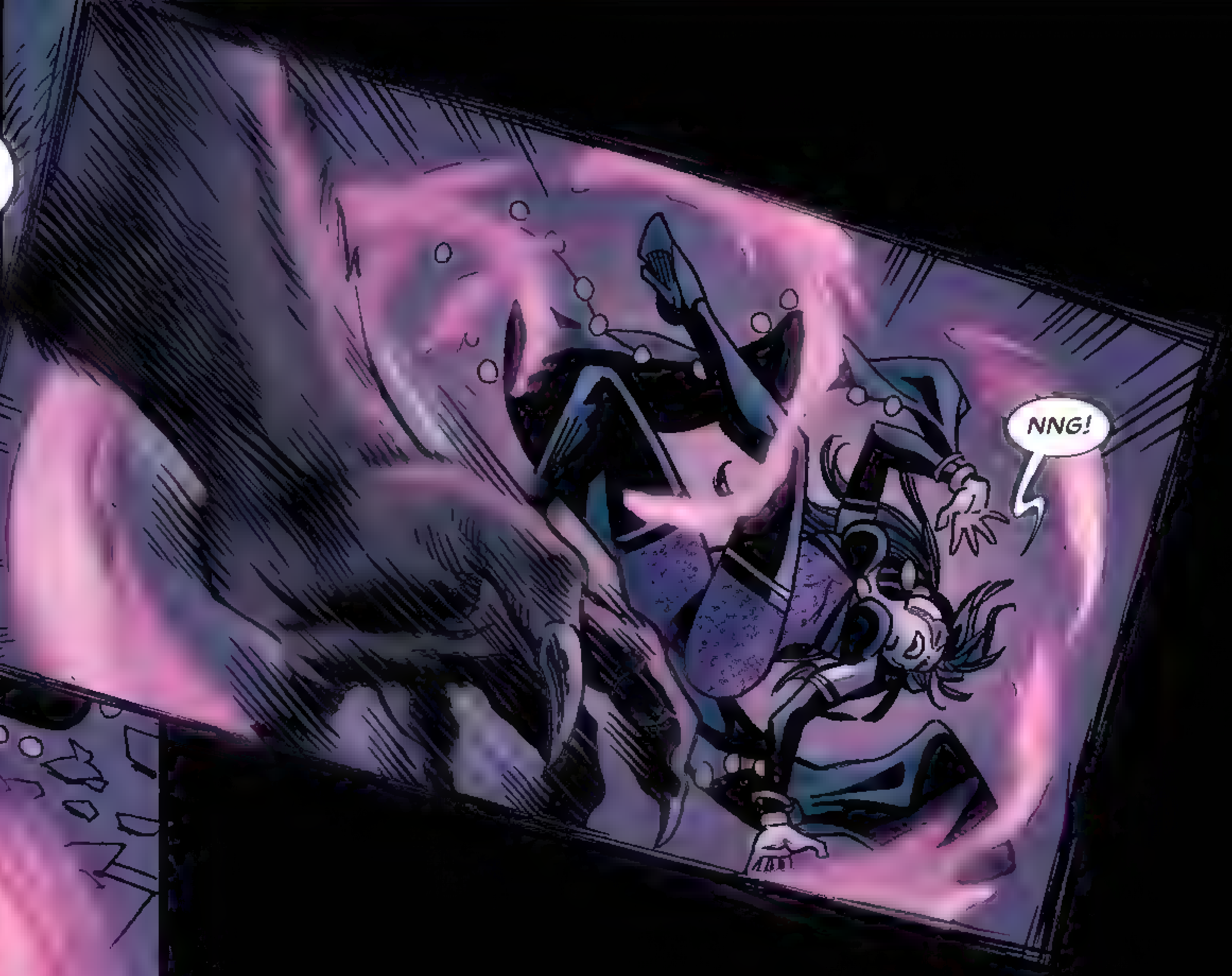
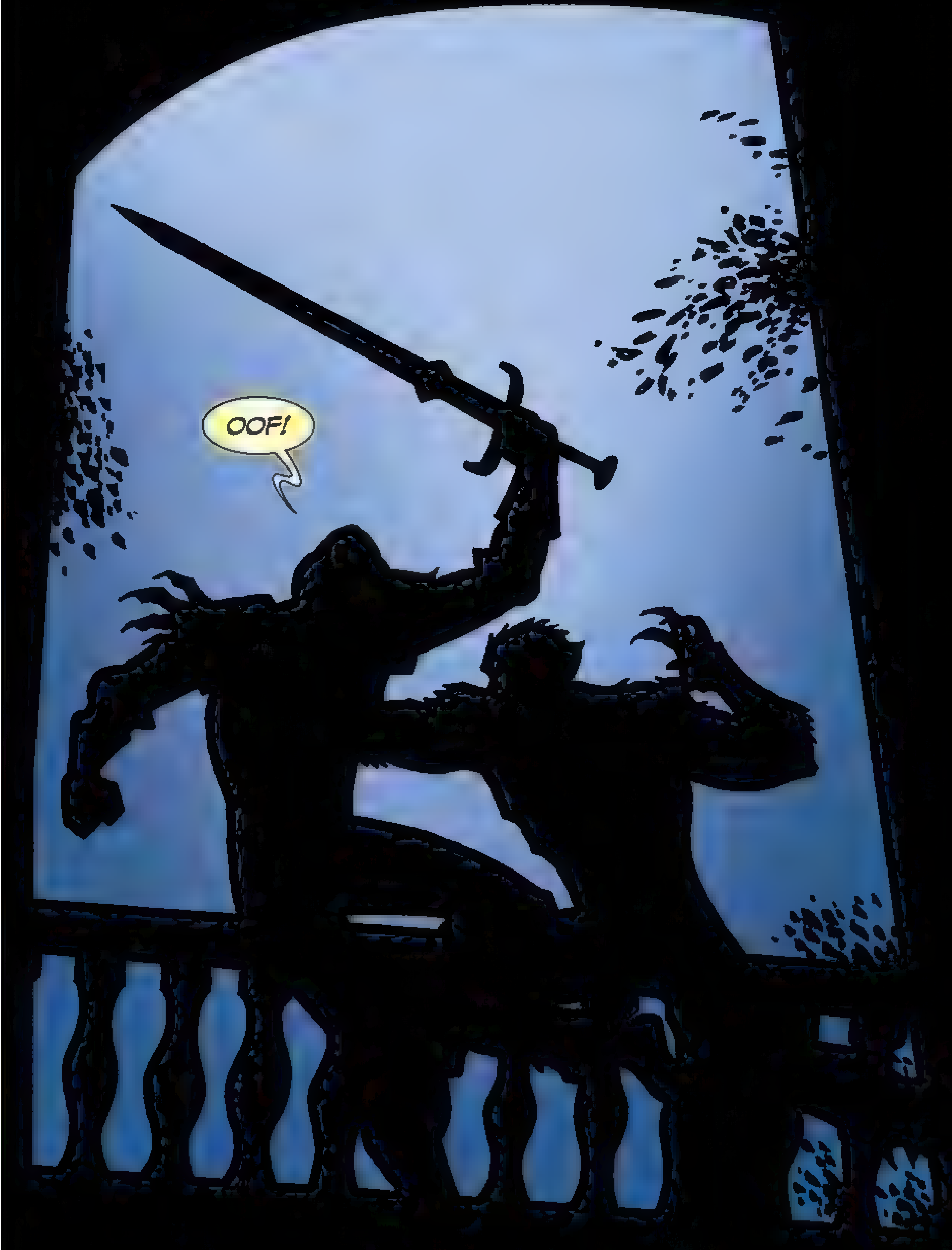
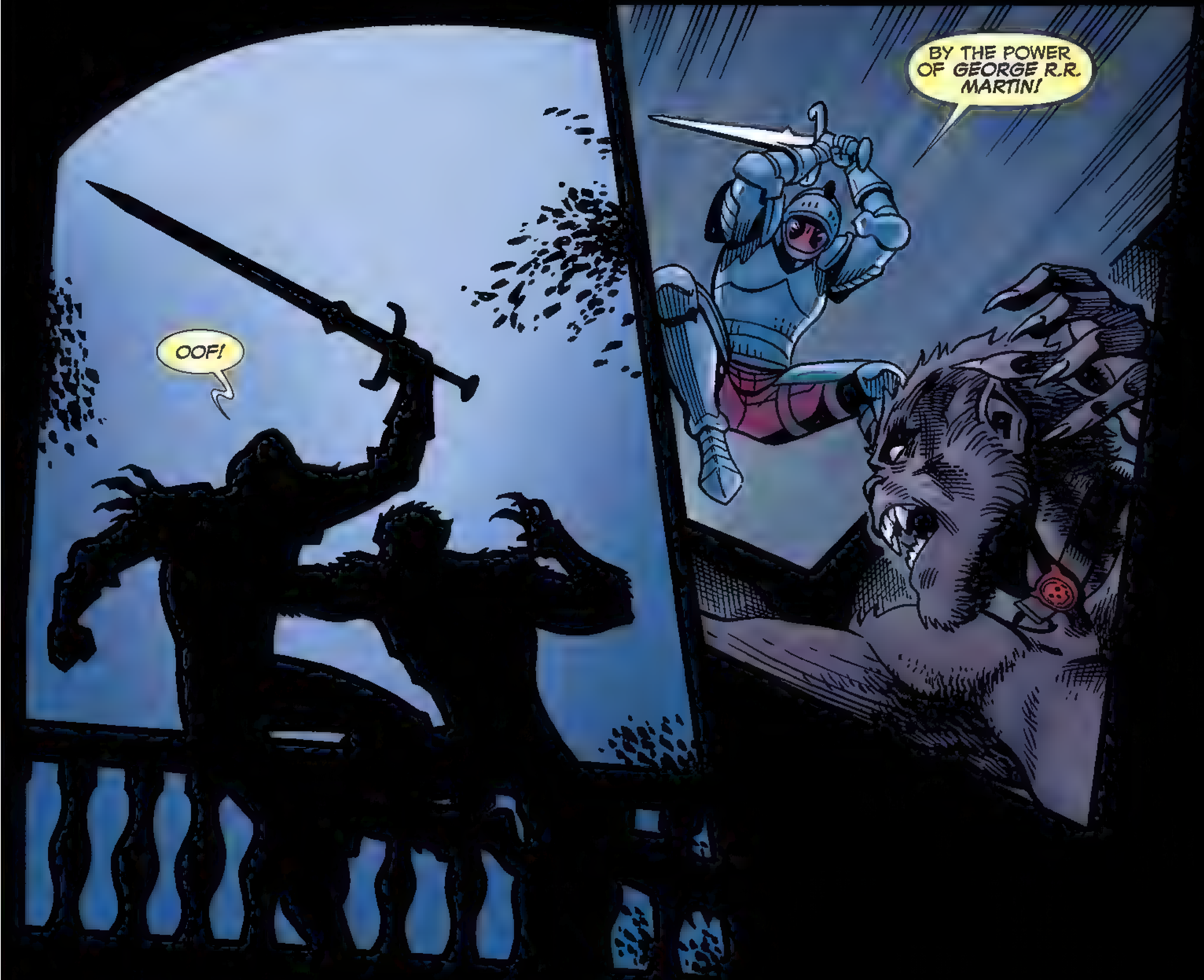

NNG!

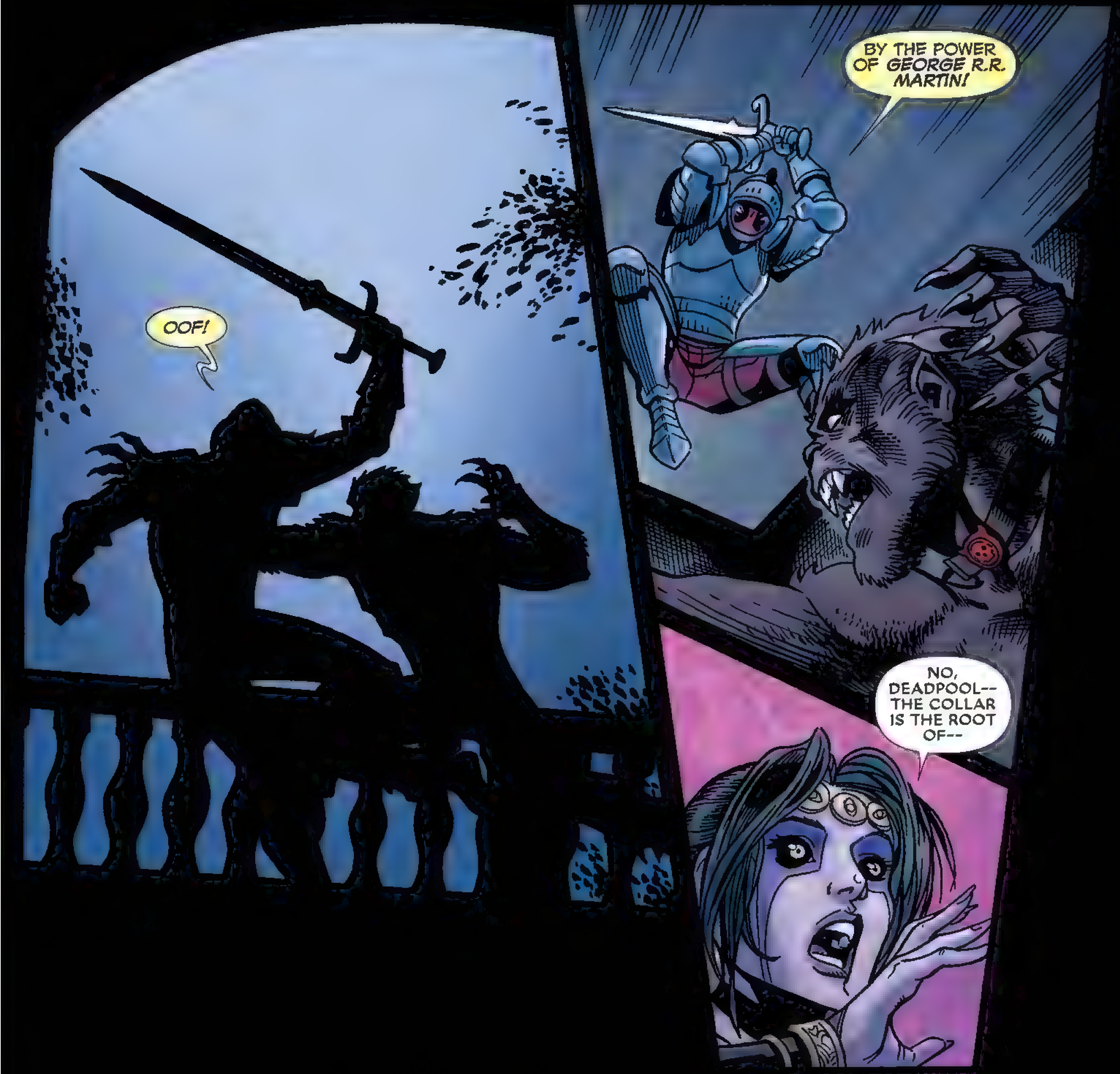
I AM SOON TO BE YOUR QUEEN, FOUL BEAST, AND I COMMAND YOU TO--
NNG!
ONLY MY MASTER COMMANDS ME!

EN GUARD!
REEAARRPH!
DEADPOOL! THE BEAST WEARS A COLLAR!

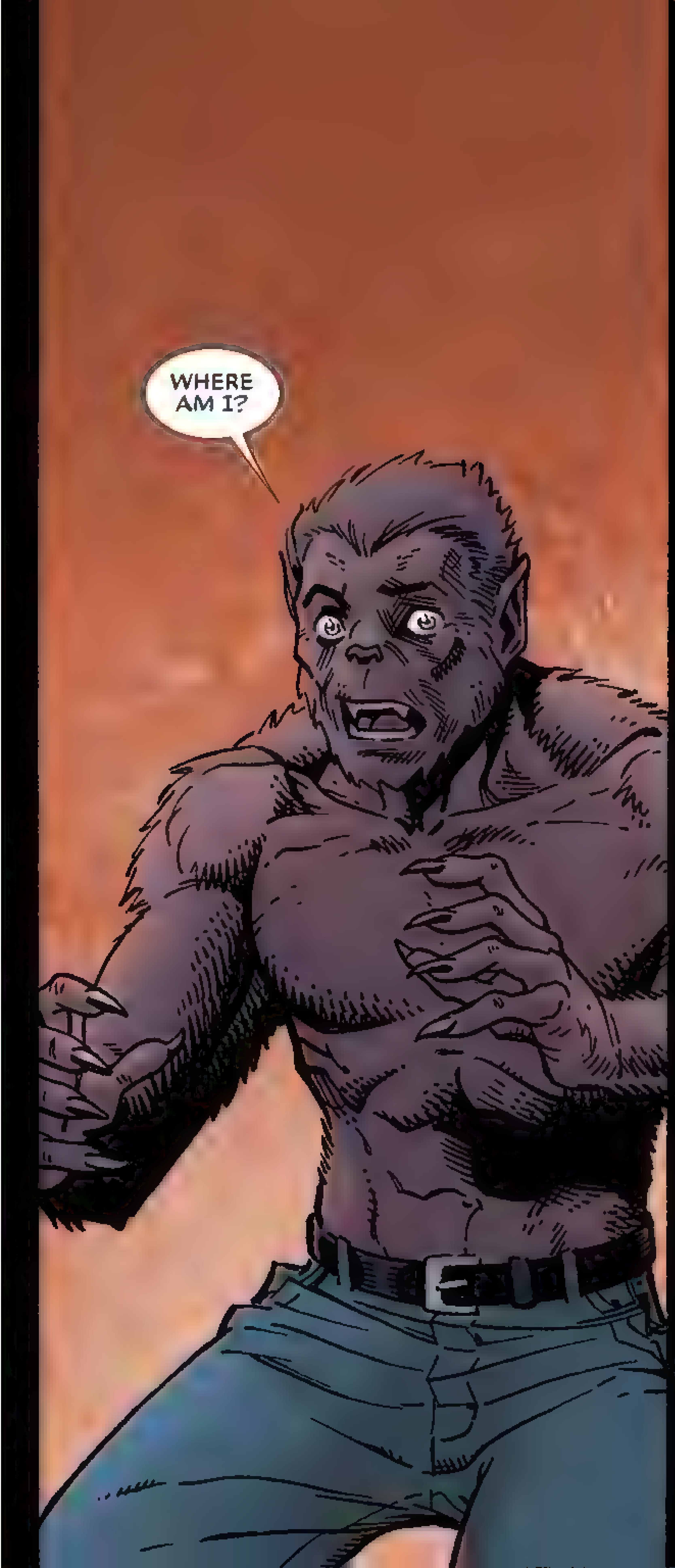
EN GUARD!
REEAARRPH!
DEADPOOL! THE BEAST WEARS A COLLAR!
YEAH, IT'S AN ANNOYING AFFECTATION SOME PEOPLE HAVE TODAY. WHO'S PROUD OF NEEDING A COLLAR?
MORE IMPORTANTLY: HOW DID THE BLACK KNIGHT GET TO BE AN AVENGER BEFORE ME?!
YOU CAN'T SNEAK UP ON ANYONE, YOU CAN'T RUN FAST OR JUMP HIGH.

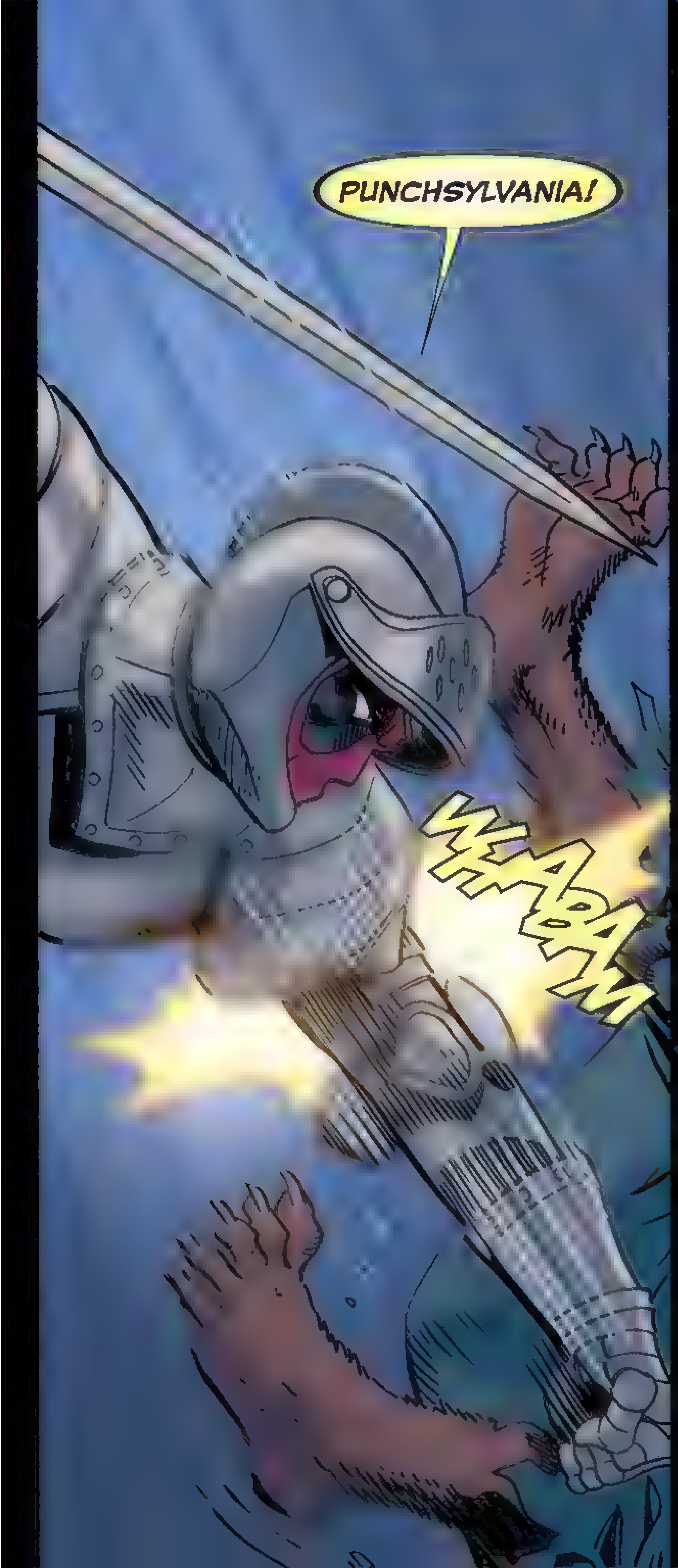

OOF!

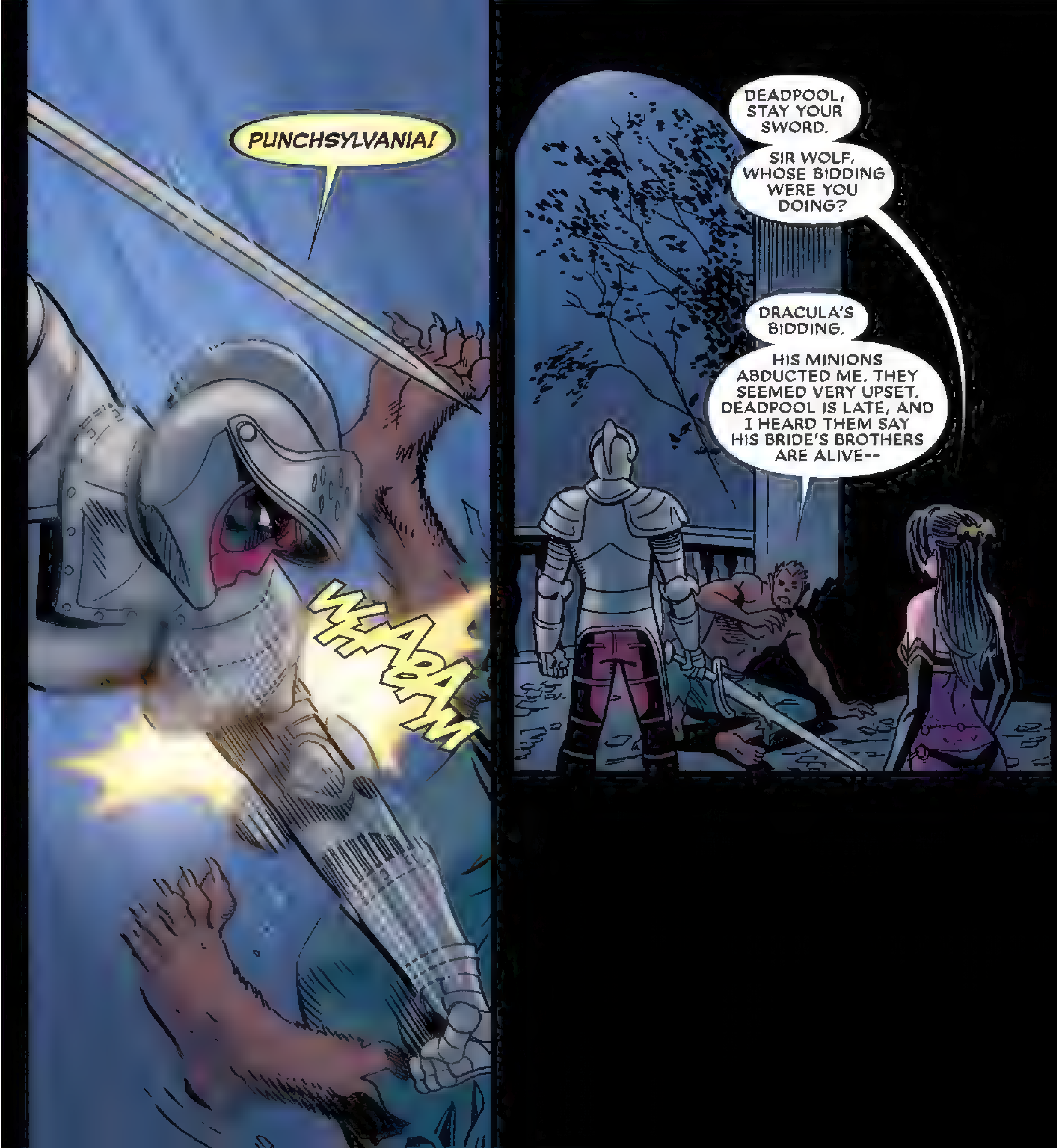

OOF!
BY THE POWER OF GEORGE R.R. MARTIN!

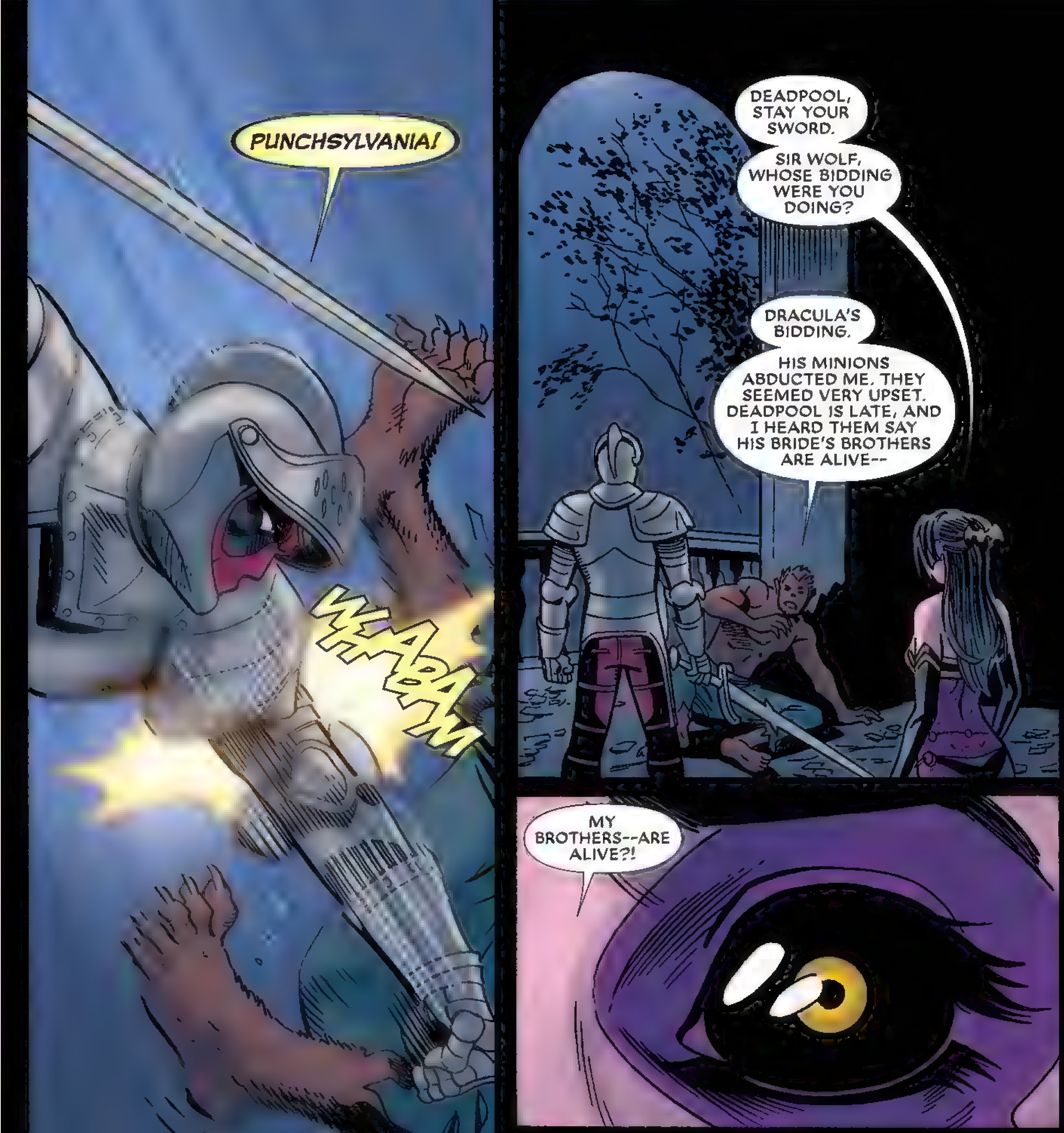

OOF!
BY THE POWER OF GEORGE R.R. MARTIN!
NO, DEADPOOL-- THE COLLAR IS THE ROOT OF--

OOF!
BY THE POWER OF GEORGE R.R. MARTIN!
NO, DEADPOOL-- THE COLLAR IS THE ROOT OF--
ZZAARP
FORGET IT! I'LL SET THE WRETCH FREE!


WHERE AM I?


PUNCHSYLVANIA!
WHABAM


PUNCHSYLVANIA!
WHABAM
DEADPOOL, STAY YOUR SWORD.
SIR WOLF, WHOSE BIDDING WERE YOU DOING?
DRACULA'S BIDDING.
HIS MINIONS ABDUCTED ME. THEY SEEMED VERY UPSET. DEADPOOL IS LATE, AND I HEARD THEM SAY HIS BRIDE'S BROTHERS ARE ALIVE--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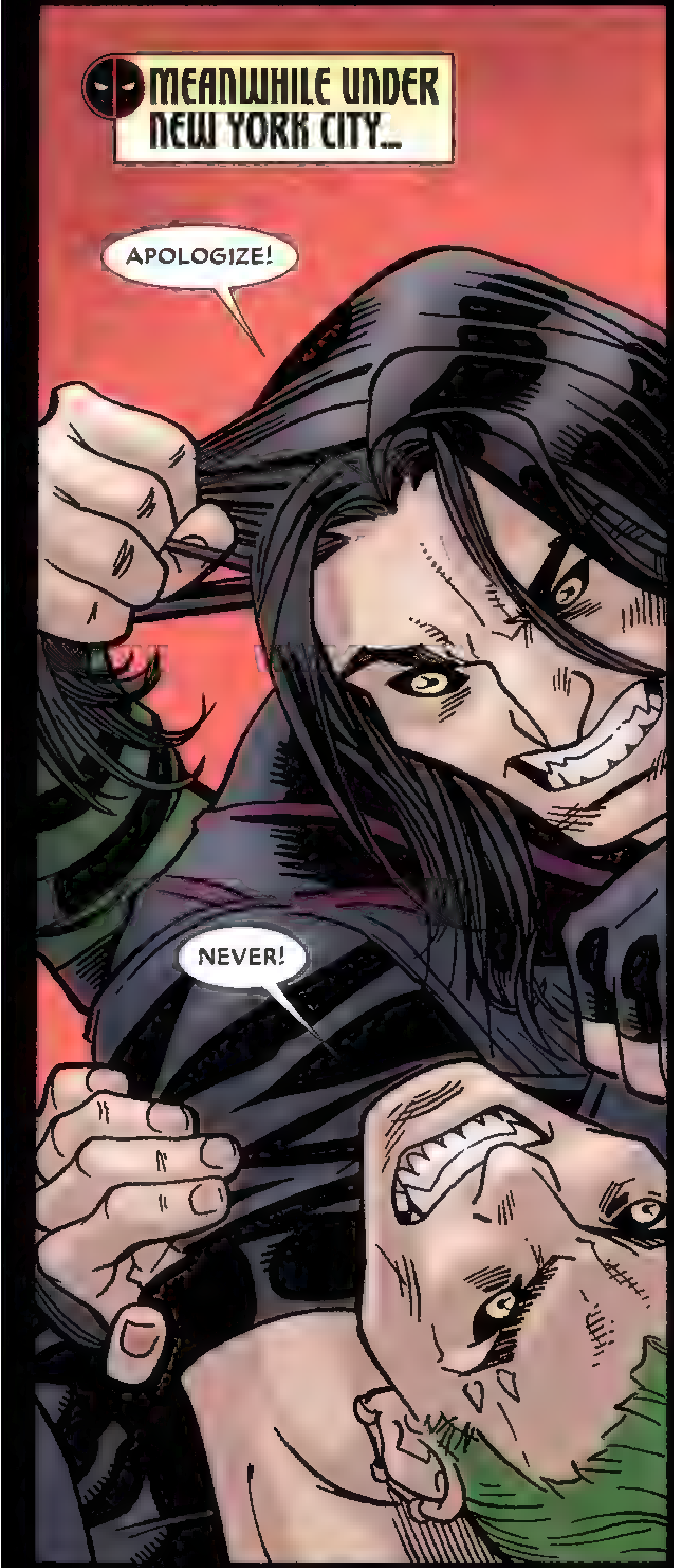
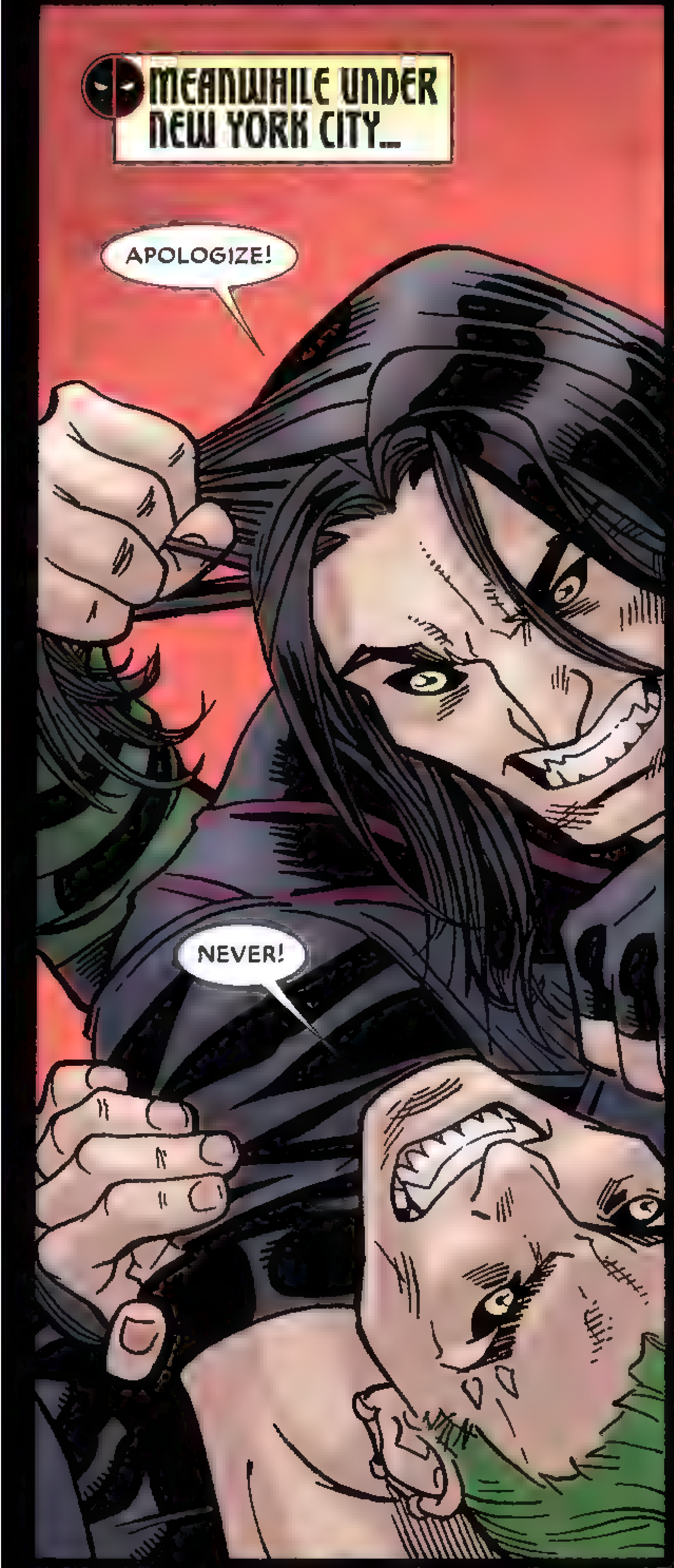
MY BROTHERS--ARE ALIVE?!

PUNCHSYLVANIA!
WHABAM
DEADPOOL, STAY YOUR SWORD.
SIR WOLF, WHOSE BIDDING WERE YOU DOING?
DRACULA'S BIDDING.
HIS MINIONS ABDUCTED ME. THEY SEEMED VERY UPSET. DEADPOOL IS LATE, AND I HEARD THEM SAY HIS BRIDE'S BROTHERS ARE ALIVE--
MY BROTHERS--ARE ALIVE?!
THAT IS WONDERFUL NEWS! BUT...WHY WOULD THAT HAVE UPSET DRACULA?


MEANWHILE UNDER NEW YORK CITY...
APOLOGIZE!
NEVER!


MEANWHILE UNDER NEW YORK CITY...
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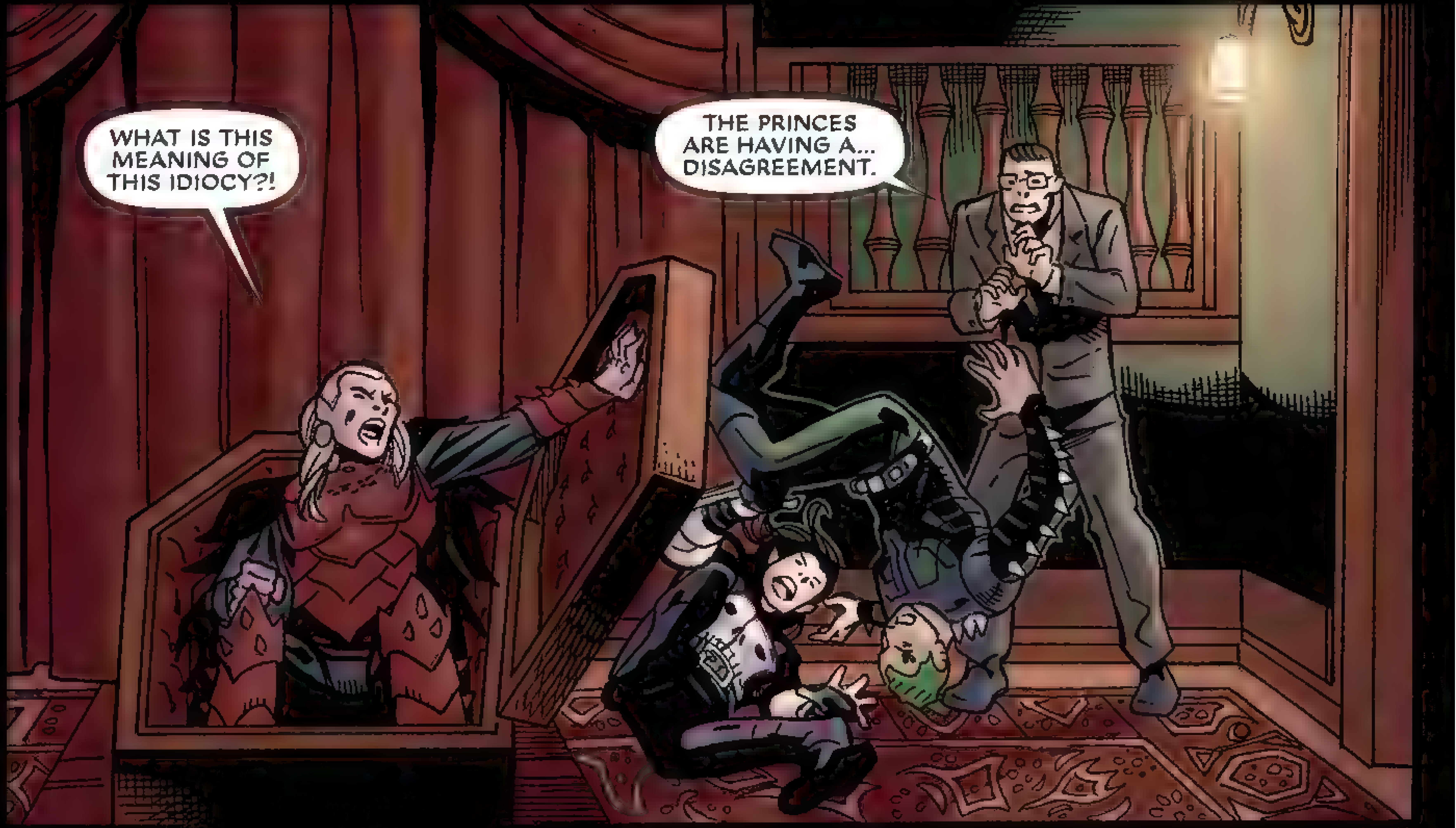
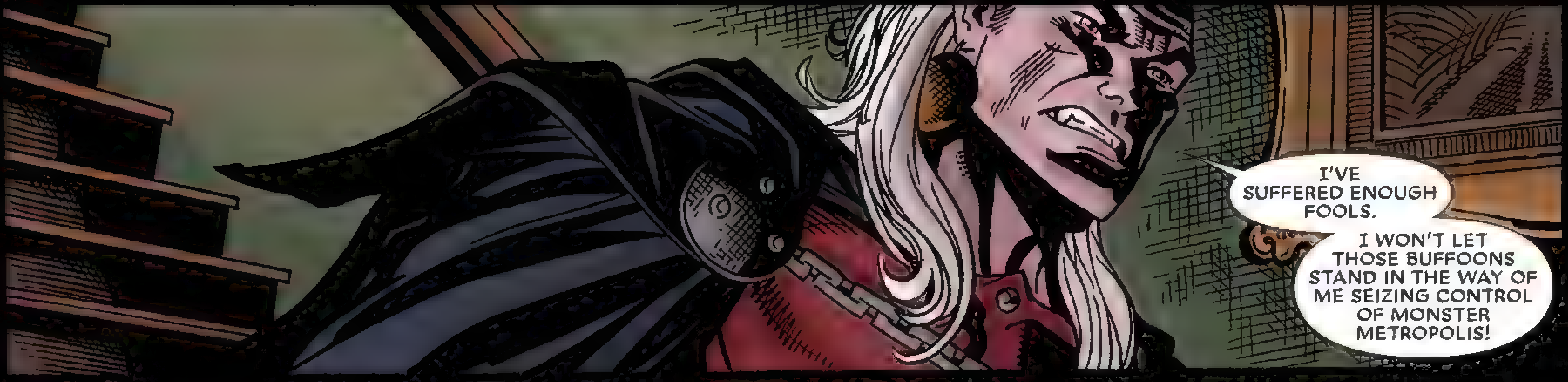

WHAT IS THIS MEANING OF THIS IDIOCY?!
THE PRINCES ARE HAVING A... DISAGREEMENT.

MEANWHILE UNDER NEW YORK CITY...
APOLOGIZE!
NEVER!
WHAT IS THIS MEANING OF THIS IDIOCY?!
THE PRINCES ARE HAVING A... DISAGREEMENT.
HE STARTED IT!
WE'RE FIGHTING ABOUT THINGS THAT HAPPENED CENTURIES AGO!

MEANWHILE UNDER NEW YORK CITY...
APOLOGIZE!
NEVER!
WHAT IS THIS MEANING OF THIS IDIOCY?!
THE PRINCES ARE HAVING A... DISAGREEMENT.
HE STARTED IT!
WE'RE FIGHTING ABOUT THINGS THAT HAPPENED CENTURIES AGO!
ACTIVATE THE MIND CONTROL DEVICE FOR MY *"GUESTS."*
AWESOME, THEY'RE FIGHTING, TOO!


I'VE SUFFERED ENOUGH FOOLS.
I WON'T LET THOSE BUFFOONS STAND IN THE WAY OF ME SEIZING CONTROL OF MONSTER METROPOLIS!

I HAVE MADE AN ERROR. ONE THAT THE NEW *FRIGHTFUL FOUR* WILL FIX!
THE PERFECT MONSTROUS WARRIORS TO REMIND THE WORLD THAT DRACULA IS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH!

FRANKENSTEIN'S CREATION!
HURN.

FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER

ALIAS: ADAM
"FRANKENSTEIN WAS THE SCIENTIST!"
HEIGHT: 8'
WEIGHT: 325 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: IFFY, AT BEST.

POWERS & ABILITIES: IMMORTAL, SUPER-STRONG AND DURABLE. HAS A HEALING FACTOR, AND CAN TAKE DEAD LIMBS TO REPLACE ANY HE LOSES.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE: FISTS.

FRANKENSTEIN'S CREATION!
HURN.

THE MUMMY, TIRELESS UNDEAD WARRIOR!
FEELS GOOD TO BE PART OF A TEAM!

THE MUMMY, TIRELESS UNDEAD WARRIOR!
FEELS GOOD TO BE PART OF A TEAM!

THE (LIVING?) MUMMY

ALIAS: N'KANTU (MAYBE?)
"ALL MUMMIES KIND OF LOOK ALIKE TO ME..."
HEIGHT: 5'10"
WEIGHT: 100 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: SEEMS BAD TO ME.

POWERS & ABILITIES:
IMMORTAL, SUPER-STRONG AND DURABLE. HAS A HEALING FACTOR, TOO...AND HE CAN EAT SOULS. FUN!

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
WRAPPING, I GUESS?

INTERGALACTIC BROOD MERCENARY, *XZAX.*
IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE RIGHT... HIRE XZAX.

INTERGALACTIC BROOD MERCENARY, XZAX.
XZAX
"THE BROOD MERCENARY"
HEIGHT: 7'8"
WEIGHT: 475 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BAD, FOR SURE.
POWERS & ABILITIES:
HIGHLY RESISTANT EXOSKELETON, FLIGHT, PREHENSILE TENTACLES, POISONOUS STINGERS, AND CREEPY LOOKING-NESS.
WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
TEETH, TENTACLES, STINGERS AND GUNS.
IF YOU WANT SOMETHING DONE RIGHT... HIRE XZAX.

AND OF COURSE, MY SECRET WEAPON, *MARCUS, CENTAUR WARRIOR...*

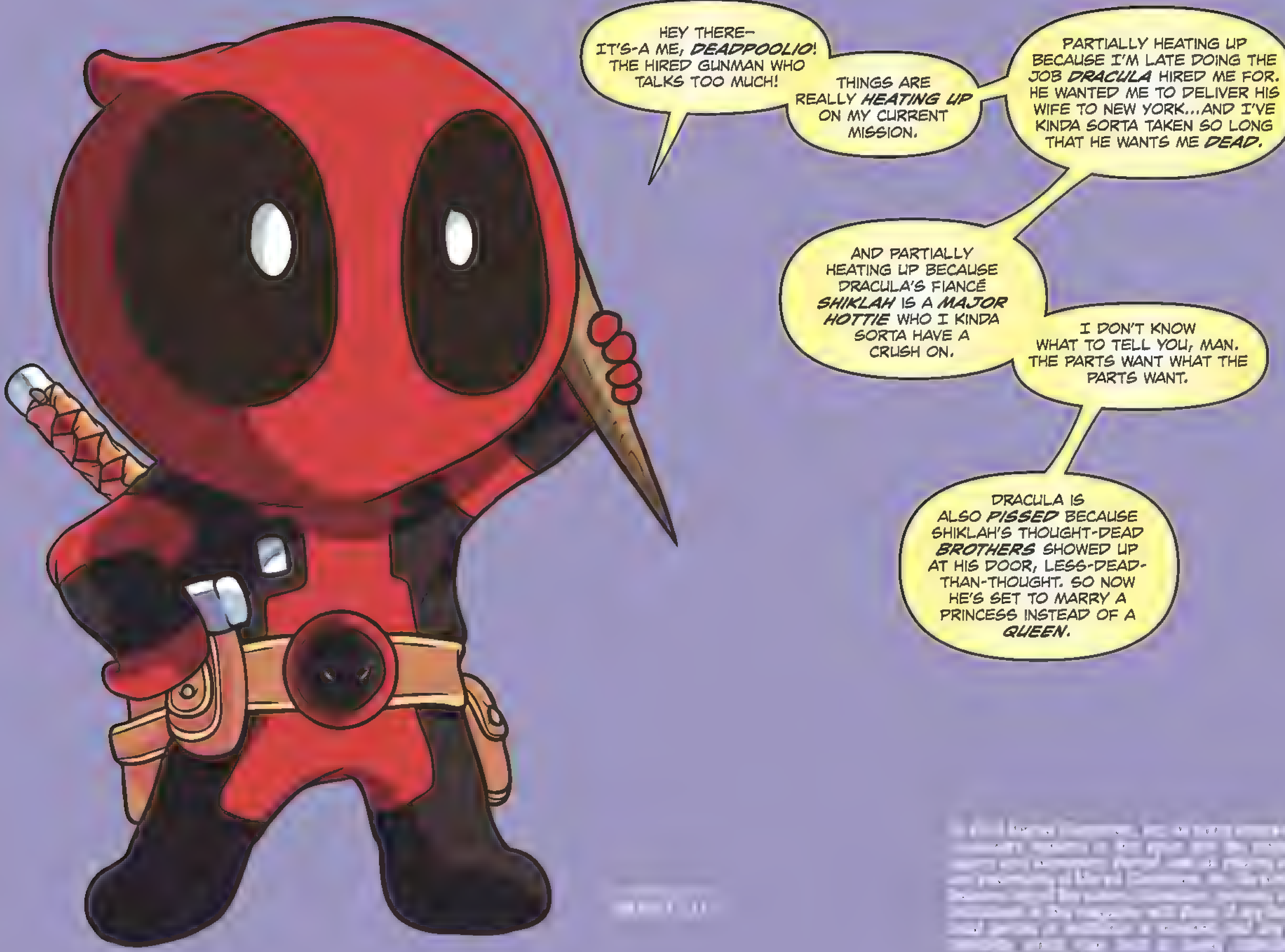
MARCUS
"THE CENTAUR WARRIOR"
HEIGHT: 8'6"
WEIGHT: 1025 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BADDEST OF BAD.
POWERS & ABILITIES:
HORSE LEGS. CAN PROBABLY RUN FAST.
WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
HOOVES?
AND OF COURSE, MY SECRET WEAPON, *MARCUS, CENTAUR WARRIOR*...

MARCUS
"THE CENTAUR WEREWOLF WARRIOR"
HEIGHT: 8'6"
WEIGHT: 1075 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BADDEST OF BAD.
POWERS & ABILITIES:
HORSE LEGS. CAN PROBABLY RUN FAST. PLUS CLAWS AND FANGS, AND ALL WEREWOLF POWERS.
WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
CLAWS AND FANGS.
AND OF COURSE, MY SECRET WEAPON, *MARCUS, CENTAUR WARRIOR*...
...WHO WAS BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF...

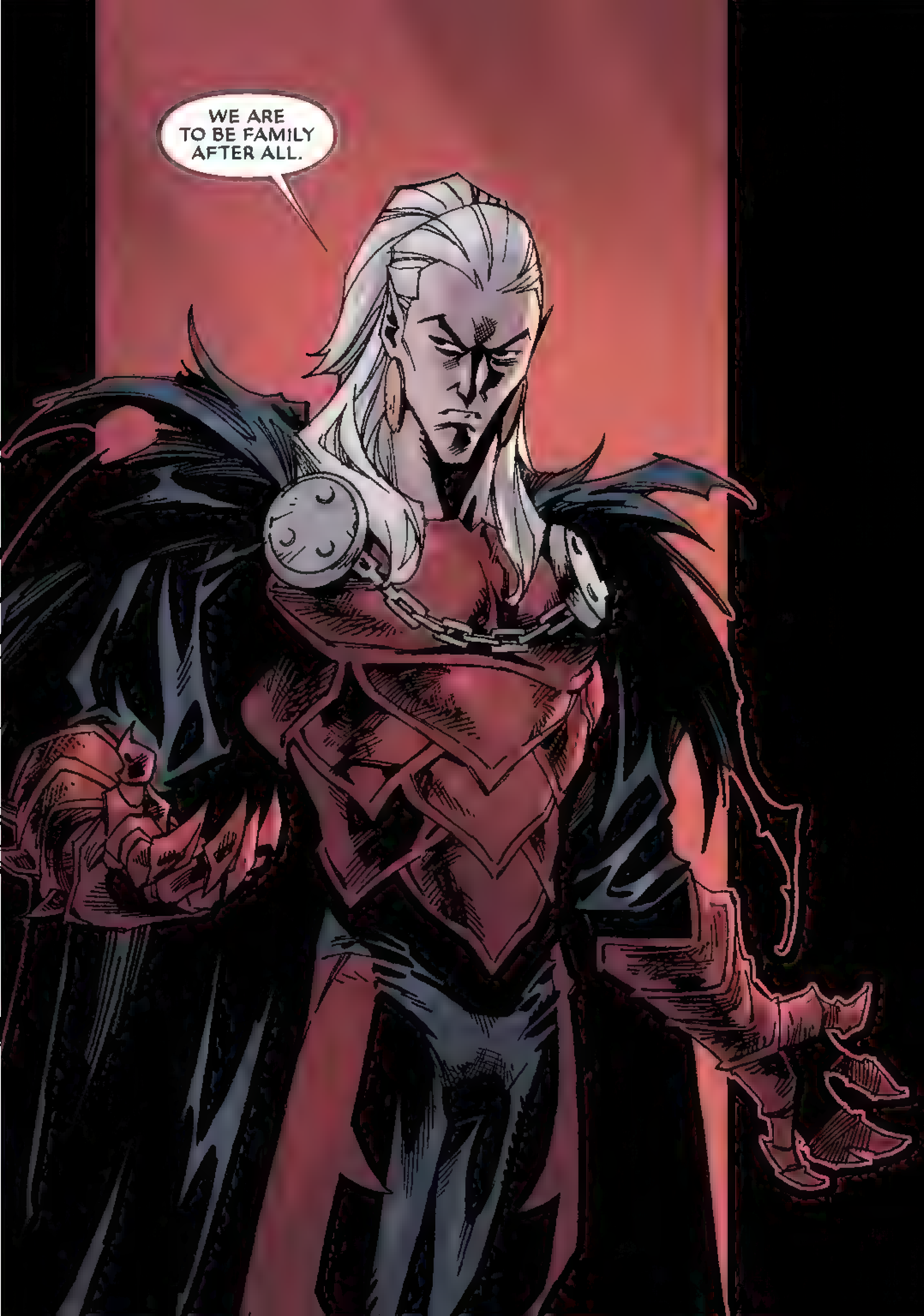
MARCUS
"THE CENTAUR WEREWOLF SYMBIOTE WARRIOR"
HEIGHT: 8'6"
WEIGHT: 1100 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BADDEST OF BAD.
POWERS & ABILITIES:
HORSE LEGS. CAN PROBABLY RUN FAST. PLUS CLAWS AND FANGS, AND ALL WEREWOLF POWERS. PLUS PREHENSILE SYMBIOTE TENTACLES WHICH CAN ALSO FORM SPIKES OR BLADES. AND I GUESS CAN BECOME ANY CLOTHES.
WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
CLAWS AND FANGS AND ALIEN COSTUME.
AND OF COURSE, MY SECRET WEAPON, *MARCUS, CENTAUR WARRIOR*...
...WHO WAS BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF...
...AND BONDED WITH AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE...

MARCUS
"THE CENTAUR WEREWOLF SYMBIOTE WARRIOR"
HEIGHT: 8'6"
WEIGHT: 1100 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: BADDEST OF BAD.
POWERS & ABILITIES:
HORSE LEGS, CAN PROBABLY RUN FAST.
PLUS CLAWS AND FANGS,
AND ALL WEREWOLF POWERS.
PLUS PREHENSILE SYMBIOTE TENTACLES WHICH CAN ALSO FORM SPIKES OR BLADES.
AND I GUESS CAN BECOME ANY CLOTHES.
WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
CLAWS AND FANGS
AND ALIEN COSTUME.
AND OF COURSE, MY SECRET WEAPON, *MARCUS, CENTAUR WARRIOR...*
...WHO WAS BITTEN BY A WEREWOLF...
...AND BONDED WITH AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE...
...A PERFECT SOLDIER WITH *NO WEAKNESSES!*
WELL, I AM *DIABETIC.*

SILENCE!
FIND THE MERCENARY--DEADPOOL HAD HIS CHANCE TO DELIVER SHIKLAH. GO AND DO WHAT HE FAILED TO DO--BRING ME MY BRIDE!
TO BE CONTINUED...


HEY THERE— IT'S-A ME, DEADPOOLIO! THE HIRED GUNMAN WHO TALKS TOO MUCH!
THINGS ARE REALLY HEATING UP ON MY CURRENT MISSION.
PARTIALLY HEATING UP BECAUSE I'M LATE DOING THE JOB DRACULA HIRED ME FOR. HE WANTED ME TO DELIVER HIS WIFE TO NEW YORK...AND I'VE KINDA SORTA TAKEN SO LONG THAT HE WANTS ME DEAD.
AND PARTIALLY HEATING UP BECAUSE DRACULA'S FIANCÉ SHIKLAH IS A MAJOR HOTTIE WHO I KINDA SORTA HAVE A CRUSH ON.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO TELL YOU, MAN. THE PARTS WANT WHAT THE PARTS WANT.
DRACULA IS ALSO PISSED BECAUSE SHIKLAH'S THOUGHT-DEAD BROTHERS SHOWED UP AT HIS DOOR, LESS-DEAD-THAN-THOUGHT. SO NOW HE'S SET TO MARRY A PRINCESS INSTEAD OF A QUEEN.

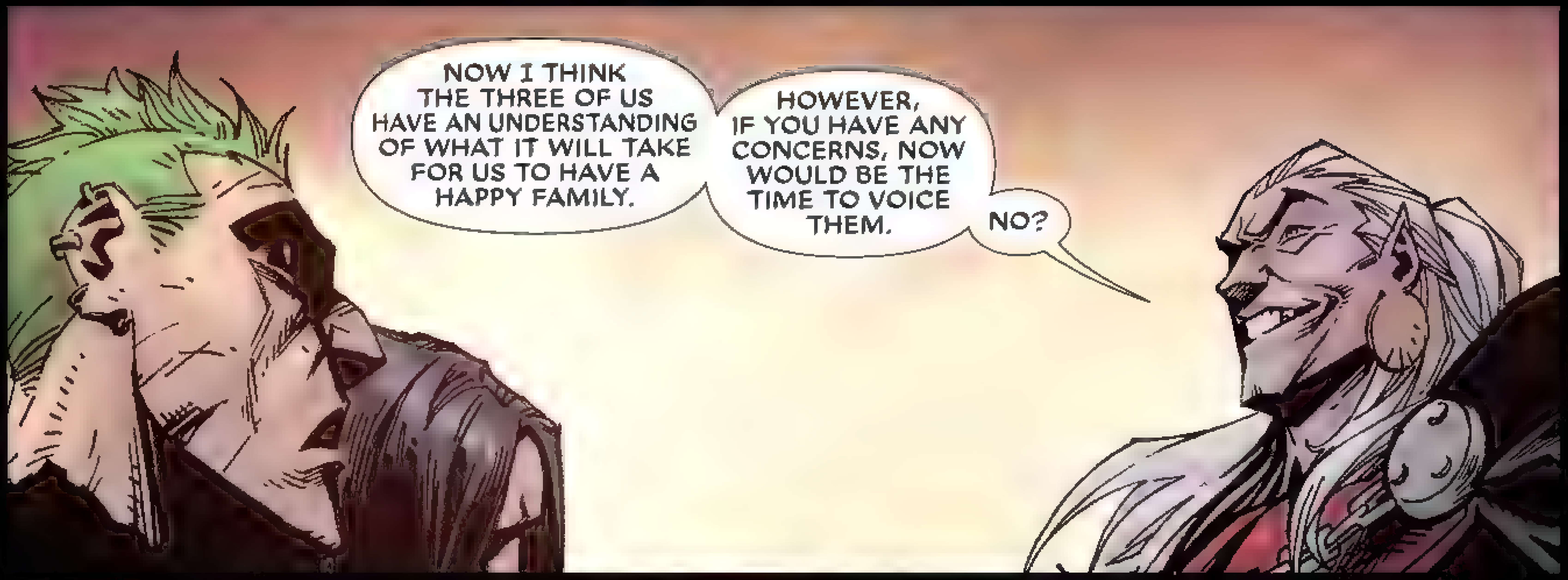
DRACULA'S LAIR, MANHATTAN.
I TRIED TO HAVE PATIENCE WITH YOU BOTH.


WE ARE TO BE FAMILY AFTER ALL.

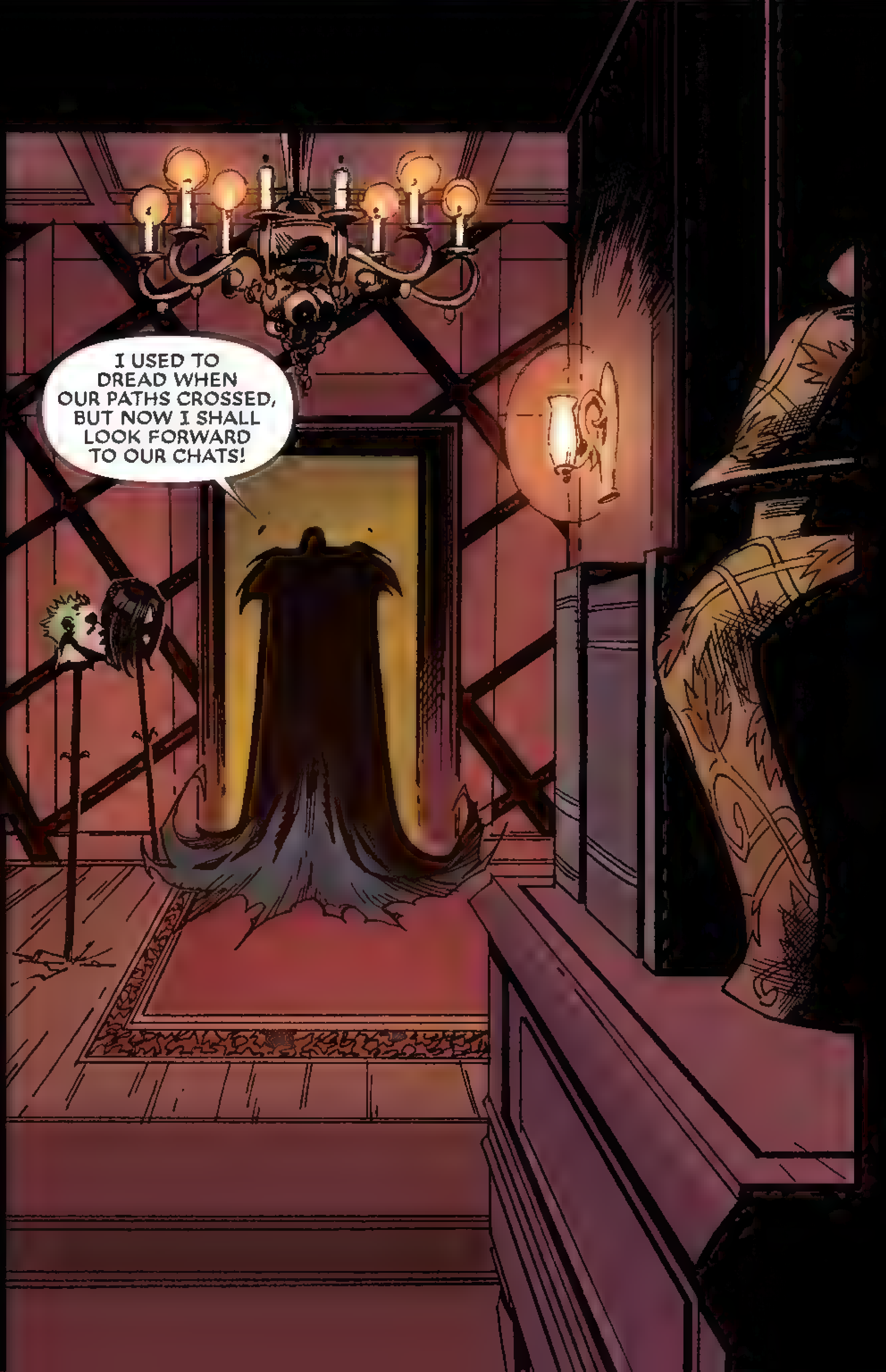
WE ARE TO BE FAMILY AFTER ALL.
WE'LL GET ALONG FAMOUSLY--IF YOU JUST GIVE ME THE PEACE AND QUIET I DESERVE.

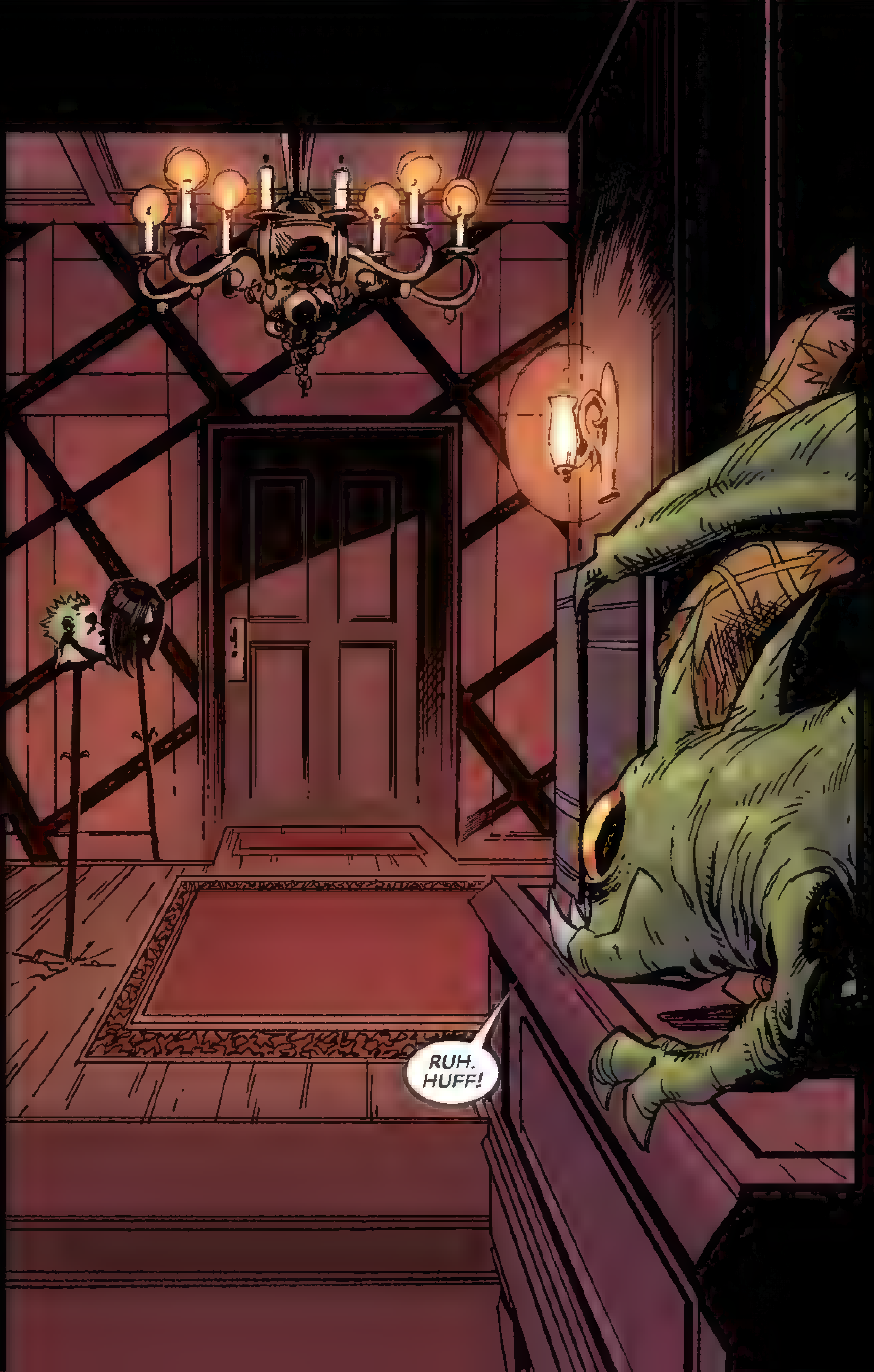
WE ARE TO BE FAMILY AFTER ALL.
WE'LL GET ALONG FAMOUSLY--IF YOU JUST GIVE ME THE PEACE AND QUIET I DESERVE.
BAQIR, DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?

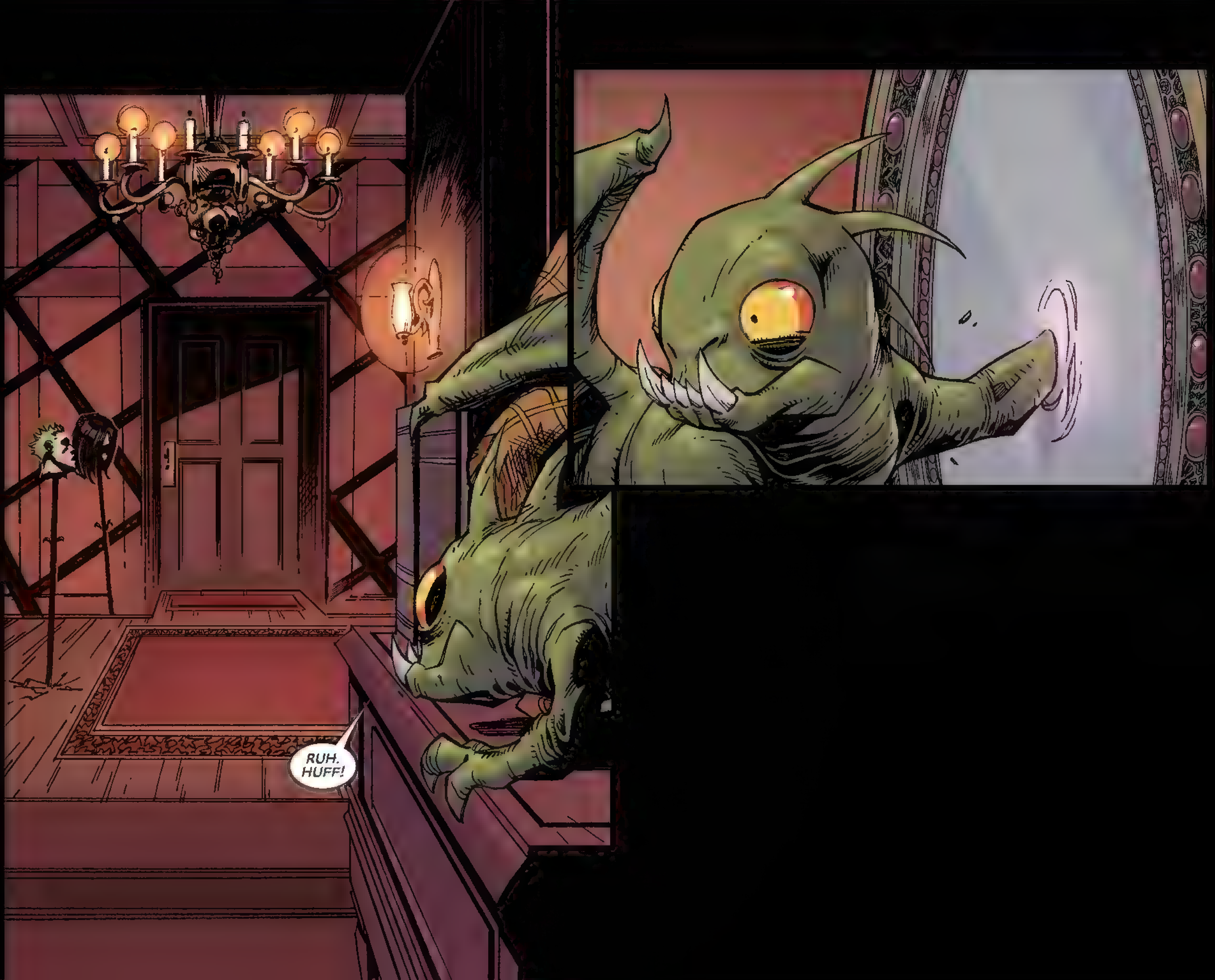
WE ARE TO BE FAMILY AFTER ALL.
WE'LL GET ALONG FAMOUSLY--IF YOU JUST GIVE ME THE PEACE AND QUIET I DESERVE.
BAQIR, DO YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?
AMJAD! WHERE ARE YOUR JAPES NOW?


NOW I THINK THE THREE OF US HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IT WILL TAKE FOR US TO HAVE A HAPPY FAMILY.
HOWEVER, IF YOU HAVE ANY CONCERNS, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME TO VOICE THEM.
NO?

NOW I THINK THE THREE OF US HAVE AN UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT IT WILL TAKE FOR US TO HAVE A HAPPY FAMILY.
HOWEVER, IF YOU HAVE ANY CONCERNS, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME TO VOICE THEM.
NO?
WONDERFUL.
I KNEW WE WOULD EVENTUALLY GET ALONG.


I USED TO DREAD WHEN OUR PATHS CROSSED, BUT NOW I SHALL LOOK FORWARD TO OUR CHATS!


RUH. HUFF!


RUH. HUFF!

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story by
BRIAN POSEHN
& GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN
storyboards by
REILLY BROWN

story by
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art by
KHARY RANDOLPH

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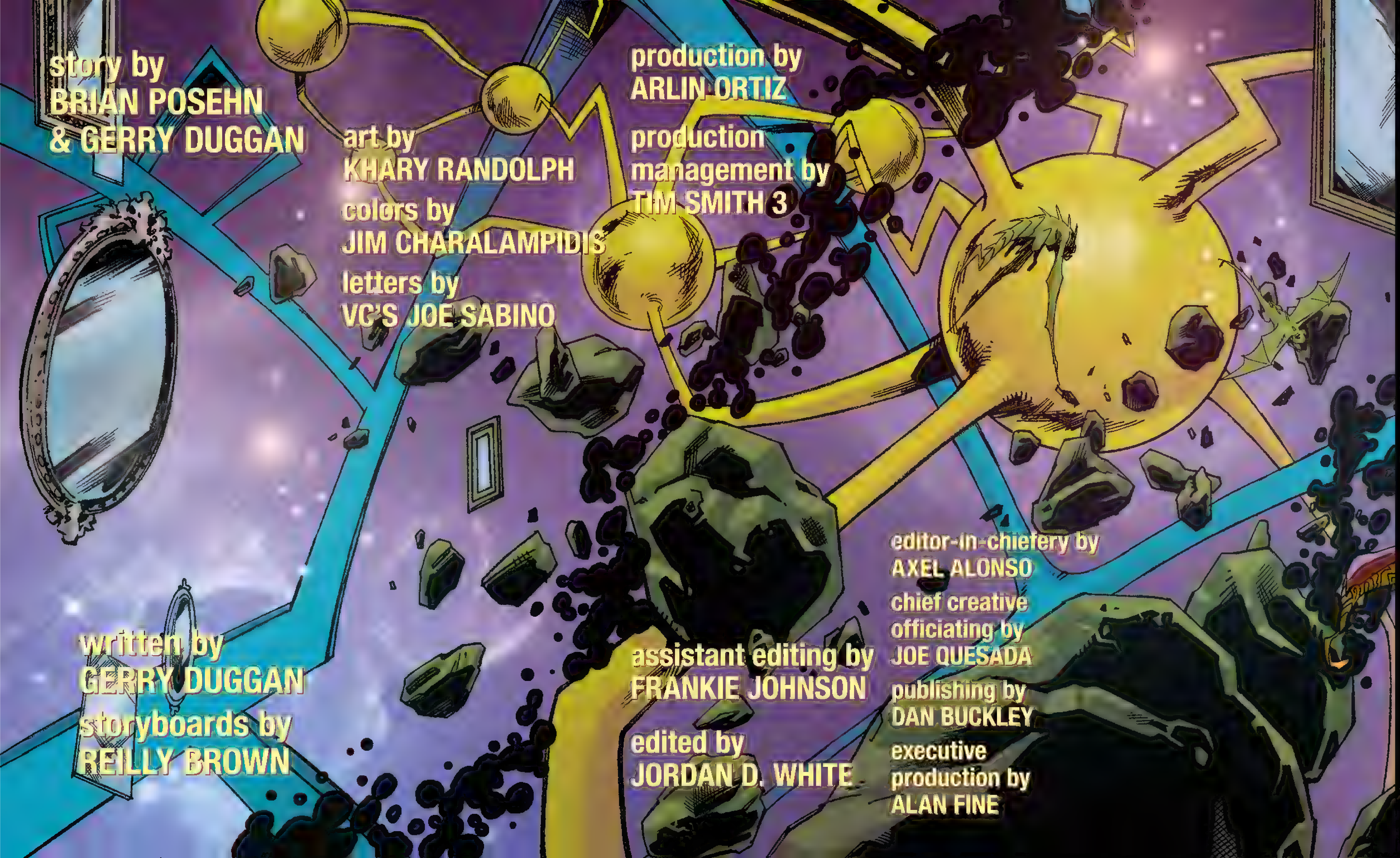

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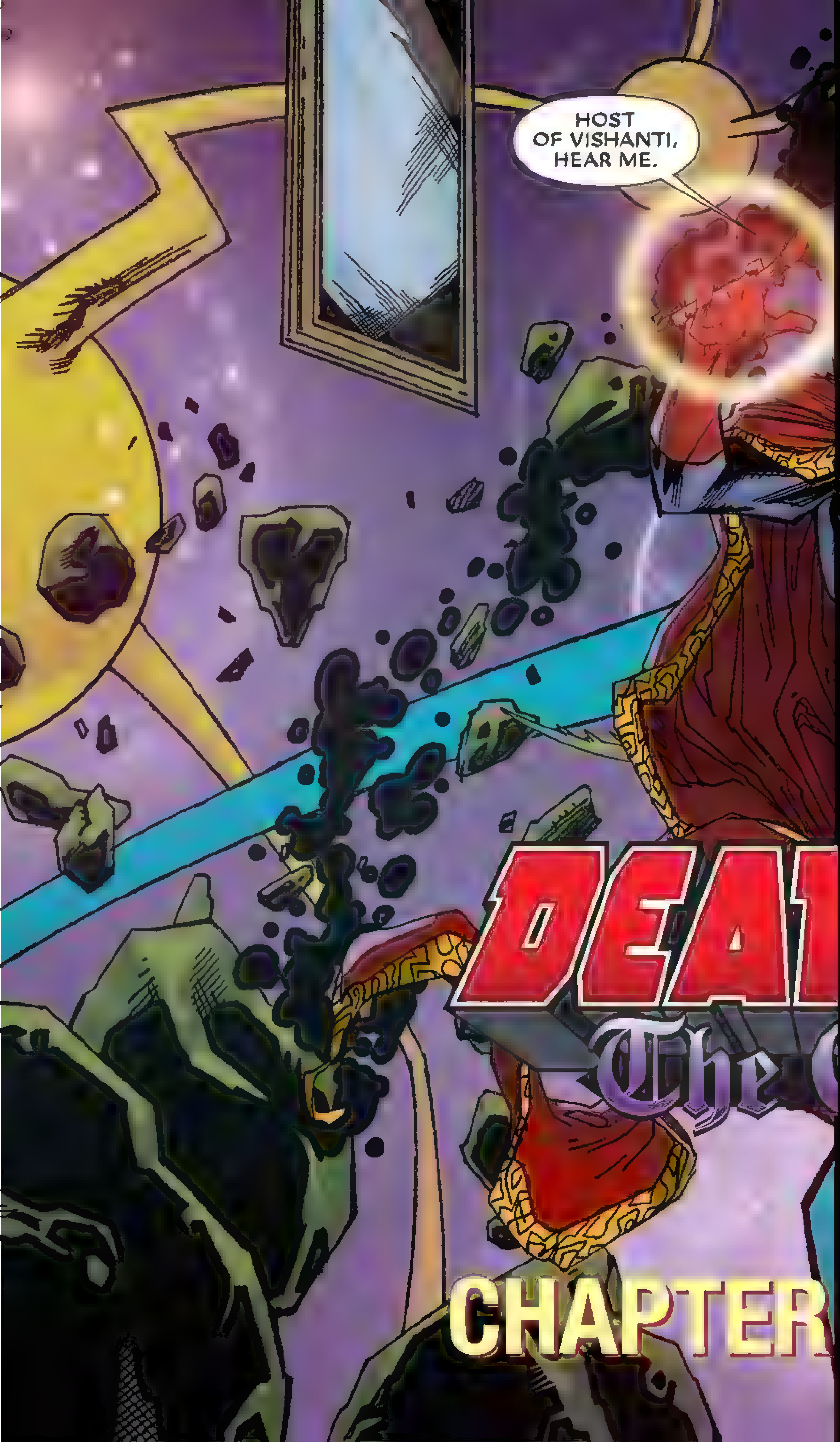
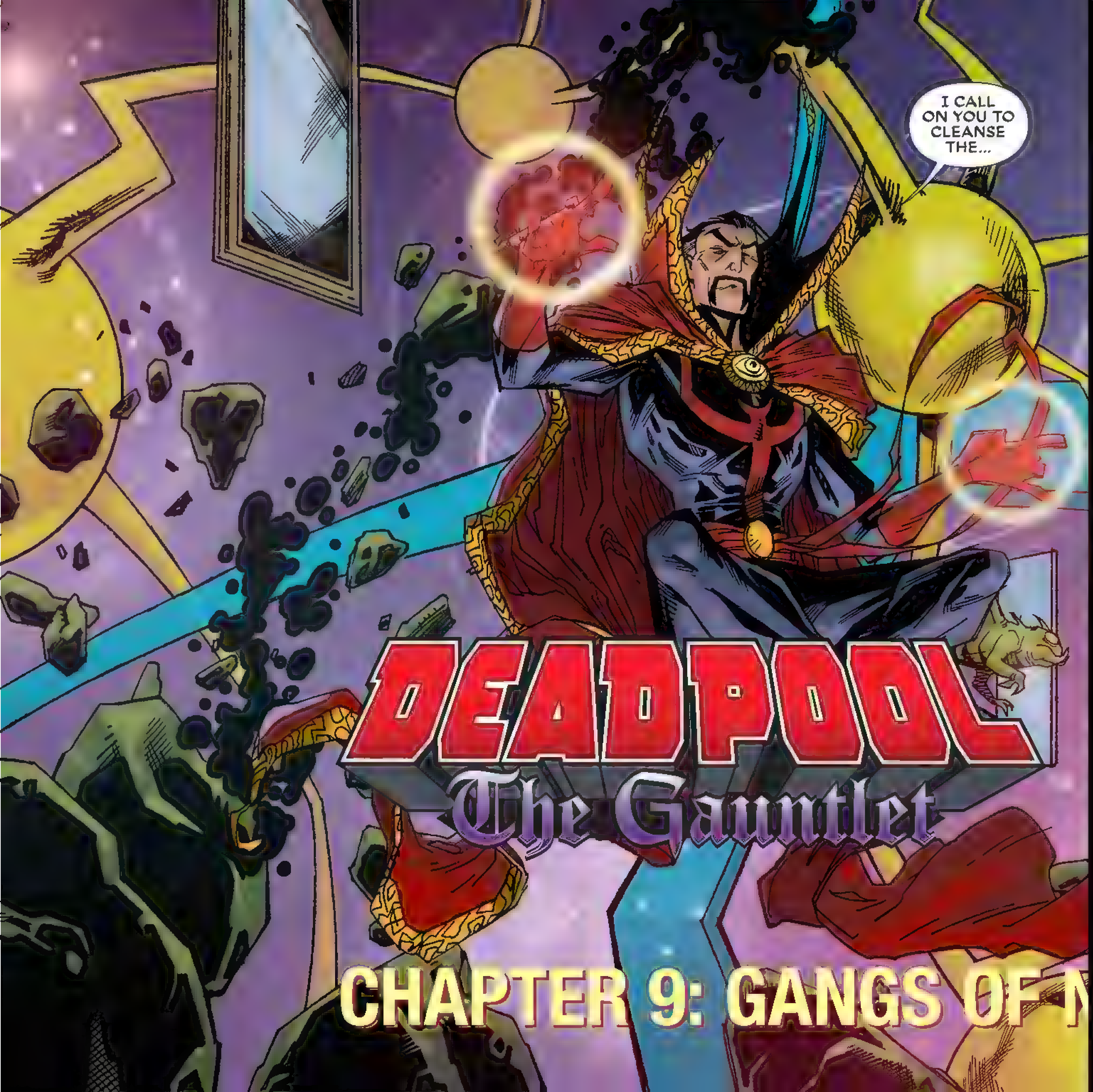

HOST OF VISHANTI, HEAR ME.
DEA
The C
CHAPTER


I CALL ON YOU TO CLEANSE THE...
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet
CHAPTER 9: GANGS OF N

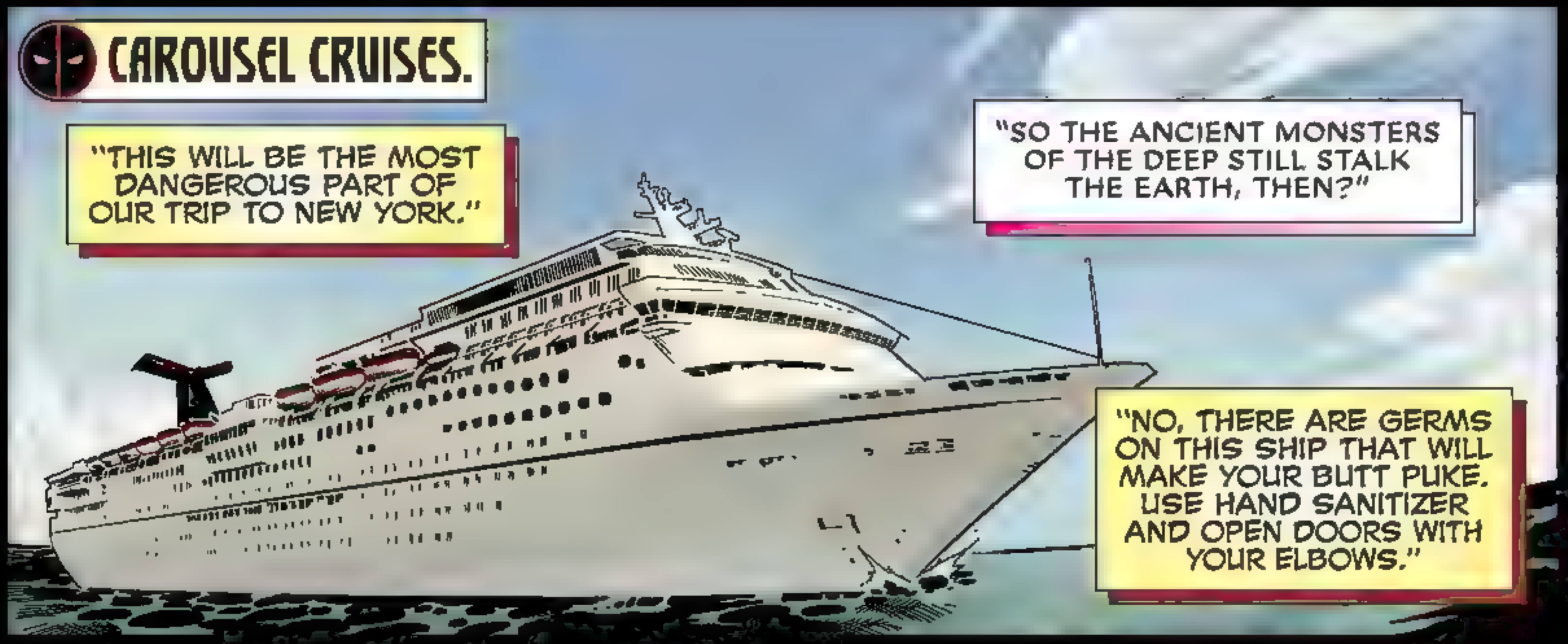
DEADPOOL

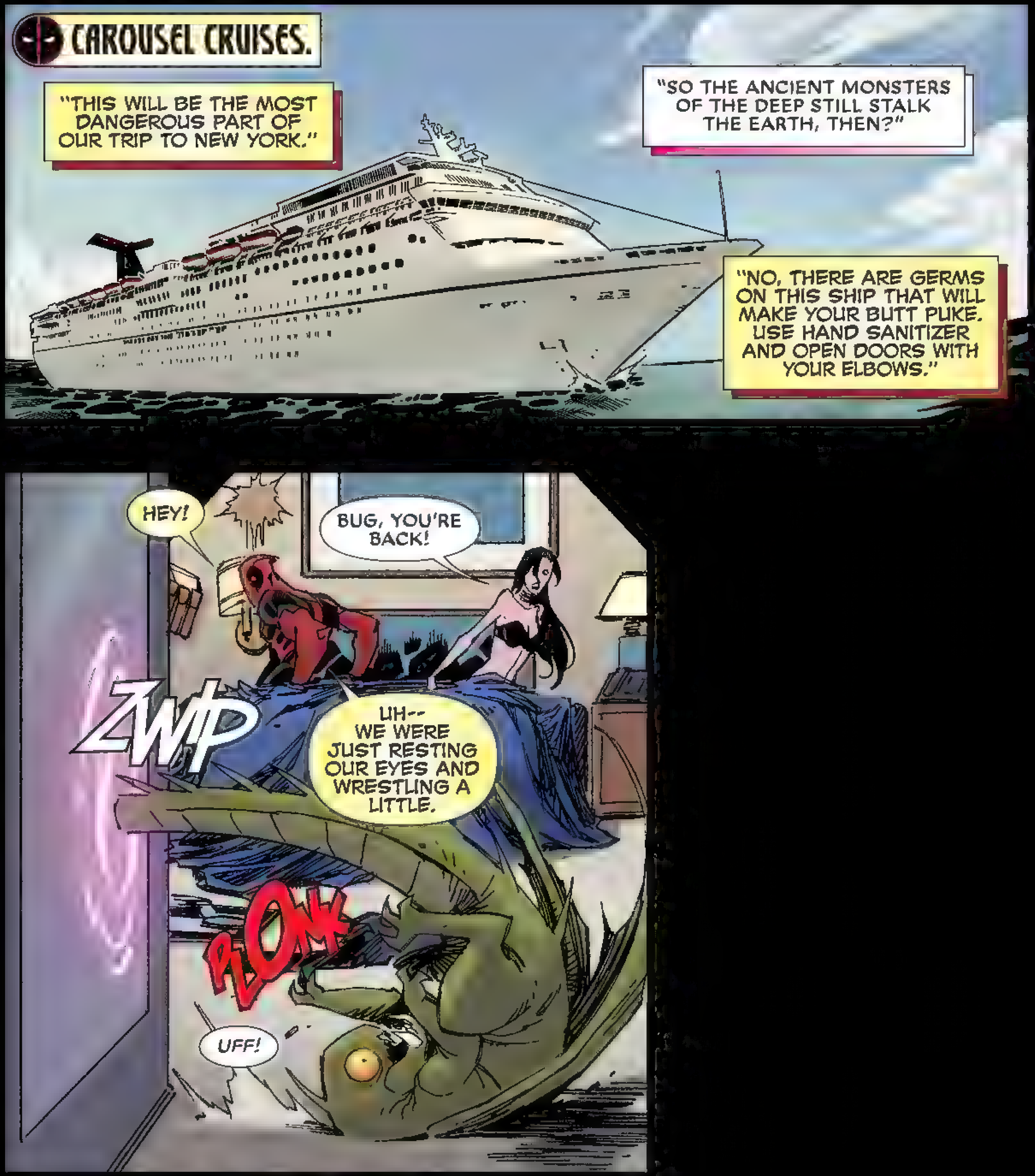
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 9: GANGS OF NEW YORK

TO CLEANSE...
HMM. ODD. I MAY NEED PEST CONTROL.

CHAPTER 9: GANGS OF NEW YORK


CAROUSEL CRUISES.
"THIS WILL BE THE MOST DANGEROUS PART OF OUR TRIP TO NEW YORK."
"SO THE ANCIENT MONSTERS OF THE DEEP STILL STALK THE EARTH, THEN?"
"NO, THERE ARE GERMS ON THIS SHIP THAT WILL MAKE YOUR BUTT PUKE. USE HAND SANITIZER AND OPEN DOORS WITH YOUR ELBOWS."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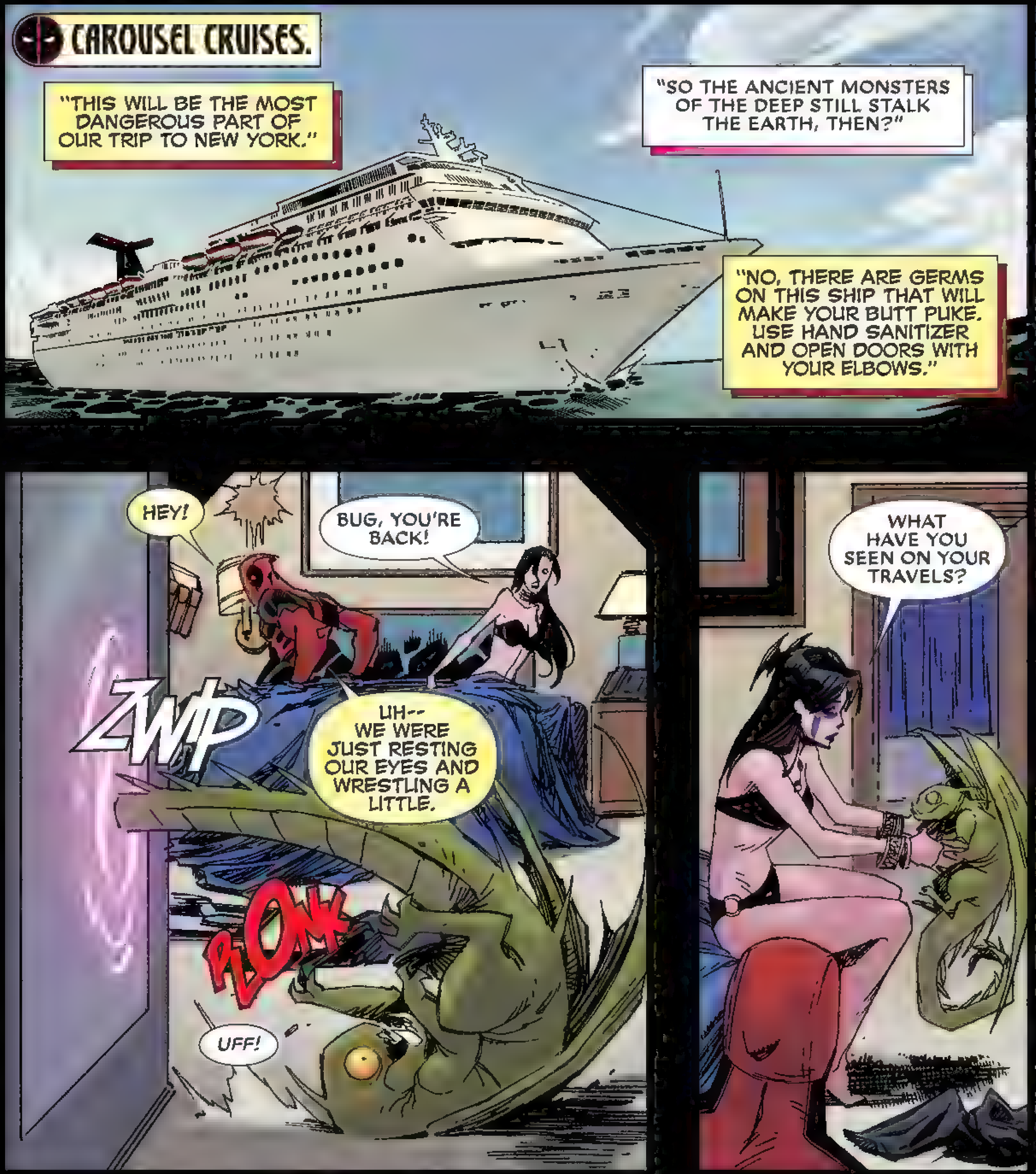
HEY!
BUG, YOU'RE BACK!
ZWIP
UH-- WE WERE JUST RESTING OUR EYES AND WRESTLING A LITTLE.
PLONK
UFF!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UH-- WE WERE JUST RESTING OUR EYES AND WRESTLING A LITTLE.
PLONK
UFF!
WHAT HAVE YOU SEEN ON YOUR TRAVELS?

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HEY!
BUG, YOU'RE BACK!
ZWIP
UH-- WE WERE JUST RESTING OUR EYES AND WRESTLING A LITTLE.
PLONK
UFF!
WHAT HAVE YOU SEEN ON YOUR TRAVELS?
DID YOU SEE DRACULA? MY BROTHERS?
THEY DON'T HAVE BUGS OF THEIR OWN, DO THEY? DID THEY JUST SEE OUR *"NAP TIME"*?

CAROUSEL CRUISES.
"THIS WILL BE THE MOST DANGEROUS PART OF OUR TRIP TO NEW YORK."
"SO THE ANCIENT MONSTERS OF THE DEEP STILL STALK THE EARTH, THEN?"
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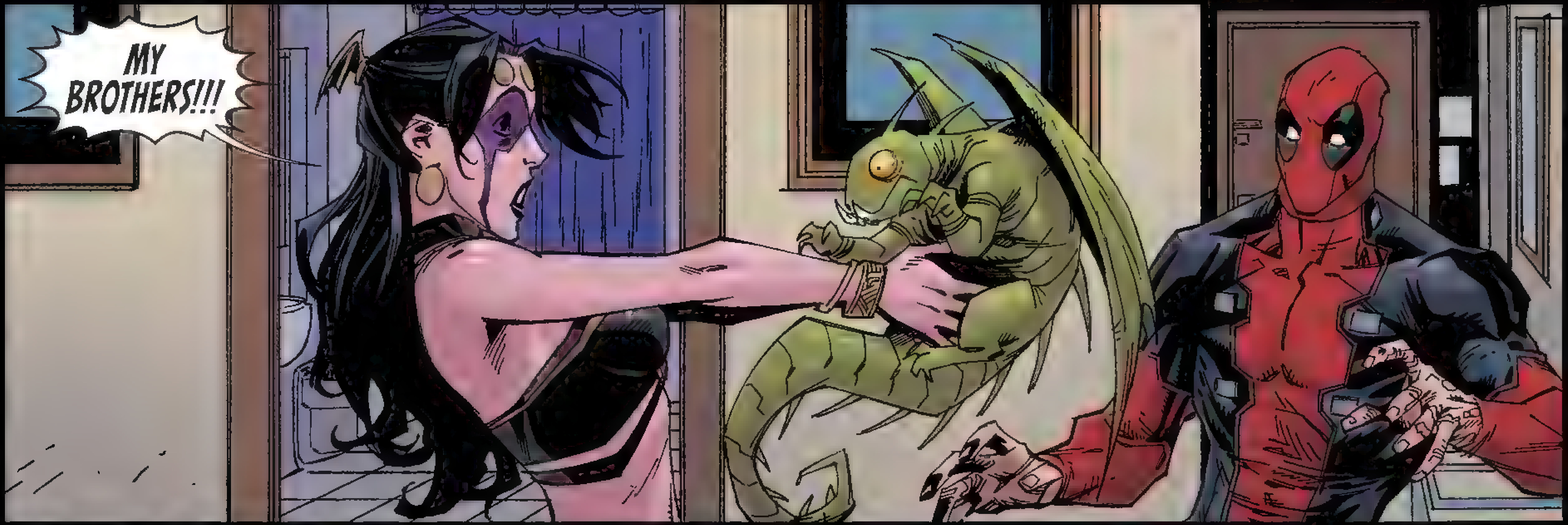
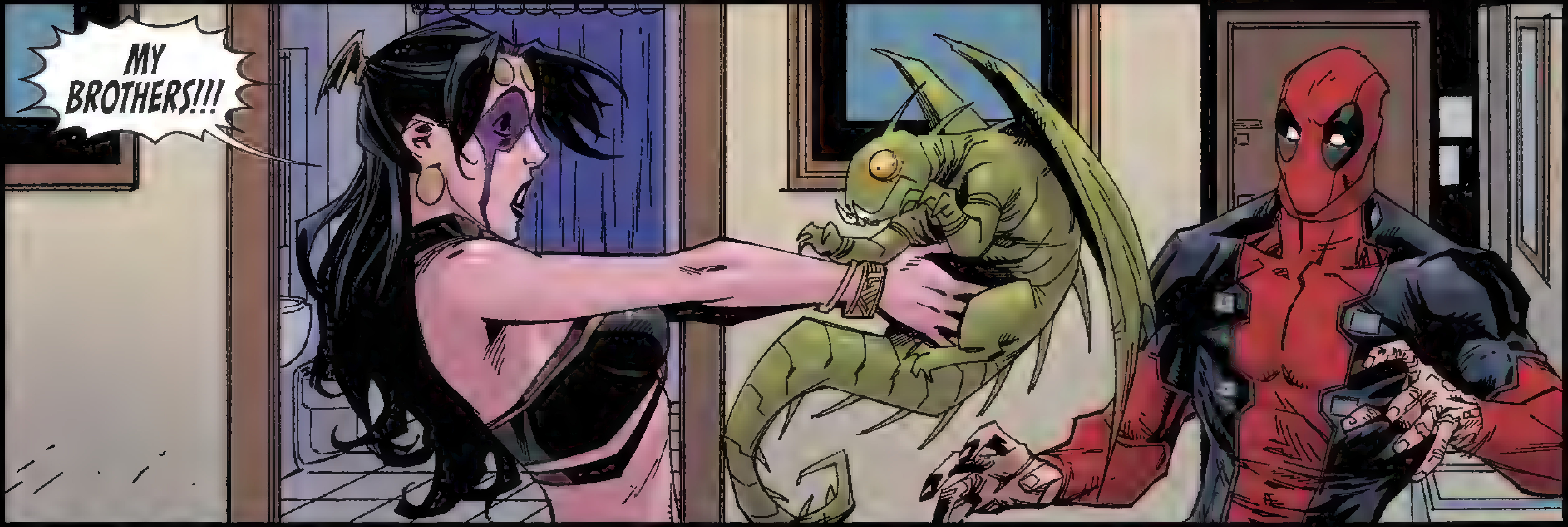

MY BROTHERS!!!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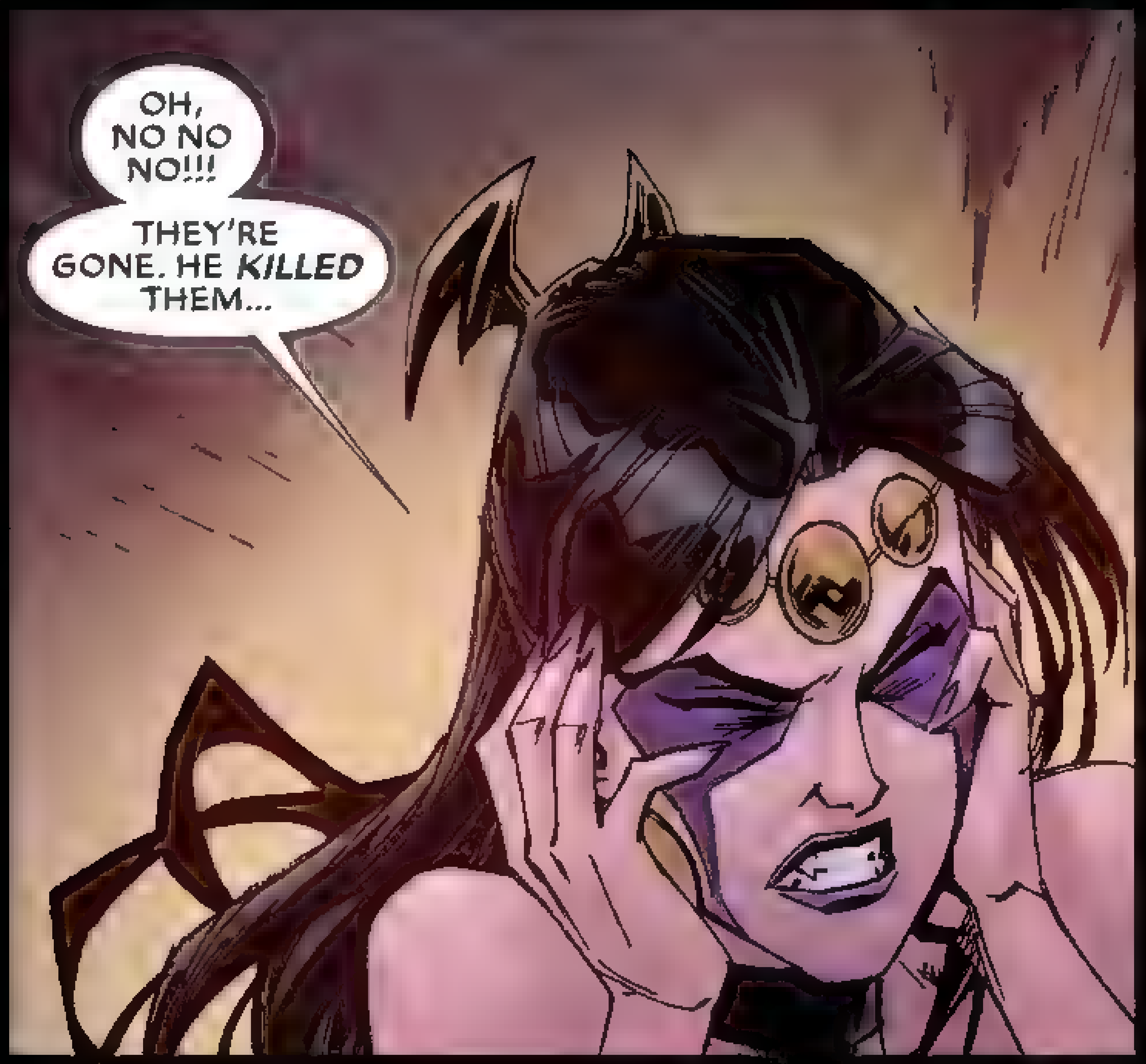
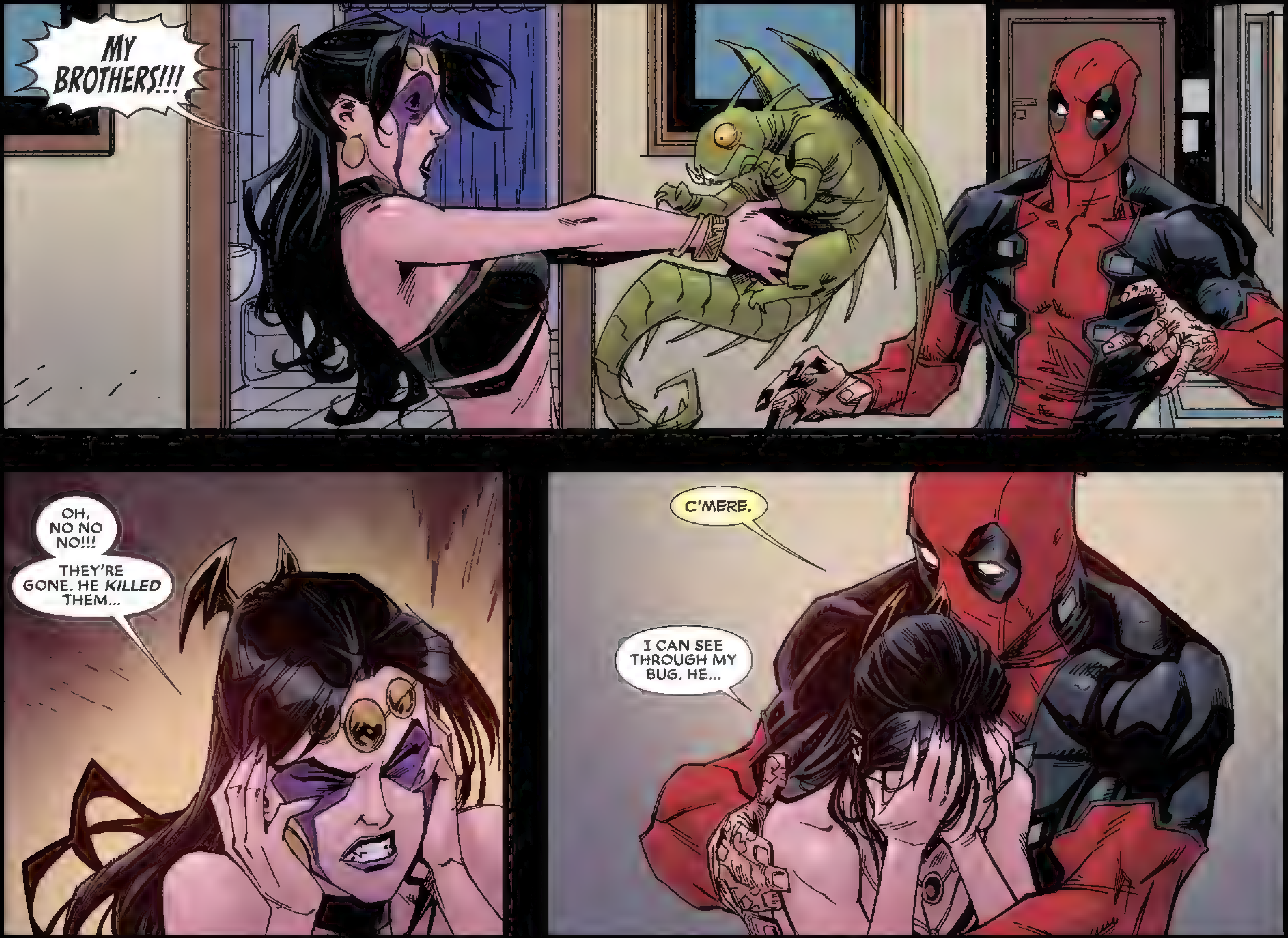
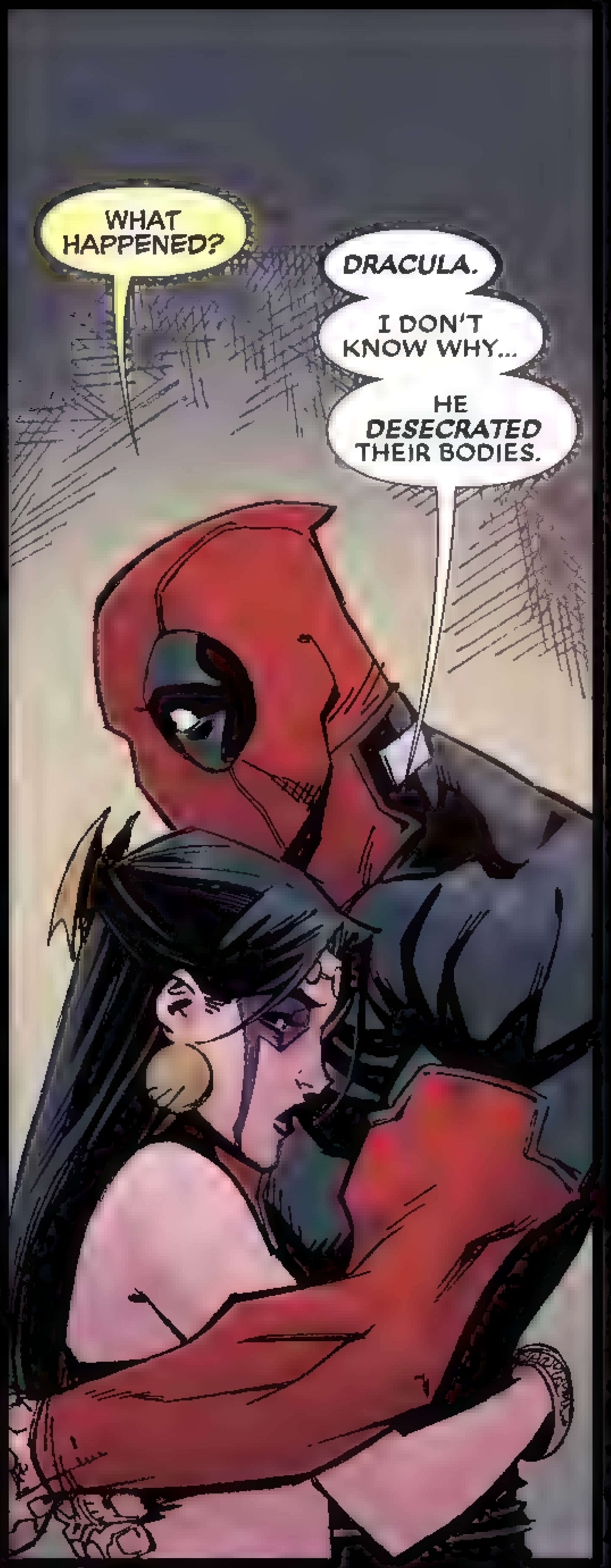
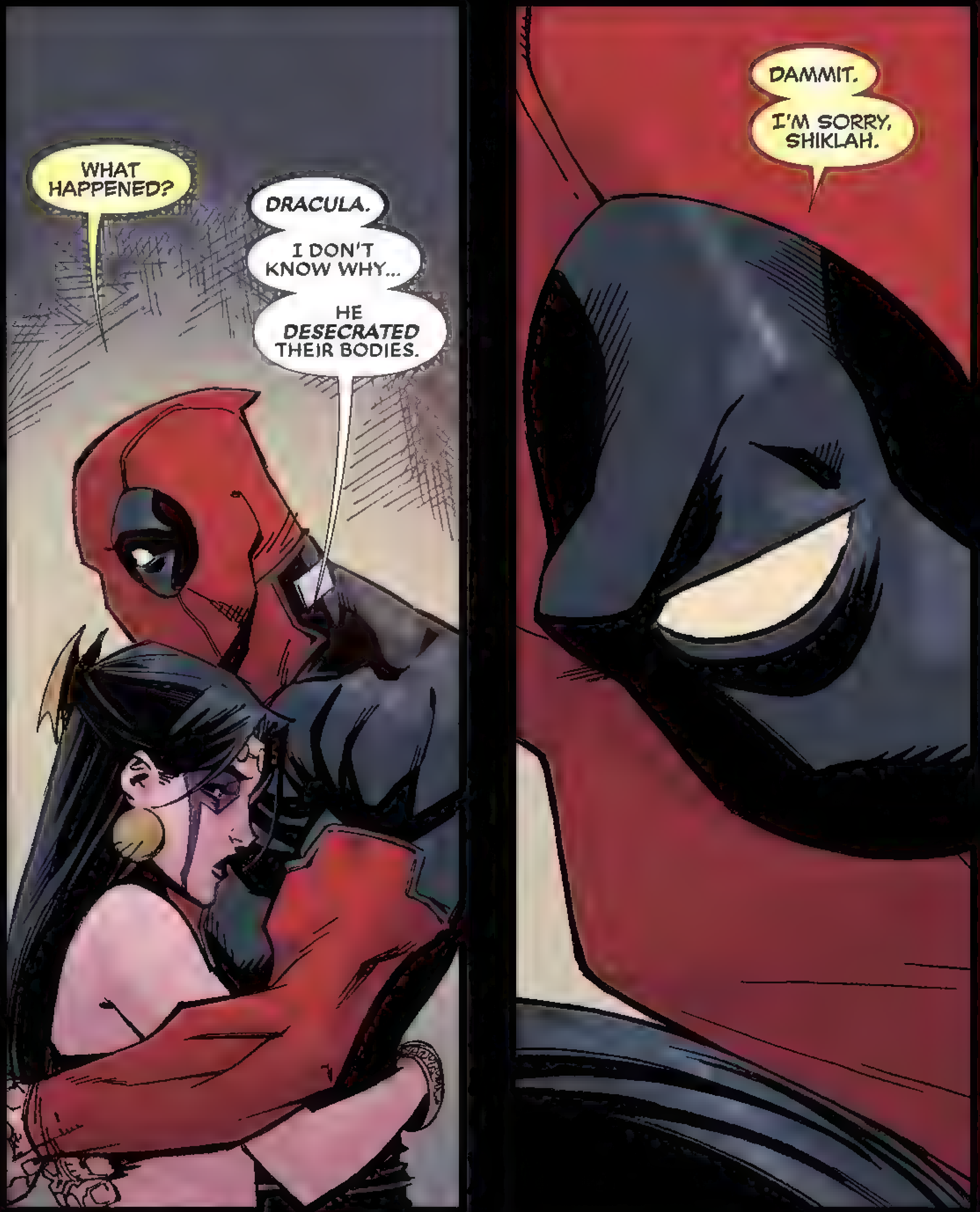
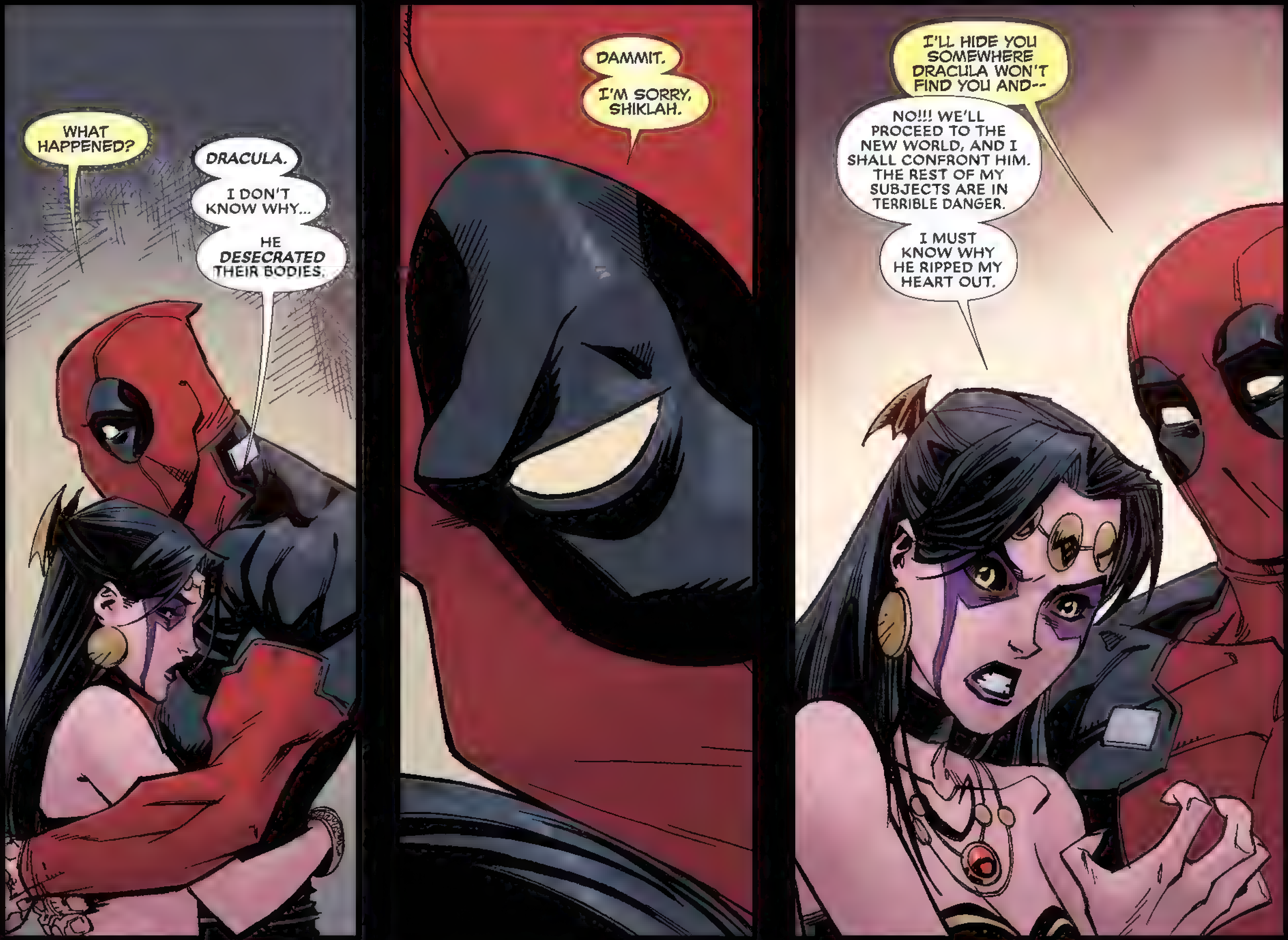

OH, NO NO NO!!!
THEY'RE GONE. HE *KILLED* THEM...

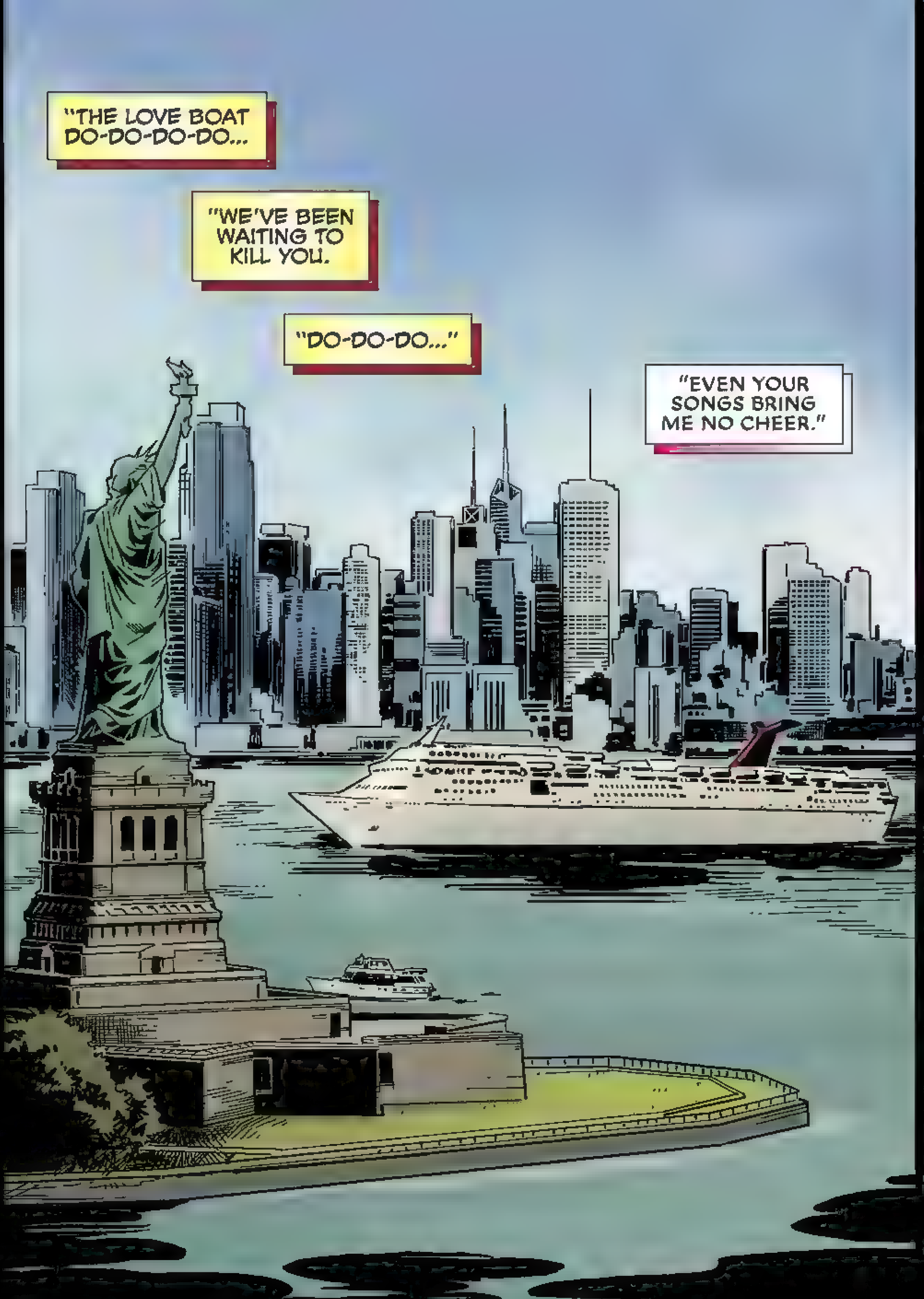

MY BROTHERS!!!
OH, NO NO NO!!!
THEY'RE GONE. HE *KILLED* THEM...
C'MERE.
I CAN SEE THROUGH MY BUG. HE...

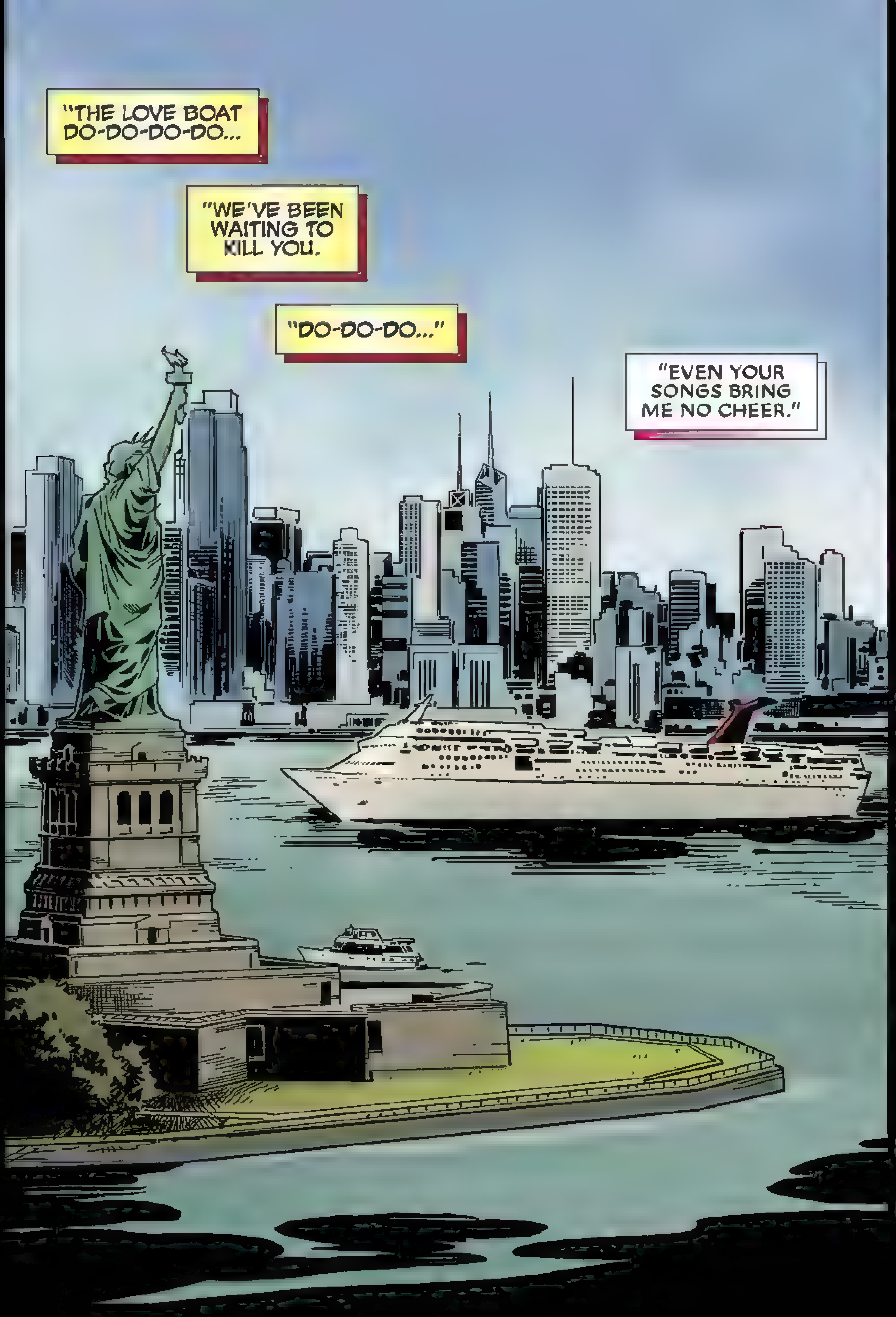

WHAT HAPPENED?
DRACULA.
I DON'T KNOW WHY...
HE DESECRATED THEIR BODIES.


WHAT HAPPENED?
DRACULA.
I DON'T KNOW WHY...
HE DESECRATED THEIR BODIES.
DAMMIT.
I'M SORRY, SHIKLAH.


WHAT HAPPENED?
DRACULA.
I DON'T KNOW WHY...
HE *DESECRATED* THEIR BODIES.
DAMMIT.
I'M SORRY, SHIKLAH.
I'LL HIDE YOU SOMEWHERE DRACULA WON'T FIND YOU AND--
NO!!! WE'LL PROCEED TO THE NEW WORLD, AND I SHALL CONFRONT HIM. THE REST OF MY SUBJECTS ARE IN TERRIBLE DANGER.
I MUST KNOW WHY HE RIPPED MY HEART OUT.

OKAY, YOU'RE THE BOSS, SHIKLAH.
YOU HEAR THAT, GUYS? WE'RE JUST GOING TO BE ROOMMATES FOR A LITTLE WHILE LONGER.
I DON'T WANT TO *INCONVENIENCE* YOU, BUT DO YOU MIND IF I CRACK OPEN THE MINI-BAR?


"THE LOVE BOAT DO-DO-DO-DO...
"WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO KILL YOU.
"DO-DO-DO..."
"EVEN YOUR SONGS BRING ME NO CHEER."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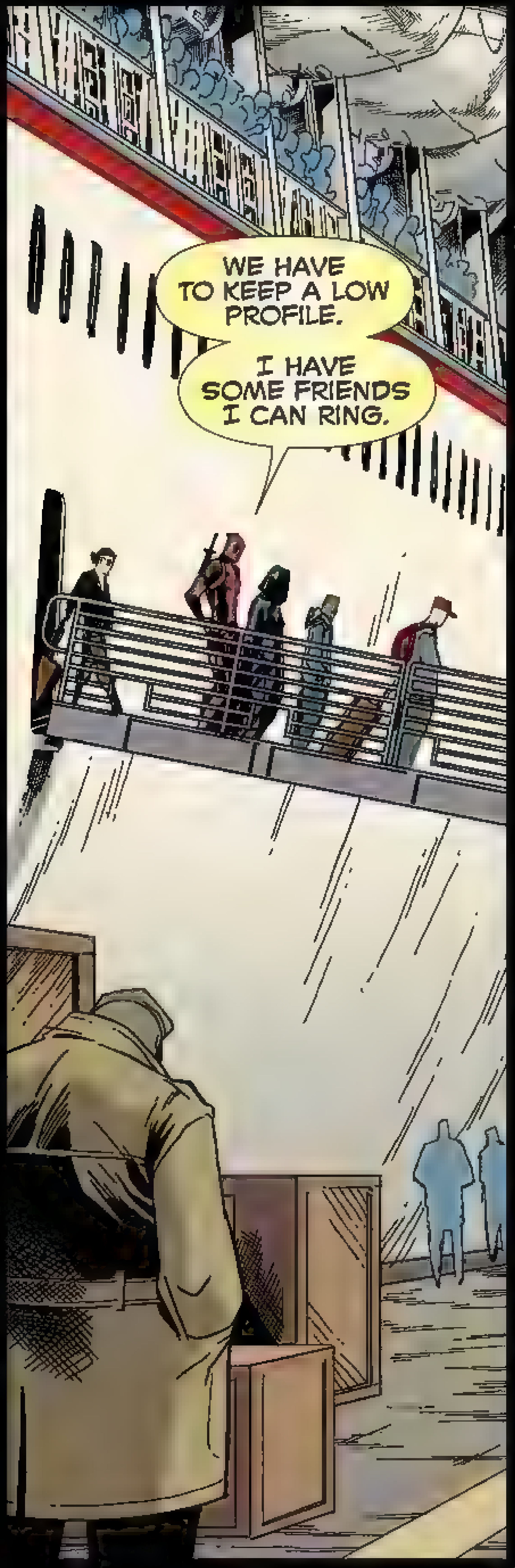
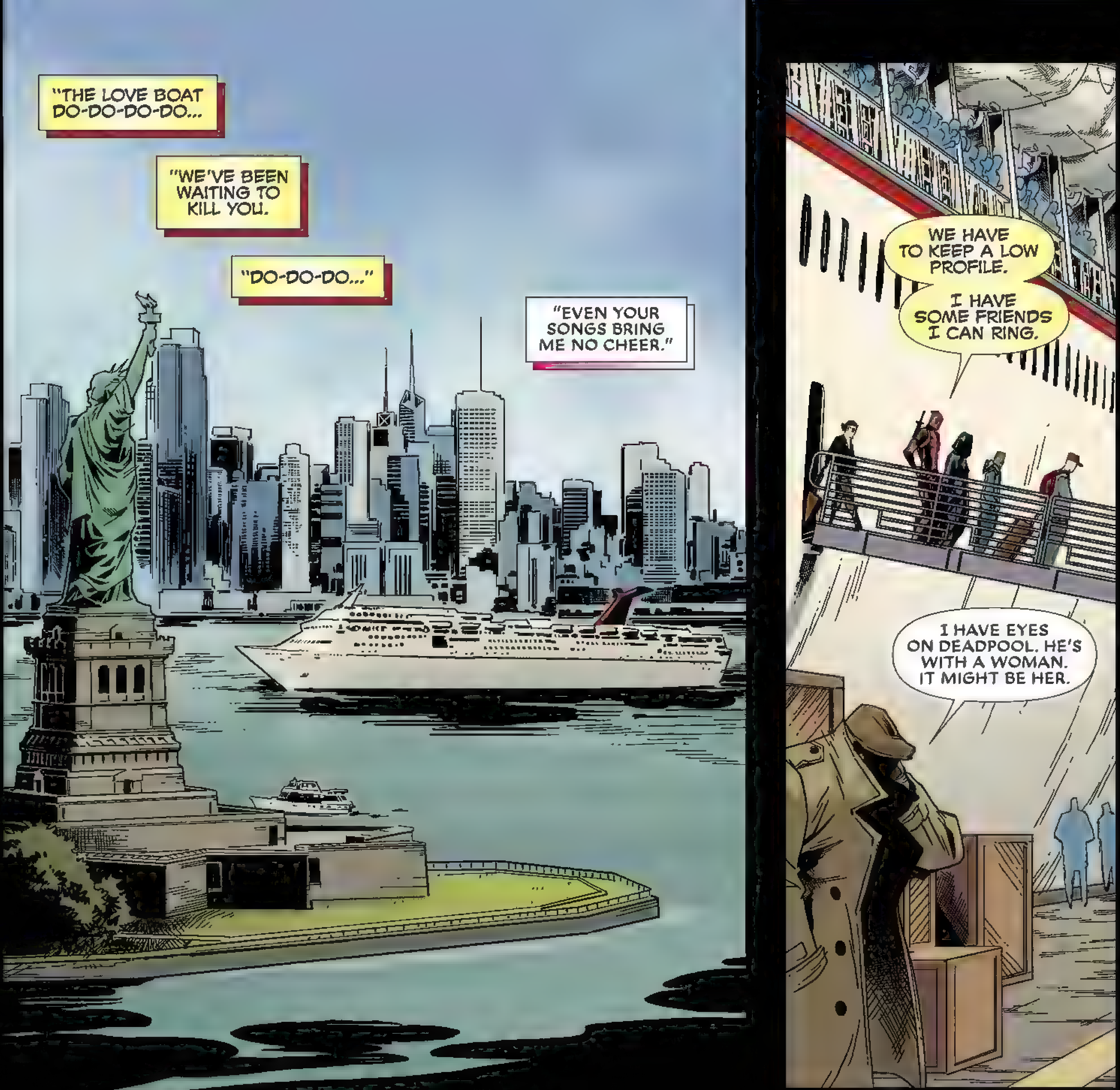

WE HAVE TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE.
I HAVE SOME FRIENDS I CAN RING.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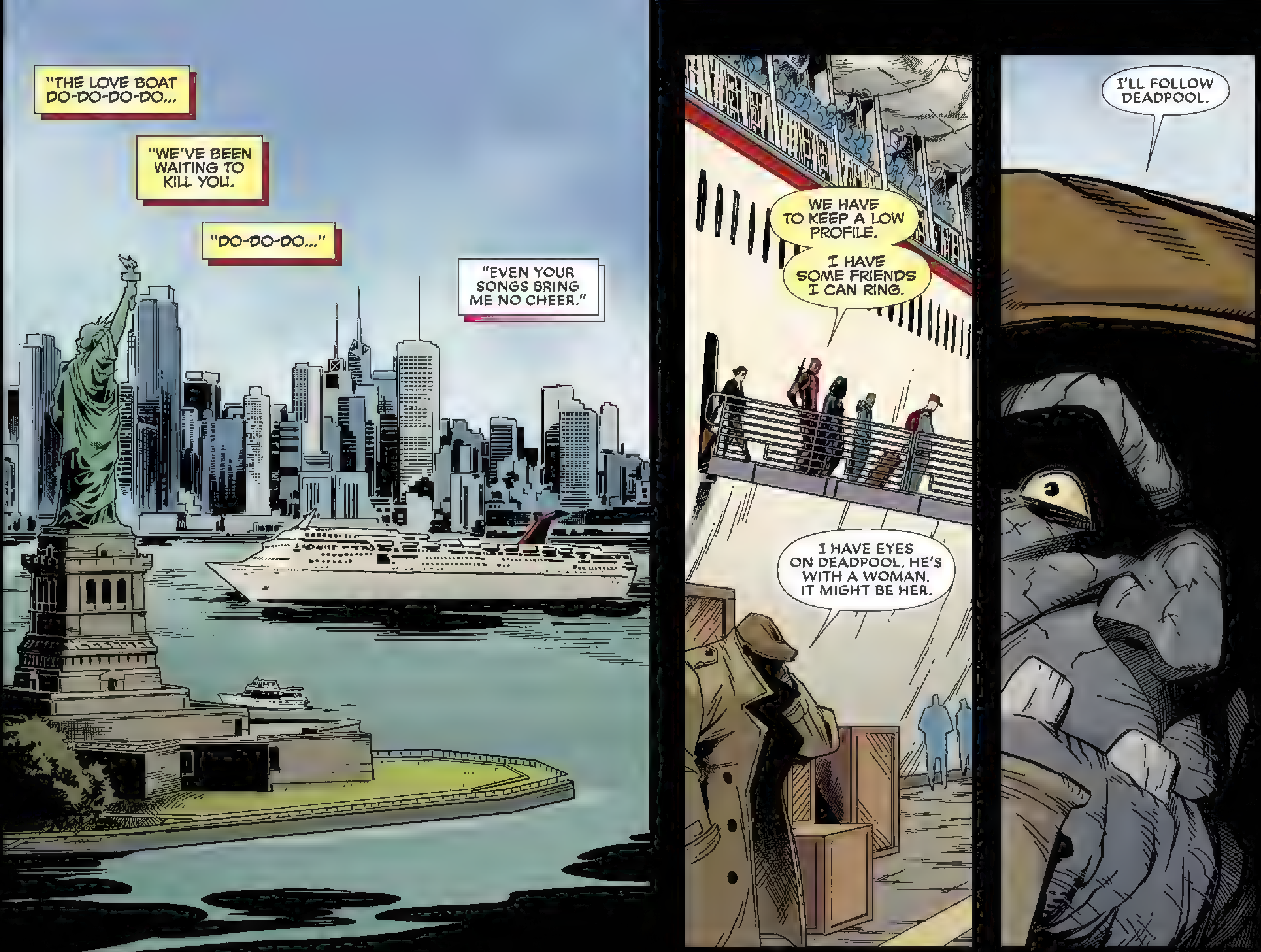
"WE'VE BEEN WAITING TO KILL YOU.
"DO-DO-DO..."
"EVEN YOUR SONGS BRING ME NO CHEER."
WE HAVE TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE.
I HAVE SOME FRIENDS I CAN RING.
I HAVE EYES ON DEADPOOL. HE'S WITH A WOMAN. IT MIGHT BE HER.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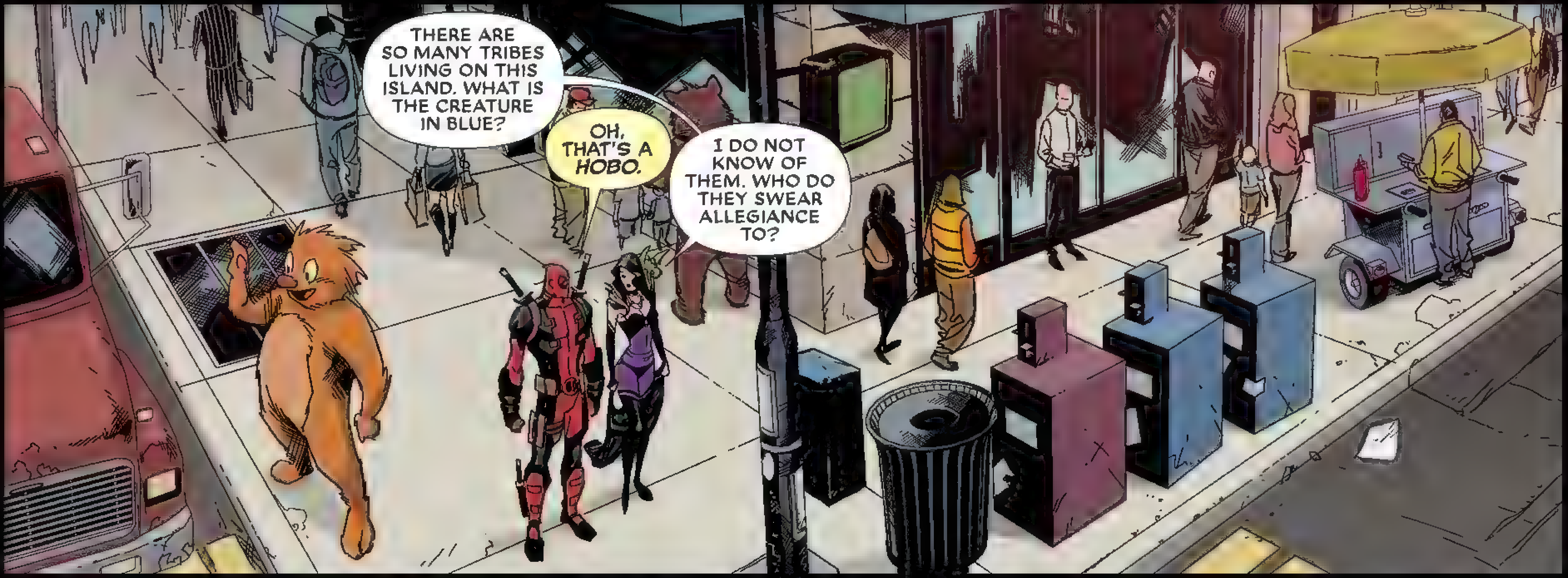
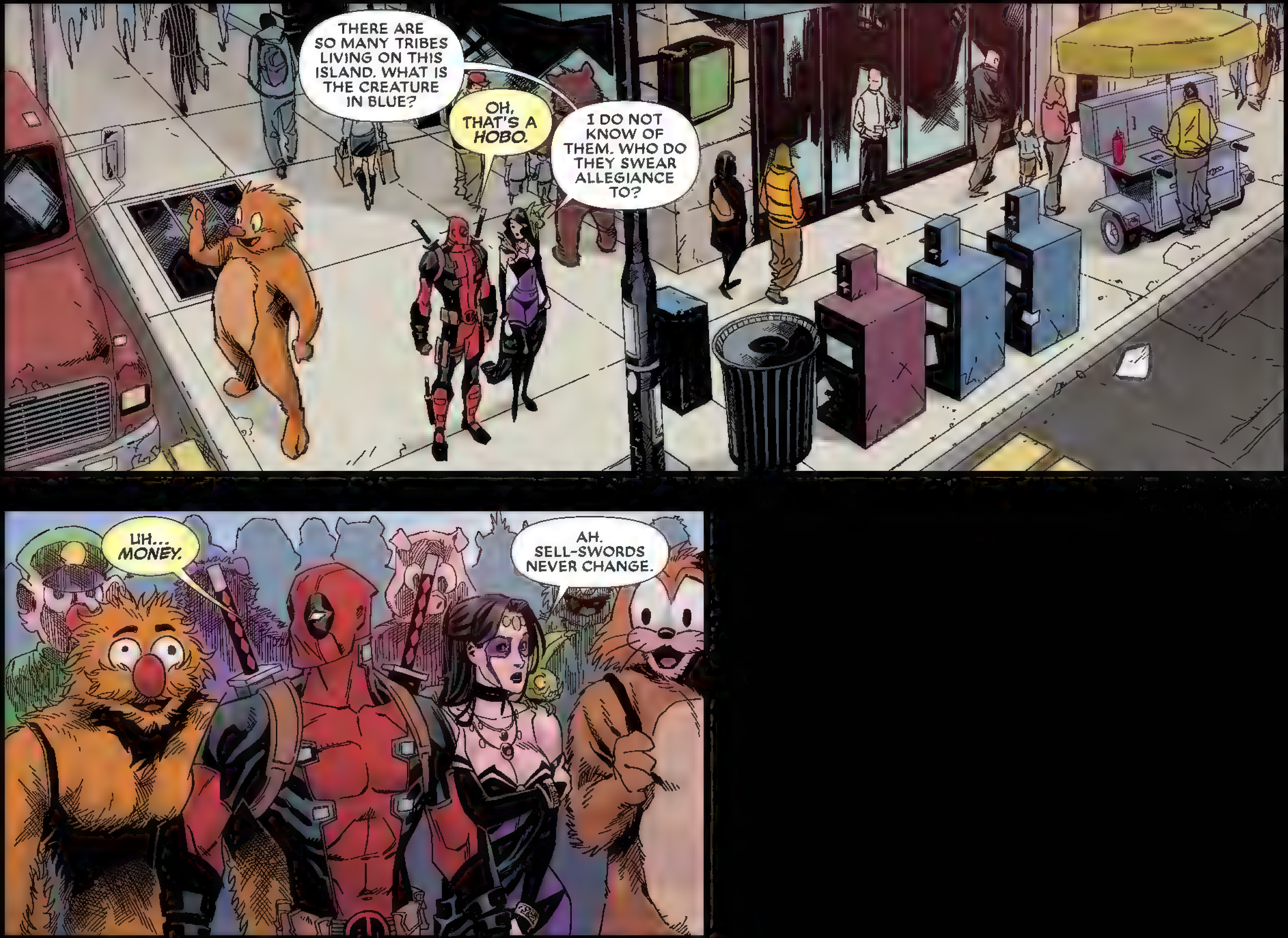
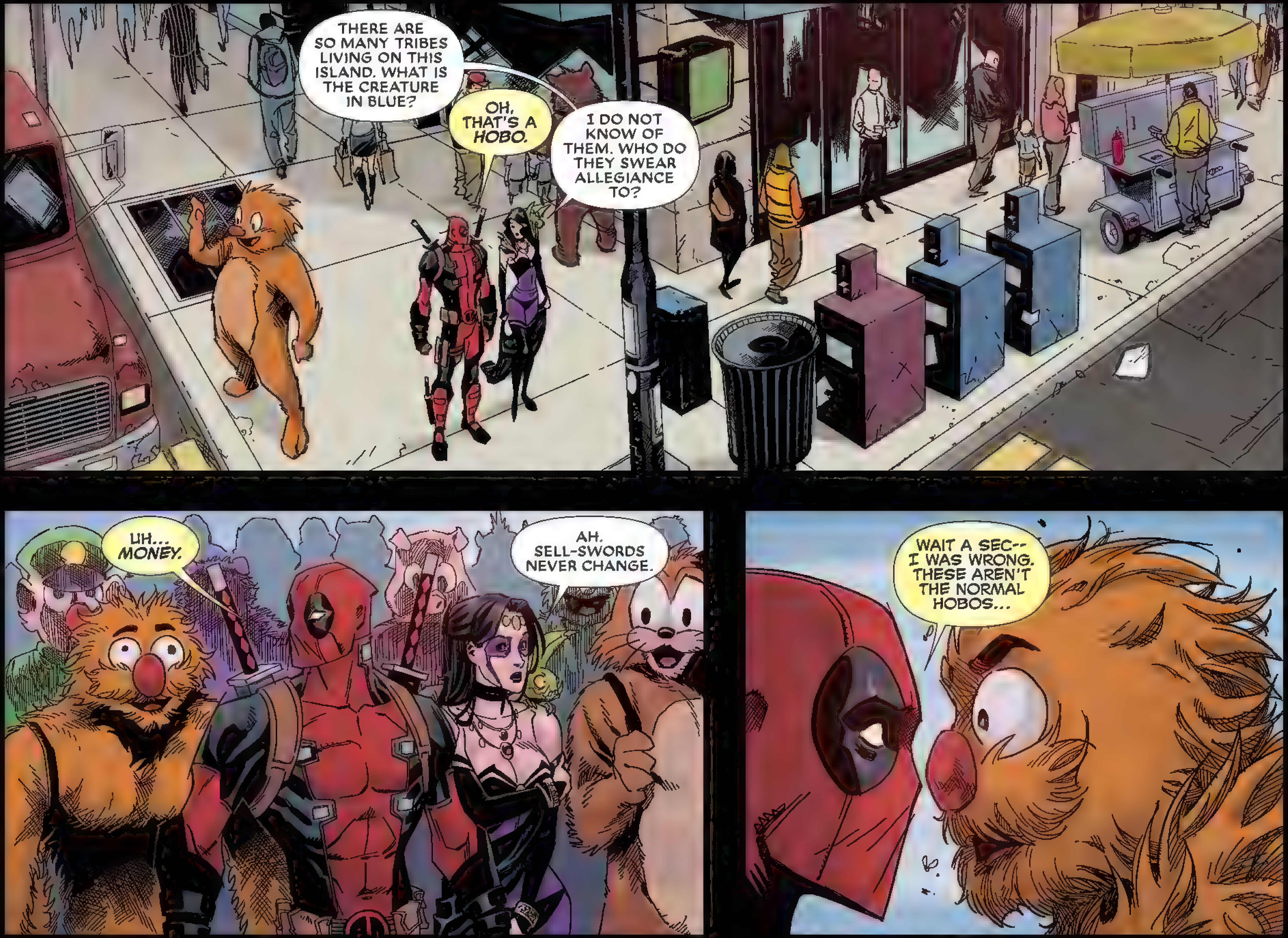
"DO-DO-DO..."
"EVEN YOUR SONGS BRING ME NO CHEER."
WE HAVE TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE.
I HAVE SOME FRIENDS I CAN RING.
I HAVE EYES ON DEADPOOL. HE'S WITH A WOMAN. IT MIGHT BE HER.
I'LL FOLLOW DEADPOOL.


THERE ARE SO MANY TRIBES LIVING ON THIS ISLAND. WHAT IS THE CREATURE IN BLUE?
OH, THAT'S A *HOBO.*
I DO NOT KNOW OF THEM. WHO DO THEY SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO?


THERE ARE SO MANY TRIBES LIVING ON THIS ISLAND. WHAT IS THE CREATURE IN BLUE?
OH, THAT'S A *HOBO.*
I DO NOT KNOW OF THEM. WHO DO THEY SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO?
UH... *MONEY.*
AH. SELL-SWORDS NEVER CHANGE.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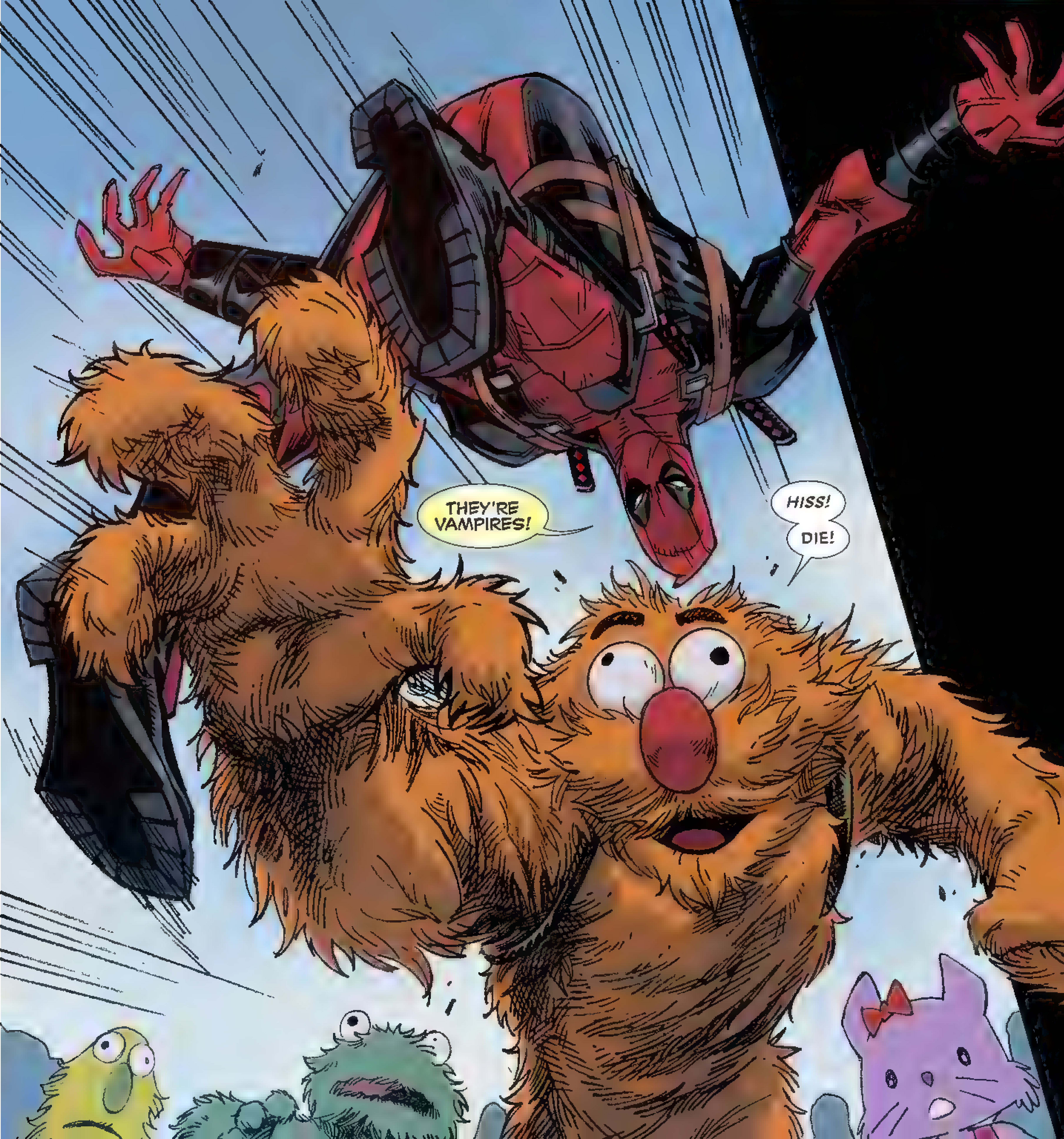
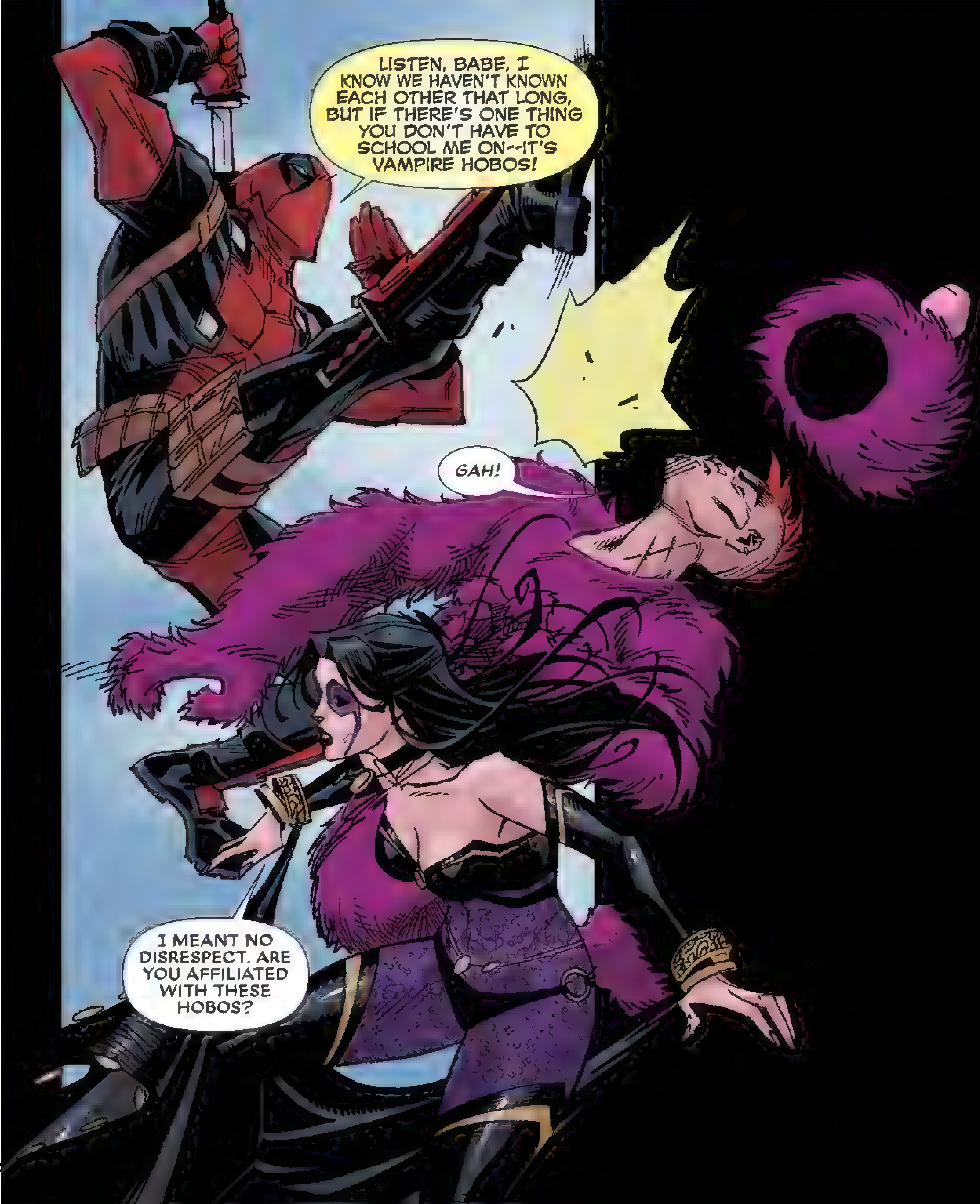
OH, THAT'S A *HOBO.*
I DO NOT KNOW OF THEM. WHO DO THEY SWEAR ALLEGIANCE TO?
UH... *MONEY.*
AH. SELL-SWORDS NEVER CHANGE.
WAIT A SEC-- I WAS WRONG. THESE AREN'T THE NORMAL HOBOS...


THEY'RE VAMPIRES!
HISS!
DIE!

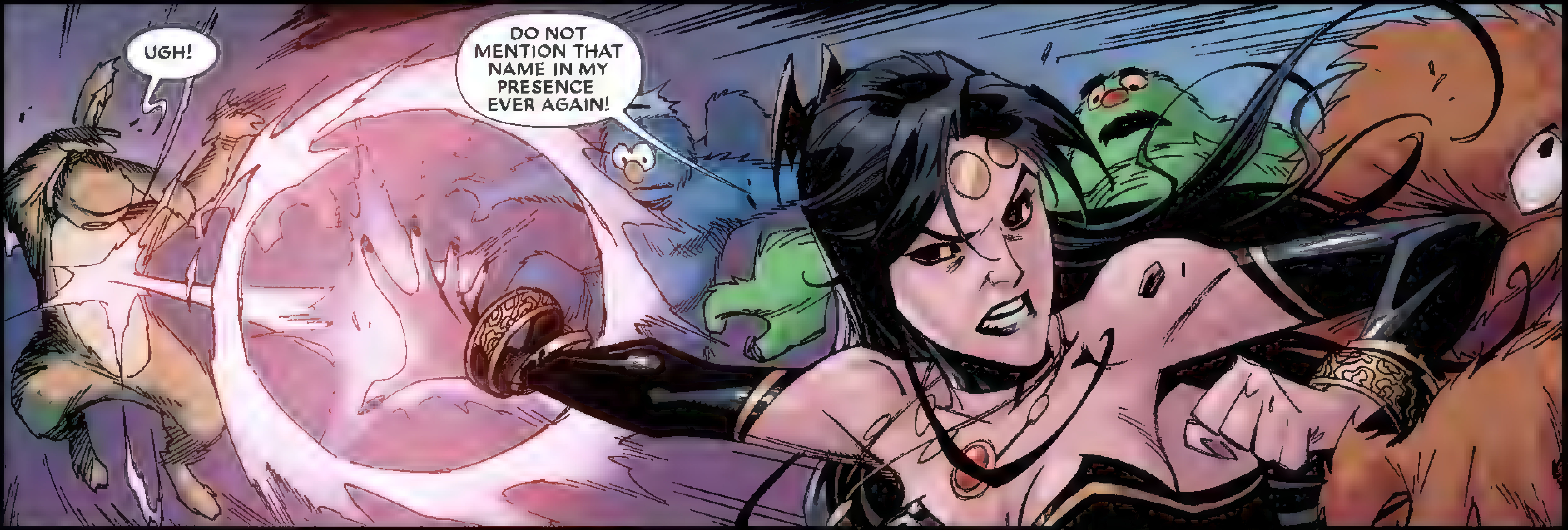
THEY'RE VAMPIRES!
HISS!
DIE!
DEADPOOL, THESE VAMPIRES ARE COUNTING ON THEIR COLORFUL HOBO GARB TO PROTECT THEM FROM THE SUN!

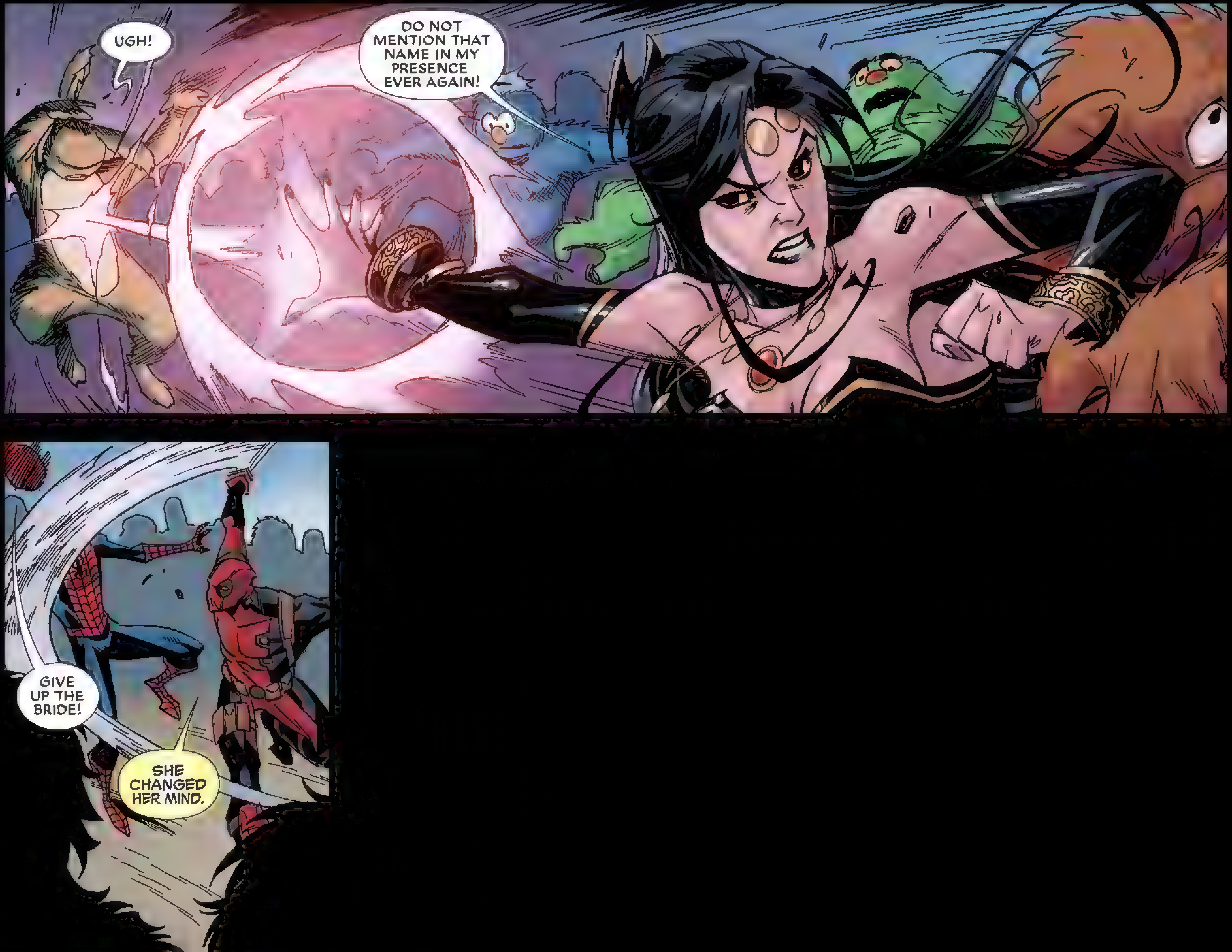

LISTEN, BABE, I KNOW WE HAVEN'T KNOWN EACH OTHER THAT LONG, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCHOOL ME ON--IT'S VAMPIRE HOBOS!
GAH!
I MEANT NO DISRESPECT. ARE YOU AFFILIATED WITH THESE HOBOS?

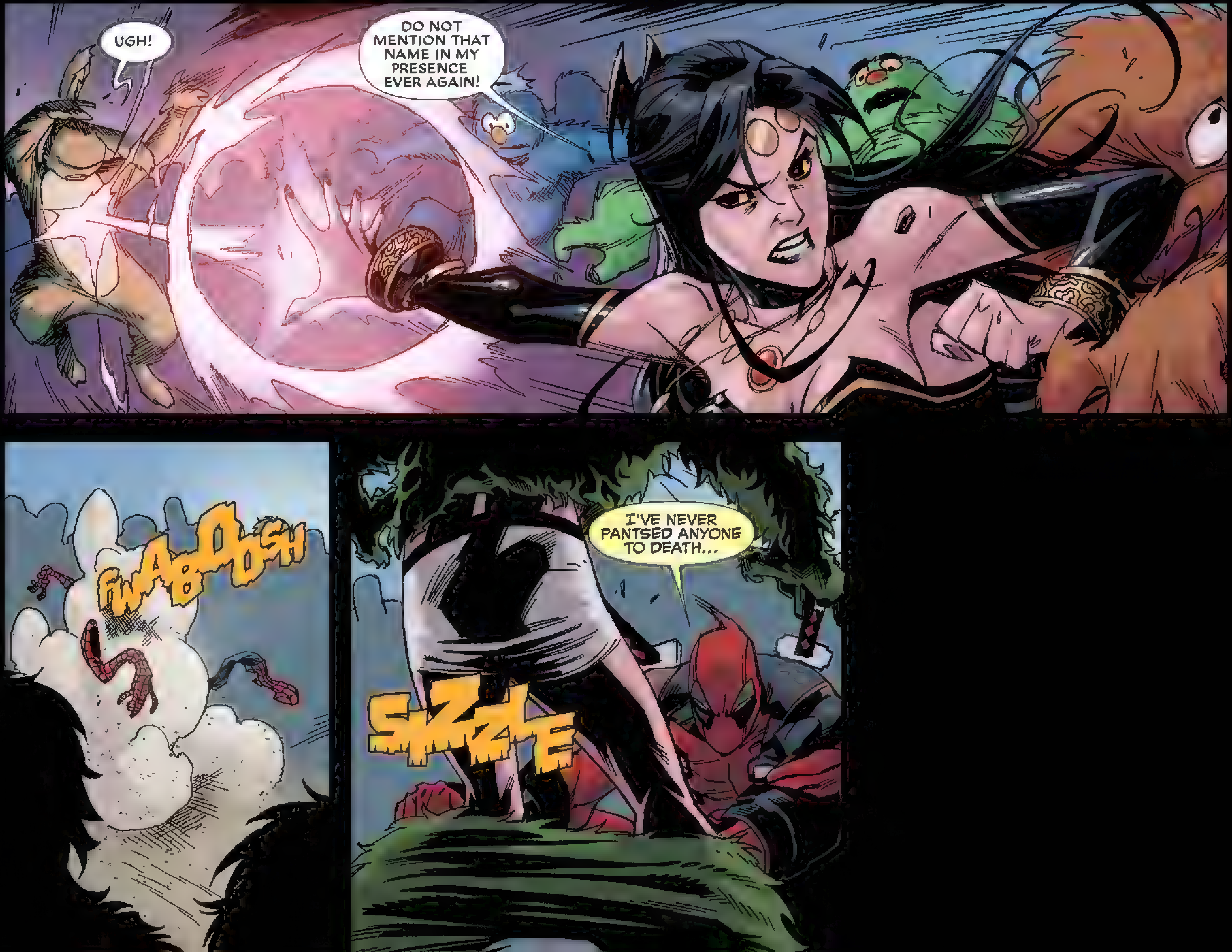
LISTEN, BABE, I KNOW WE HAVEN'T KNOWN EACH OTHER THAT LONG, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCHOOL ME ON--IT'S VAMPIRE HOBOS!
GAH!
I MEANT NO DISRESPECT. ARE YOU AFFILIATED WITH THESE HOBOS?
NO!
AEEEEIIIII! THE SUN!

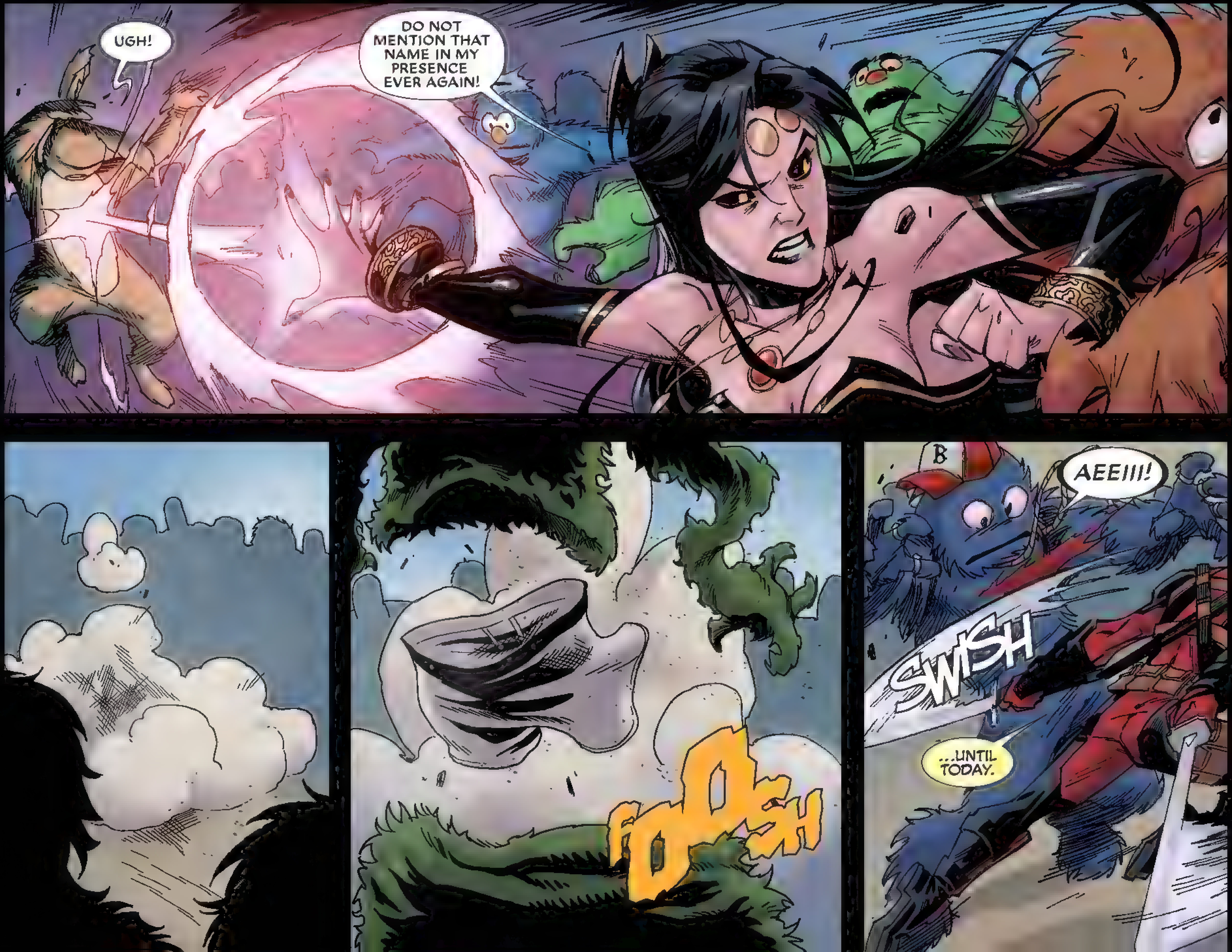
LISTEN, BABE, I KNOW WE HAVEN'T KNOWN EACH OTHER THAT LONG, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCHOOL ME ON--IT'S VAMPIRE HOBOS!
FWOOSH
GAH!
I MEANT NO DISRESPECT. ARE YOU AFFILIATED WITH THESE HOBOS?

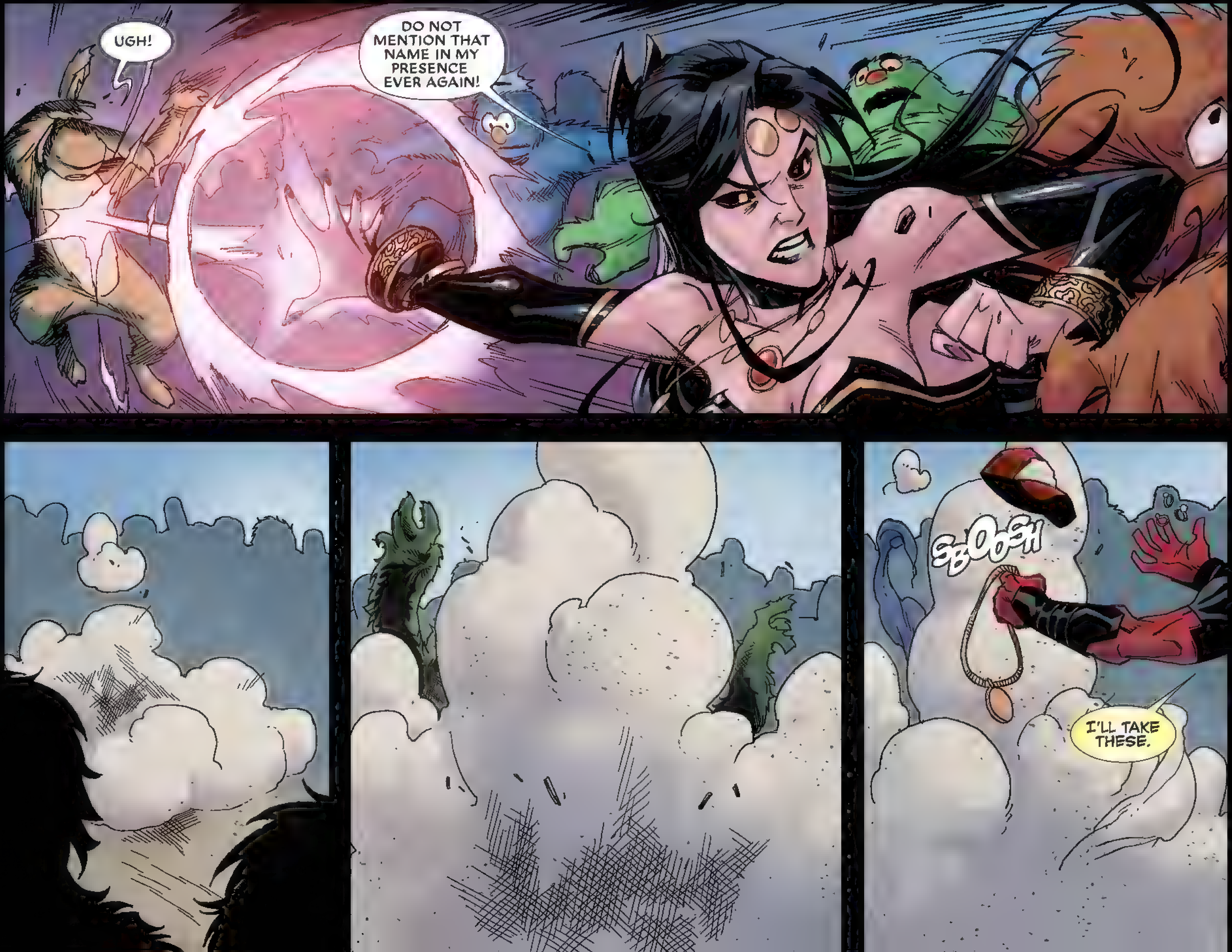
LISTEN, BABE, I KNOW WE HAVEN'T KNOWN EACH OTHER THAT LONG, BUT IF THERE'S ONE THING YOU DON'T HAVE TO SCHOOL ME ON--IT'S VAMPIRE HOBOS!
FWOOSH
GAH!
ATTACK!
I MEANT NO DISRESPECT. ARE YOU AFFILIATED WITH THESE HOBOS?
FOR DRACULA!

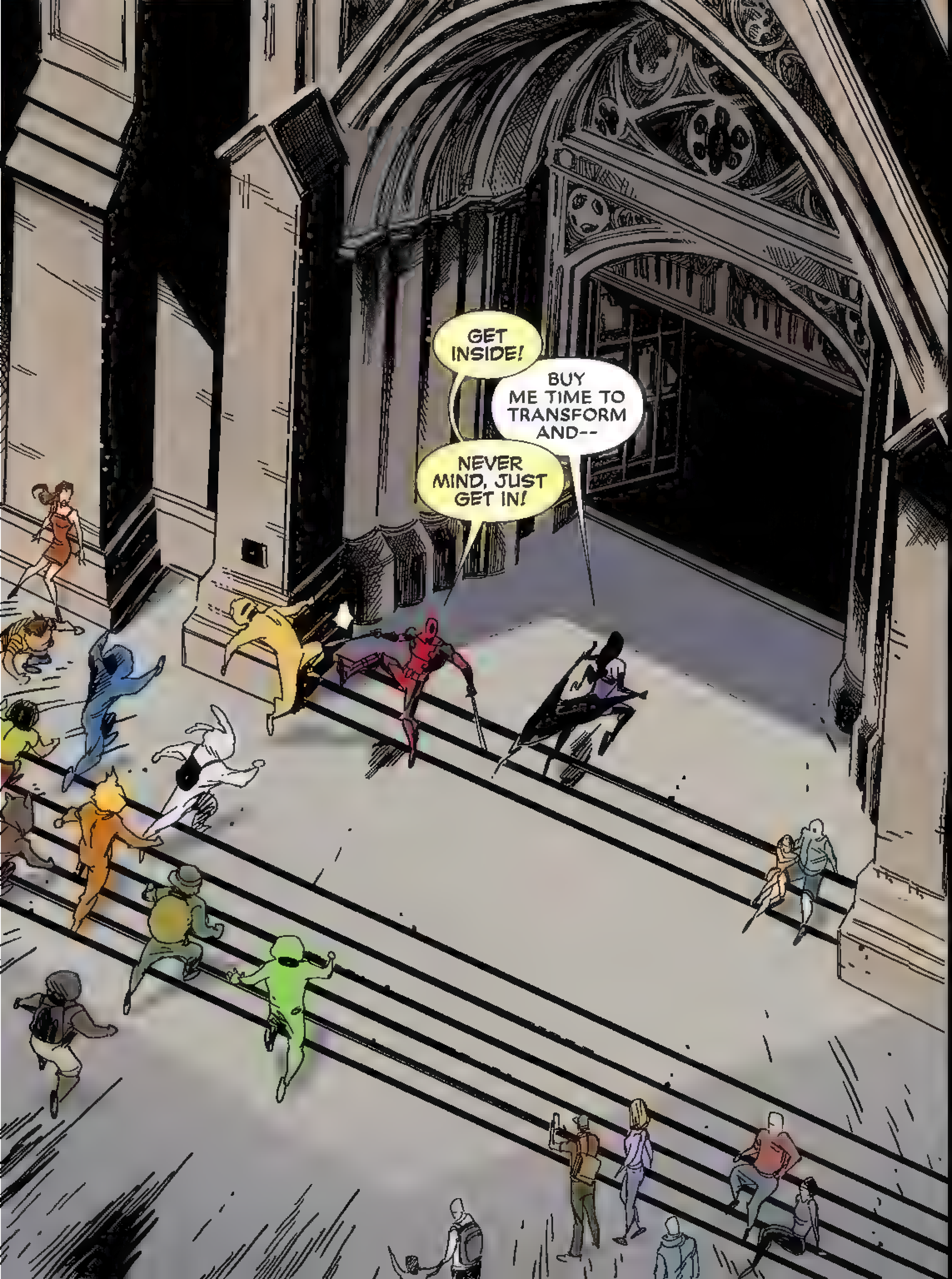

UGH!
DO NOT MENTION THAT NAME IN MY PRESENCE EVER AGAIN!

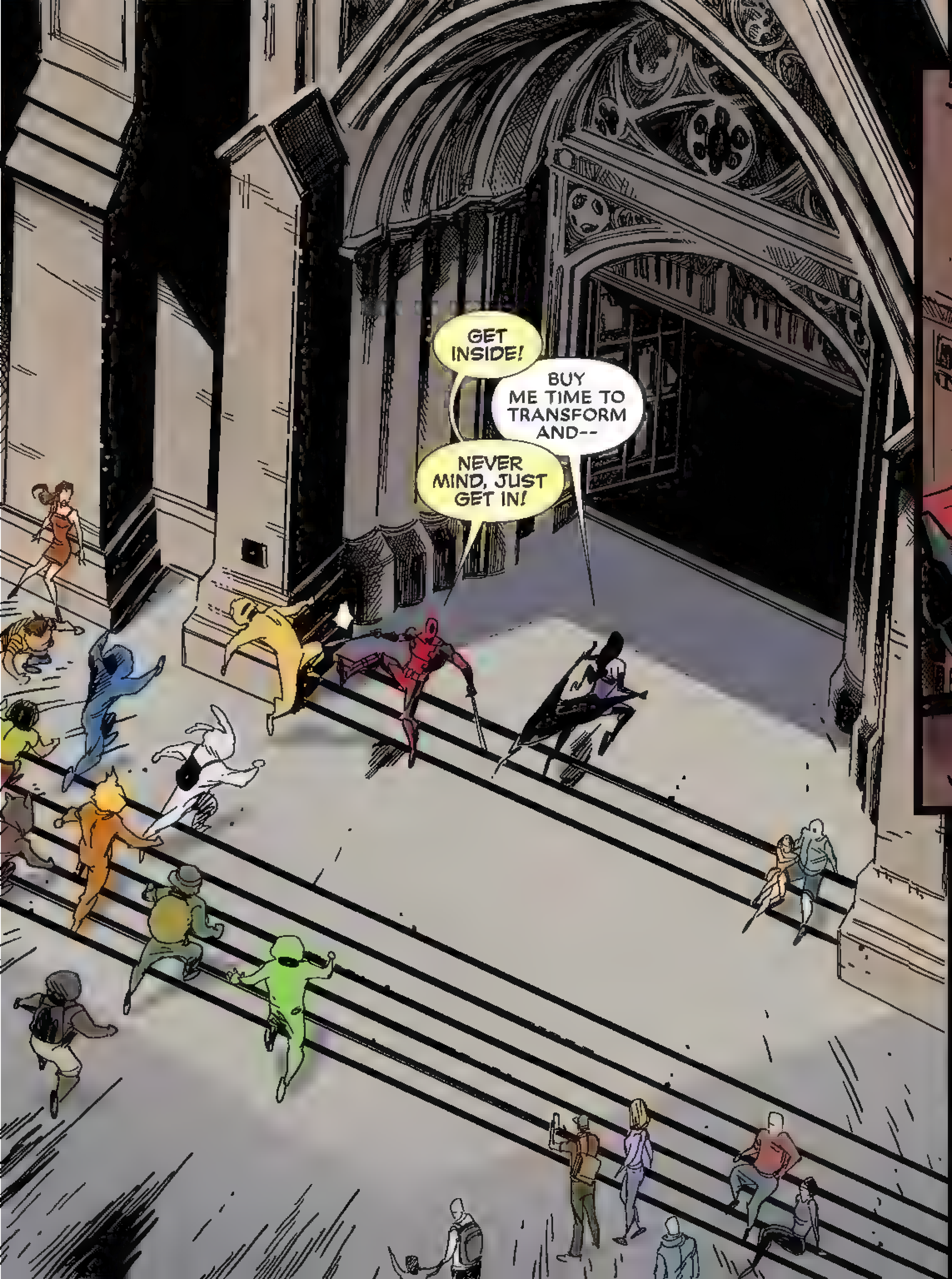

UGH!
DO NOT MENTION THAT NAME IN MY PRESENCE EVER AGAIN!
GIVE UP THE BRIDE!
SHE CHANGED HER MIND.


UGH!
DO NOT MENTION THAT NAME IN MY PRESENCE EVER AGAIN!
FWABOOOSH
I'VE NEVER PANTSED ANYONE TO DEATH...
SIZZLE


UGH!
DO NOT MENTION THAT NAME IN MY PRESENCE EVER AGAIN!
FOOOSH
AEEIII!
SWISH
...UNTIL TODAY.


UGH!
DO NOT MENTION THAT NAME IN MY PRESENCE EVER AGAIN!
SBOOSH
I'LL TAKE THESE.


GET INSIDE!
BUY ME TIME TO TRANSFORM AND--
NEVER MIND, JUST GET IN!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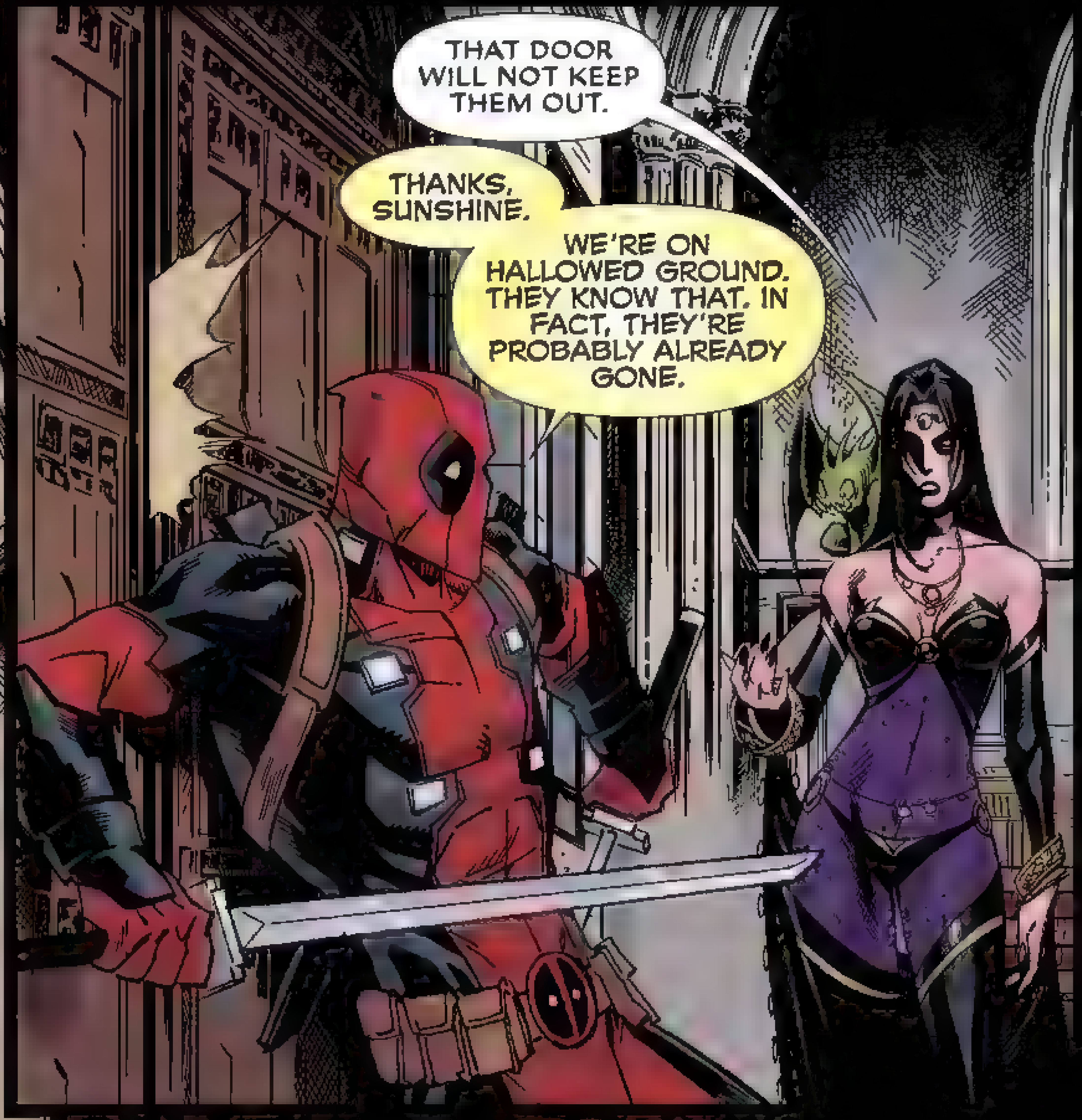
BUY ME TIME TO TRANSFORM AND--
NEVER MIND, JUST GET IN!

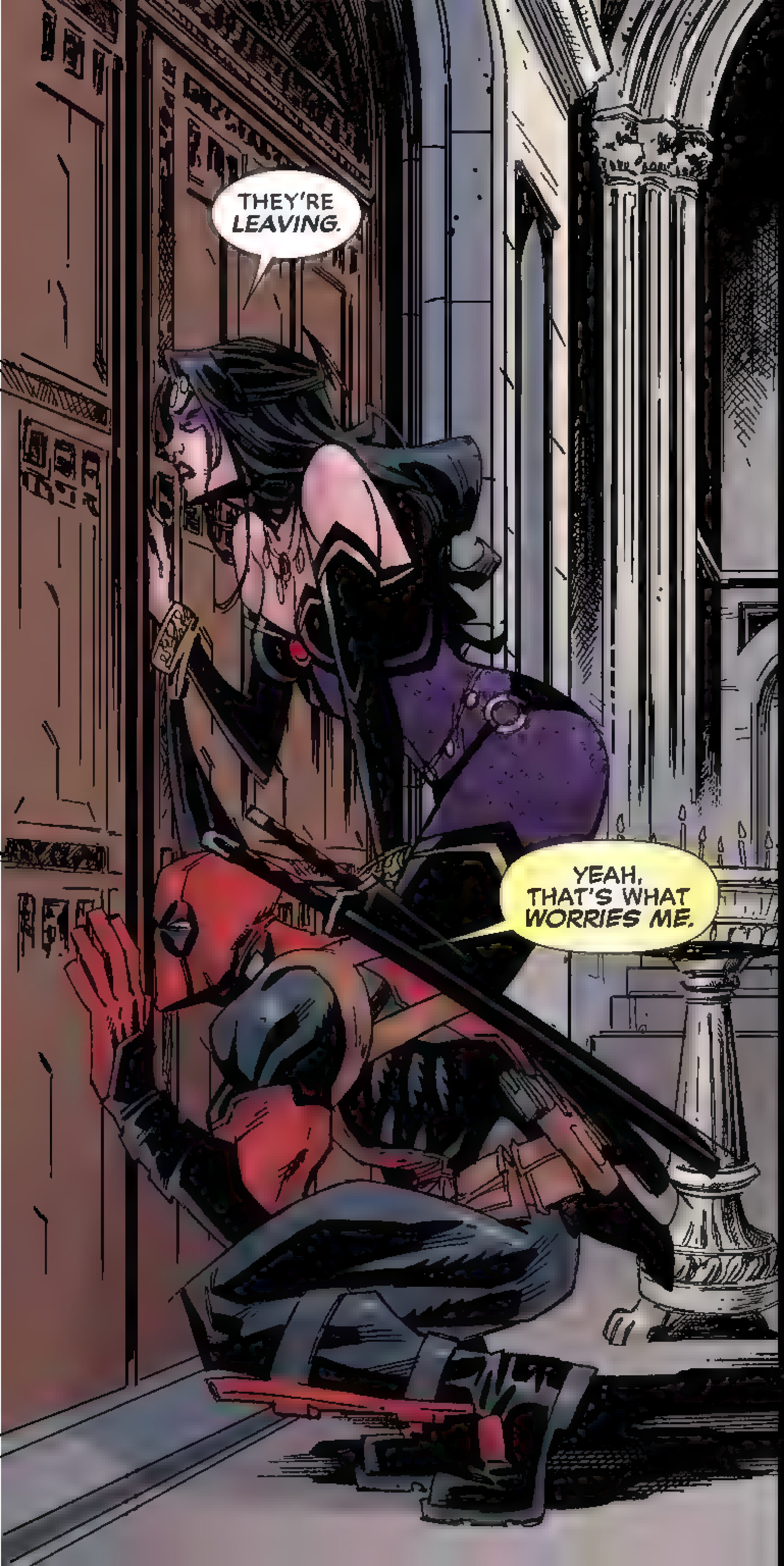

THAT DOOR WILL NOT KEEP THEM OUT.
THANKS, SUNSHINE.
WE'RE ON HALLOWED GROUND. THEY KNOW THAT. IN FACT, THEY'RE PROBABLY ALREADY GONE.

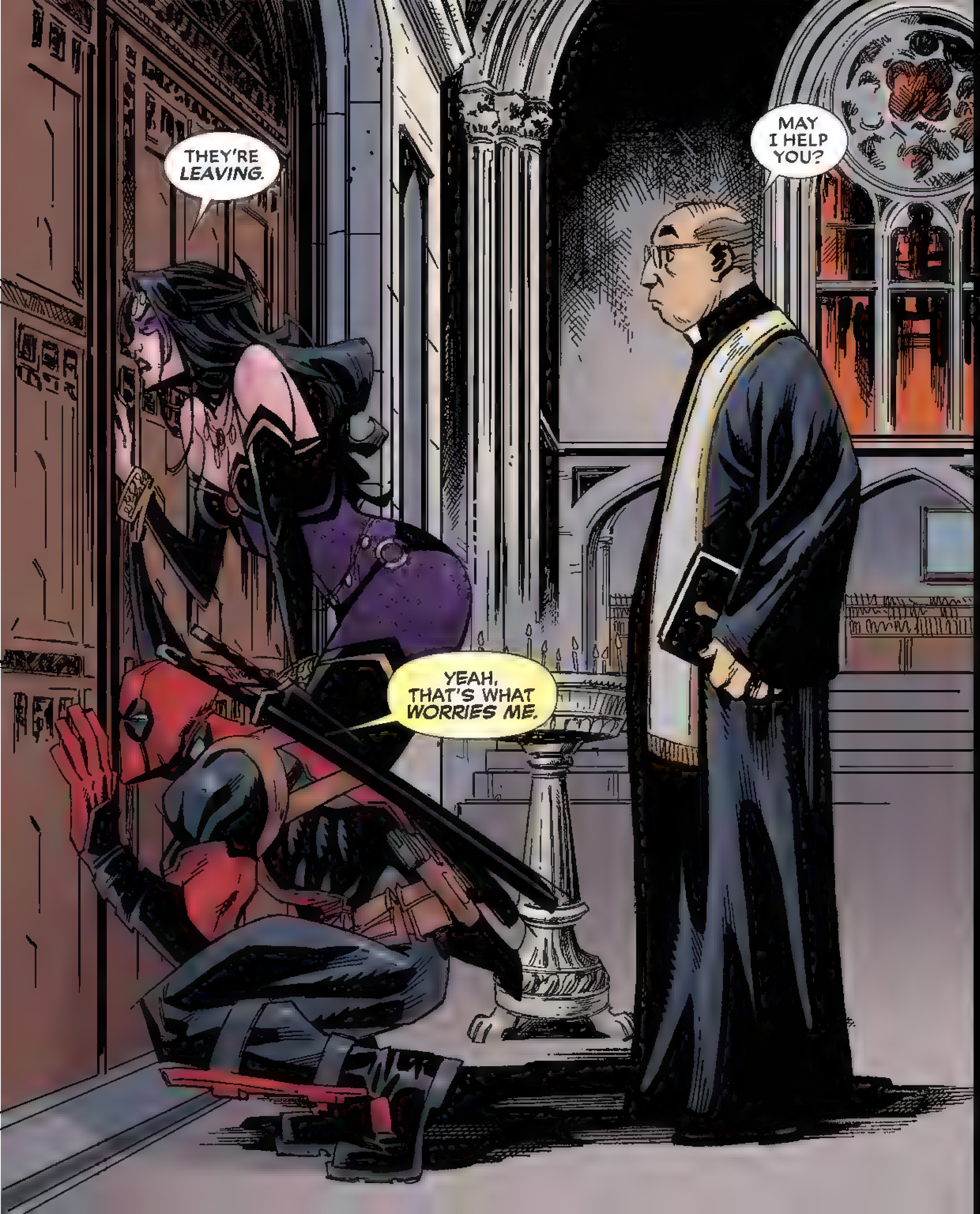
GET INSIDE!
BUY ME TIME TO TRANSFORM AND--
NEVER MIND, JUST GET IN!
THAT DOOR WILL NOT KEEP THEM OUT.
THANKS, SUNSHINE.
WE'RE ON HALLOWED GROUND. THEY KNOW THAT. IN FACT, THEY'RE PROBABLY ALREADY GONE.
JUST AS I THOUGHT...I WAS TOTALLY WRONG.

WALK AWAY.

WALK AWAY.
GIVE UP THE WOMAN, AND WALK AWAY.

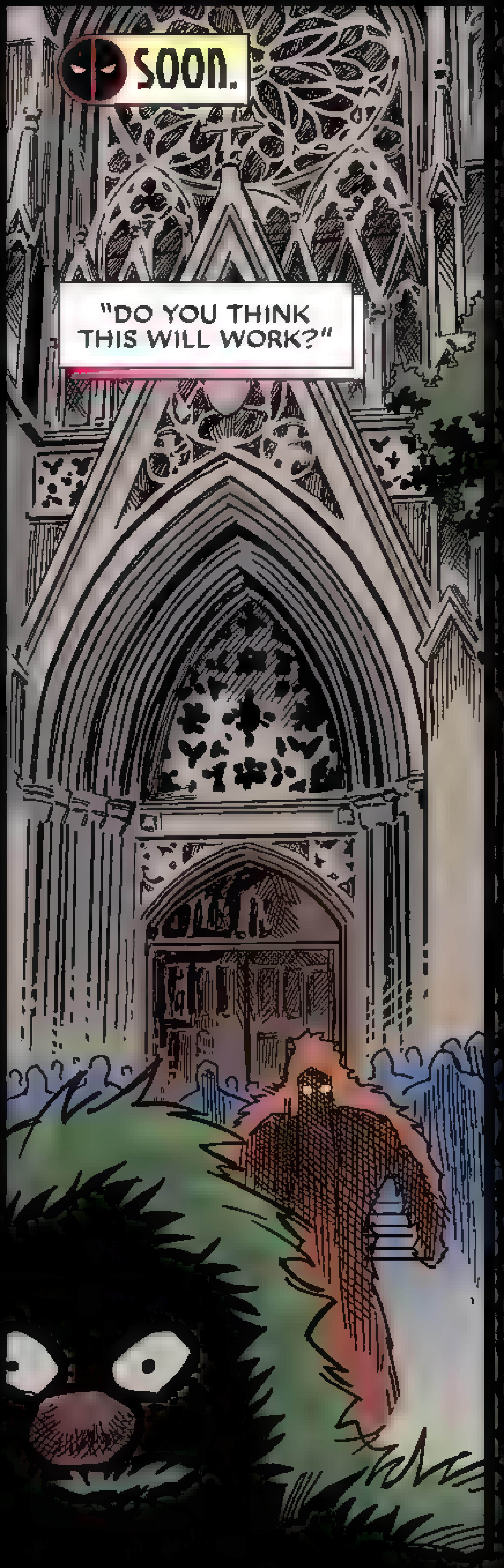
WALK AWAY.
NO? OKAY, A PITY. WELL, WE'VE BEEN CALLED *HOME*. GOOD LUCK WITH WHAT COMES NEXT.

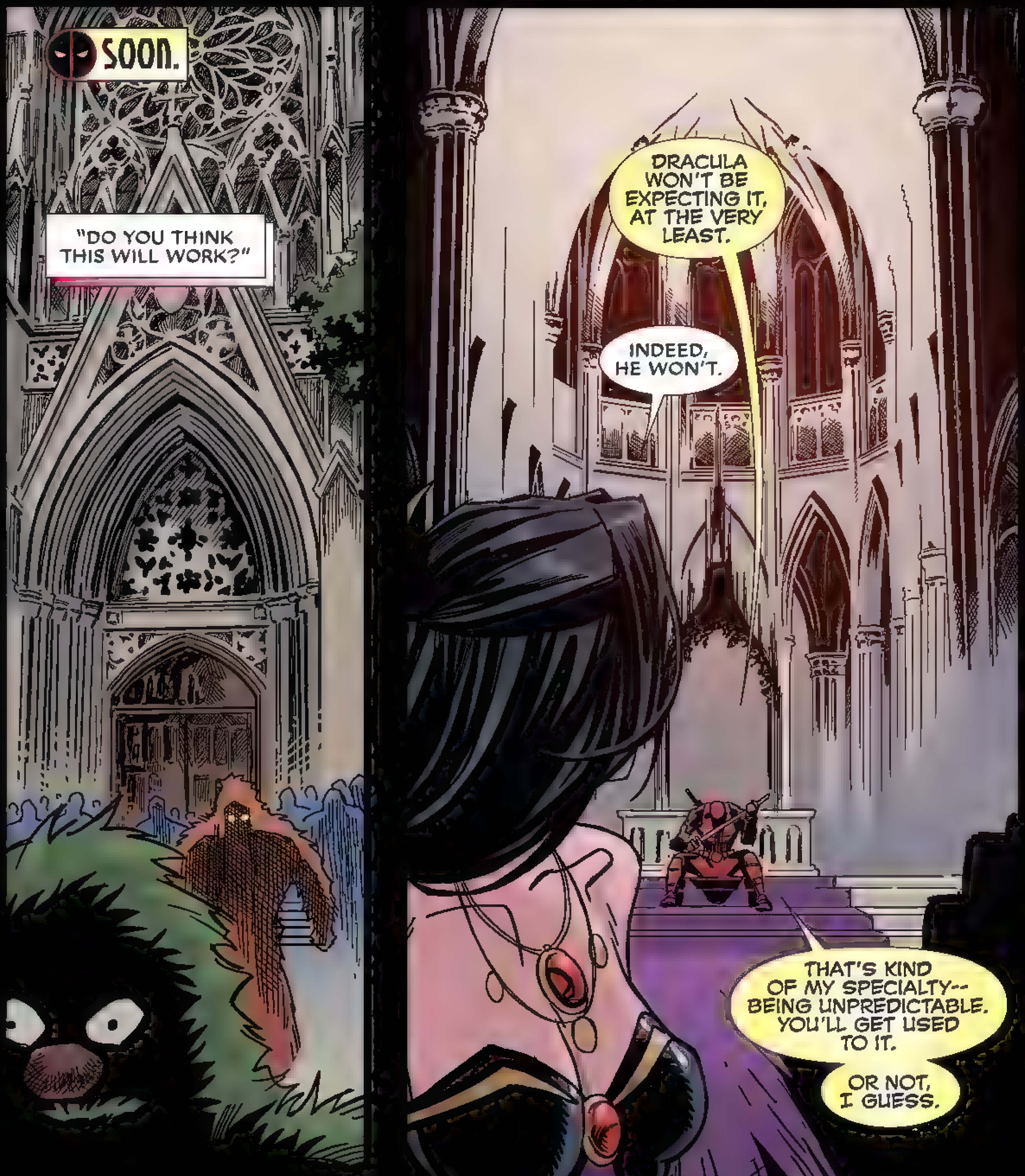

THEY'RE *LEAVING.*
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT *WORRIES ME.*


THEY'RE *LEAVING.*
MAY I HELP YOU?
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT *WORRIES ME.*

THEY'RE *LEAVING.*
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT *WORRIES ME.*
MAY I HELP YOU?
IS THERE A SECRET WAY OUT OF YOUR KEEP?
HANG ON! BEFORE WE GO RUNNING OFF, COULD YOU HELP ME OUT?

THEY'RE *LEAVING.*
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT *WORRIES* ME.
MAY I HELP YOU?
IS THERE A SECRET WAY OUT OF YOUR KEEP?
HANG ON! BEFORE WE GO RUNNING OFF, COULD YOU HELP ME OUT?
SHIKLAH, I HAVE A *CRAZY* IDEA.

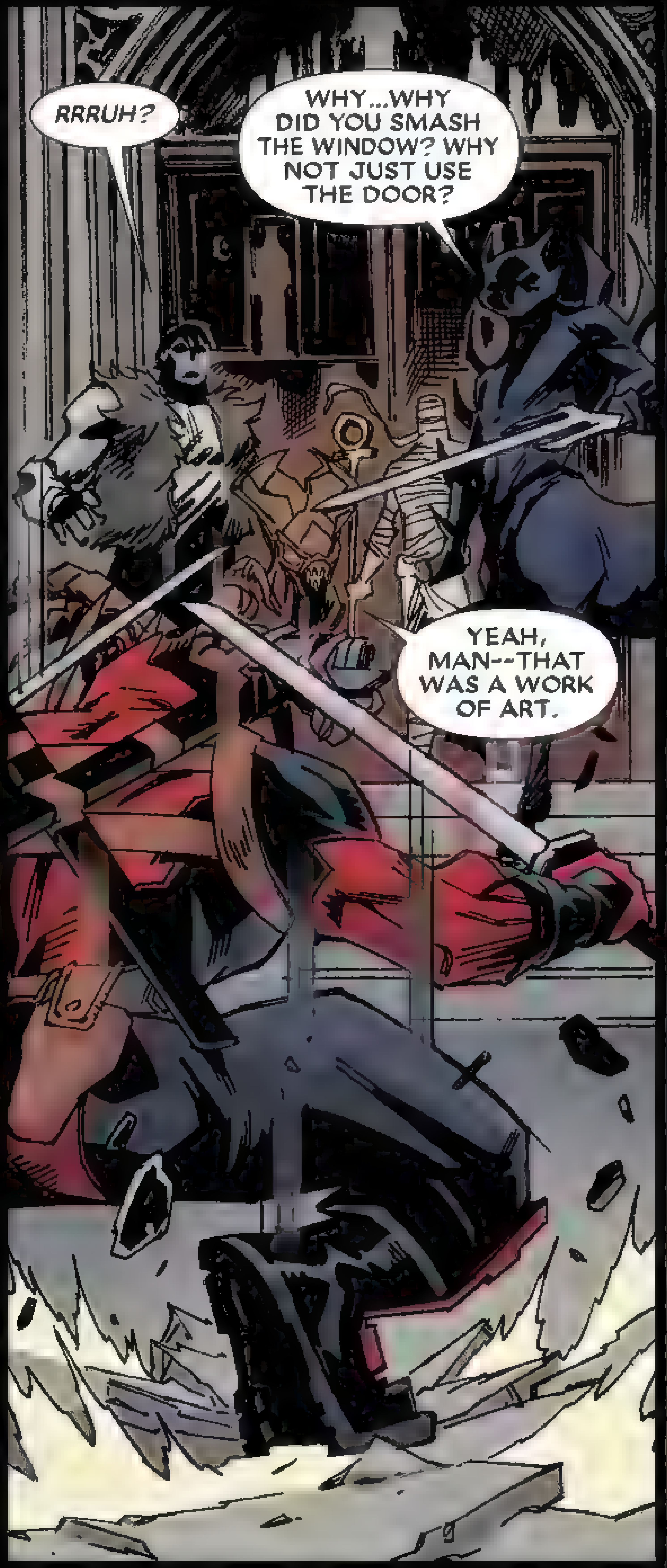

SOON.
"DO YOU THINK THIS WILL WORK?"

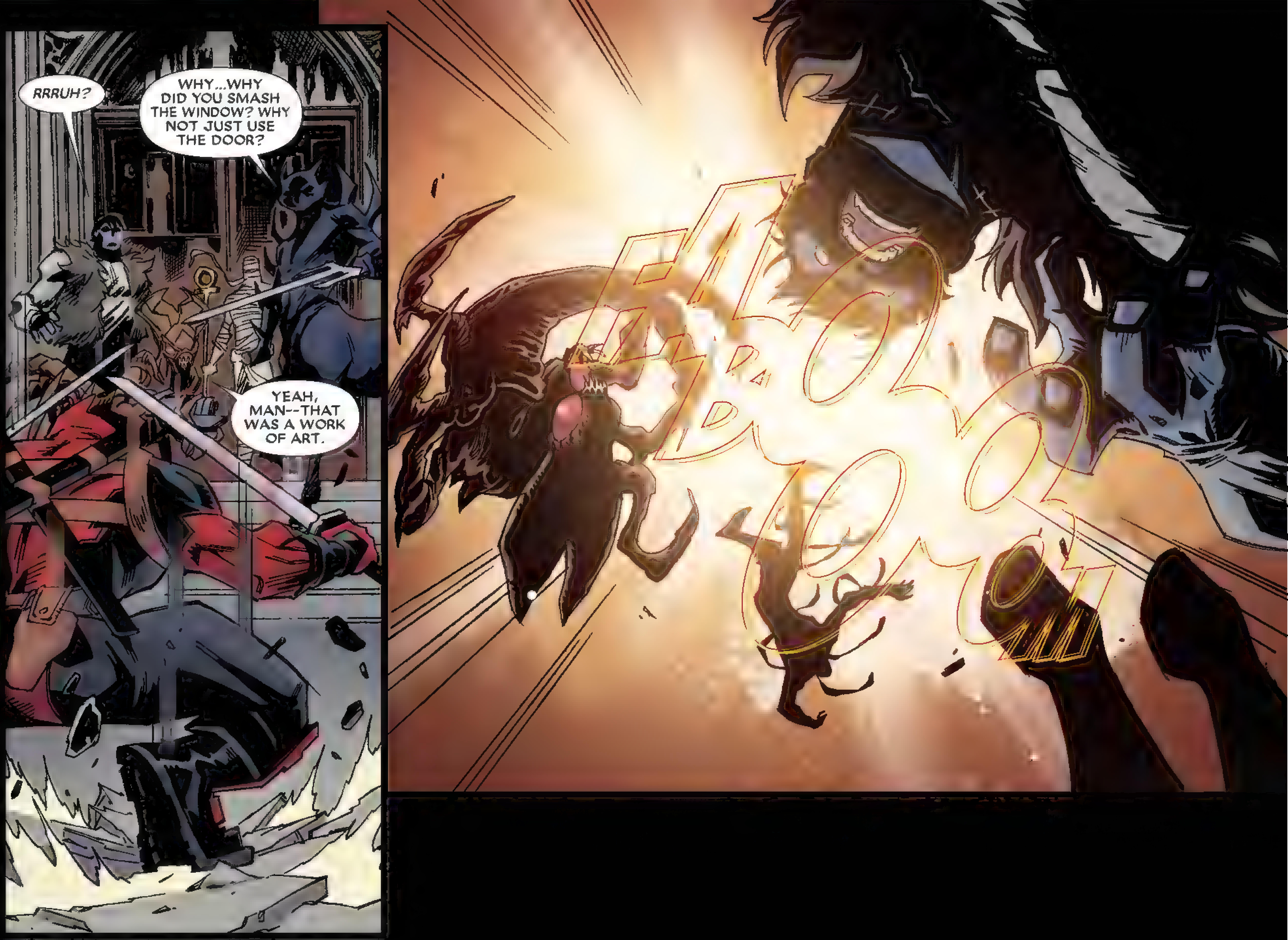

SOON.
"DO YOU THINK THIS WILL WORK?"
DRACULA WON'T BE EXPECTING IT, AT THE VERY LEAST.
INDEED, HE WON'T.
THAT'S KIND OF MY SPECIALTY-- BEING UNPREDICTABLE. YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.
OR NOT, I GUESS.

ANYWAY... LET'S BLOW SOME MINDS.

IF YOU GUYS ARE GONE BEFORE I HIT THE GROUND-- THEN NO HARD FEELINGS. OTHERWISE...
RAARGH!
COME OUT, DEADPOOL!
OR DON'T COME OUT-- WHO CARES?! MUMMY IS HERE!
HE'S NOT COMING OUT, WE'LL HAVE TO GO IN.

PREPARE TO DIE!!!
KRASH


RRRUH?
WHY...WHY DID YOU SMASH THE WINDOW? WHY NOT JUST USE THE DOOR?
YEAH, MAN--THAT WAS A WORK OF ART.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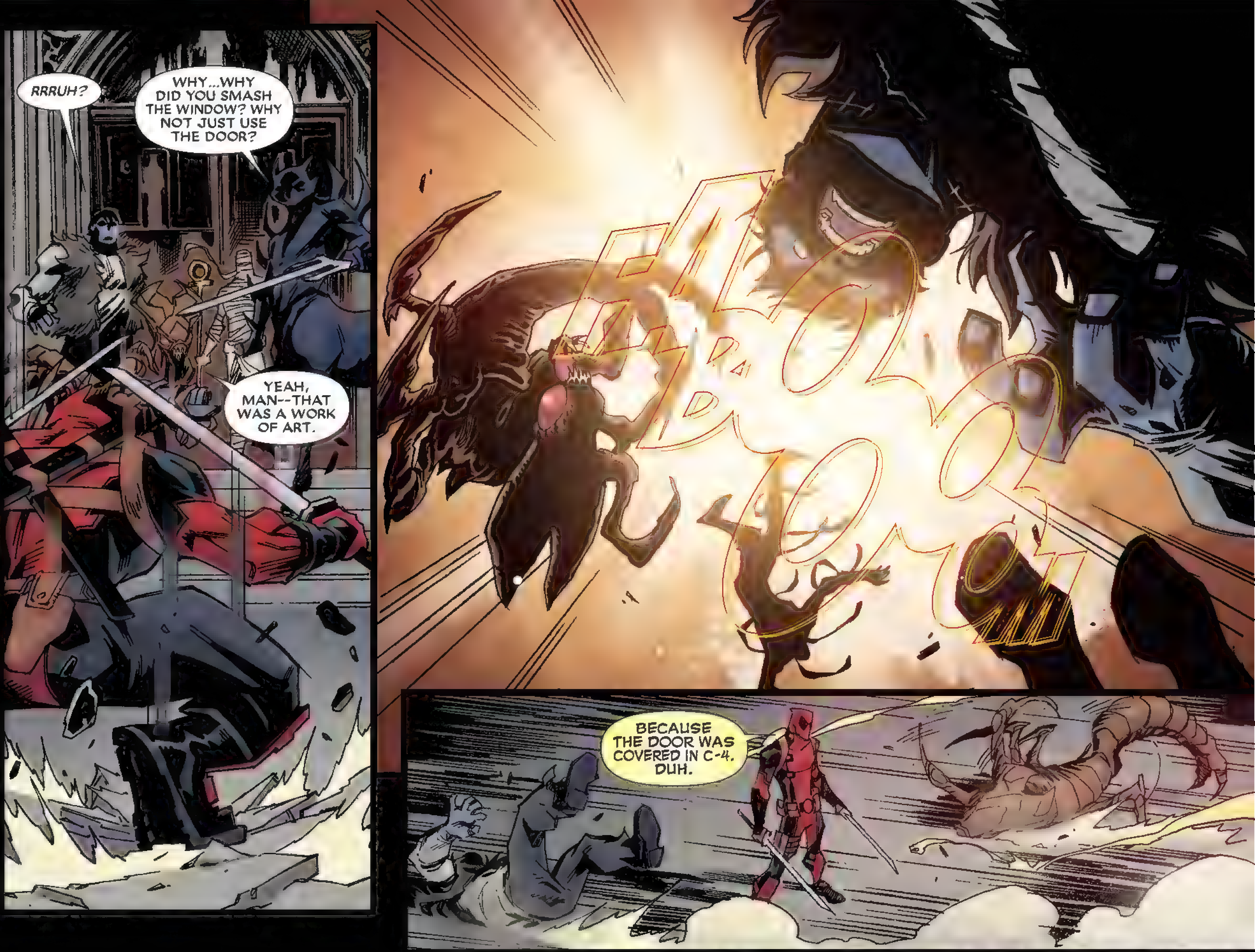
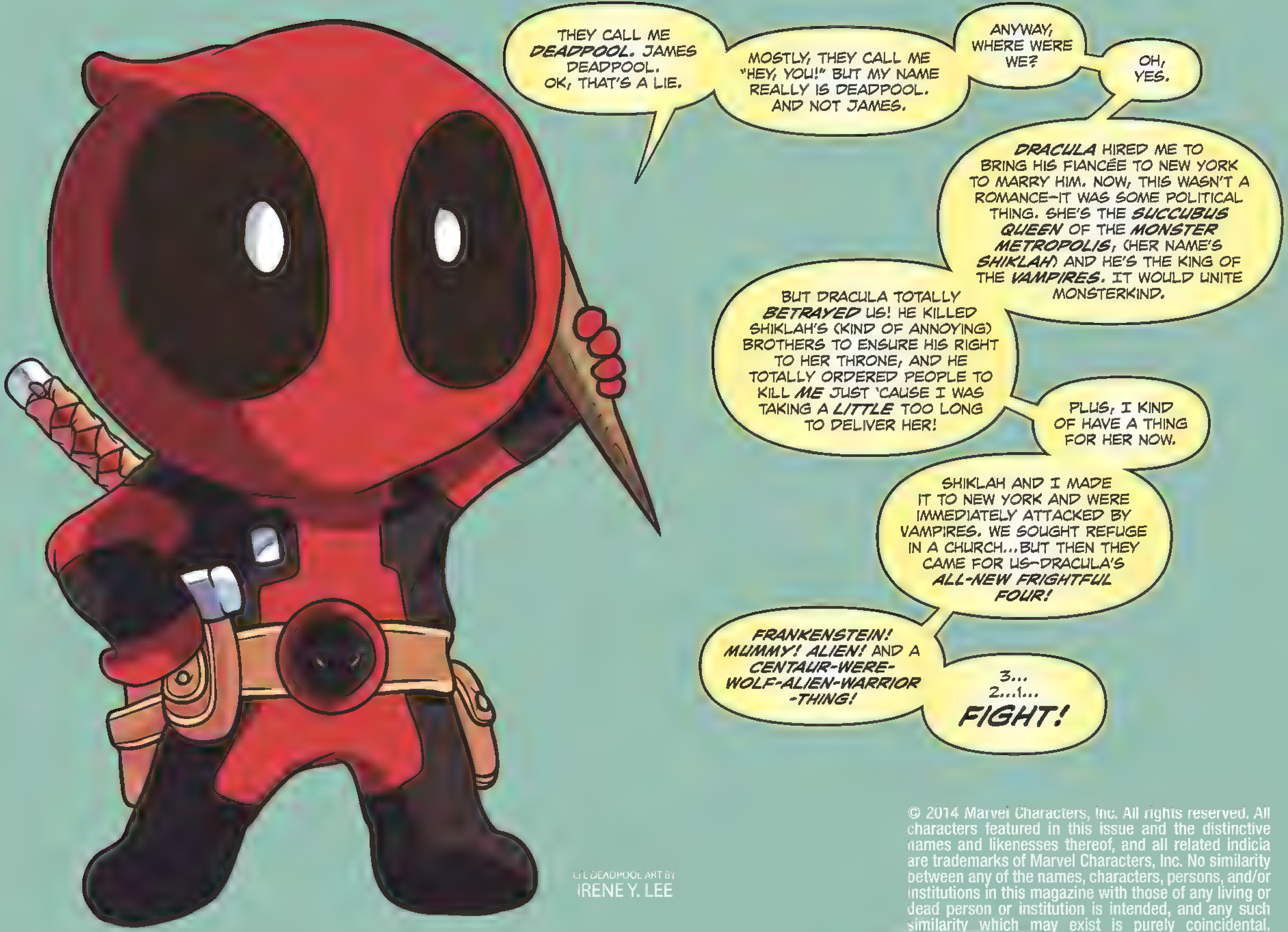

RRRUH?
WHY...WHY DID YOU SMASH THE WINDOW? WHY NOT JUST USE THE DOOR?
YEAH, MAN--THAT WAS A WORK OF ART.
FOOO
BOOM
BECAUSE THE DOOR WAS COVERED IN C-4. DUH.

NOW...WHO'S READY TO GET THEIR BITS AMPUTATED? I'M TAKING VOLUNTEERS.
TO BE CONTINUED...


THEY CALL ME DEADPOOL. JAMES DEADPOOL. OK, THAT'S A LIE.
MOSTLY, THEY CALL ME "HEY, YOU!" BUT MY NAME REALLY IS DEADPOOL. AND NOT JAMES.
ANYWAY, WHERE WERE WE?
OH, YES.
DRACULA HIRED ME TO BRING HIS FIANCÉE TO NEW YORK TO MARRY HIM. NOW, THIS WASN'T A ROMANCE—IT WAS SOME POLITICAL THING. SHE'S THE SUCCUBUS QUEEN OF THE MONSTER METROPOLIS, (HER NAME'S SHIKLAH) AND HE'S THE KING OF THE VAMPIRES. IT WOULD UNITE MONSTERKIND.
BUT DRACULA TOTALLY BETRAYED US! HE KILLED SHIKLAH'S (KIND OF ANNOYING) BROTHERS TO ENSURE HIS RIGHT TO HER THRONE, AND HE TOTALLY ORDERED PEOPLE TO KILL ME JUST 'CAUSE I WAS TAKING A LITTLE TOO LONG TO DELIVER HER!
PLUS, I KIND OF HAVE A THING FOR HER NOW.
SHIKLAH AND I MADE IT TO NEW YORK AND WERE IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED BY VAMPIRES. WE SOUGHT REFUGE IN A CHURCH...BUT THEN THEY CAME FOR US—DRACULA'S ALL-NEW FRIGHTFUL FOUR!
FRANKENSTEIN! MUMMY! ALIEN! AND A CENTAUR-WERE-WOLF-ALIEN-WARRIOR-THING!
3... 2...1... FIGHT!

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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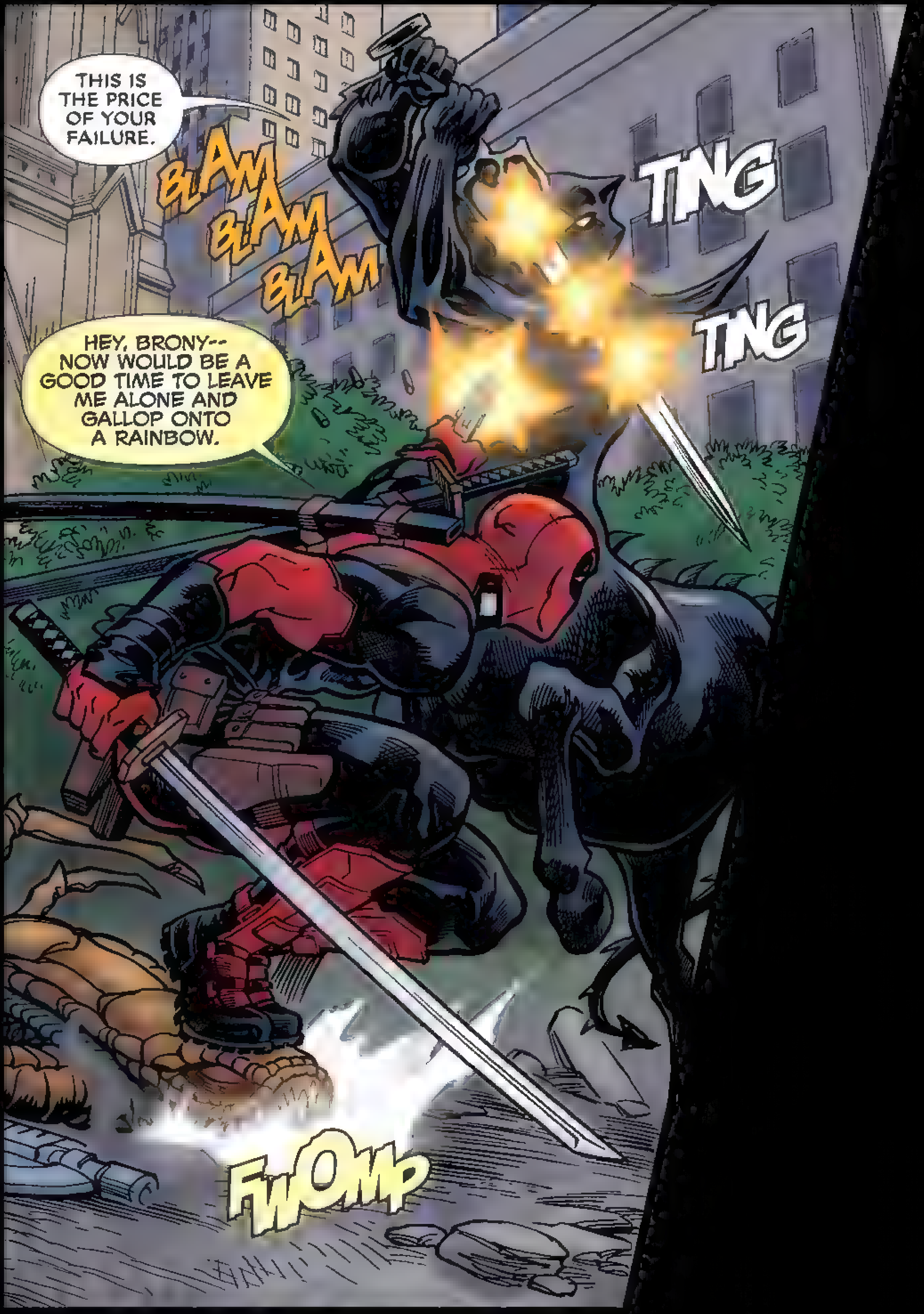
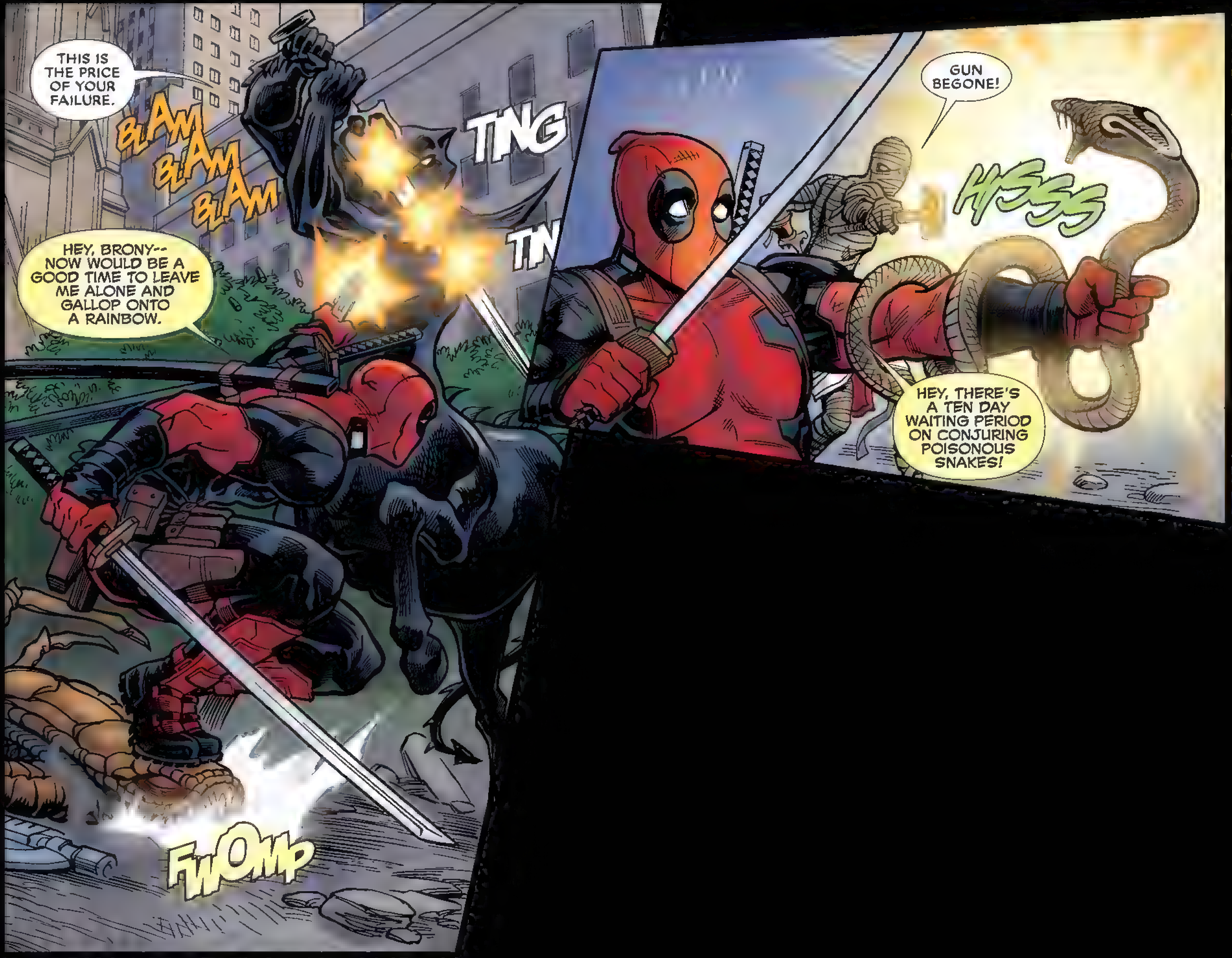
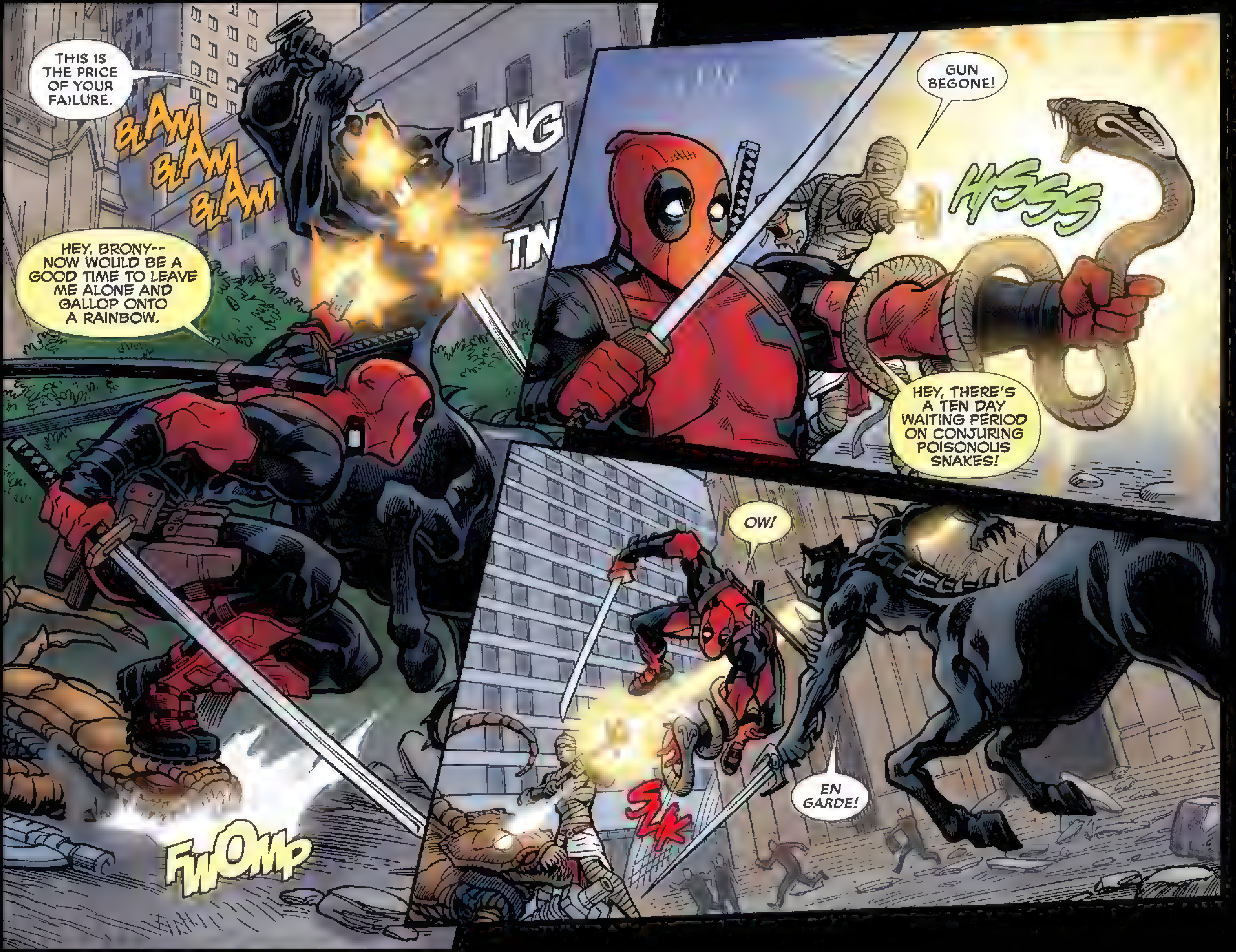
JUST HOW DID I END UP HERE?
OUT OF MY WAY!
I GUESS LOVE MAKE YOU DO CRAZY THINGS. LIKE FIGHT AN ALIEN, A MUMMY, A REANIMATED MONSTER AND WHATEVER THAT VENOM-HORSIE THING IS.
FIRE!!!
FIRE, BAD!


THIS IS THE PRICE OF YOUR FAILURE.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
TING
TING
HEY, BRONY-- NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO LEAVE ME ALONE AND GALLOP ONTO A RAINBOW.
FWOMP


THIS IS THE PRICE OF YOUR FAILURE.
BLAM BLAM BLAM
TING
TIN
HEY, BRONY-- NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO LEAVE ME ALONE AND GALLOP ONTO A RAINBOW.
FWOMP
GUN BEGONE!
HISSS
HEY, THERE'S A TEN DAY WAITING PERIOD ON CONJURING POISONOUS SNAKES!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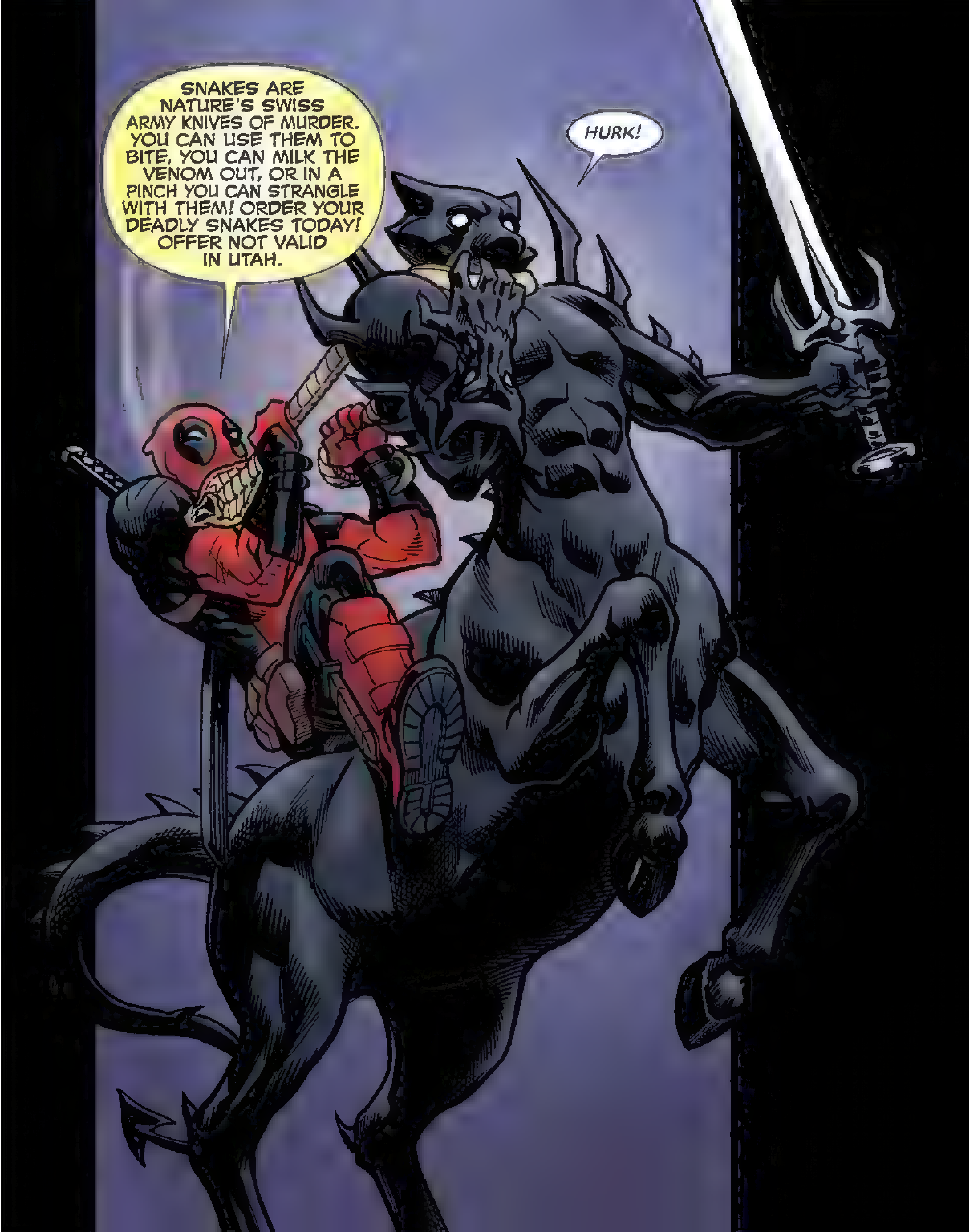
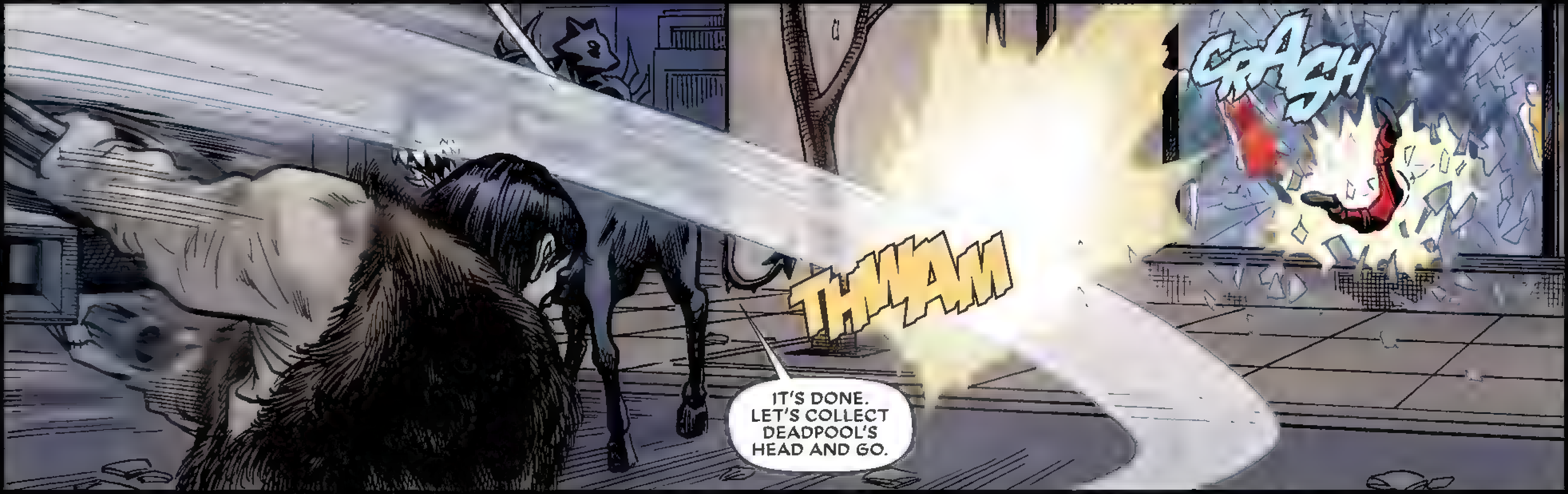
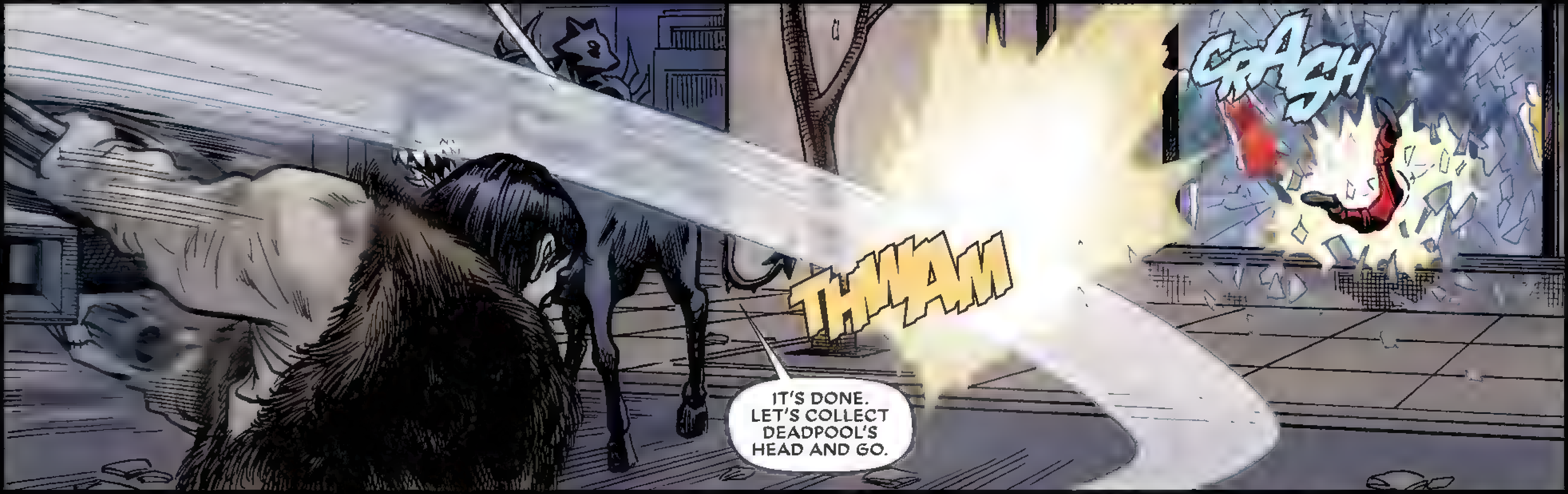
FWOMP
GUN BEGONE!
HISSS
HEY, THERE'S A TEN DAY WAITING PERIOD ON CONJURING POISONOUS SNAKES!
OW!
SLIK
EN GARDE!


SNAKES ARE NATURE'S SWISS ARMY KNIVES OF MURDER. YOU CAN USE THEM TO BITE, YOU CAN MILK THE VENOM OUT, OR IN A PINCH YOU CAN STRANGLE WITH THEM! ORDER YOUR DEADLY SNAKES TODAY! OFFER NOT VALID IN UTAH.
HURK!

SNAKES ARE NATURE'S SWISS ARMY KNIVES OF MURDER. YOU CAN USE THEM TO BITE, YOU CAN MILK THE VENOM OUT, OR IN A PINCH YOU CAN STRANGLE WITH THEM! ORDER YOUR DEADLY SNAKES TODAY! OFFER NOT VALID IN UTAH.
HURK!
GET OFF!
WHOA, YOU SHOULD GET THAT PAW LOOKED AT.

SNAKES ARE NATURE'S SWISS ARMY KNIVES OF MURDER. YOU CAN USE THEM TO BITE, YOU CAN MILK THE VENOM OUT, OR IN A PINCH YOU CAN STRANGLE WITH THEM! ORDER YOUR DEADLY SNAKES TODAY! OFFER NOT VALID IN UTAH.
HURK!
GET OFF!
WHOA, YOU SHOULD GET THAT PAW LOOKED AT.
GRRAARGH!
SORRY, I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TEACH YOU TO RIDE THAT RIGHT NOW.


CRASH
THWAM
IT'S DONE. LET'S COLLECT DEADPOOL'S HEAD AND GO.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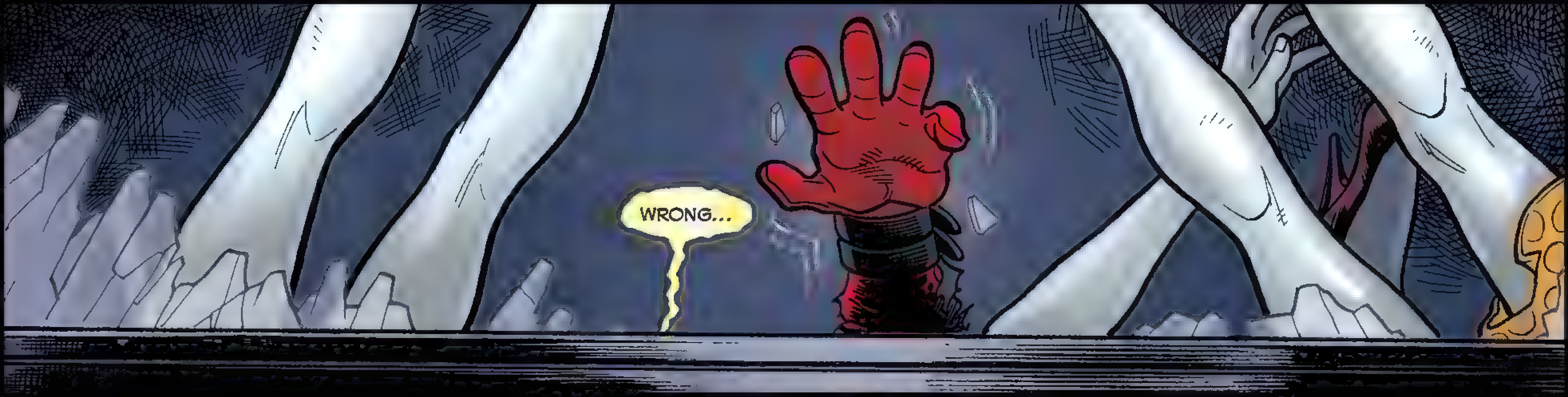
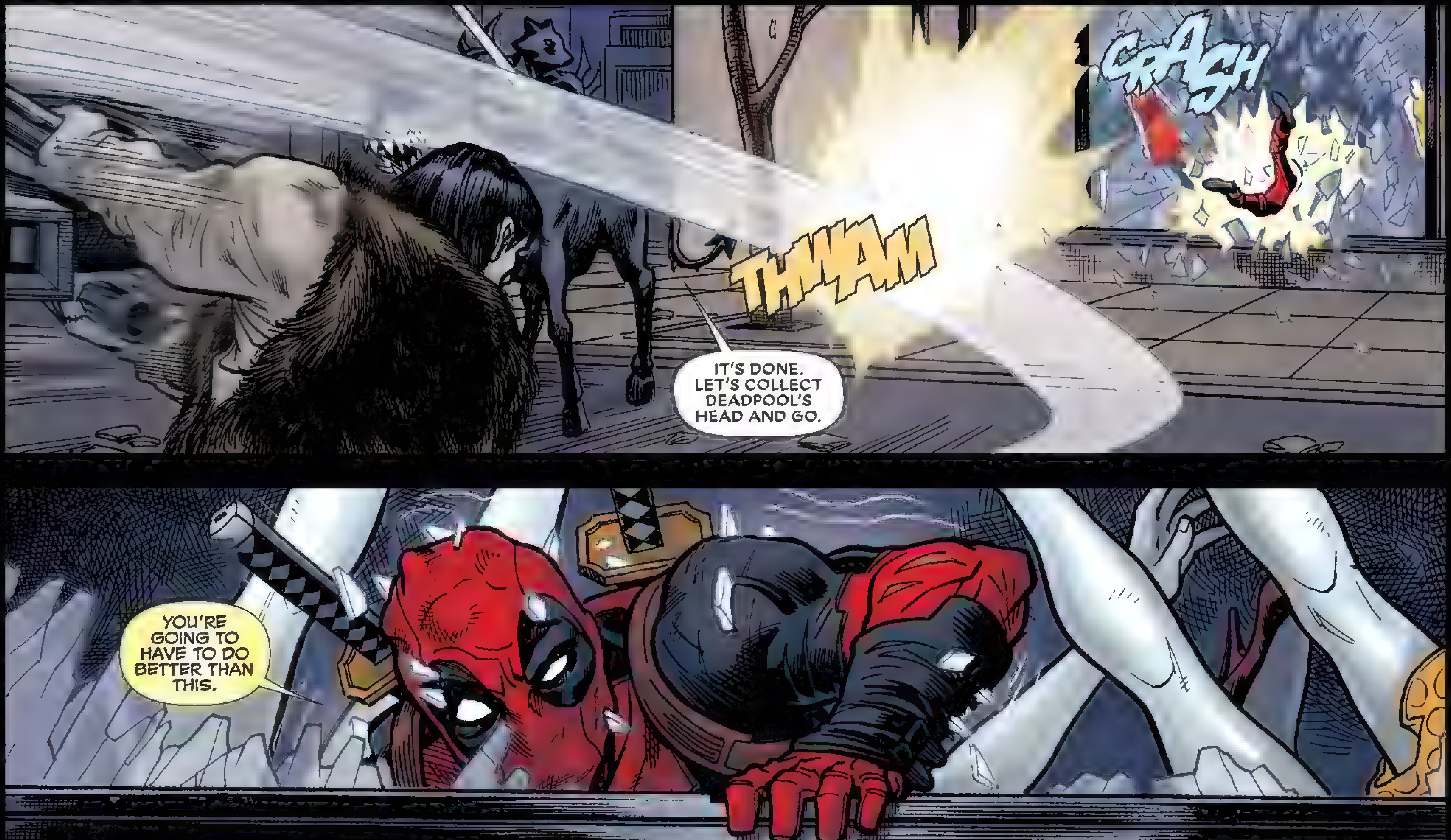

WRONG...


CRASH
THWAM
IT'S DONE. LET'S COLLECT DEADPOOL'S HEAD AND GO.
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THIS.

AND NOW I'M PISSED!

A NO

story by
BRIAN POSEHN
& GERRY DUGGAN

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GERRY DUGGAN

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and pencils by
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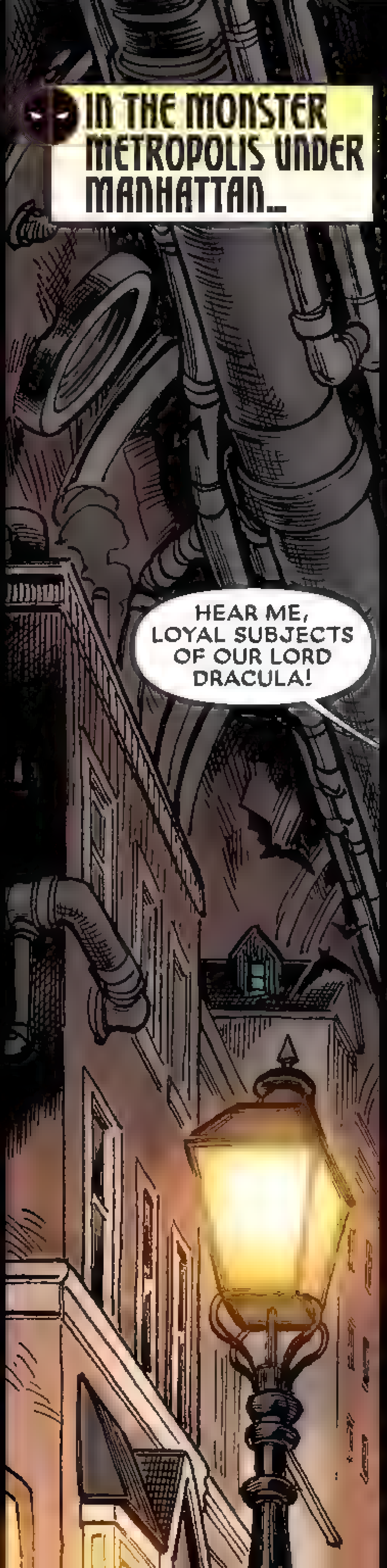
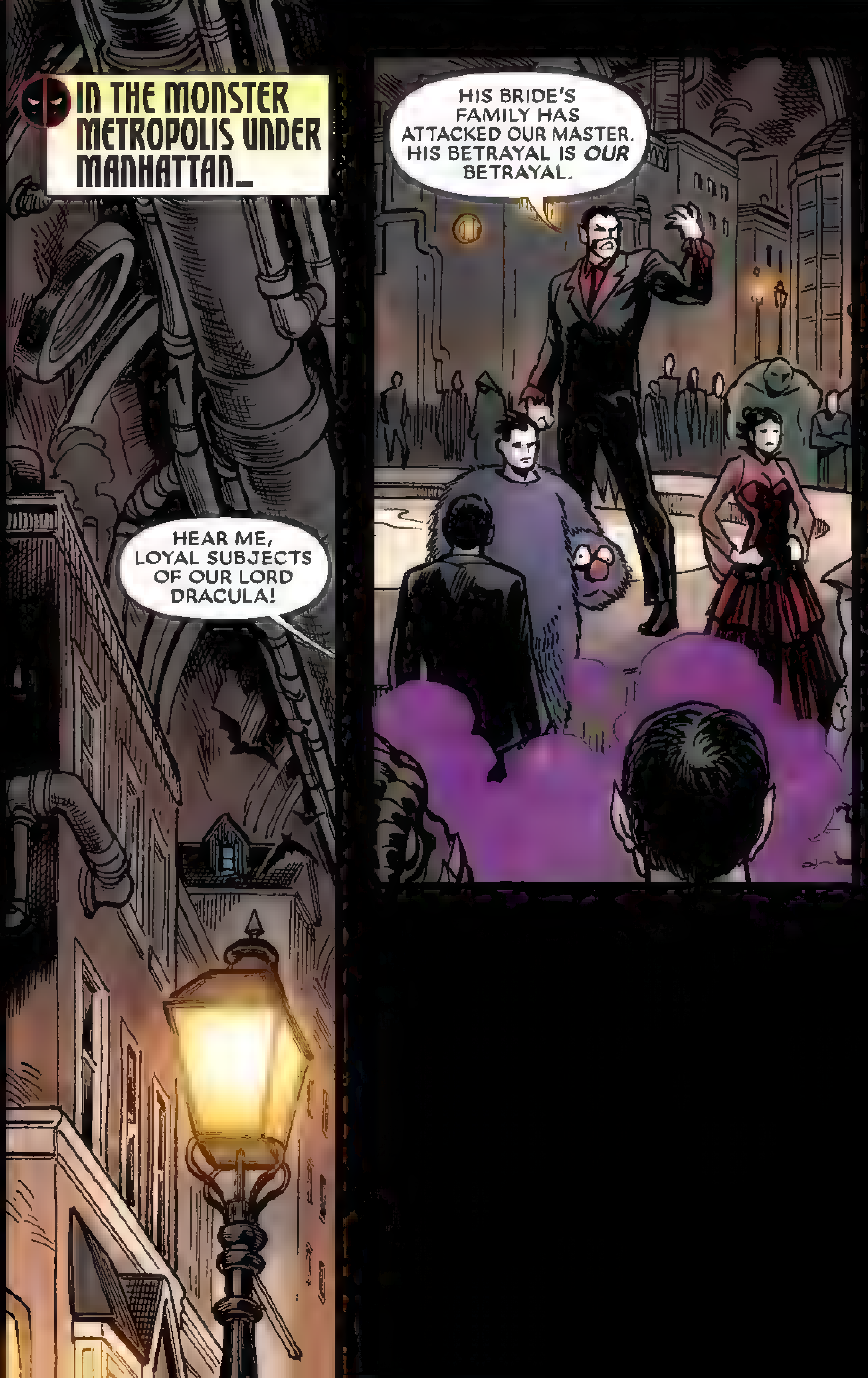
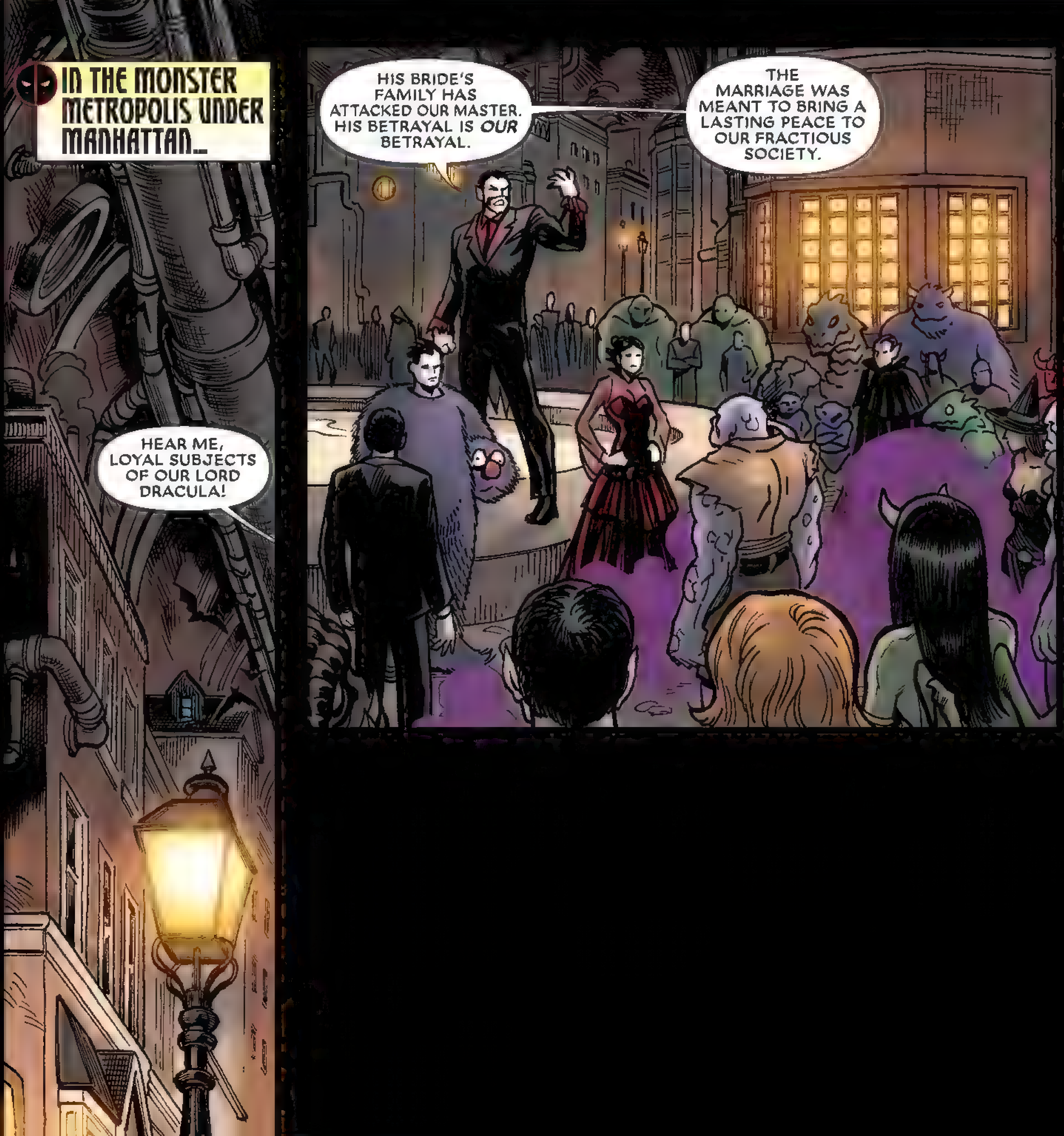
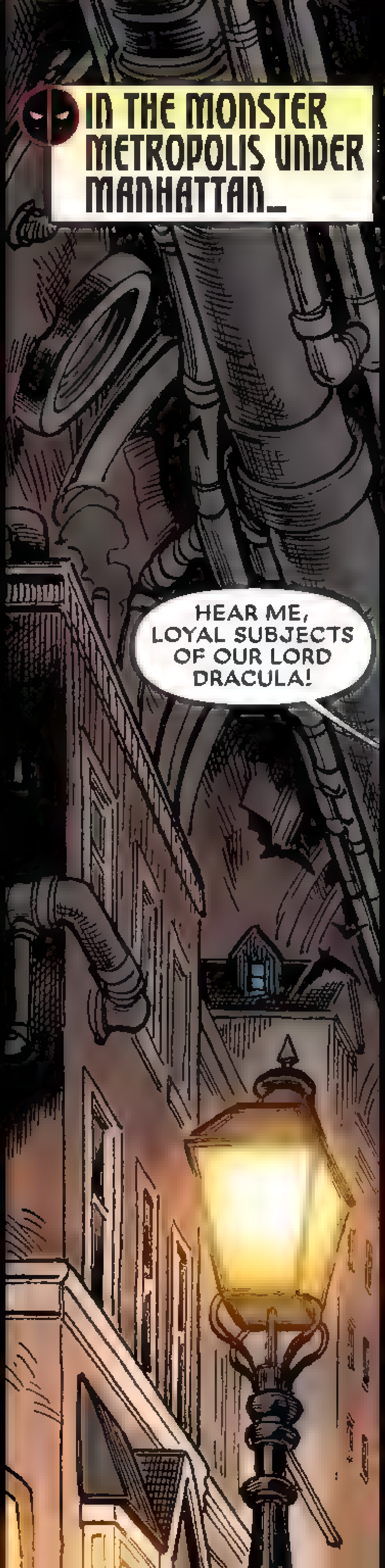
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

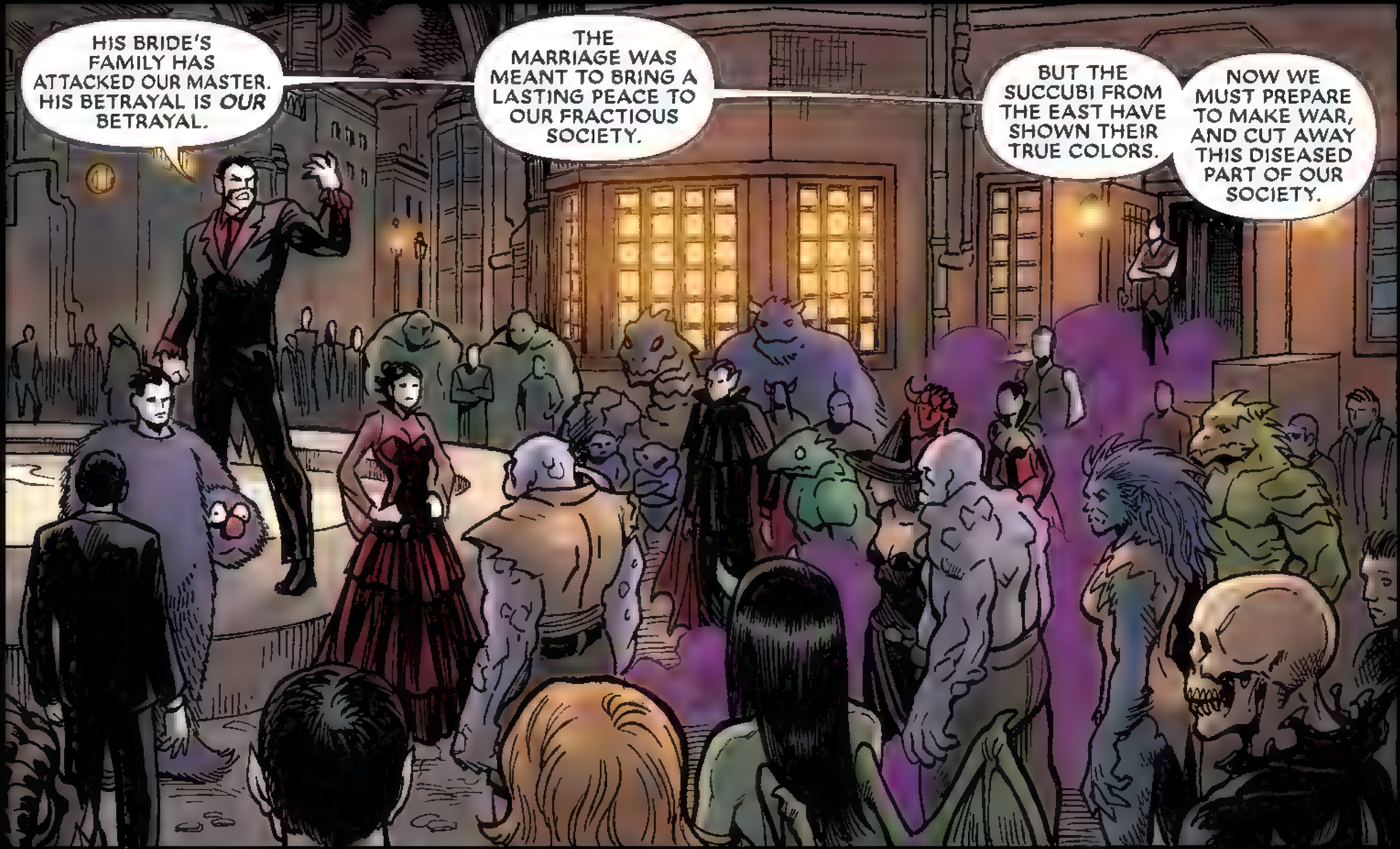
CHAPTER 10: WHEN COMETH THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR


IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS UNDER MANHATTAN...
HEAR ME, LOYAL SUBJECTS OF OUR LORD DRACULA!


IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS UNDER MANHATTAN...
HEAR ME, LOYAL SUBJECTS OF OUR LORD DRACULA!
HIS BRIDE'S FAMILY HAS ATTACKED OUR MASTER. HIS BETRAYAL IS *OUR* BETRAYAL.


IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS UNDER MANHATTAN...
HEAR ME, LOYAL SUBJECTS OF OUR LORD DRACULA!
HIS BRIDE'S FAMILY HAS ATTACKED OUR MASTER. HIS BETRAYAL IS *OUR* BETRAYAL.
THE MARRIAGE WAS MEANT TO BRING A LASTING PEACE TO OUR FRACTIOUS SOCIETY.


IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS UNDER MANHATTAN...
HEAR ME, LOYAL SUBJECTS OF OUR LORD DRACULA!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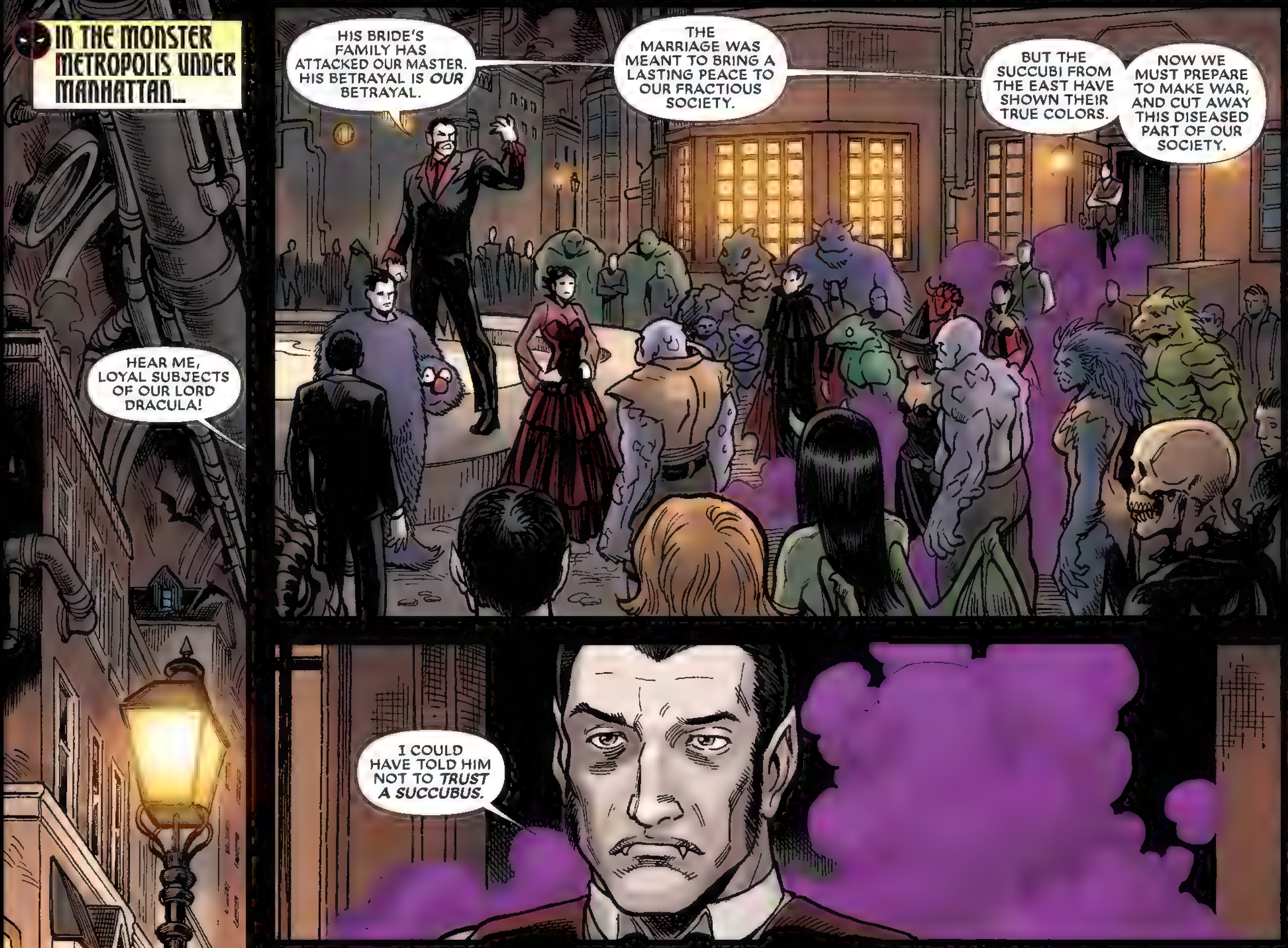
BUT THE SUCCUBI FROM THE EAST HAVE SHOWN THEIR TRUE COLORS.
NOW WE MUST PREPARE TO MAKE WAR, AND CUT AWAY THIS DISEASED PART OF OUR SOCIETY.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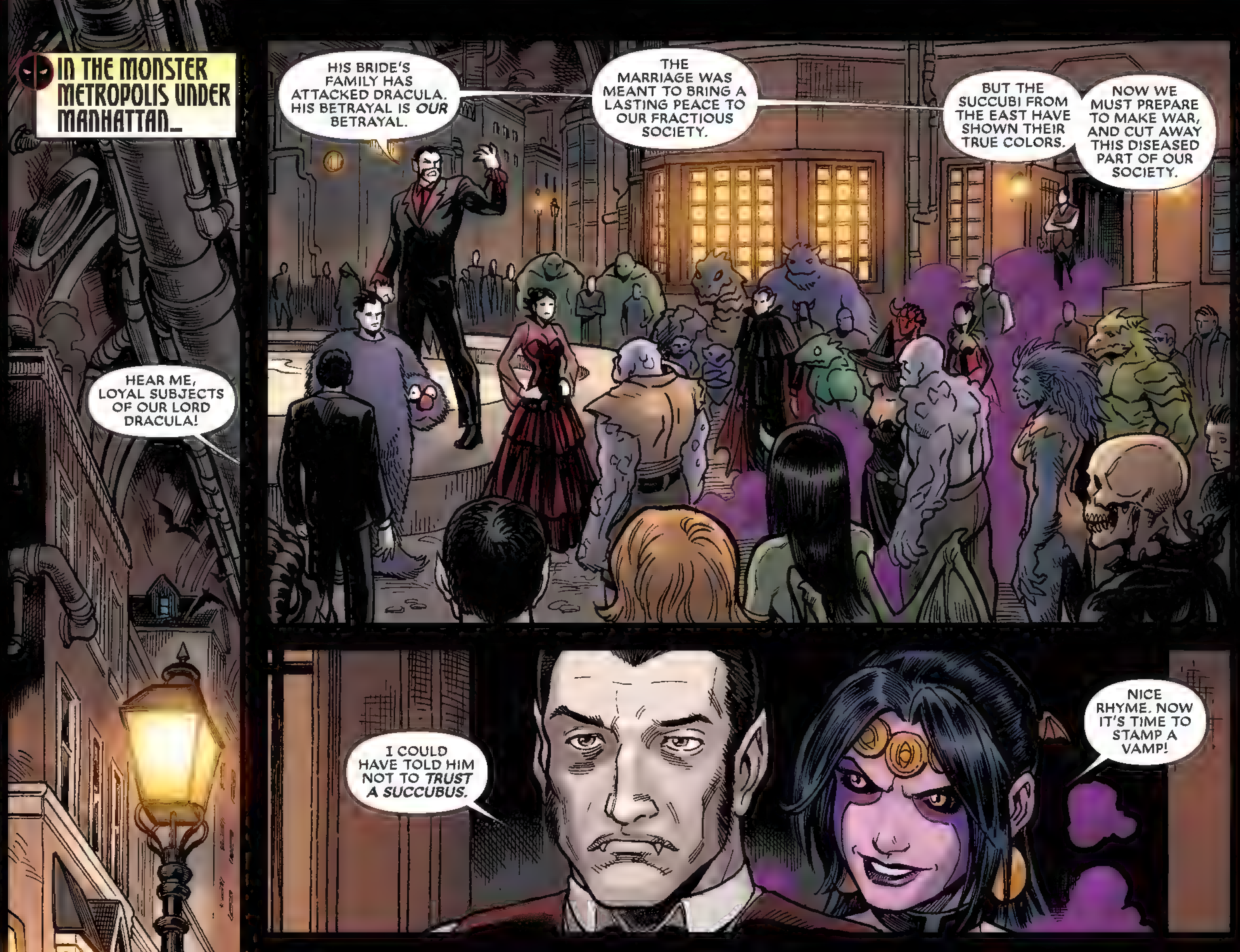
I COULD HAVE TOLD HIM NOT TO *TRUST A SUCCUBUS.*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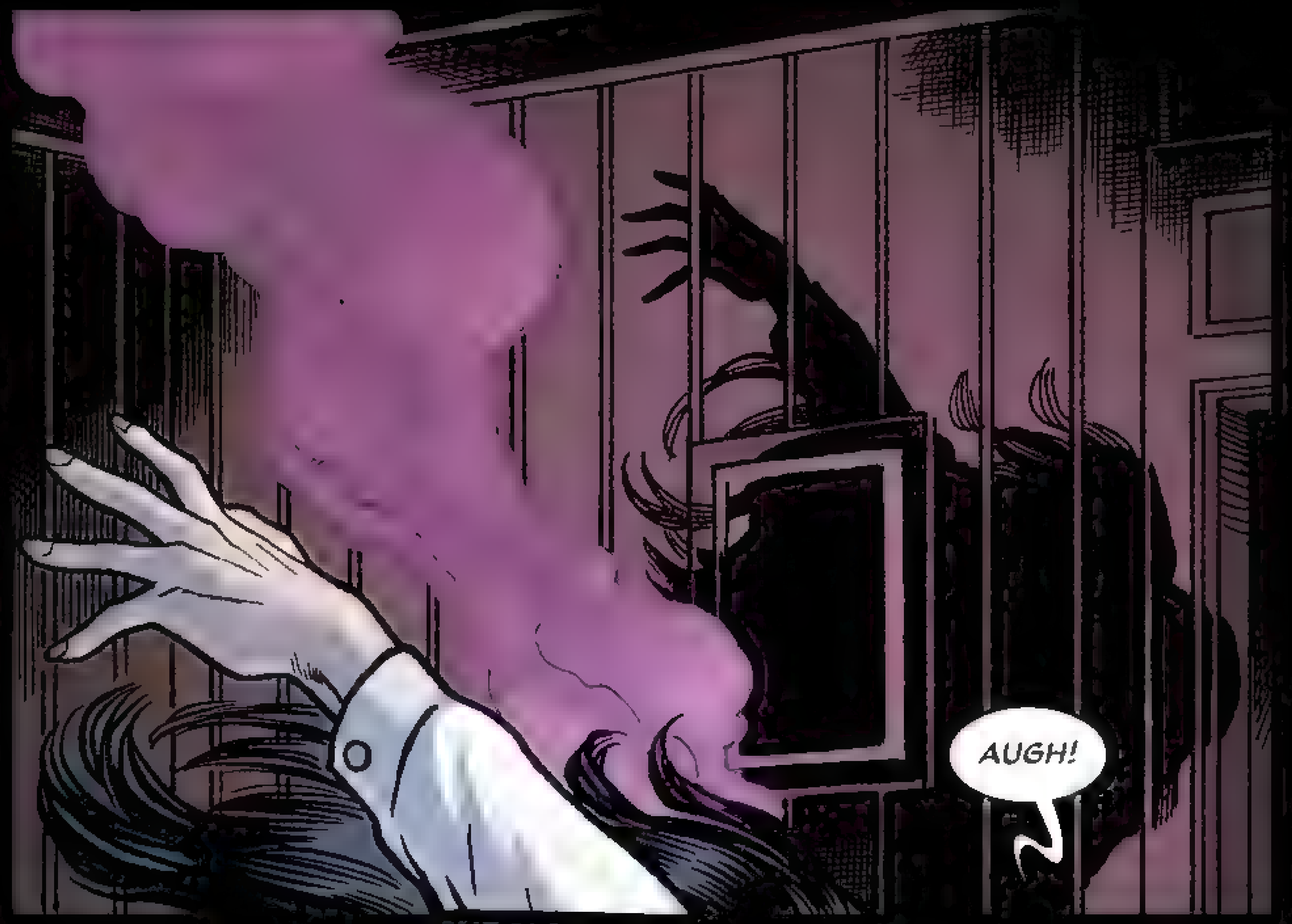
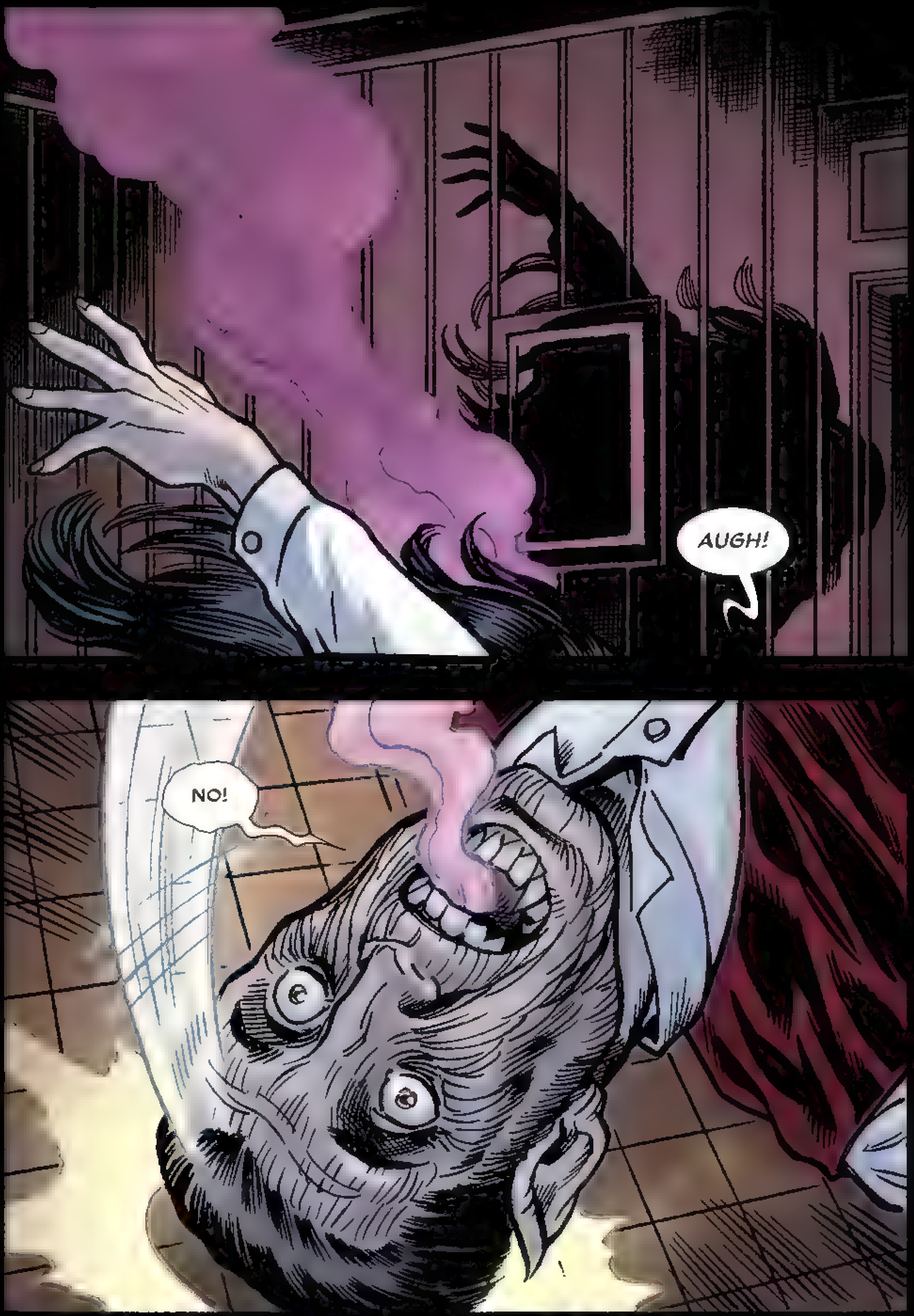
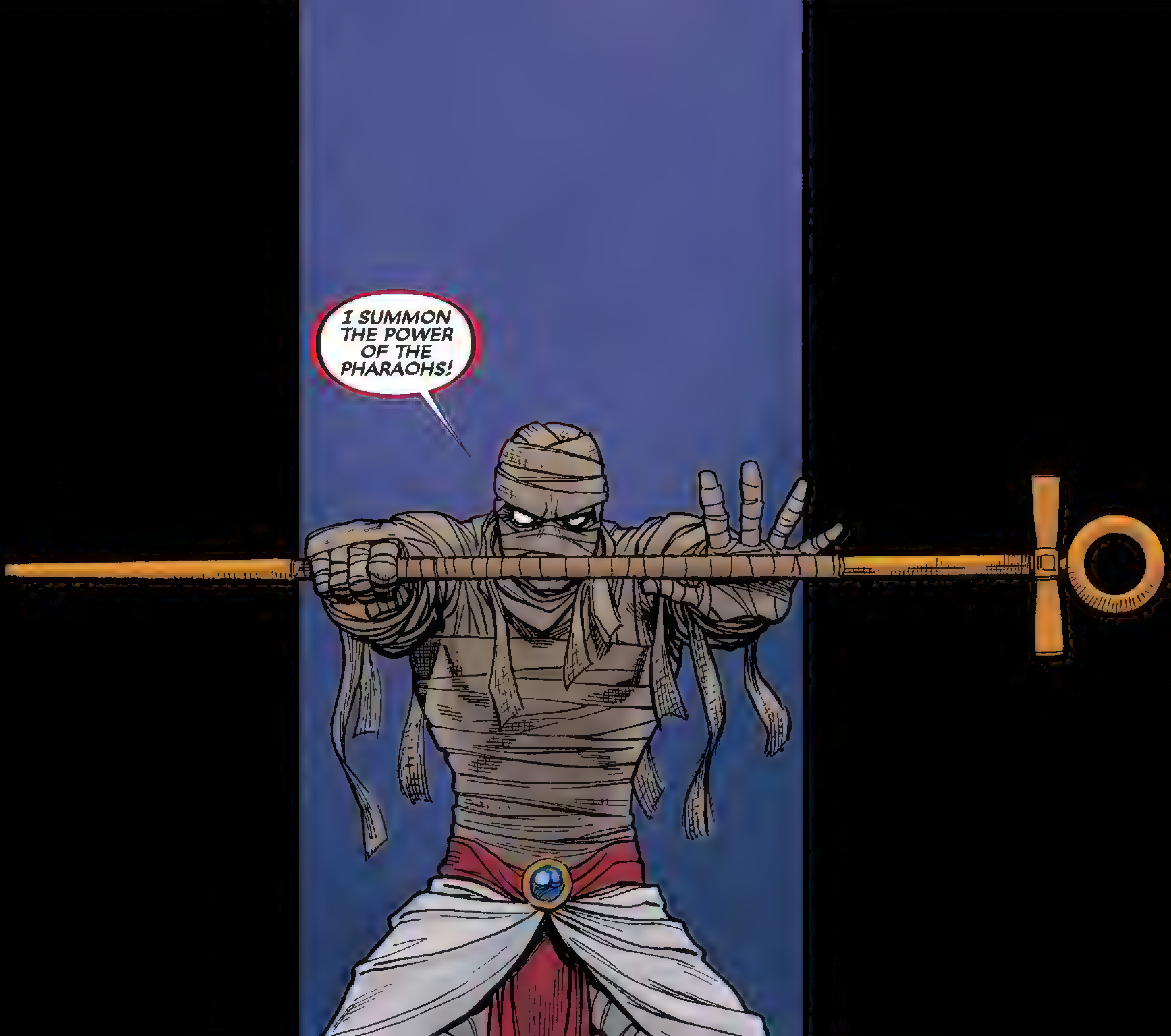
I COULD HAVE TOLD HIM NOT TO *TRUST A SUCCUBUS.*
NICE RHYME. NOW IT'S TIME TO STAMP A VAMP!


AUGH!


AUGH!
NO!

AUGH!
NO!
DON'T TELL MY HUSBAND, OKAY?
I JUST HAD THE MOST DREADFUL THOUGHT. WHAT IF THEY'RE NOT STILL MAKING MY LIPSTICK THOUSANDS OF YEARS LATER?
DAMMIT.
I HOPE DEADPOOL IS FARING WELL.

WAIT! WHERE IS THE BRIDE?
PWOMP
PWOMP
PWOMP
PWOMP
BLAM BLAM BLAM
ENOUGH!!!
5J90

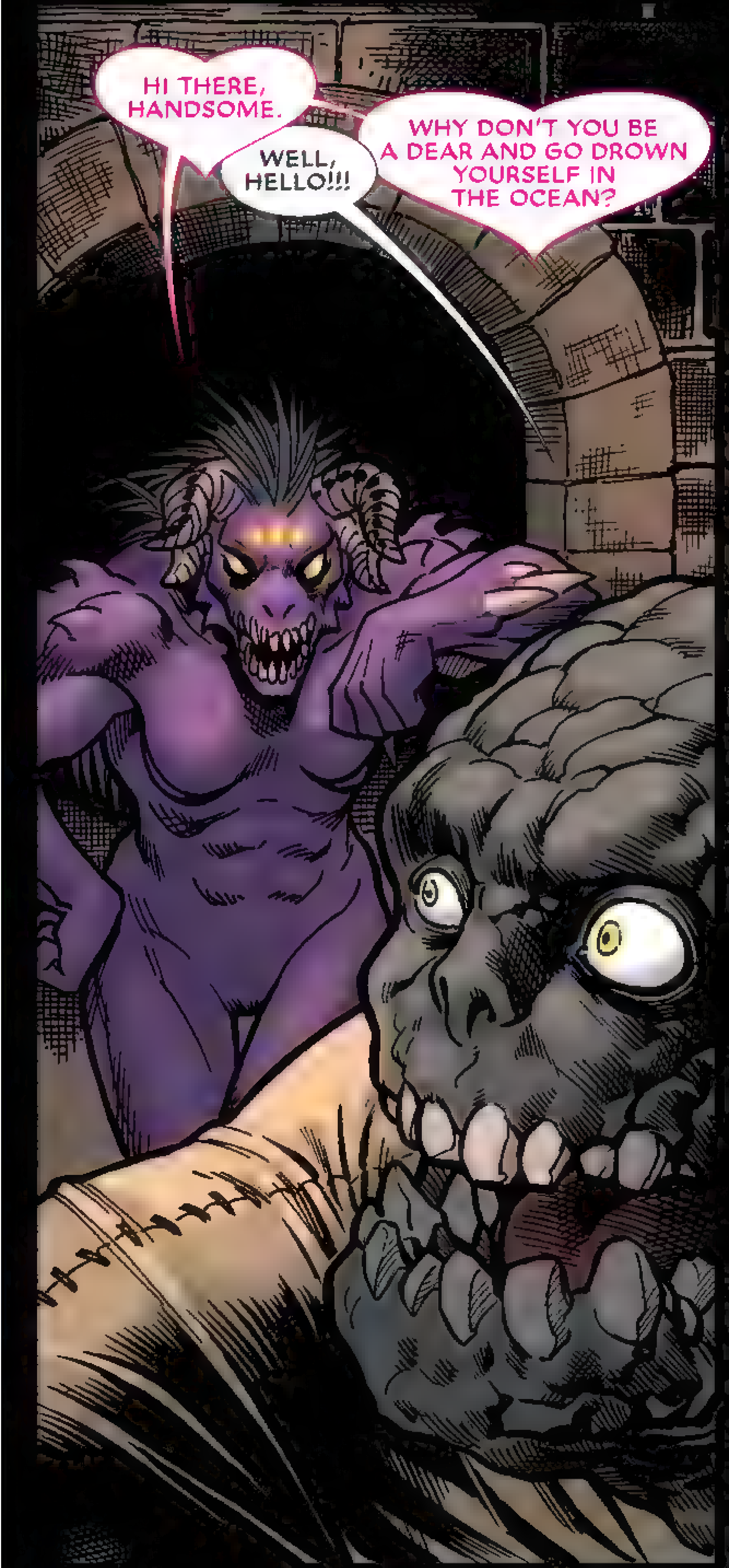

I SUMMON THE POWER OF THE PHARAOHS!

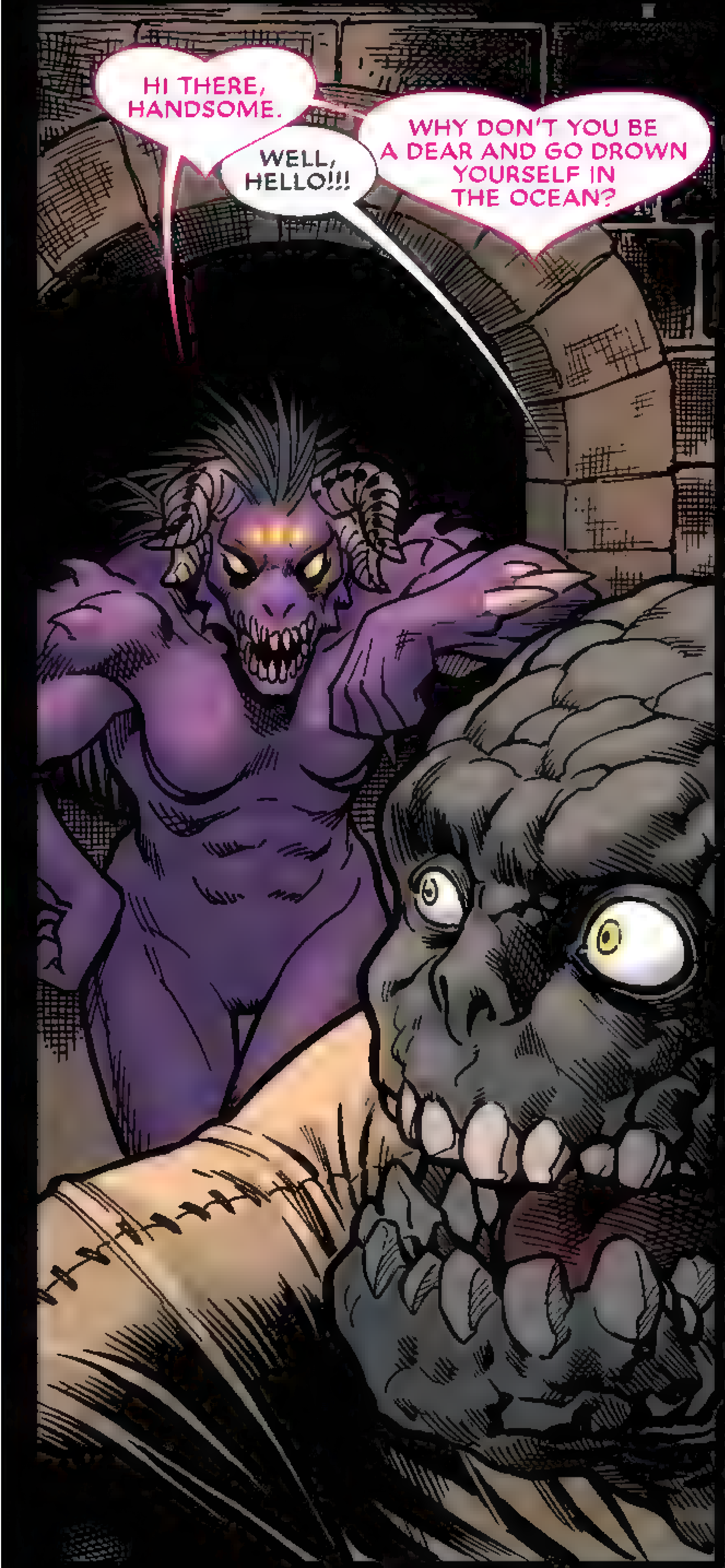
MY ANCESTORS LEARNED THE SECRETS OF IMMORTAL LIFE--

AND UNLOCKED THE POWER OF AN *INSTANT DEATH!*
LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!
SAKOW

AND UNLOCKED THE POWER OF AN *INSTANT DEATH!*
LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW!
SAKOW
MADRE DI DIOS!

IMPOSSIBLE! HOW DO YOU LIVE?!
UH-OH, LOOK WHO WORE SOMETHING *FLAMMABLE* TO A DEADPOOL SAUSAGE PARTY!
FLAME ON!
AEEEEEIIIIIIII


HI THERE, HANDSOME.
WELL, HELLO!!!
WHY DON'T YOU BE A DEAR AND GO DROWN YOURSELF IN THE OCEAN?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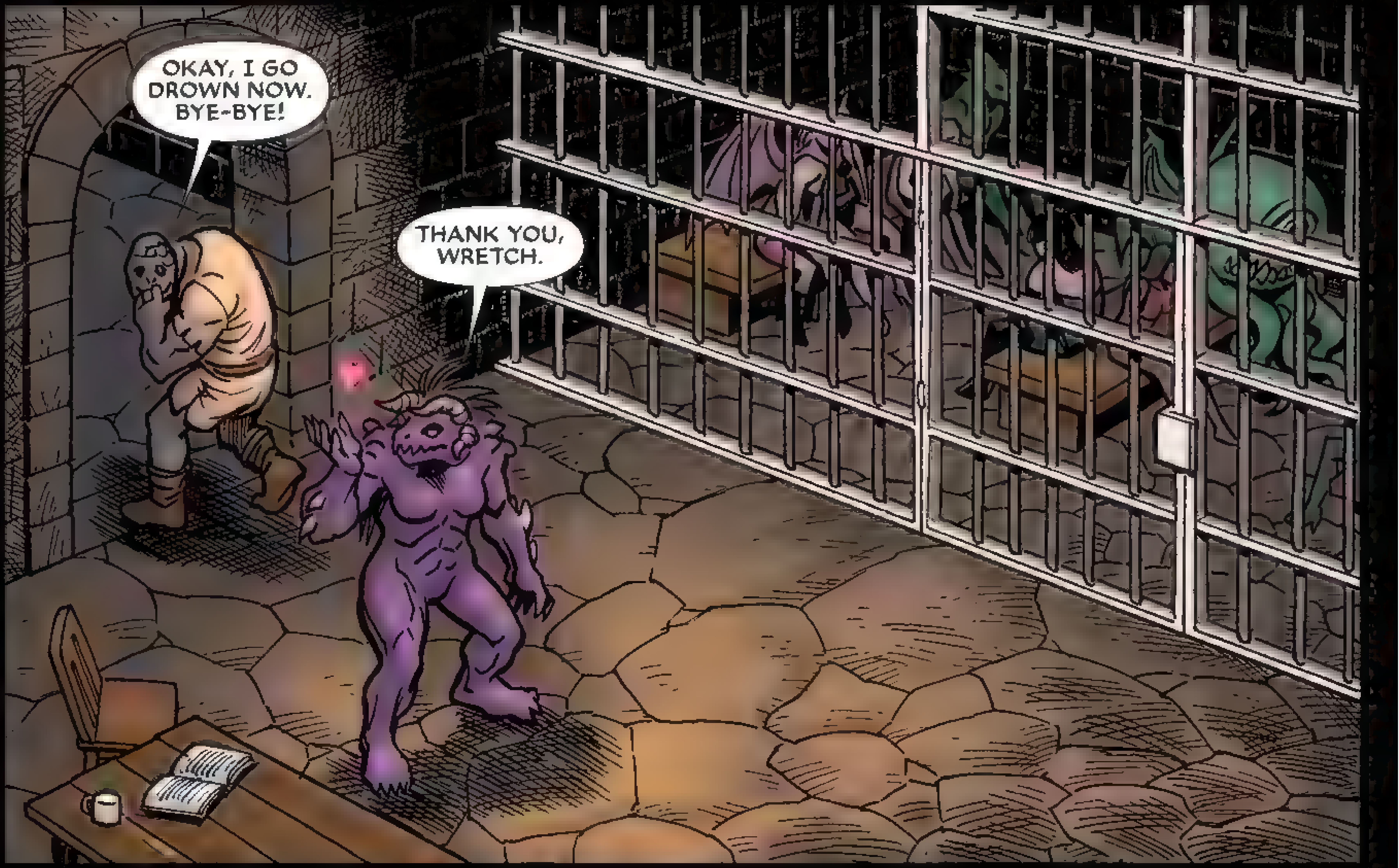
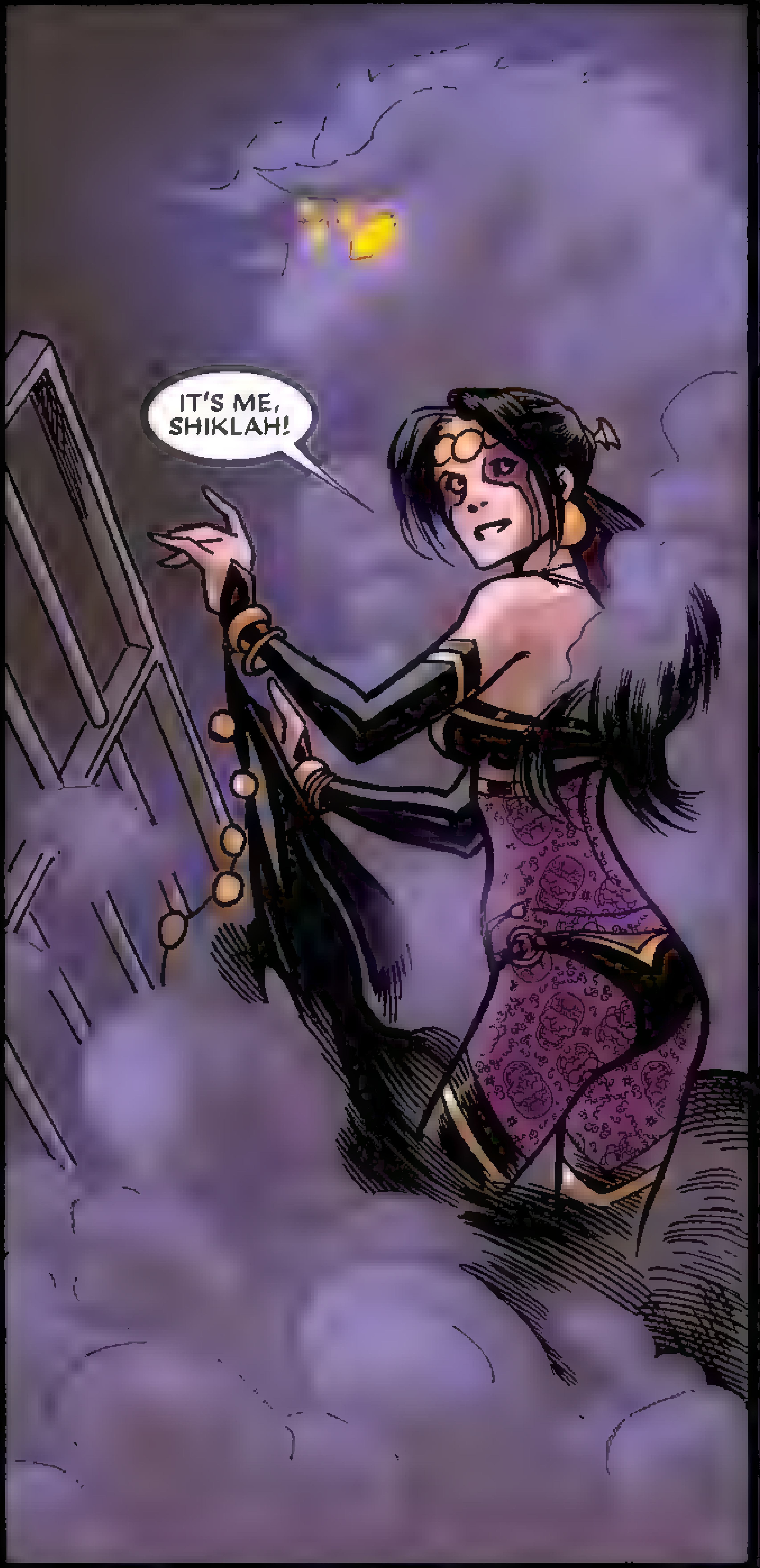
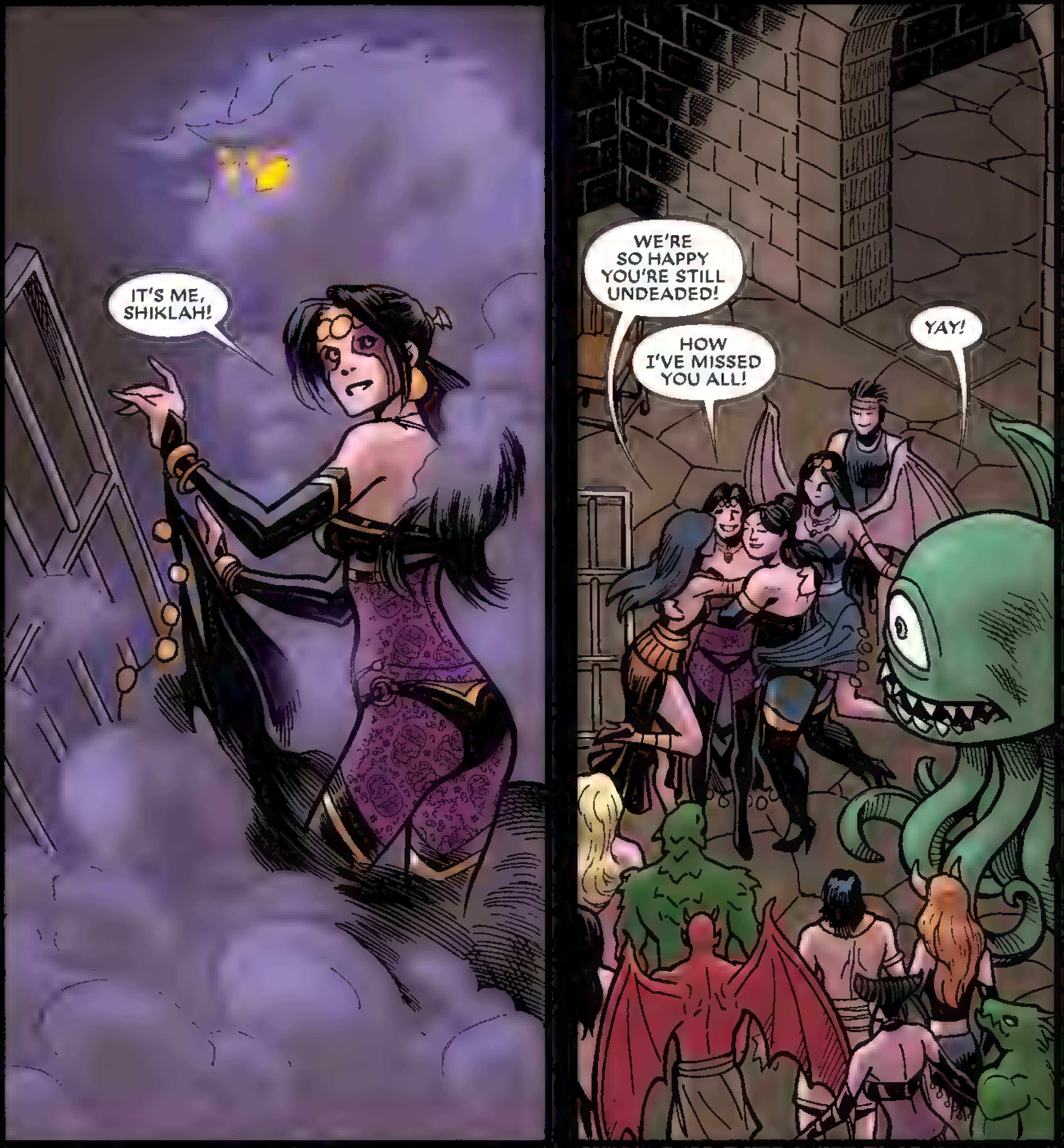
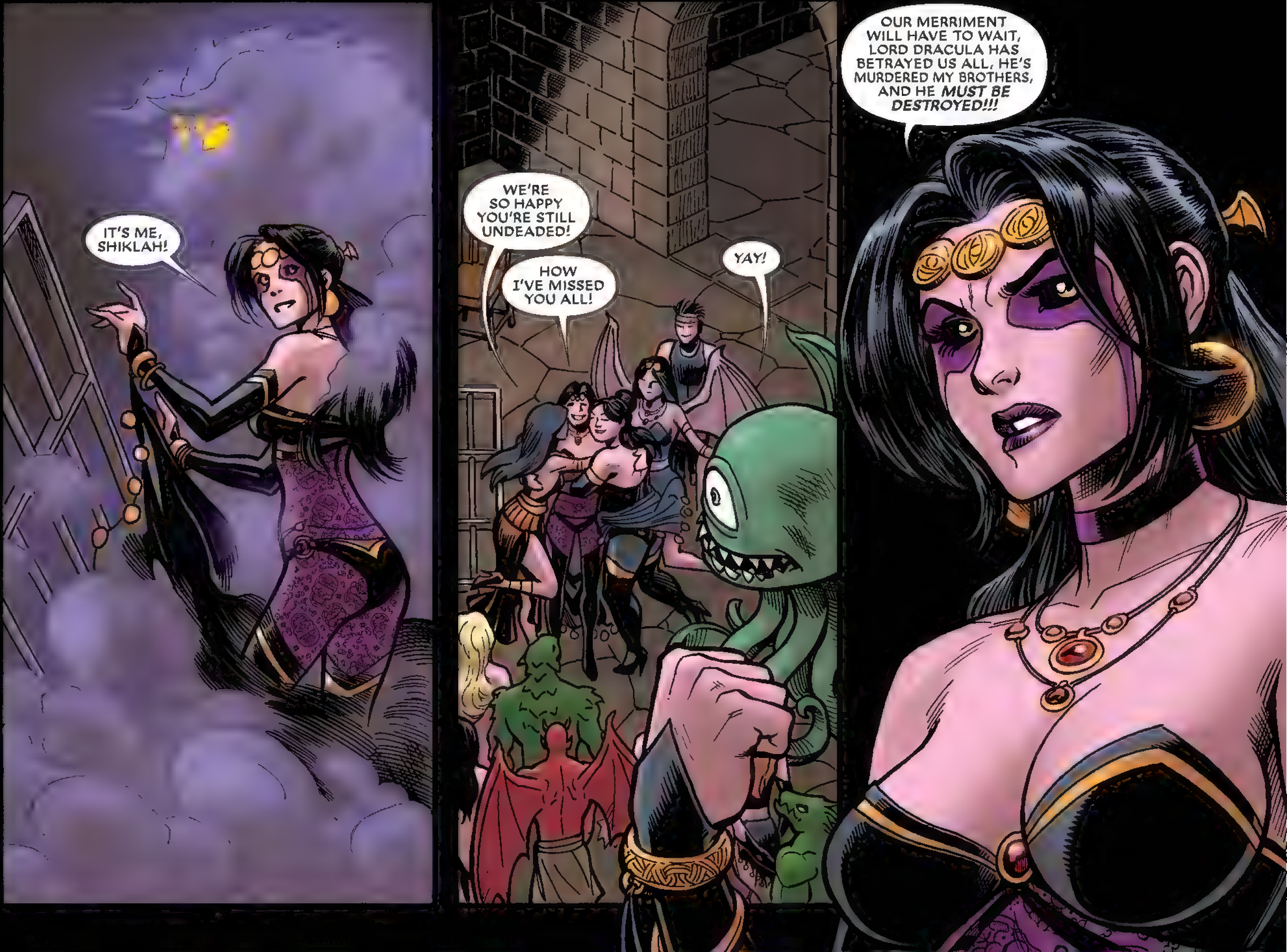

OKAY, I GO DROWN NOW. BYE-BYE!
THANK YOU, WRETCH.

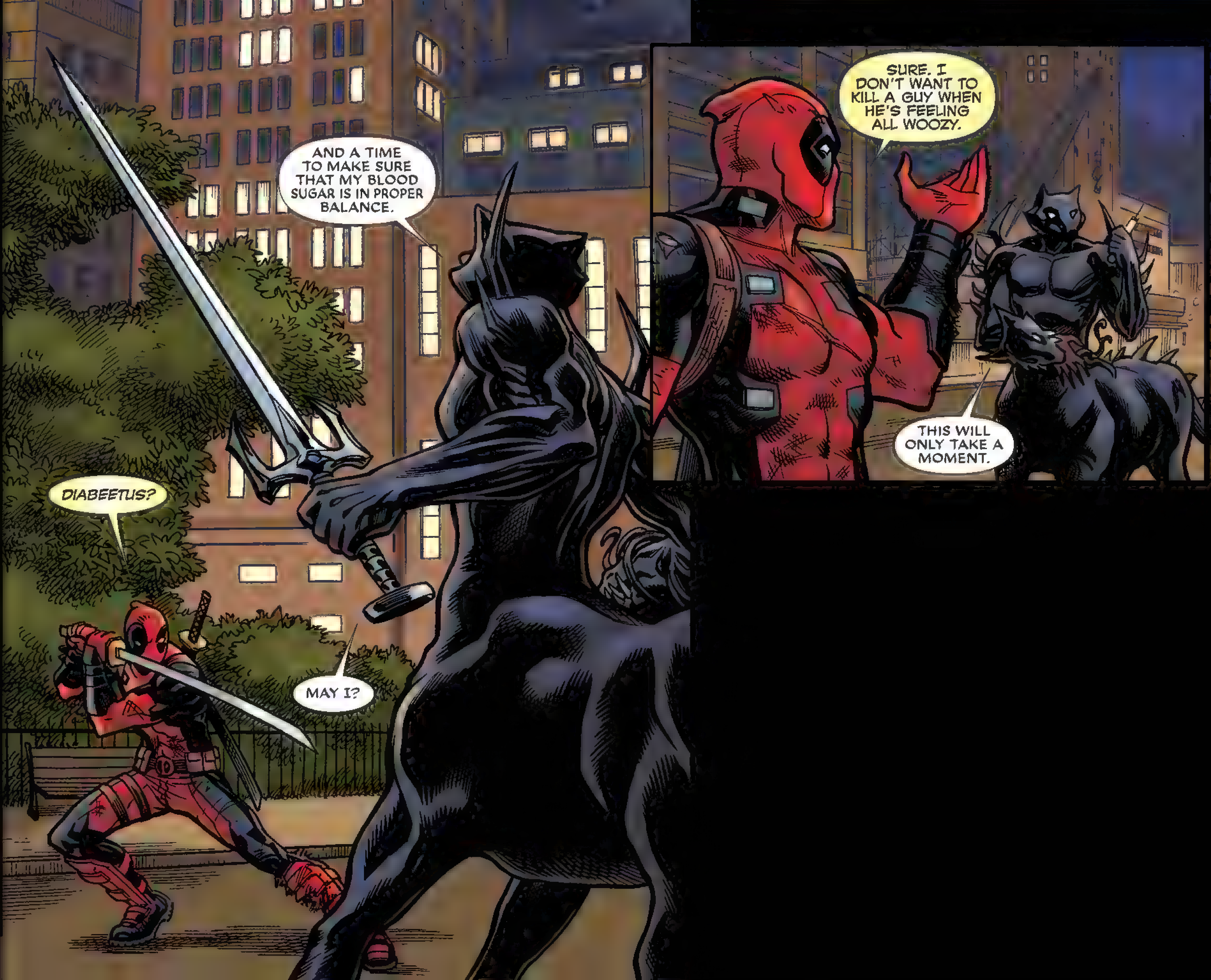
HI THERE, HANDSOME.
WELL, HELLO!!!
WHY DON'T YOU BE A DEAR AND GO DROWN YOURSELF IN THE OCEAN?
OKAY, I GO DROWN NOW. BYE-BYE!
THANK YOU, WRETCH.
MY FRIENDS!

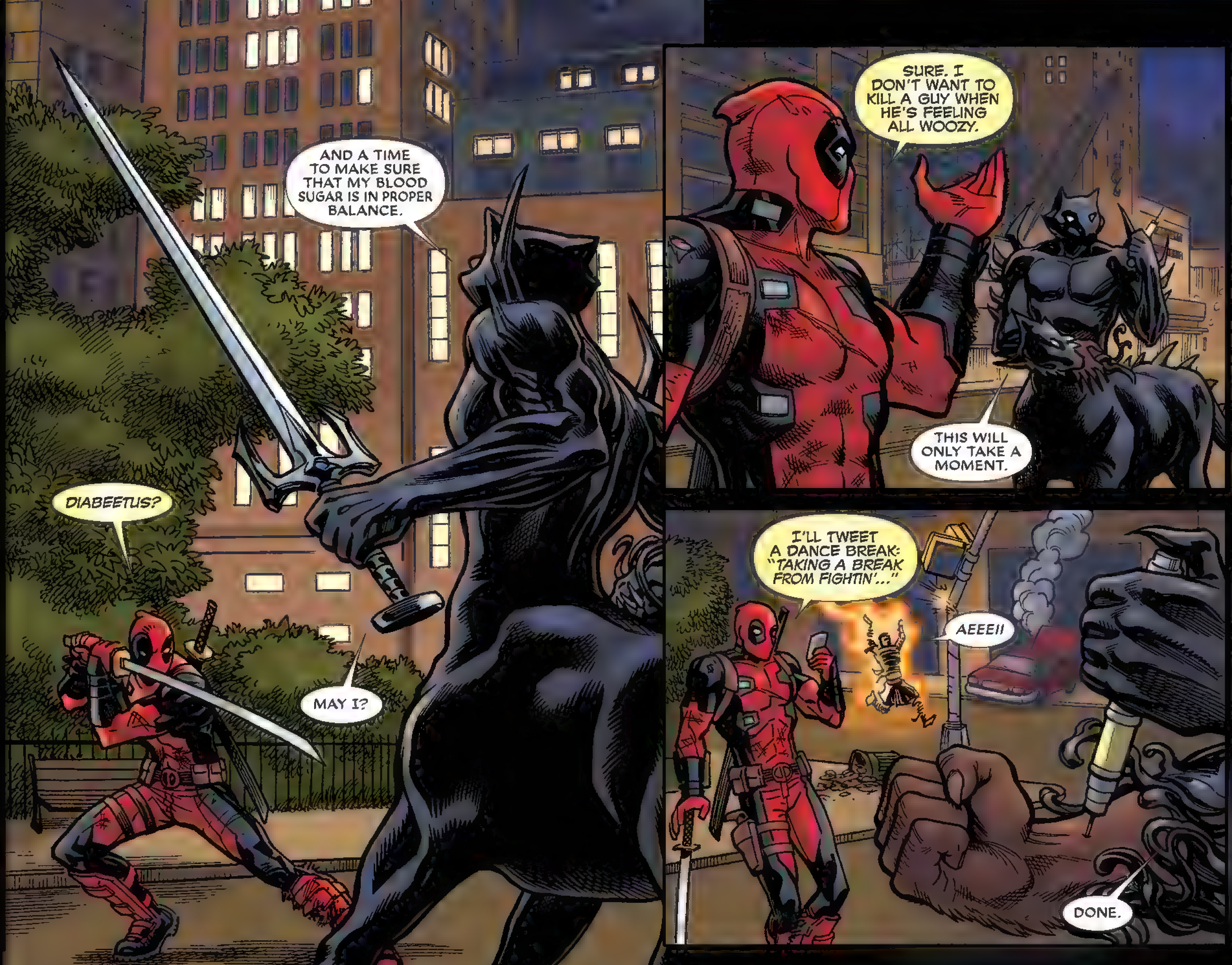

IT'S ME, SHIKLAH!

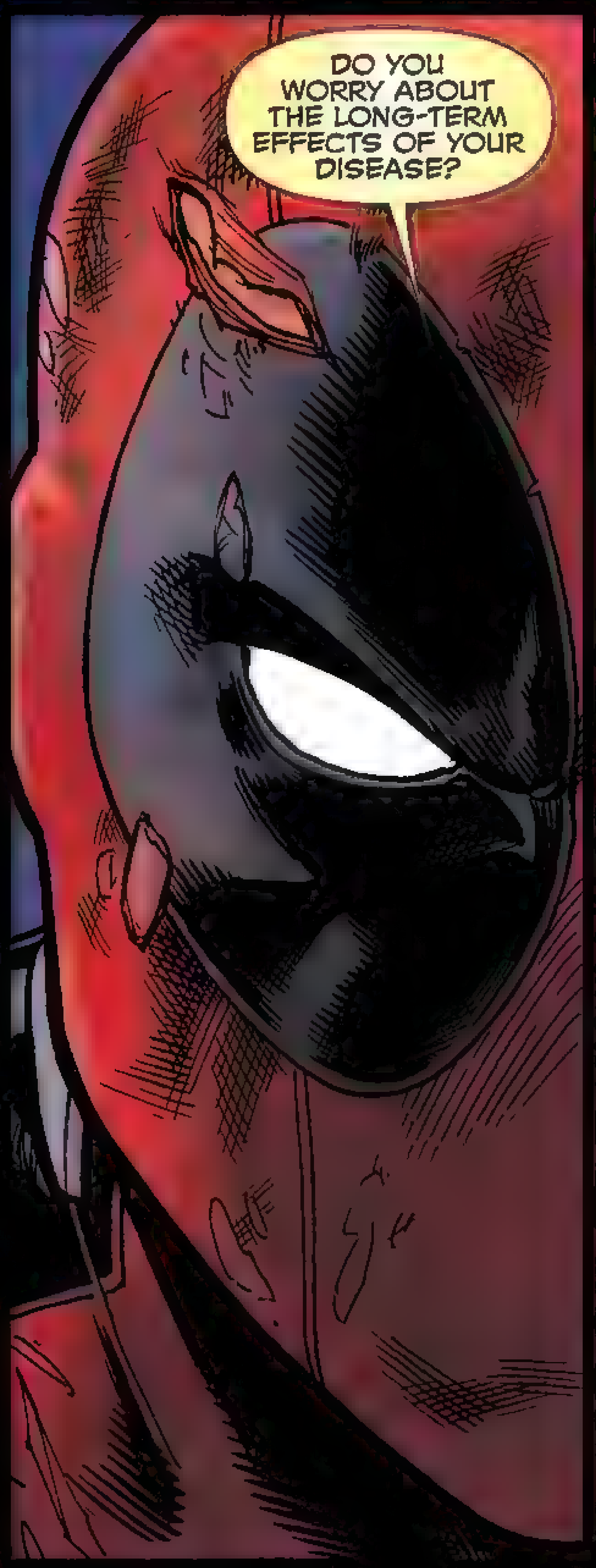

IT'S ME, SHIKLAH!
WE'RE SO HAPPY YOU'RE STILL UNDEADED!
HOW I'VE MISSED YOU ALL!
YAY!

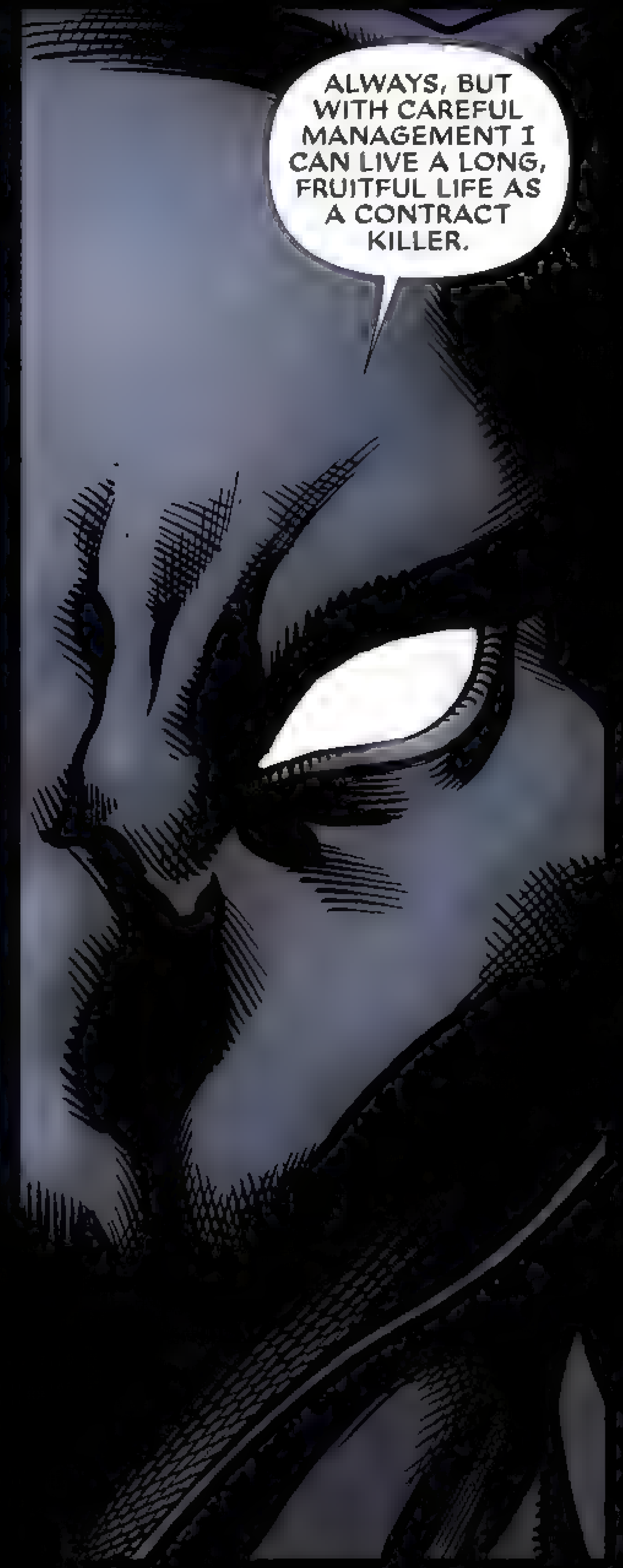

IT'S ME, SHIKLAH!
WE'RE SO HAPPY YOU'RE STILL UNDEADED!
HOW I'VE MISSED YOU ALL!
YAY!
OUR MERRIMENT WILL HAVE TO WAIT, LORD DRACULA HAS BETRAYED US ALL, HE'S MURDERED MY BROTHERS, AND HE *MUST BE DESTROYED!!!*

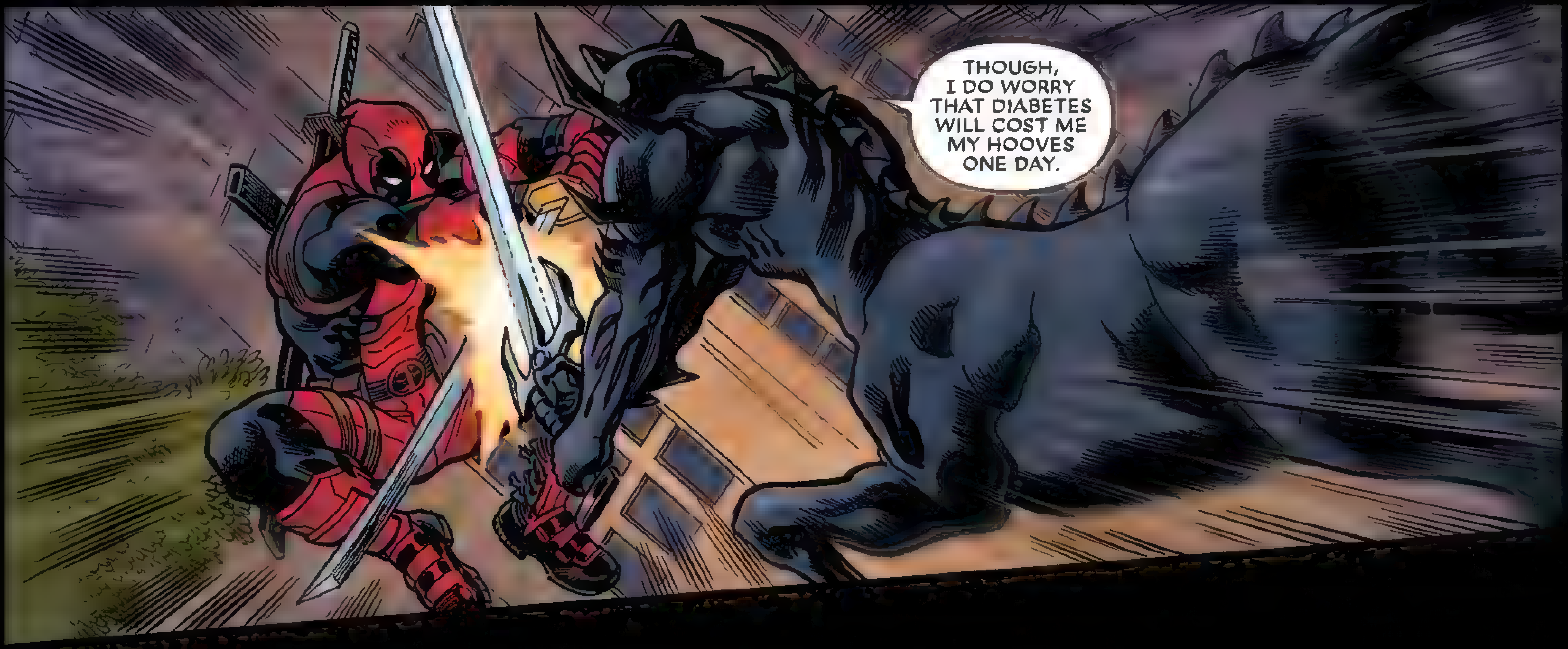
BONG
BONG
BONG
MIDNIGHT. THE WITCHING HOUR...
AND A TIME TO MAKE SURE THAT MY BLOOD SUGAR IS IN PROPER BALANCE.
DIABEETUS?
MAY I?

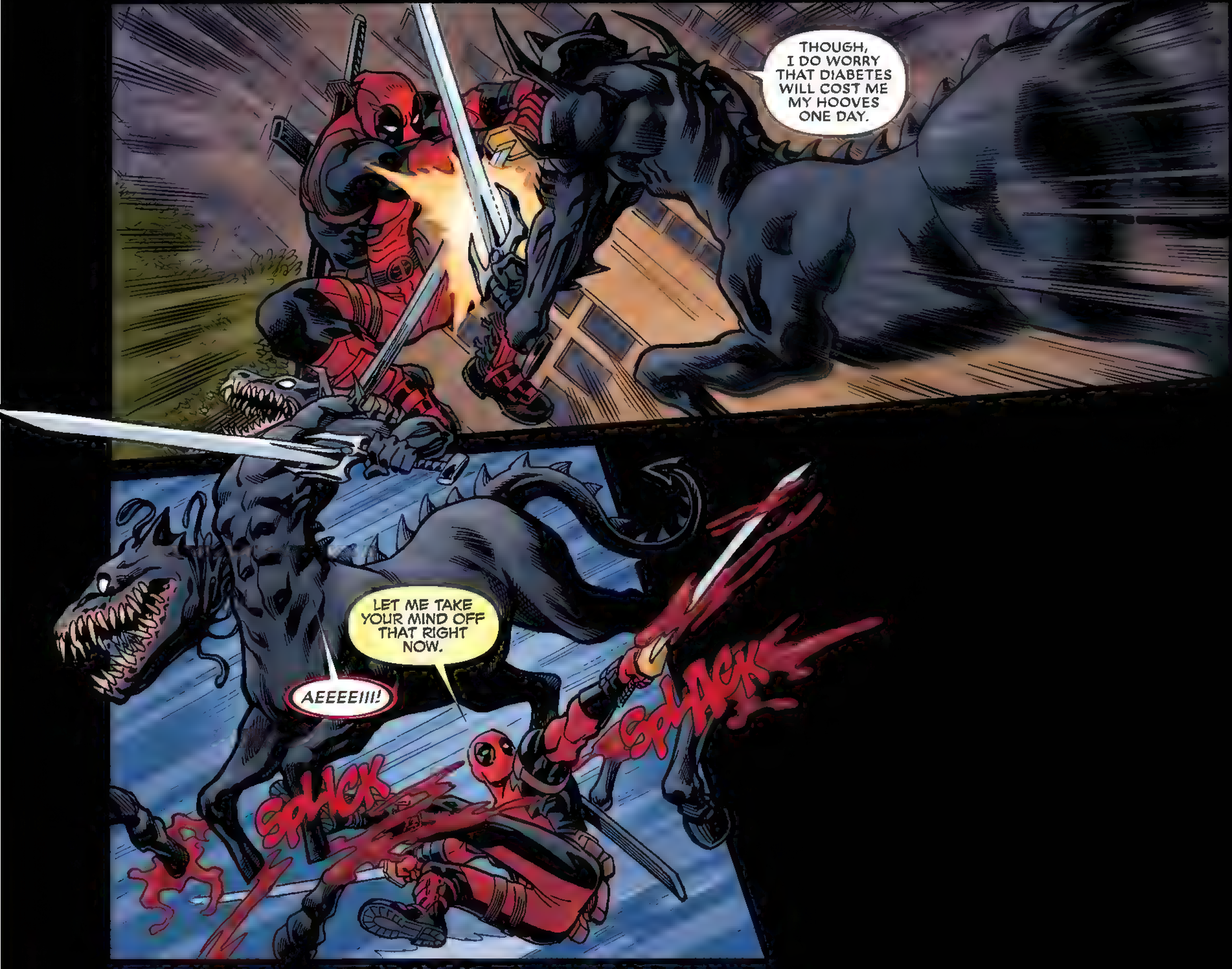

AND A TIME TO MAKE SURE THAT MY BLOOD SUGAR IS IN PROPER BALANCE.
DIABEETUS?
MAY I?
SURE. I DON'T WANT TO KILL A GUY WHEN HE'S FEELING ALL WOOZY.
THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A MOMENT.

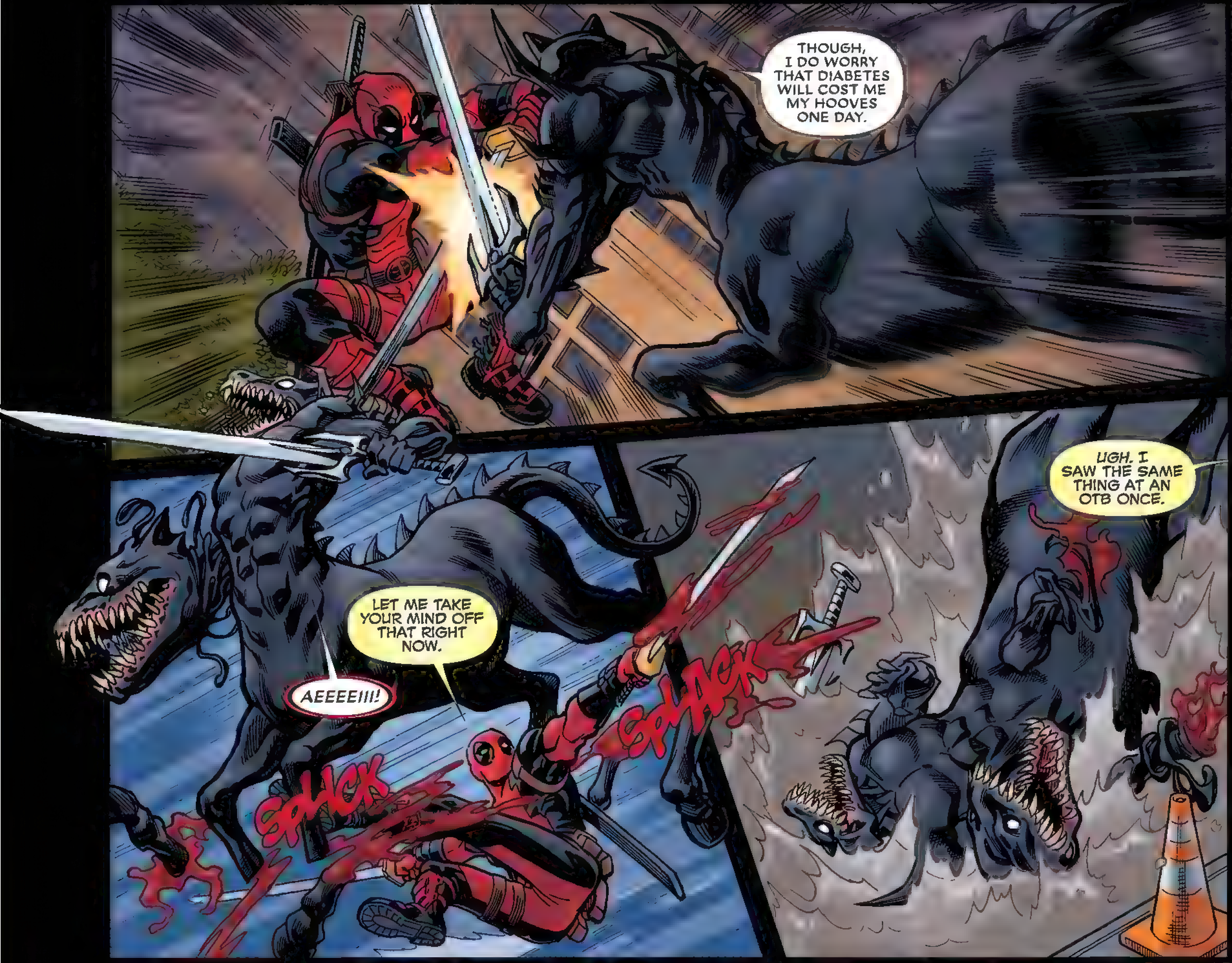

AND A TIME TO MAKE SURE THAT MY BLOOD SUGAR IS IN PROPER BALANCE.
DIABEETUS?
MAY I?
SURE. I DON'T WANT TO KILL A GUY WHEN HE'S FEELING ALL WOOZY.
THIS WILL ONLY TAKE A MOMENT.
I'LL TWEET A DANCE BREAK: "TAKING A BREAK FROM FIGHTIN'..."
AEEE!!
DONE.


DO YOU WORRY ABOUT THE LONG-TERM EFFECTS OF YOUR DISEASE?


ALWAYS, BUT WITH CAREFUL MANAGEMENT I CAN LIVE A LONG, FRUITFUL LIFE AS A CONTRACT KILLER.

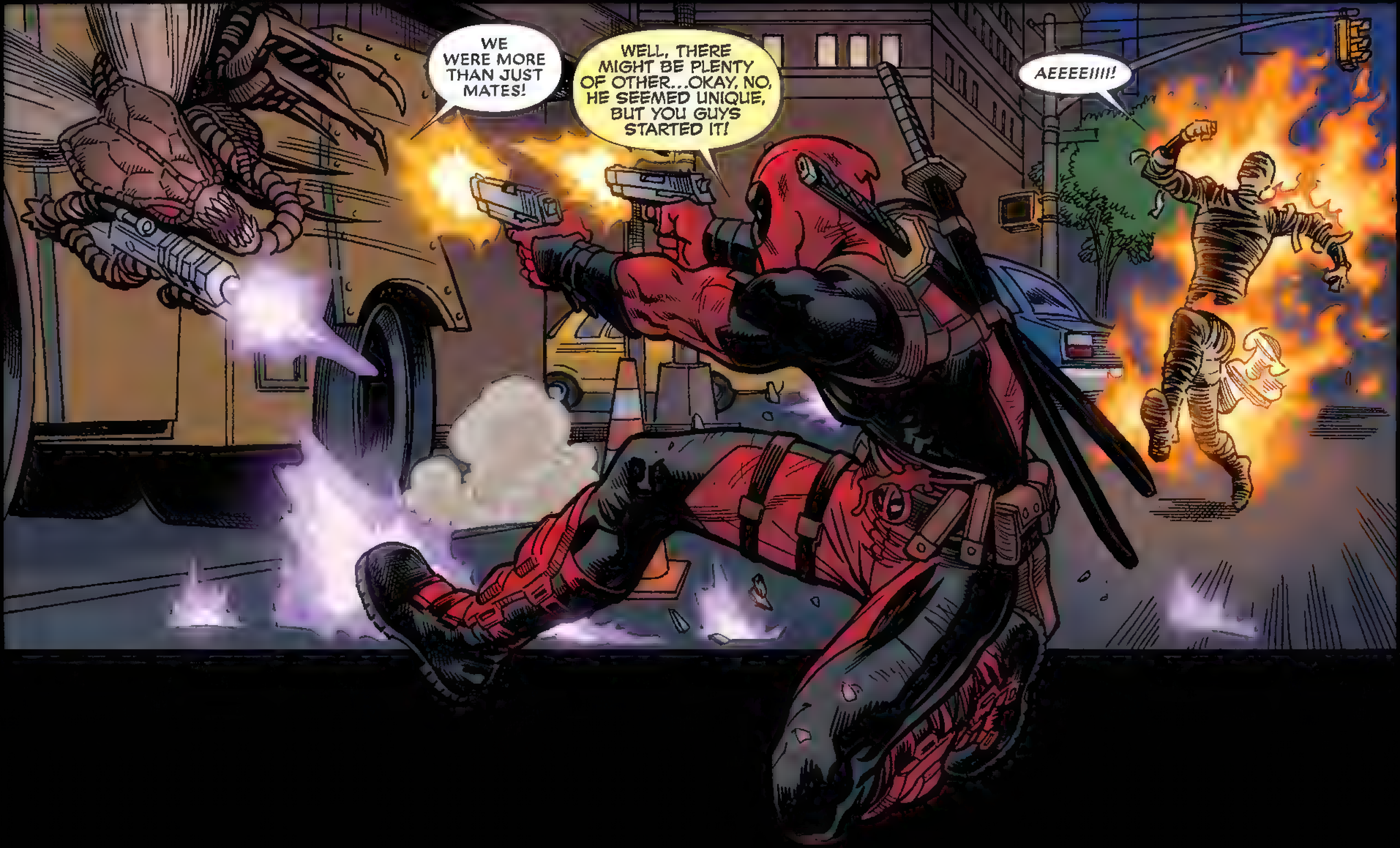

THOUGH, I DO WORRY THAT DIABETES WILL COST ME MY HOOVES ONE DAY.

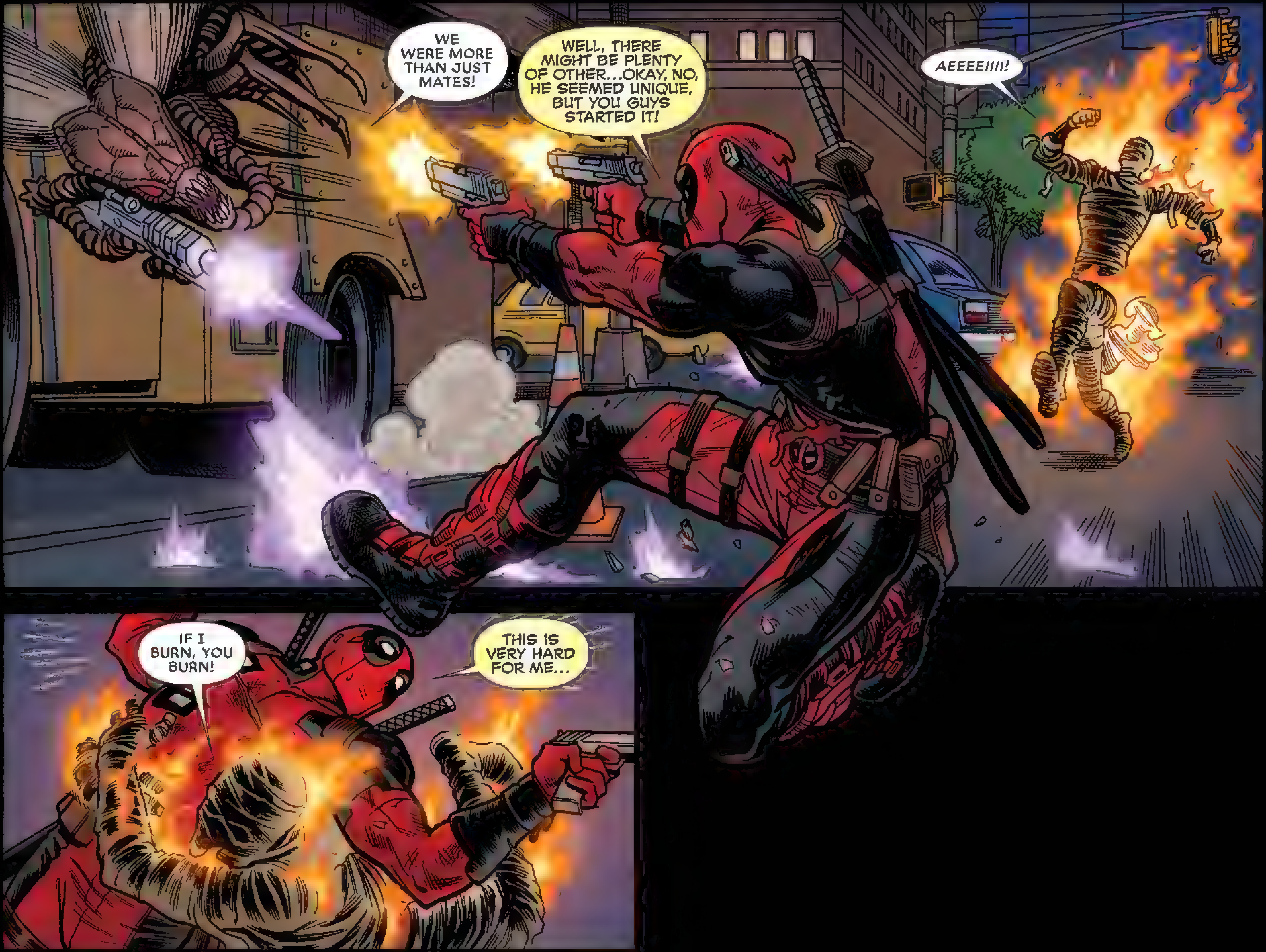

THOUGH, I DO WORRY THAT DIABETES WILL COST ME MY HOOVES ONE DAY.
LET ME TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THAT RIGHT NOW.
AEEEEIIII!
SPLACK
SPLACK

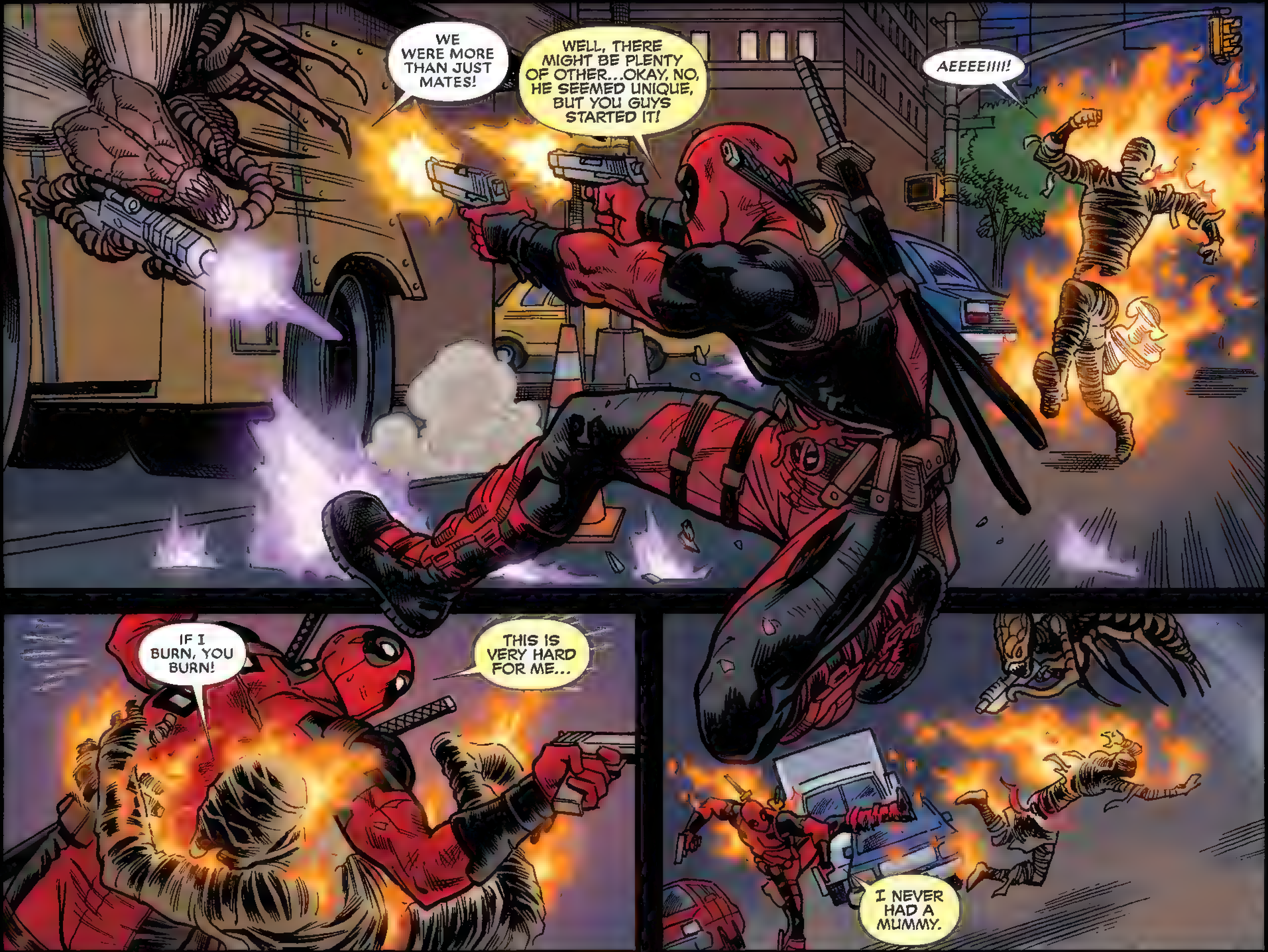

THOUGH, I DO WORRY THAT DIABETES WILL COST ME MY HOOVES ONE DAY.
LET ME TAKE YOUR MIND OFF THAT RIGHT NOW.
AEEEEIIII!
SPLACK
SPLACK
UGH. I SAW THE SAME THING AT AN OTB ONCE.

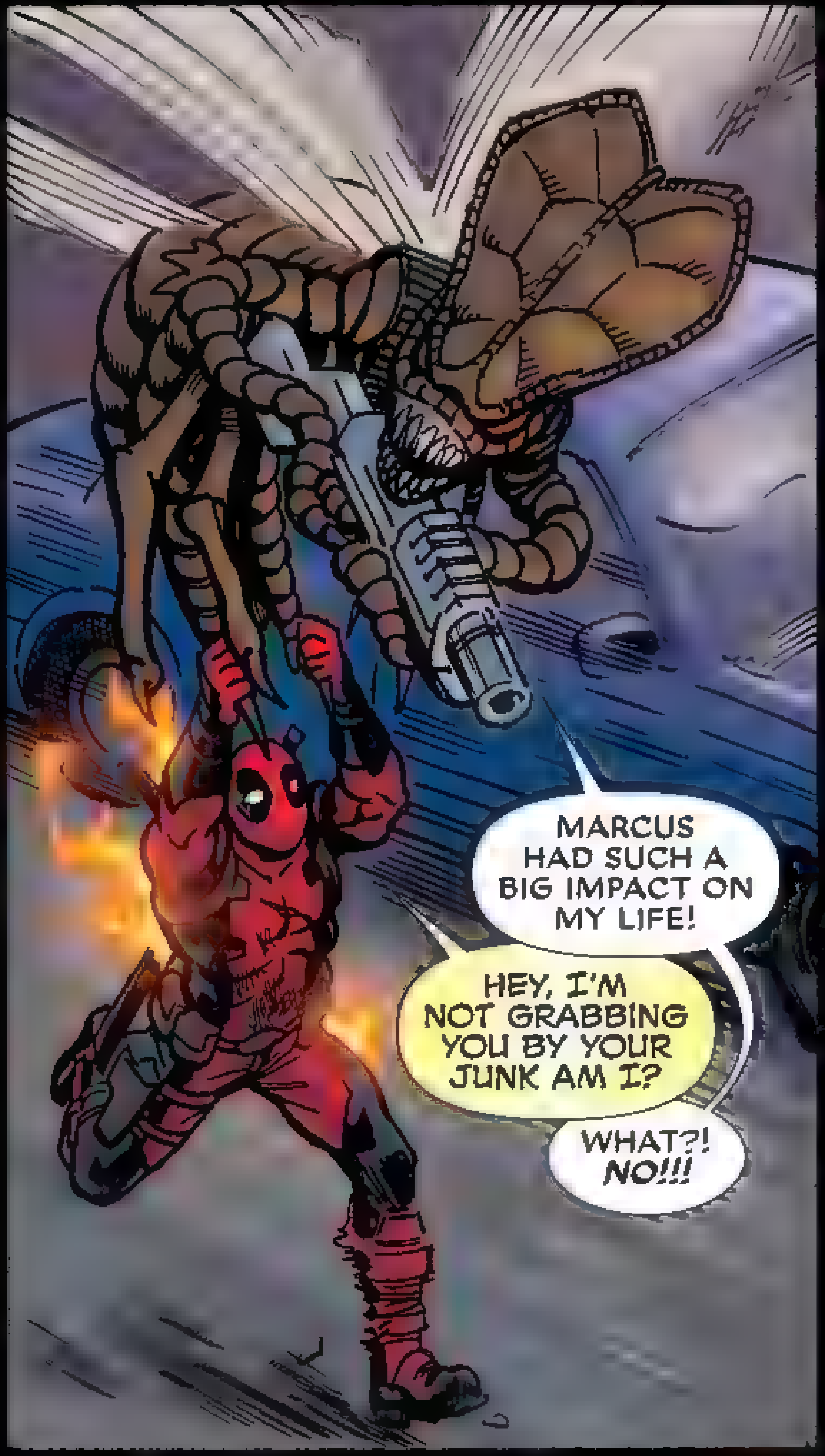
THOUGH I DON'T THINK THEY HAD A STEAMROLLER TO FINISH THE JOB.
HELP ME, FRIGHTFUL FOUR!
HMM. THEY'RE GONNA NEED A NEW NAME. OR A NEW *DIABETIC WEREWOLF CENTAUR THAT'S A HOST FOR AN ALIEN SYMBIOTE*...BUT IT'S PROBABLY GONNA BE EASIER TO GET A *NEW NAME.*
DAMAGE CONTROL

DAMAGE CONTROL
AEEEEEEEEIIIIIII!!
NO, NOT MARCUS!
YOU'LL GET A NEW TEAMMATE!

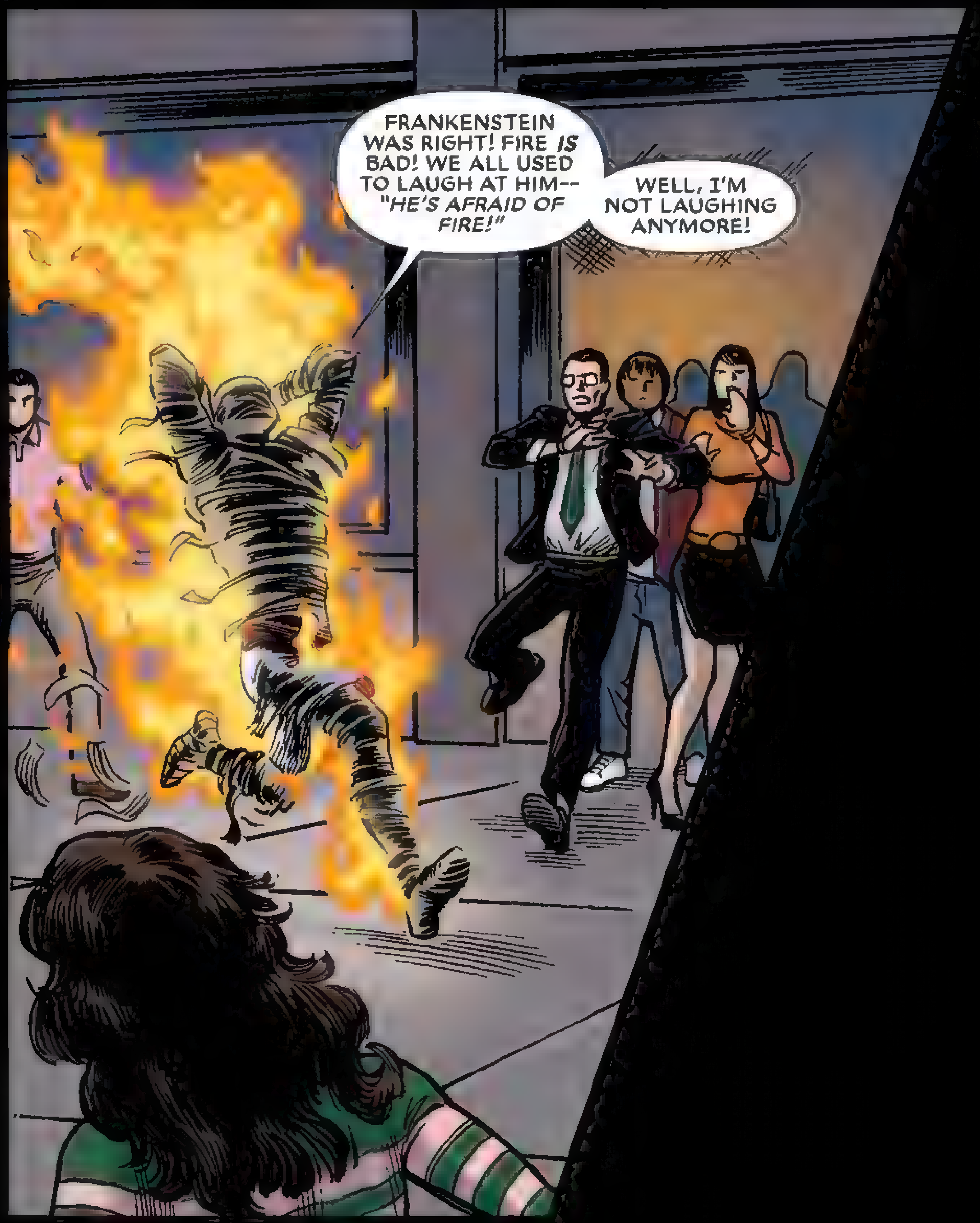

WE WERE MORE THAN JUST MATES!
WELL, THERE MIGHT BE PLENTY OF OTHER...OKAY, NO, HE SEEMED UNIQUE, BUT YOU GUYS STARTED IT!
AEEEEIIII!


WE WERE MORE THAN JUST MATES!
WELL, THERE MIGHT BE PLENTY OF OTHER...OKAY, NO, HE SEEMED UNIQUE, BUT YOU GUYS STARTED IT!
AEEEEIIIII!
IF I BURN, YOU BURN!
THIS IS VERY HARD FOR ME...

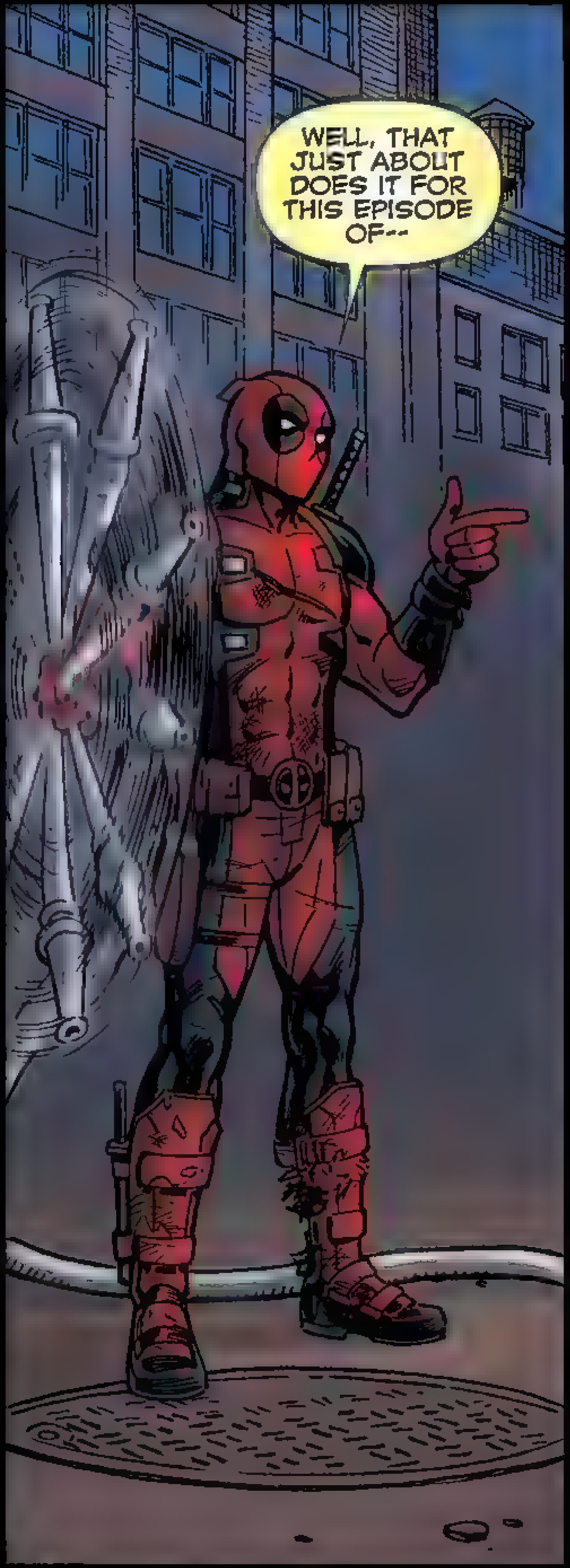

WE WERE MORE THAN JUST MATES!
WELL, THERE MIGHT BE PLENTY OF OTHER...OKAY, NO, HE SEEMED UNIQUE, BUT YOU GUYS STARTED IT!
AEEEEIIII!
IF I BURN, YOU BURN!
THIS IS VERY HARD FOR ME...
I NEVER HAD A MUMMY.

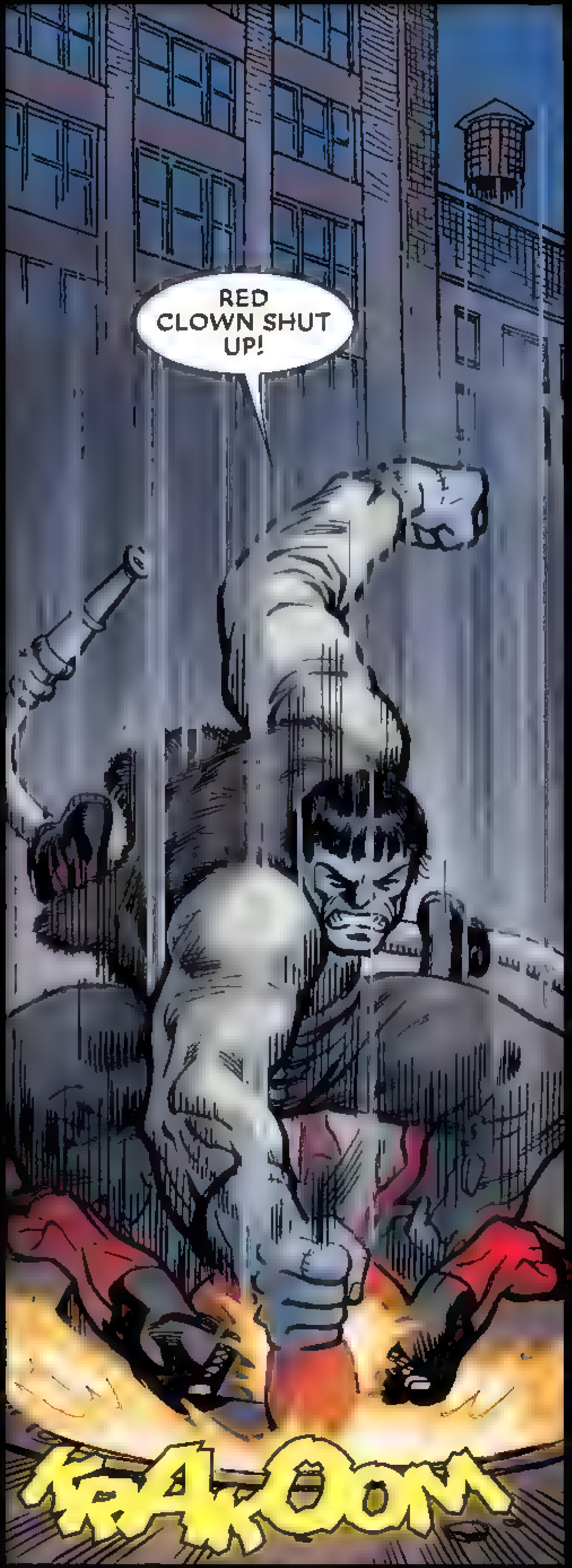

MARCUS HAD SUCH A BIG IMPACT ON MY LIFE!
HEY, I'M NOT GRABBING YOU BY YOUR JUNK AM I?
WHAT?! *NO!!!*

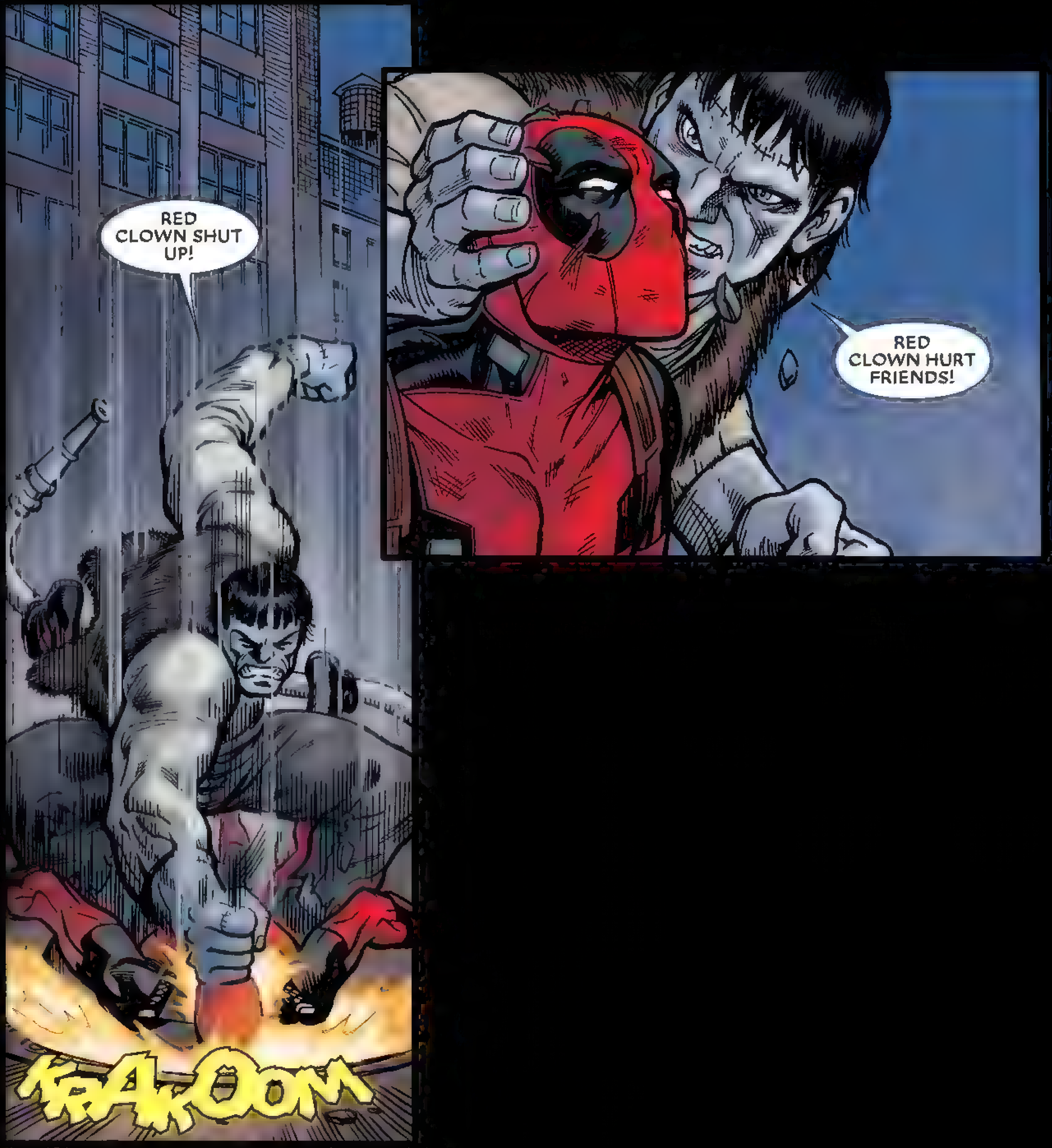
MARCUS HAD SUCH A BIG IMPACT ON MY LIFE!
HEY, I'M NOT GRABBING YOU BY YOUR JUNK AM I?
WHAT?! *NO!!!*
GREAT.
NOW, HOW'S *THIS* FOR A BIG IMPACT?
KER-SPLACKSH

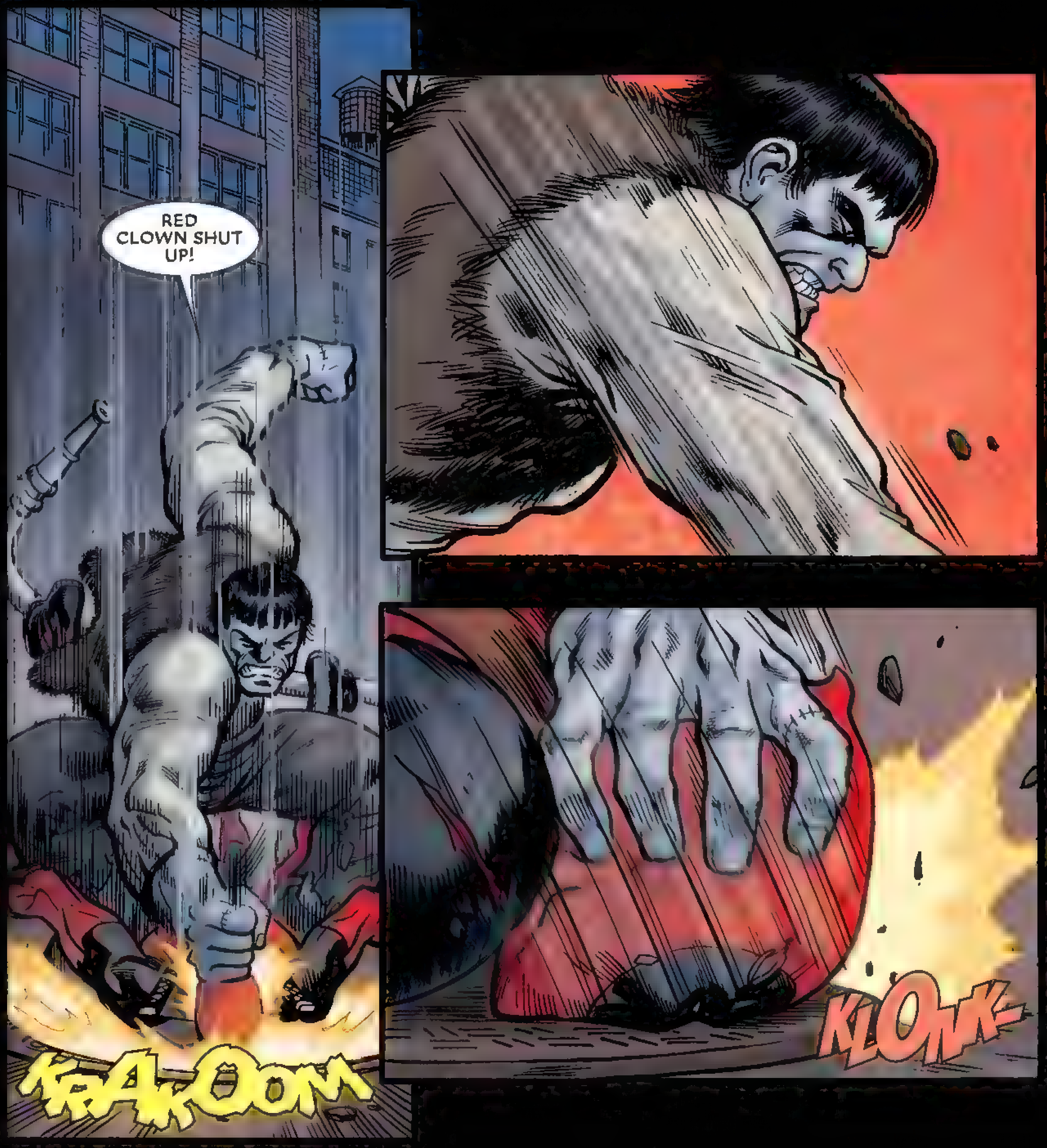

FRANKENSTEIN WAS RIGHT! FIRE *IS* BAD! WE ALL USED TO LAUGH AT HIM-- *"HE'S AFRAID OF FIRE!"*
WELL, I'M NOT LAUGHING ANYMORE!

FRANKENSTEIN WAS RIGHT! FIRE *IS* BAD! WE ALL USED TO LAUGH AT HIM-- *"HE'S AFRAID OF FIRE!"*
WELL, I'M NOT LAUGHING ANYMORE!
REMEMBER KIDS--IT'S STOP, DROP AND ROLL. THIS HAS BEEN ONE TO GROAN ON.


WELL, THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT FOR THIS EPISODE OF--


RED CLOWN SHUT UP!
KRAKOOM

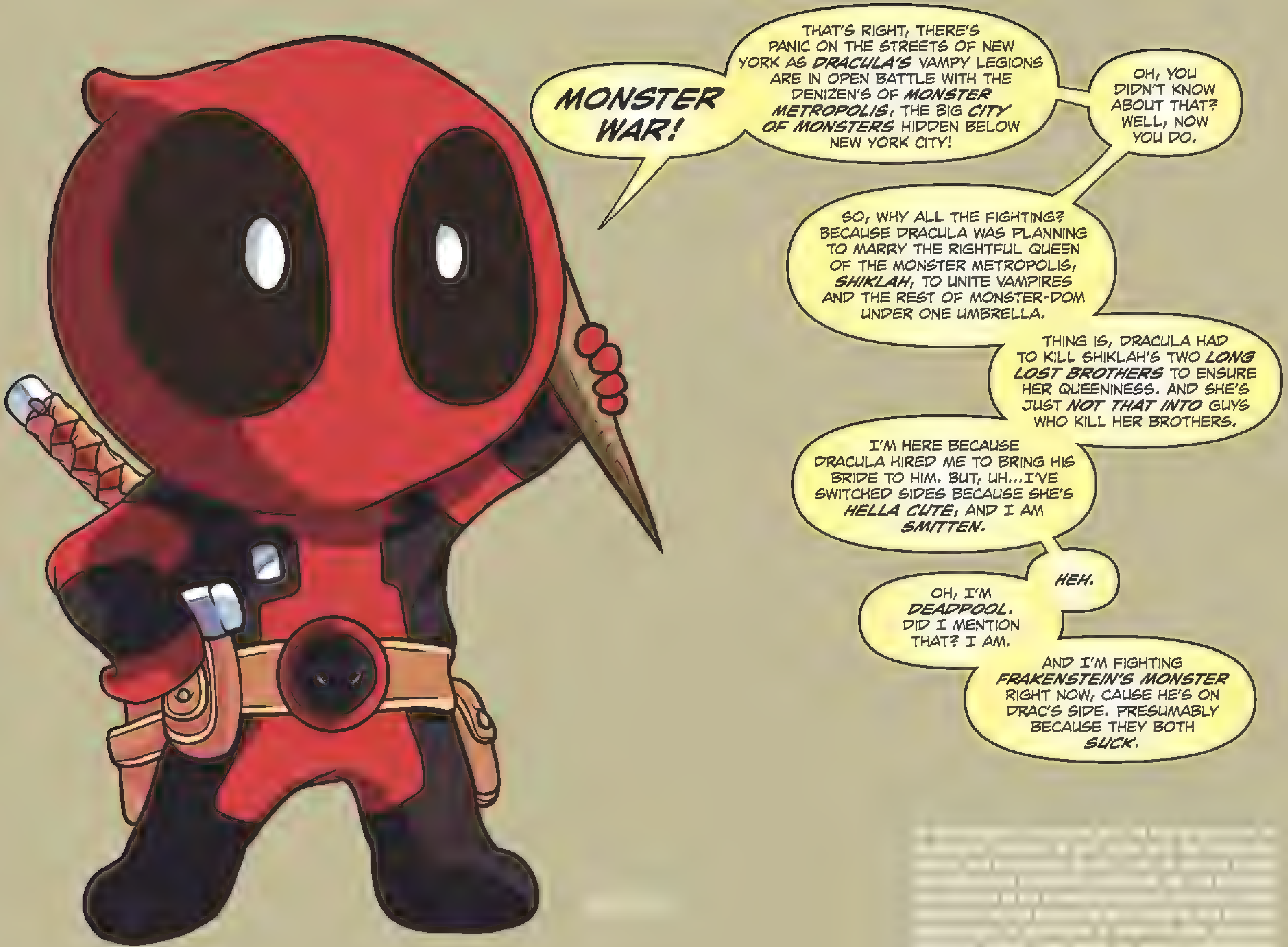

RED CLOWN SHUT UP!
KRAKOOM
RED CLOWN HURT FRIENDS!

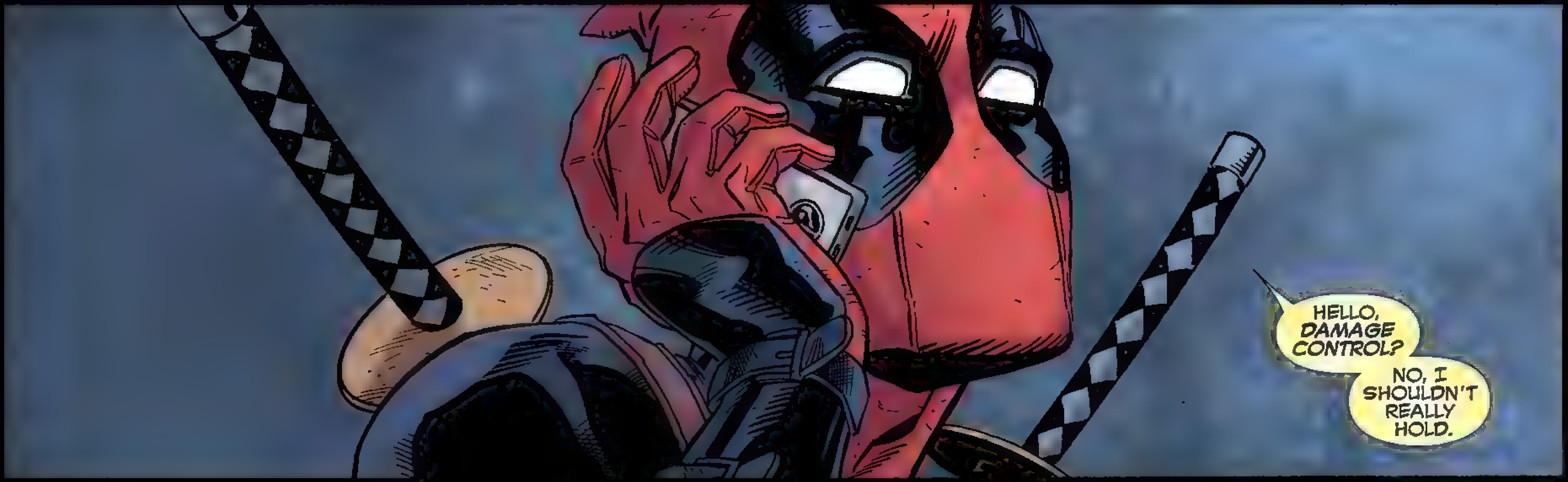

RED CLOWN SHUT UP!
KRAKOOM
KLONK

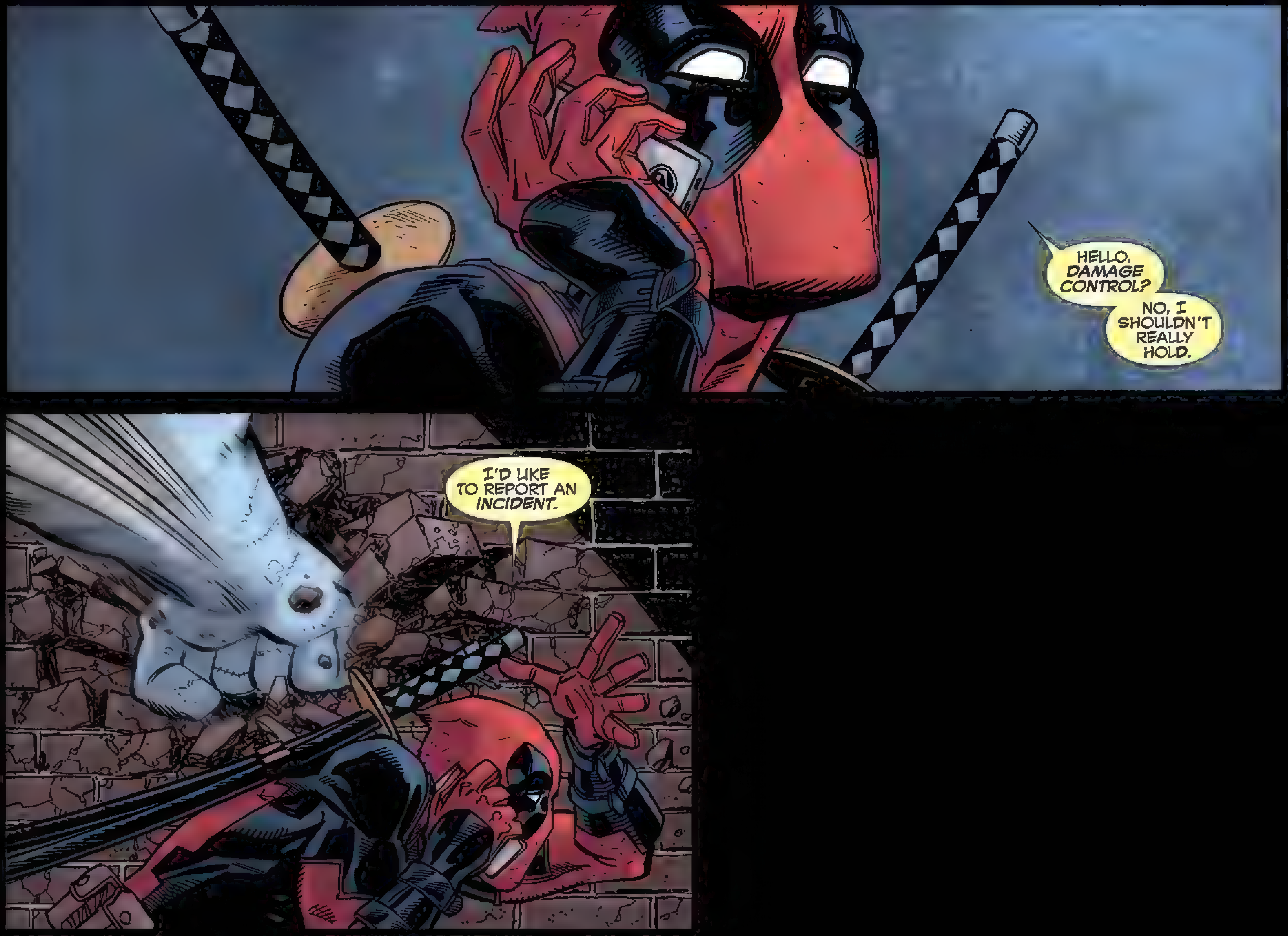
RED CLOWN SHUT UP!
KRAKOOM
SO ME HURT RED CLOWN!
UGH. IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE MAD AT *SPIDEY?*
WHAT'S THAT RUMBLING?

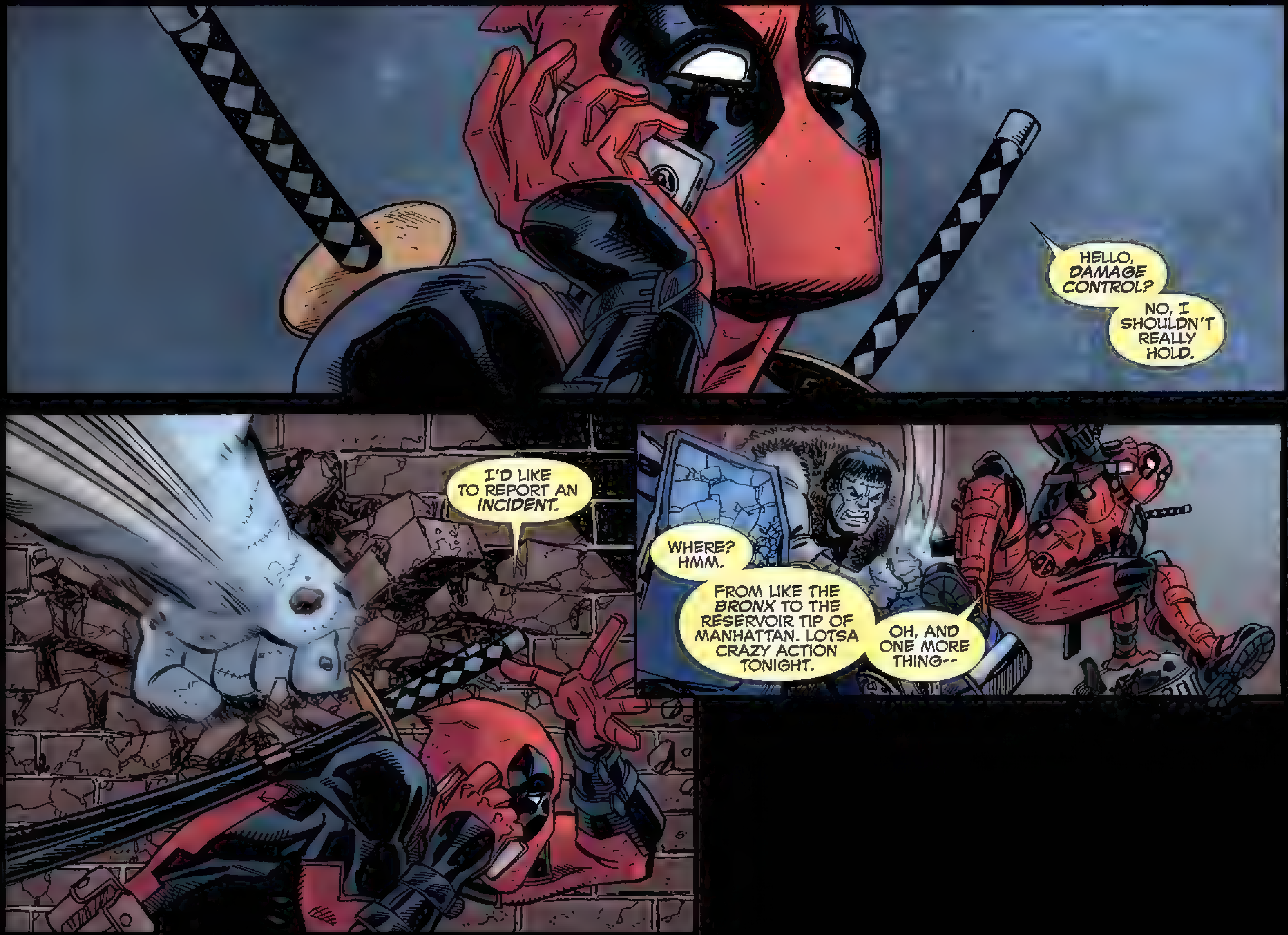
AROOO!
FOR DRACULA!
FOR SHIKLAH!
YOU'LL BEG FOR MERCY AND GET NONE!
WE SHALL REMOVE YOU FROM EXISTENCE!
I HATE DRIVING IN NEW YORK.
REILLY B
WNWS NEWS UPDATE: AVOID MIDTOWN, SOME KIND OF UNPERMITTED MONSTER PARADE IS UNDERWAY.

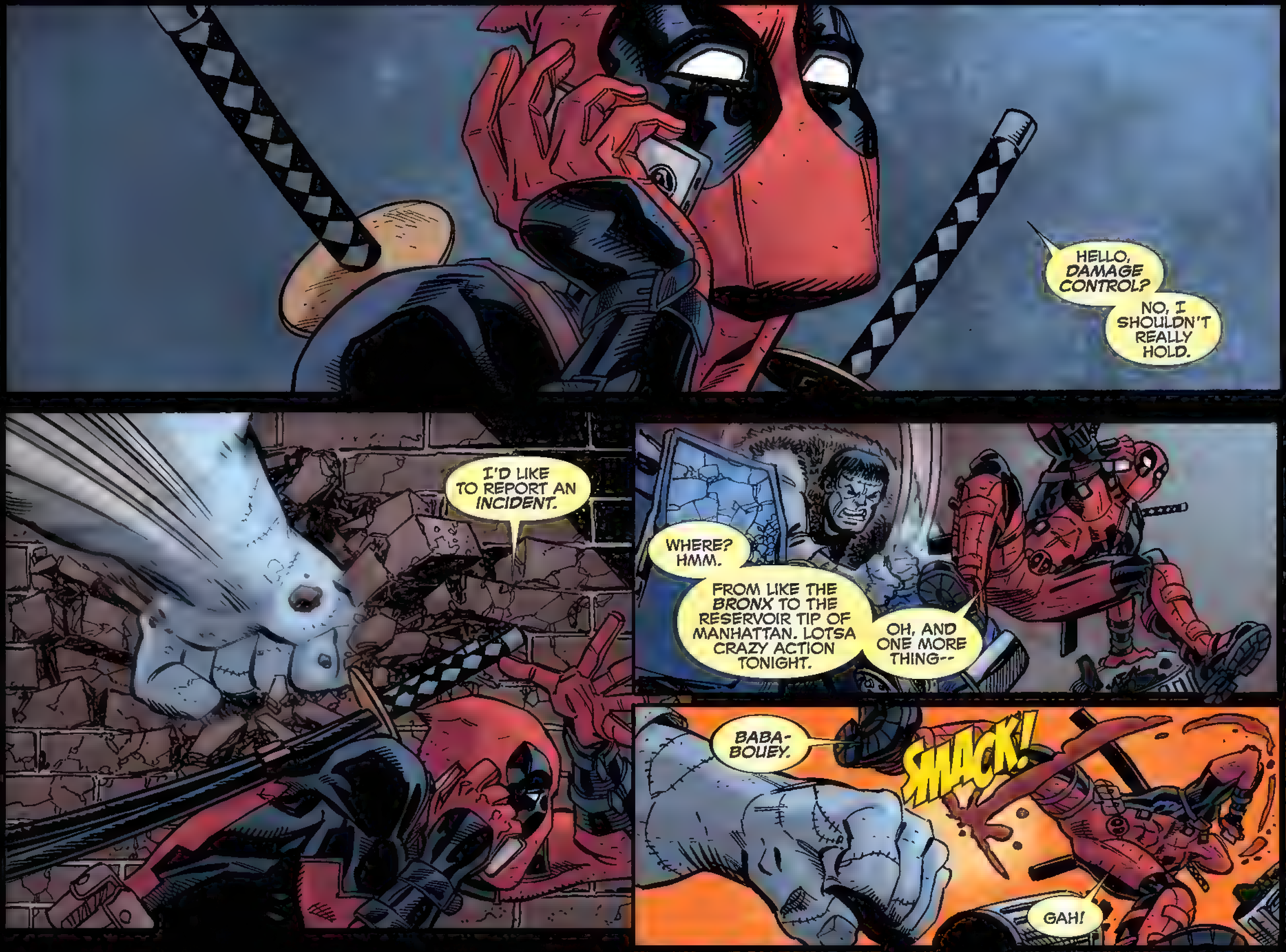
ME NO LIKE.
FIRST ONE TO MAKE A *"MONSTER MASH"* JOKE IS GETTING STAKED RIGHT IN THE HEART!
TO BE CONTINUED...

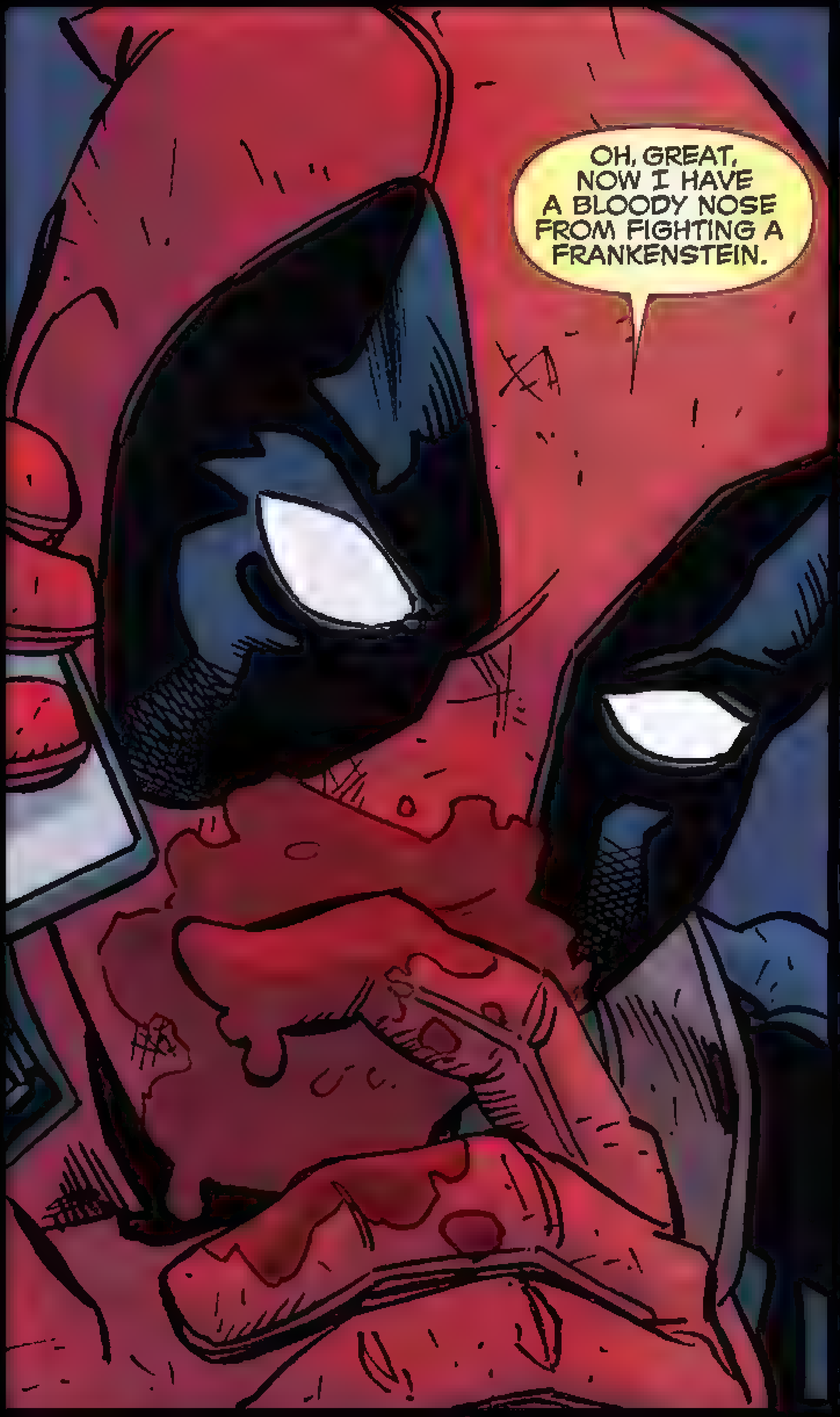

MONSTER WAR!
THAT'S RIGHT, THERE'S PANIC ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK AS *DRACULA'S* VAMPY LEGIONS ARE IN OPEN BATTLE WITH THE DENIZEN'S OF *MONSTER METROPOLIS*, THE BIG *CITY OF MONSTERS* HIDDEN BELOW NEW YORK CITY!
OH, YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT? WELL, NOW YOU DO.
SO, WHY ALL THE FIGHTING? BECAUSE DRACULA WAS PLANNING TO MARRY THE RIGHTFUL QUEEN OF THE MONSTER METROPOLIS, *SHIKLAH*, TO UNITE VAMPIRES AND THE REST OF MONSTER-DOM UNDER ONE UMBRELLA.
THING IS, DRACULA HAD TO KILL SHIKLAH'S TWO *LONG LOST BROTHERS* TO ENSURE HER QUEENINESS. AND SHE'S JUST *NOT THAT INTO* GUYS WHO KILL HER BROTHERS.
I'M HERE BECAUSE DRACULA HIRED ME TO BRING HIS BRIDE TO HIM. BUT, UH...I'VE SWITCHED SIDES BECAUSE SHE'S *HELLA CUTE*, AND I AM *SMITTEN*.
HEH.
OH, I'M *DEADPOOL*. DID I MENTION THAT? I AM.
AND I'M FIGHTING *FRAKENSTEIN'S MONSTER* RIGHT NOW, CAUSE HE'S ON DRAC'S SIDE. PRESUMABLY BECAUSE THEY BOTH *SUCK*.


HELLO, *DAMAGE CONTROL?*
NO, I SHOULDN'T REALLY HOLD.


HELLO, *DAMAGE CONTROL?*
NO, I SHOULDN'T REALLY HOLD.
I'D LIKE TO REPORT AN *INCIDENT.*


HELLO, *DAMAGE CONTROL?*
NO, I SHOULDN'T REALLY HOLD.
I'D LIKE TO REPORT AN *INCIDENT.*
WHERE? HMM.
FROM LIKE THE *BRONX* TO THE RESERVOIR TIP OF MANHATTAN. LOTSA CRAZY ACTION TONIGHT.
OH, AND ONE MORE THING--


HELLO, *DAMAGE CONTROL?*
NO, I SHOULDN'T REALLY HOLD.
I'D LIKE TO REPORT AN *INCIDENT.*
WHERE? HMM.
FROM LIKE THE *BRONX* TO THE RESERVOIR TIP OF MANHATTAN. LOTSA CRAZY ACTION TONIGHT.
OH, AND ONE MORE THING--
BABA-BOUEY.
SMACK!
GAH!


OH, GREAT, NOW I HAVE A BLOODY NOSE FROM FIGHTING A FRANKENSTEIN.

OH, GREAT, NOW I HAVE A BLOODY NOSE FROM FIGHTING A FRANKENSTEIN.
HOW *DARE* YOU!?
THIS IS *NOT* A PRANK CALL!

LUCKILY, I ALREADY CALLED MY FRIENDS!
HOW ABOUT YOU GO TURN ON A TV AND THEN COME AT ME WITH THAT SMART MOUTH?

DEADPOOL
THE GAUNTLET
CHAPTER 11: DOMESTIC DISPUTE
BORING CONVERSATION ANYWAY.
UGH. IT'S "*LUKE, WE'RE GONNA HAVE COMPANY.*" HAVE YOU EVER SEEN STAR WARS, BRO?
CLOWN MAKE SHUT-UP NOW!

story by
BRIAN POSEHN
& GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN

storyboards by
REILLY BROWN

pencils by
REILLY BROWN &
SCOTT KOBLISH

inks by
TERRY PALLOT &
SCOTT KOBLISH

colors by
JIM CAMPBELL

letters by
VC'S CHRIS ELIOPOULOS

production by
ARLIN ORTIZ

production
management by
TIM SMITH 3

assistant editing by
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edited by
JORDAN D. WHITE

editor-in-chiefery by
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JOE QUESADA

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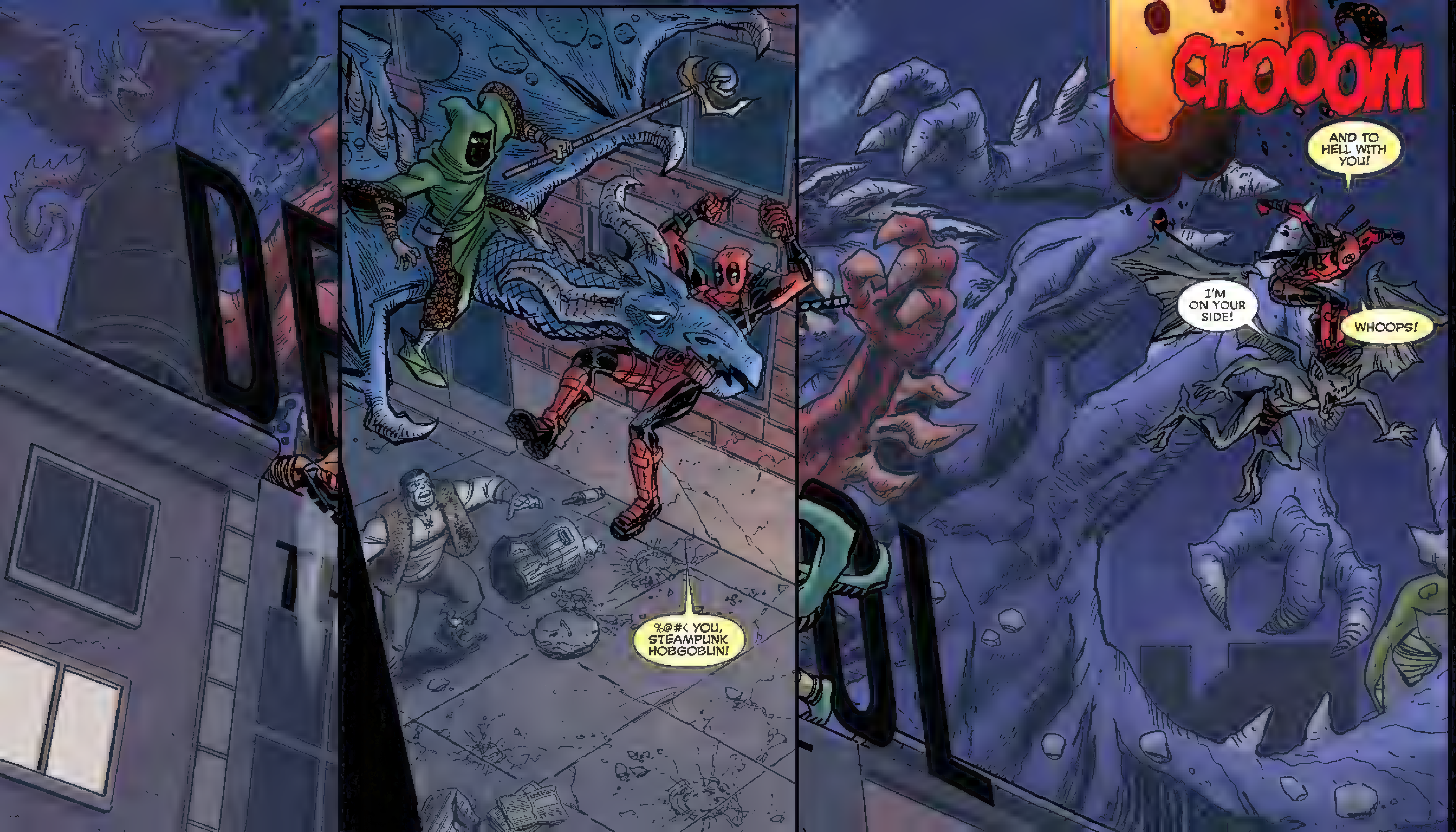
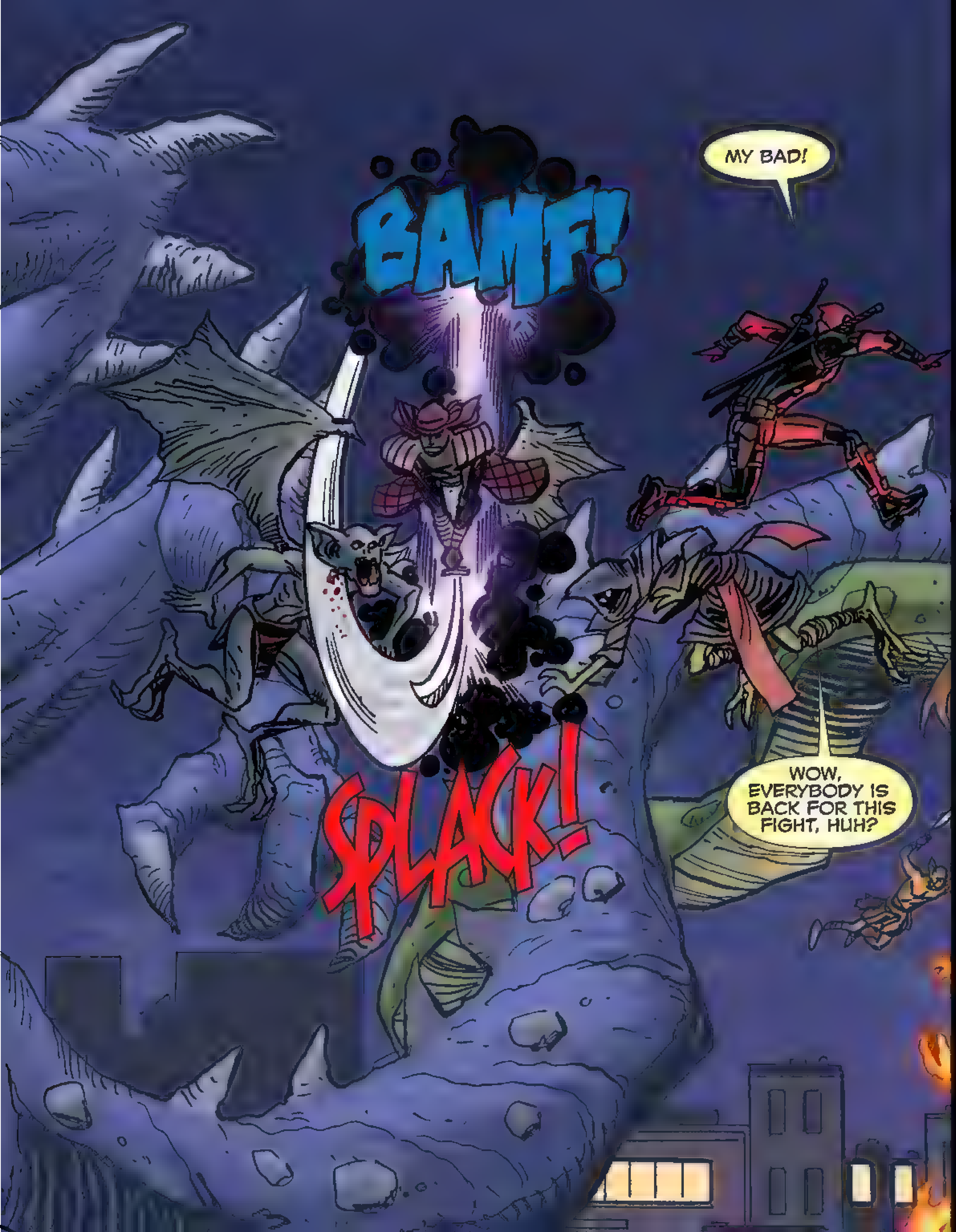
DAN BUCKLEY

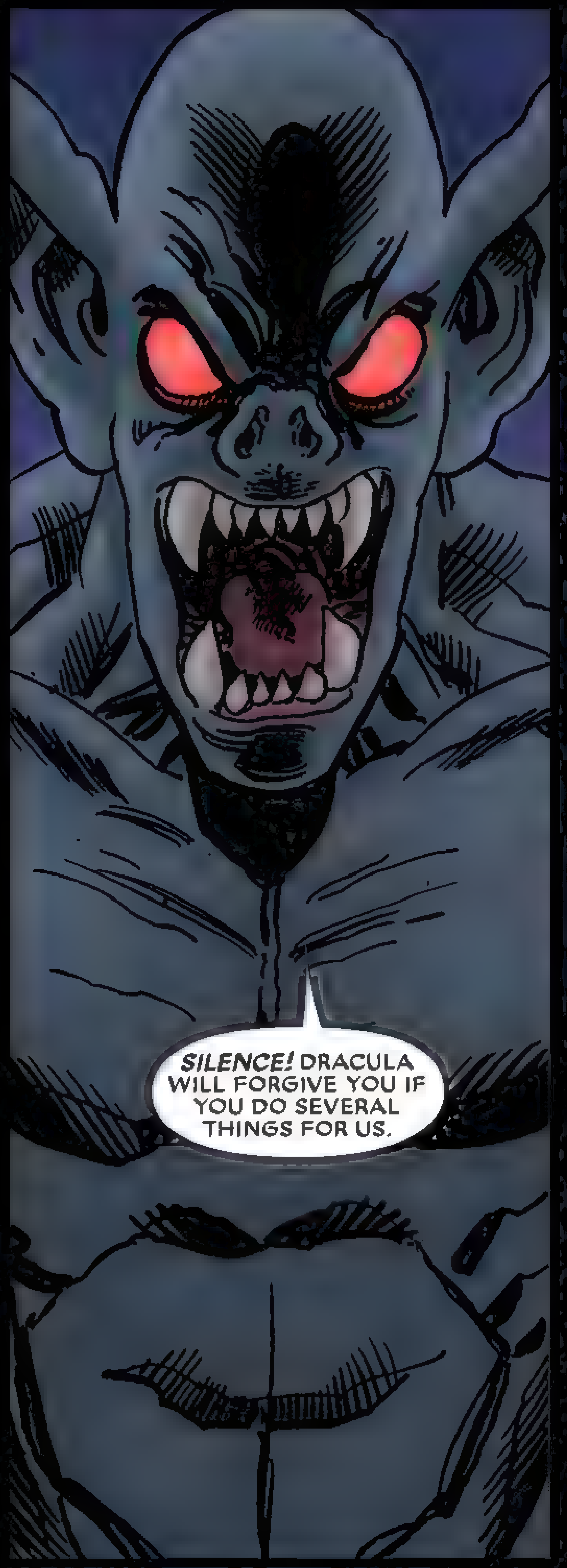
executive
production by
ALAN FINE

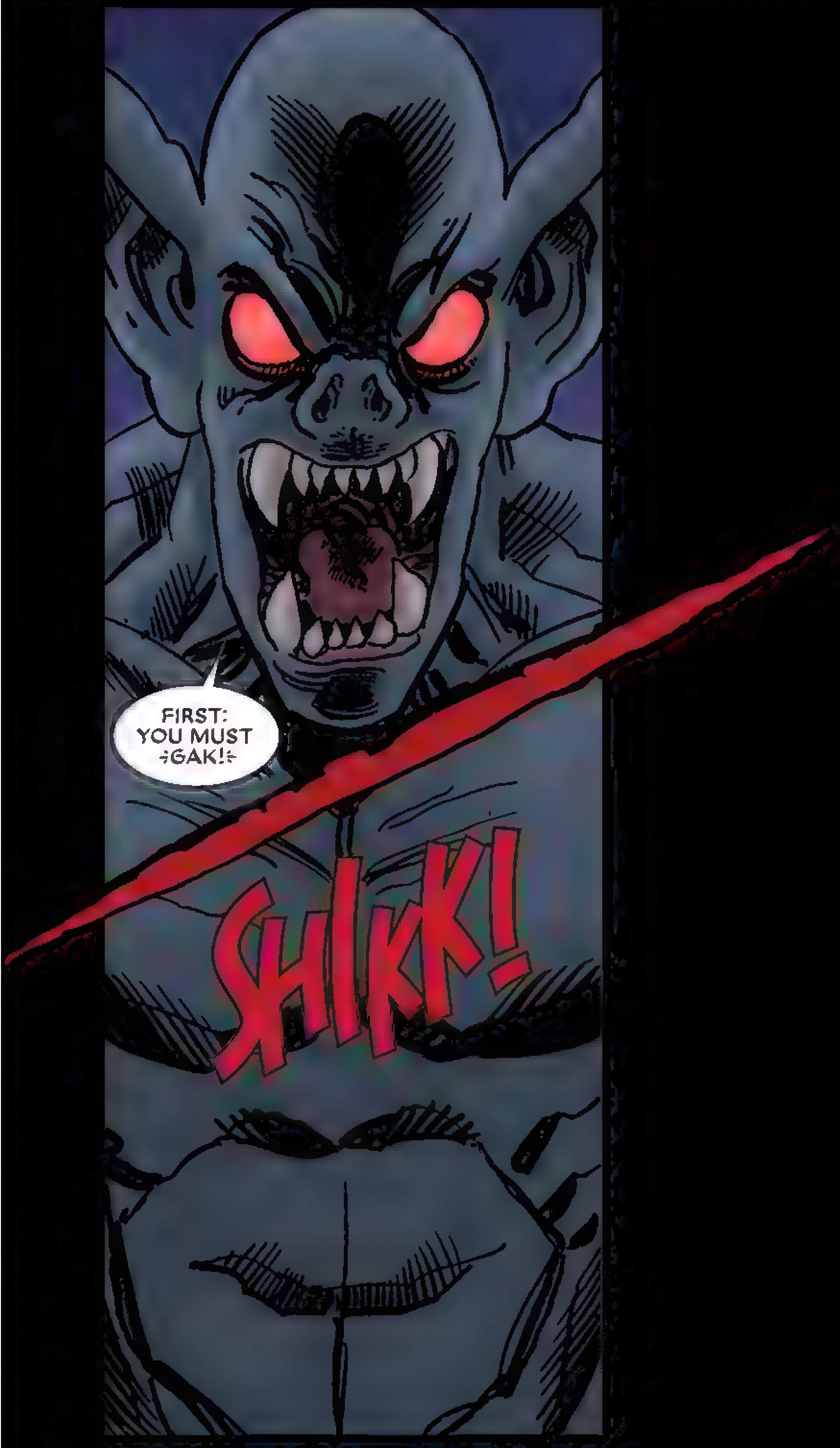

%@#< YOU, STEAMPUNK HOBGOBLIN!
CHOOOM
AND TO HELL WITH YOU!
I'M ON YOUR SIDE!
WHOOPS!

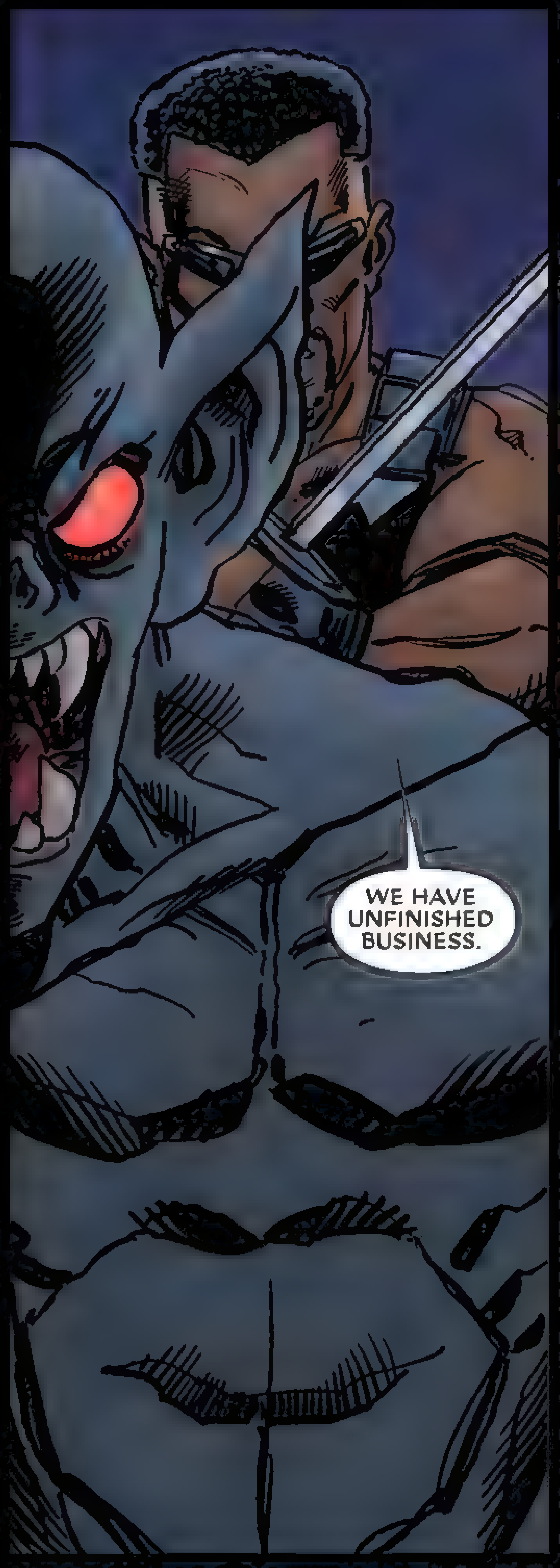

BAMF!
MY BAD!
SPLACK!
WOW, EVERYBODY IS BACK FOR THIS FIGHT, HUH?

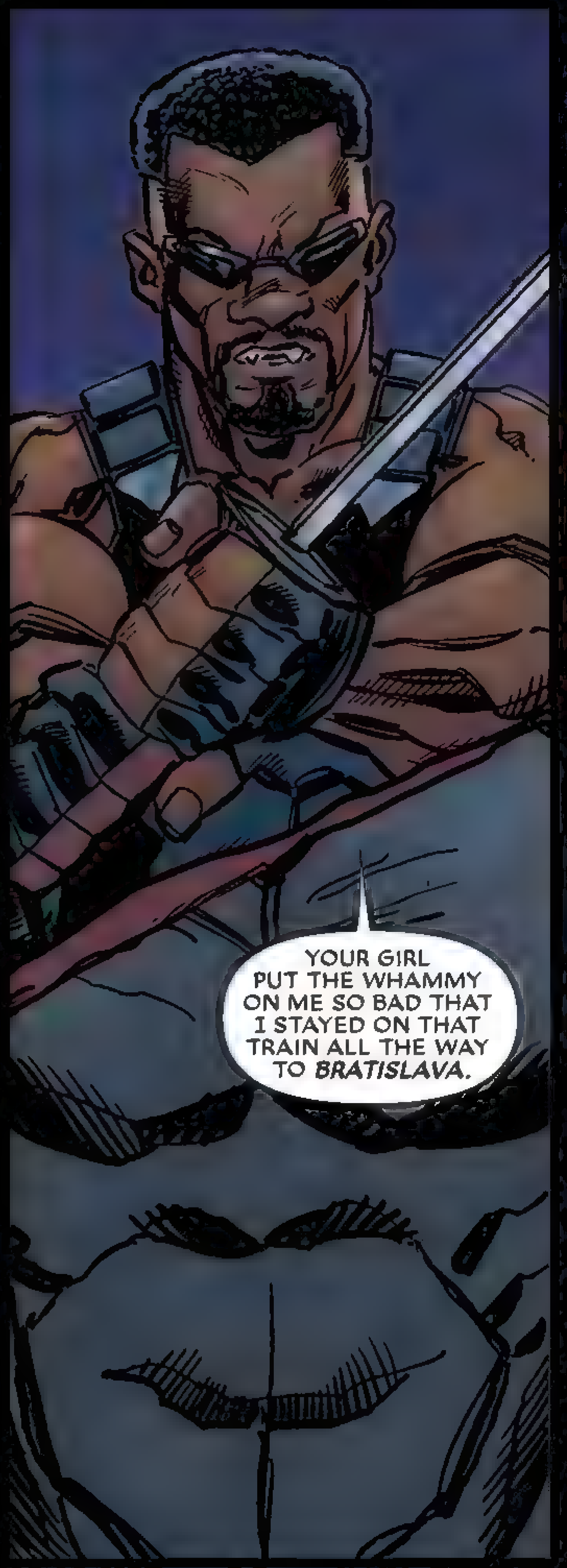
BAMF!
HEY, JUST SO I CAN UPDATE MY WIKIPEDIA--WHAT ARE YOU GUYS? YOU DEAD? YOU UNDEAD? YOU EVEN LIFT?

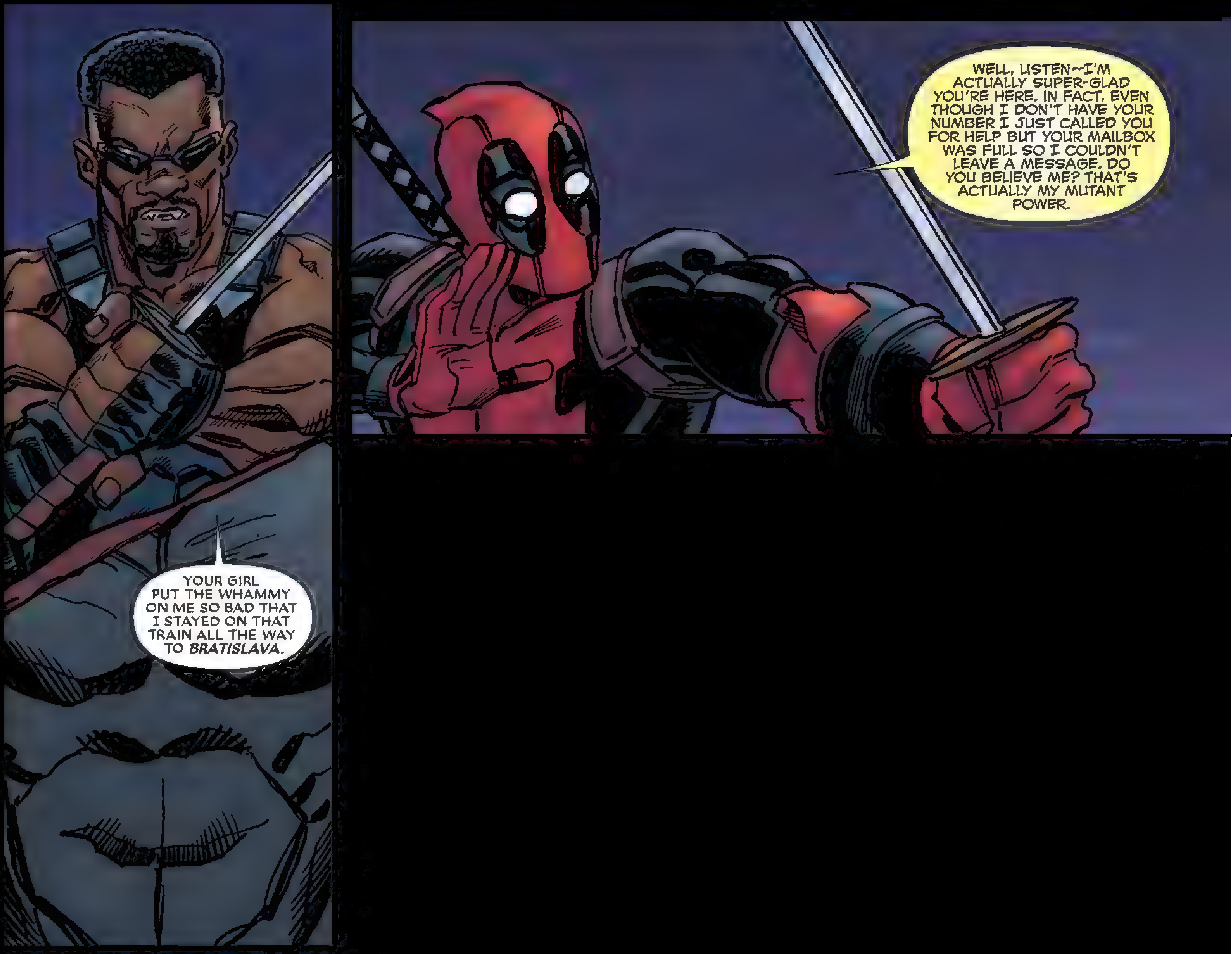
ONE LESS OF YOU DING-DONGS!
HA! YOU FOOL! HE WAS FIGHTING FOR SHIKLAH!
AEEEIGG!
THAKAM!
DAMMIT, I'M HAVING A HARD TIME TELLING YOU GUYS APART--I'M NOT RACIST, AM I?


SILENCE! DRACULA WILL FORGIVE YOU IF YOU DO SEVERAL THINGS FOR US.

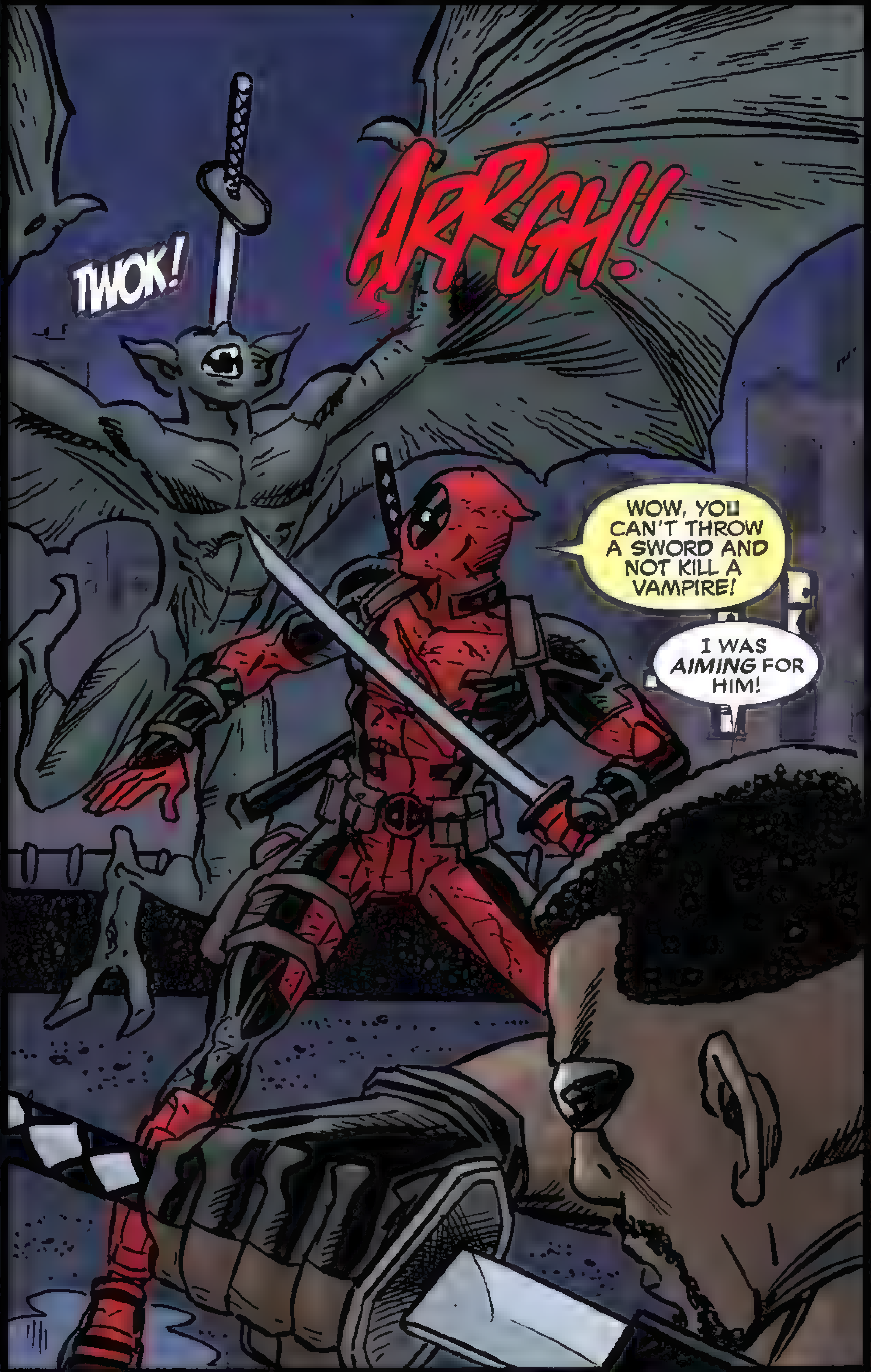

FIRST: YOU MUST ≑GAK!≑
SHIKK!

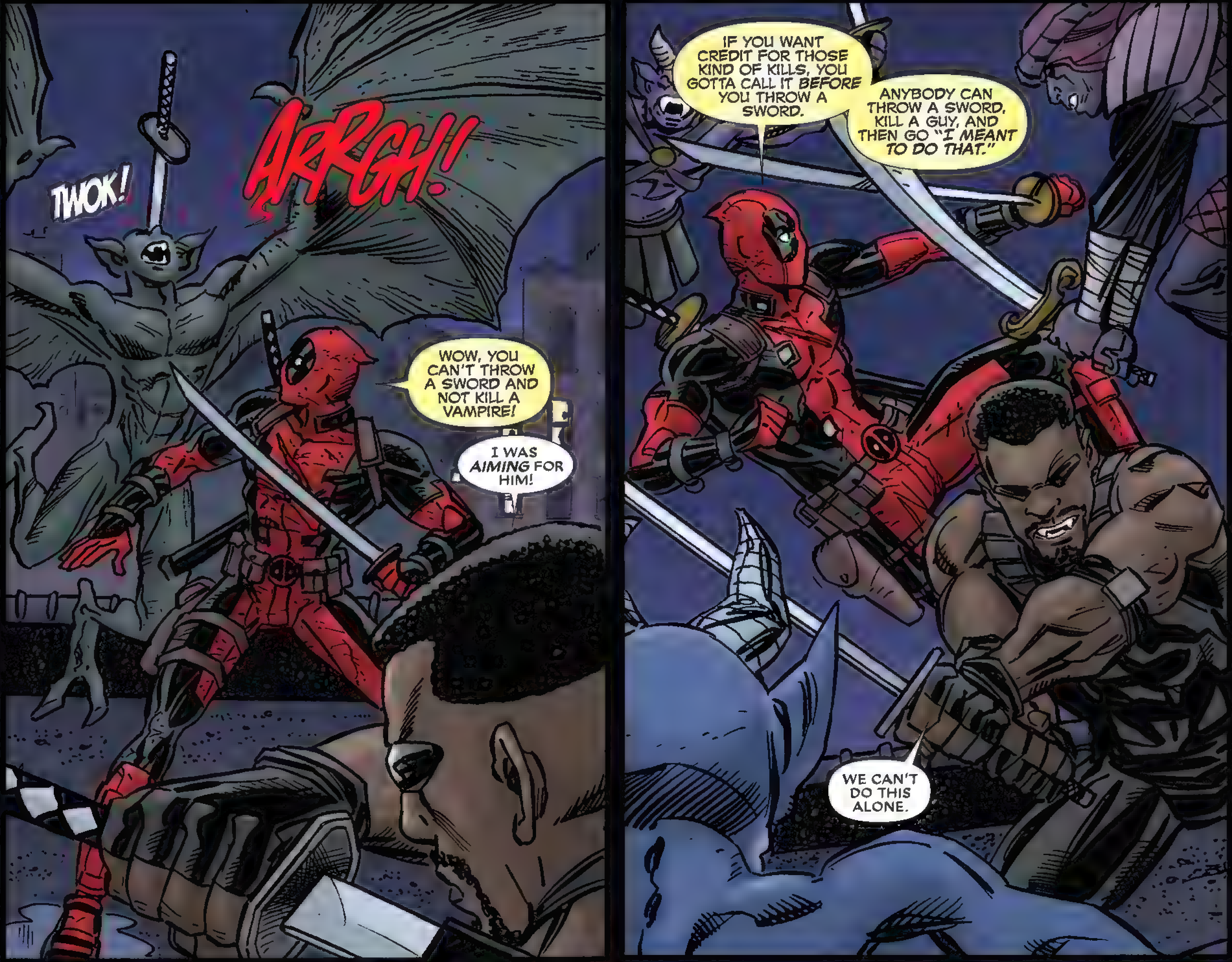

WE HAVE UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

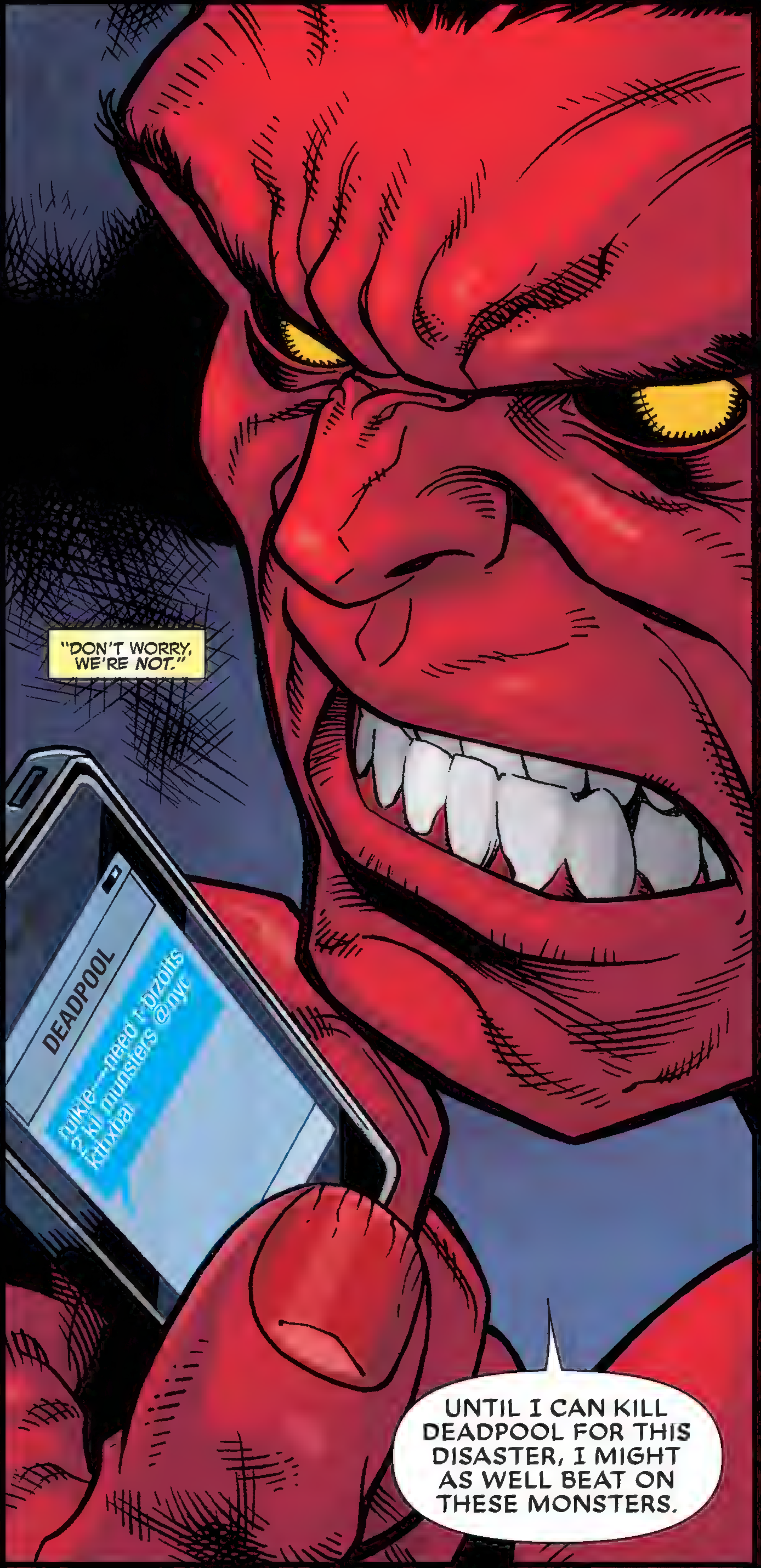

YOUR GIRL PUT THE WHAMMY ON ME SO BAD THAT I STAYED ON THAT TRAIN ALL THE WAY TO *BRATISLAVA.*


WELL, LISTEN--I'M ACTUALLY SUPER-GLAD YOU'RE HERE. IN FACT, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE YOUR NUMBER I JUST CALLED YOU FOR HELP BUT YOUR MAILBOX WAS FULL SO I COULDN'T LEAVE A MESSAGE. DO YOU BELIEVE ME? THAT'S ACTUALLY MY MUTANT POWER.
YOUR GIRL PUT THE WHAMMY ON ME SO BAD THAT I STAYED ON THAT TRAIN ALL THE WAY TO *BRATISLAVA.*

WELL, LISTEN--I'M ACTUALLY SUPER-GLAD YOU'RE HERE. IN FACT, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T HAVE YOUR NUMBER I JUST CALLED YOU FOR HELP BUT YOUR MAILBOX WAS FULL SO I COULDN'T LEAVE A MESSAGE. DO YOU BELIEVE ME? THAT'S ACTUALLY MY MUTANT POWER.
YOUR PUT THE W ON ME SO B I STAYED O TRAIN ALL TH TO *BRATISL*
SHUT THE HELL UP!


TWOK!
ARRGH!
WOW, YOU CAN'T THROW A SWORD AND NOT KILL A VAMPIRE!
I WAS *AIMING* FOR HIM!


TWOK!
ARRGH!
WOW, YOU CAN'T THROW A SWORD AND NOT KILL A VAMPIRE!
I WAS *AIMING* FOR HIM!
IF YOU WANT CREDIT FOR THOSE KIND OF KILLS, YOU GOTTA CALL IT *BEFORE* YOU THROW A SWORD.
ANYBODY CAN THROW A SWORD, KILL A GUY, AND THEN GO *"I MEANT TO DO THAT."*
WE CAN'T DO THIS ALONE.


"DON'T WORRY, WE'RE *NOT.*"
DEADPOOL
hulkie—need t-bzolts 2 kil munsters @nyc kitxbar
UNTIL I CAN KILL DEADPOOL FOR THIS DISASTER, I MIGHT AS WELL BEAT ON THESE MONSTERS.

"DON'T WORRY, WE'RE NOT."
DEADPOOL
UNTIL I CAN KILL DEADPOOL FOR THIS DISASTER, I MIGHT AS WELL BEAT ON THESE MONSTERS.
THIS COUNTS AS DEADPOOL'S TURN.

THE THUNDERBOLTS

ALIAS: THE SELFISH AVENGERS

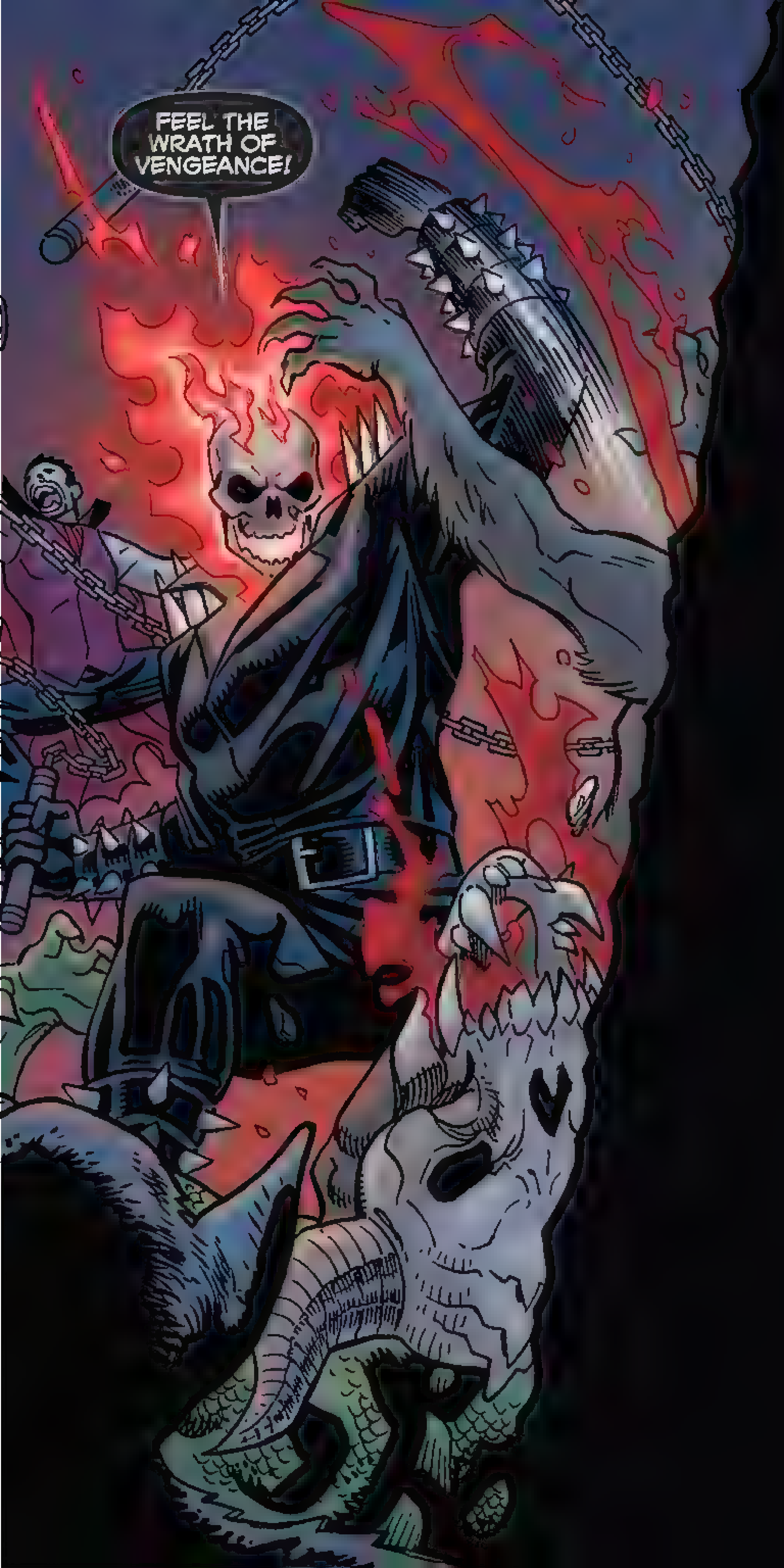
"THEY'RE ALL WEARING RED!"

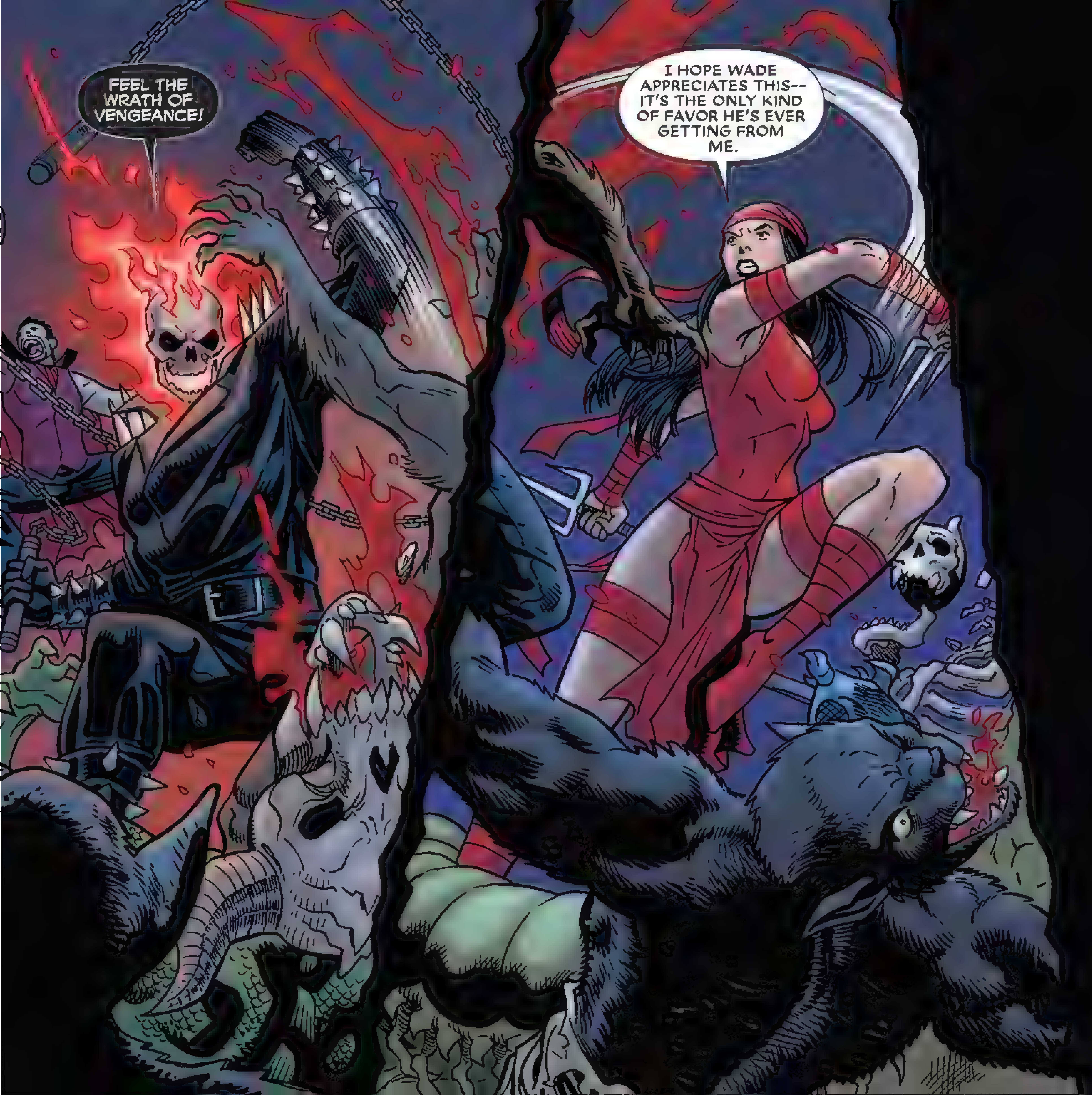
ROSTER: RED HULK, DEADPOOL, PUNISHER, ELEKTRA, GHOST RIDER (I), THE RED LEADER

ALIGNMENT: DARK AND GRITTY LONERS. BUT IN A TEAM.

THE RED HULK BROUGHT TOGETHER THIS TEAM OF LONE WOLVES TO ACCOMPLISH TOGETHER THE GOALS THEY COULD NEVER ACHIEVE ON THEIR OWN. THE TEAM TAKES TURNS SETTING THEIR MISSIONS BY DRAWING NAMES OUT OF A HAT, SETTING THE FULL WRATH AND FURY OF THE THUNDERBOLTS ON WHATEVER TARGET THEY CHOOSE. THEY'RE NOT AFRAID TO MAKE THE TOUGH CALLS AND DO THE QUESTIONABLE THINGS THAT OTHER HEROES, LIKE THE AVENGERS, MIGHT SHRINK AWAY FROM... BUT THINGS THAT NEED TO BE DONE FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

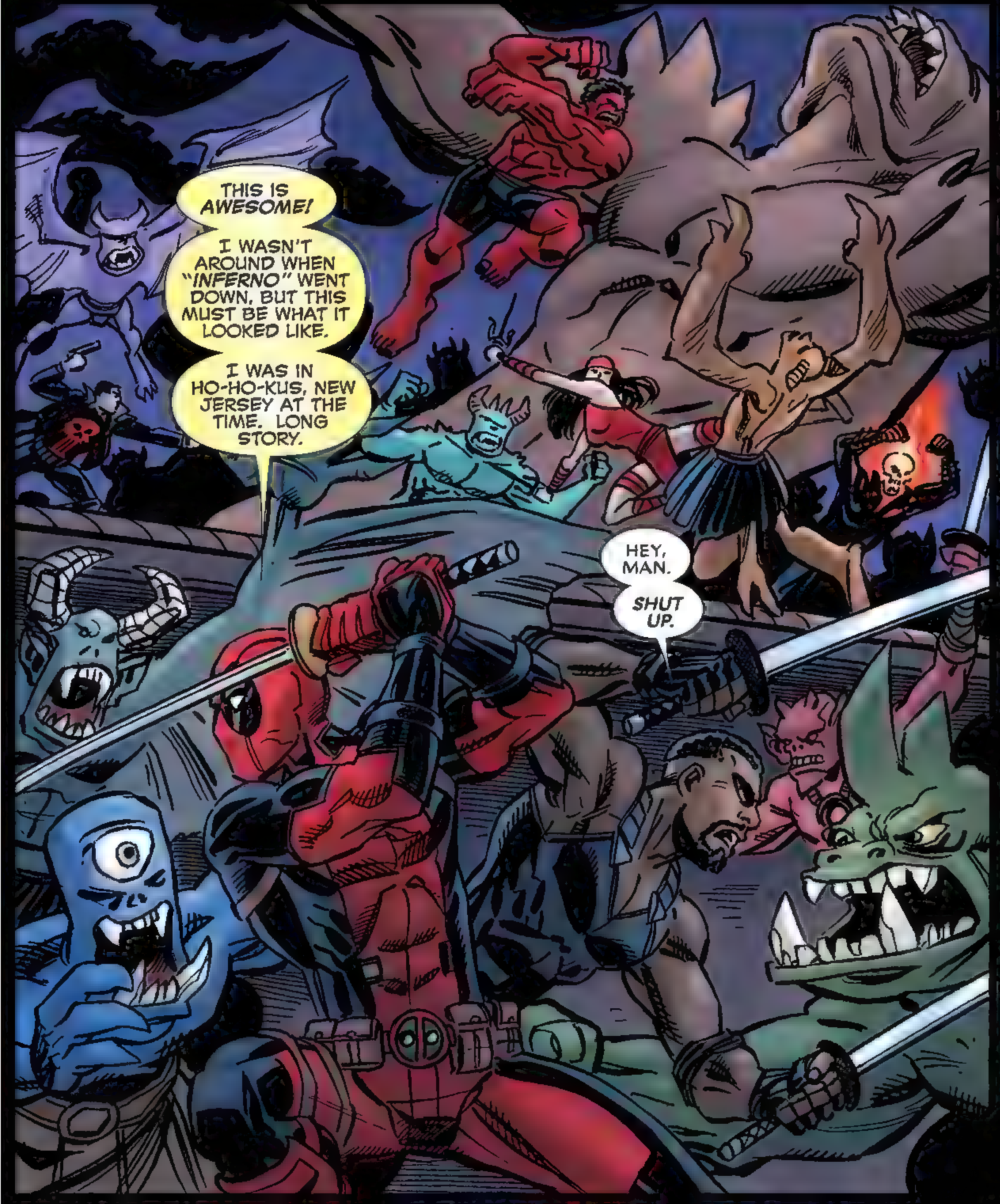
ALSO, THEY ALL WEAR RED, WHICH IS PRETTY COOL.


FEEL THE WRATH OF VENGEANCE!


FEEL THE WRATH OF VENGEANCE!
I HOPE WADE APPRECIATES THIS-- IT'S THE ONLY KIND OF FAVOR HE'S EVER GETTING FROM ME.

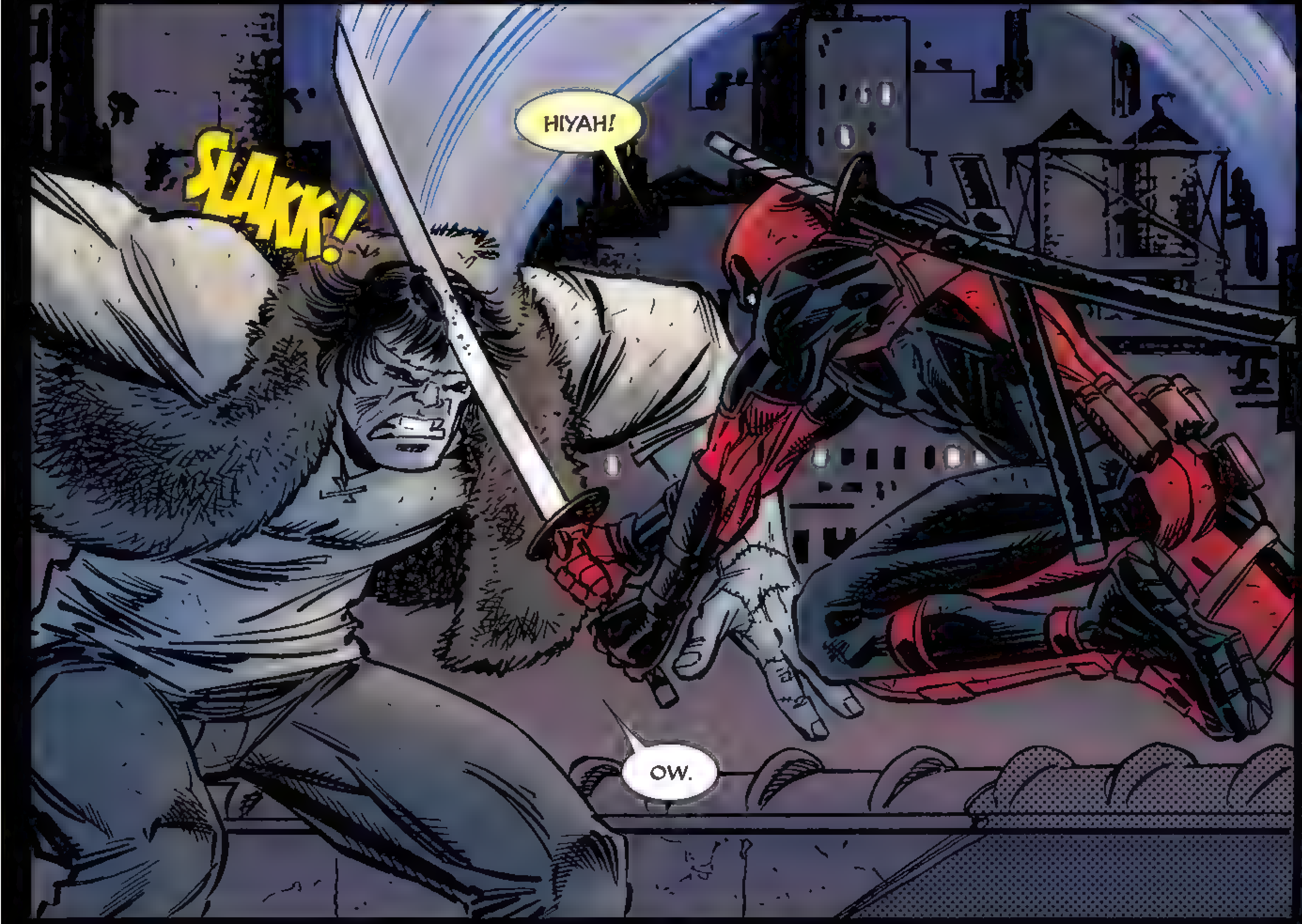
FEEL THE WRATH OF VENGEANCE!
I HOPE WADE APPRECIATES THIS-- IT'S THE ONLY KIND OF FAVOR HE'S EVER GETTING FROM ME.
I HATE THIS HALLOWEEN #@$+.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

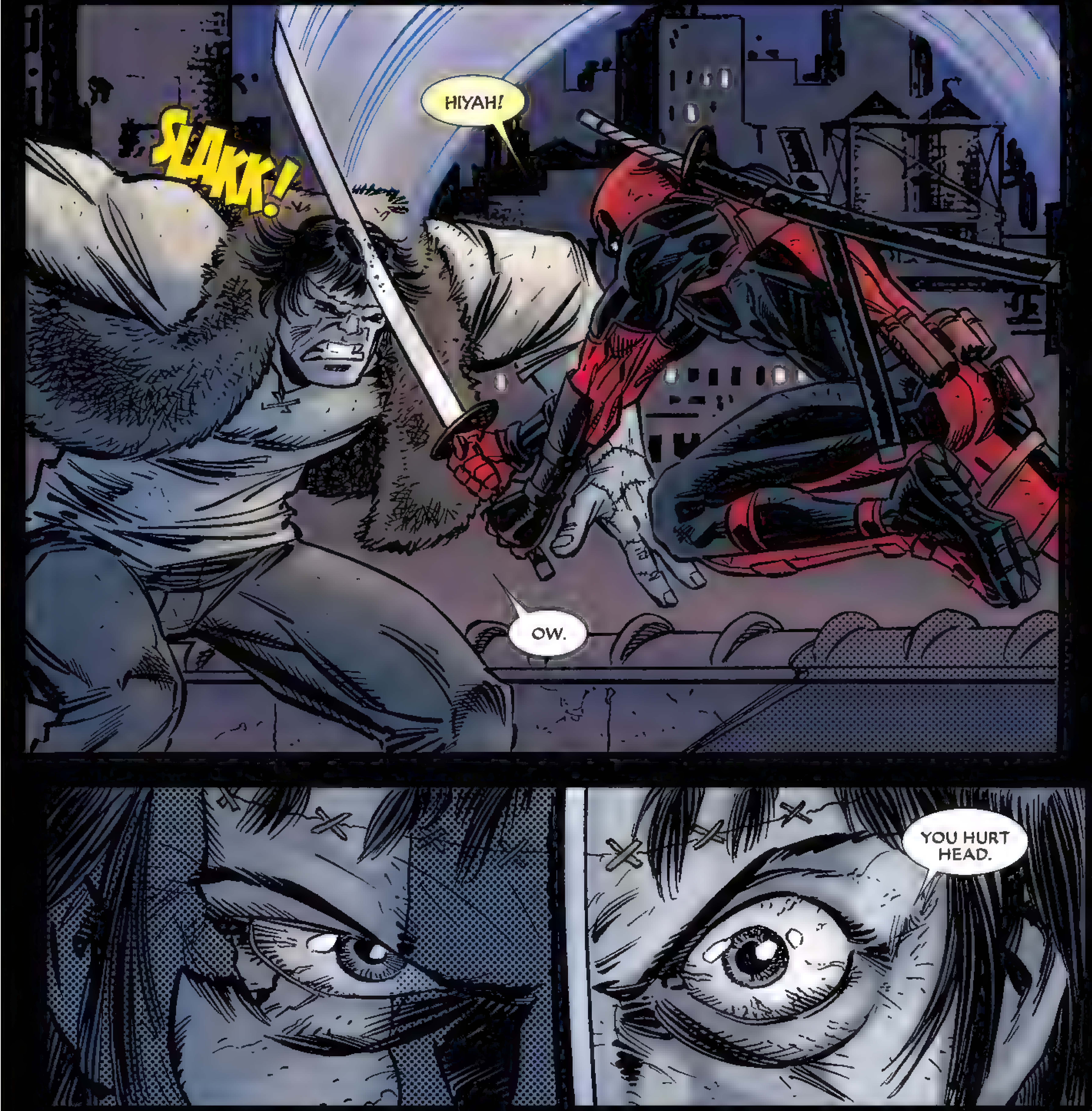
GRRRARGH!


THIS IS *AWESOME!*
I WASN'T AROUND WHEN *"INFERNO"* WENT DOWN, BUT THIS MUST BE WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE.
I WAS IN HO-HO-KUS, NEW JERSEY AT THE TIME. LONG STORY.
HEY, MAN.
SHUT UP.

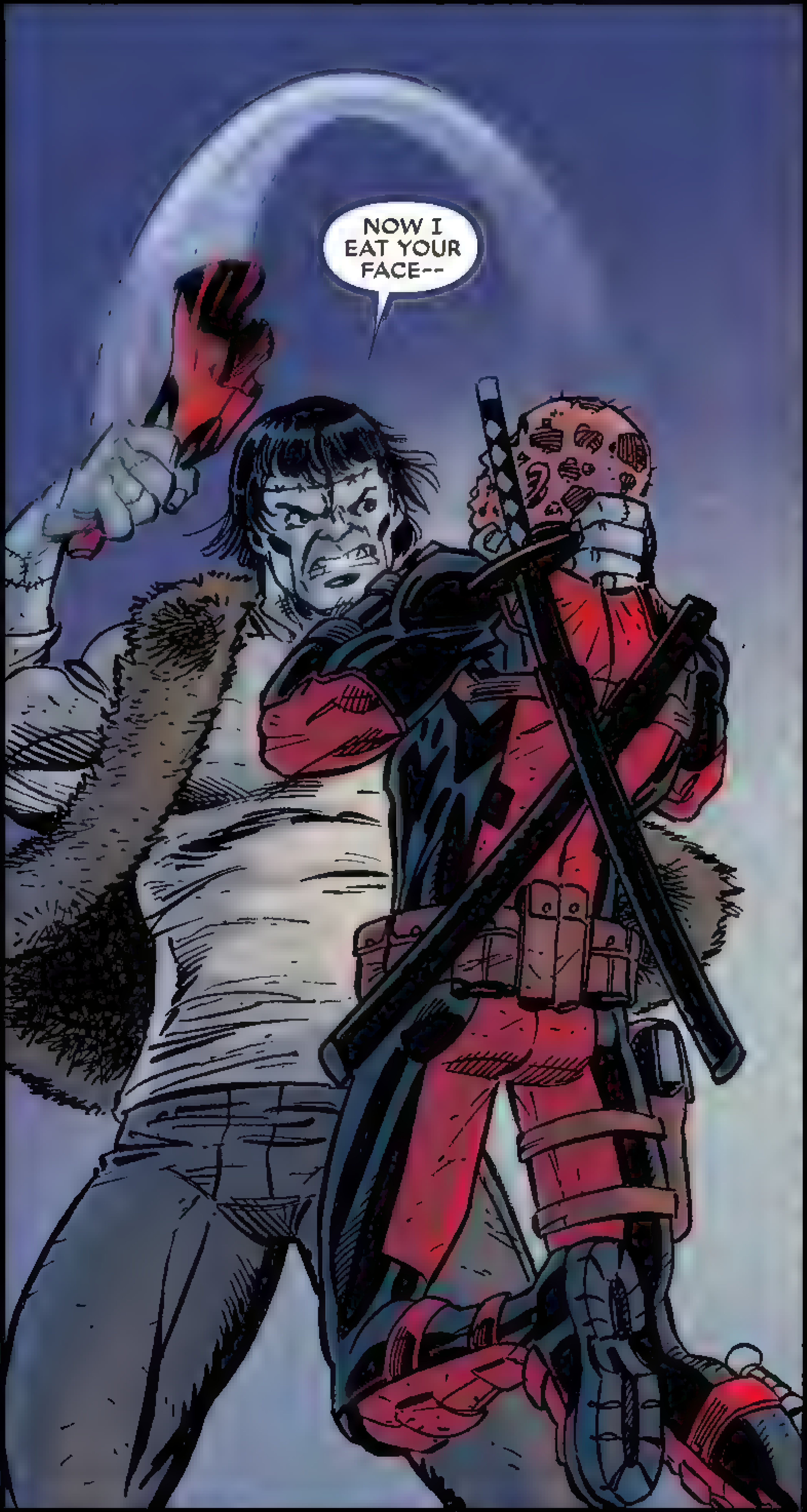
THIS IS *AWESOME!*
I WASN'T AROUND WHEN *"INFERNO"* WENT DOWN, BUT THIS MUST BE WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE.
I WAS IN HO-HO-KUS, NEW JERSEY AT THE TIME. LONG STORY.
HEY, MAN.
SHUT UP.
UH-OH. THIS GUY AGAIN.
THIS ALL CLOWN MAN'S FAULT! WHERE IS MARCUS?!
AT THE GLUE FACTORY.

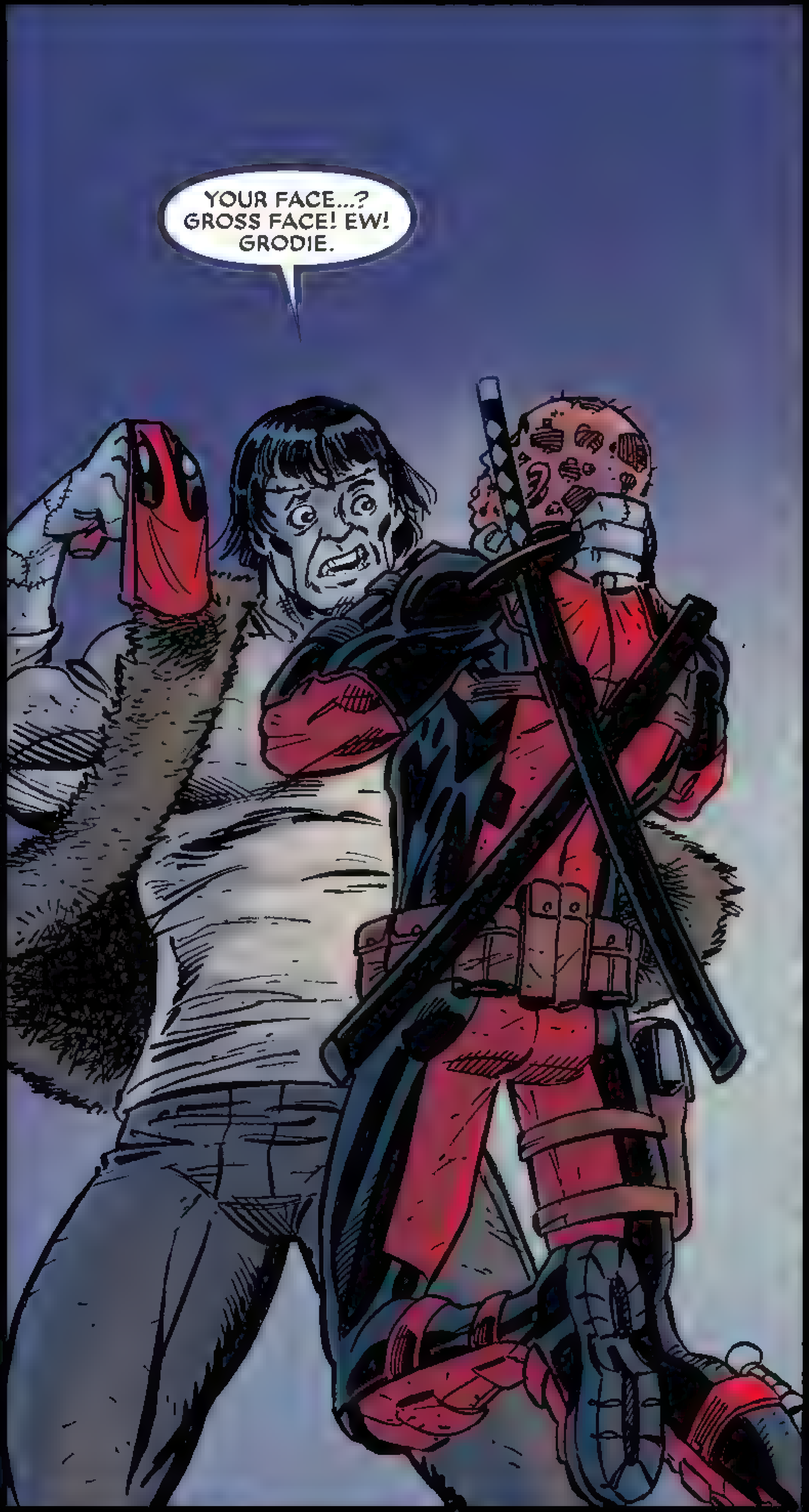
THIS IS *AWESOME!*
I WASN'T AROUND WHEN *"INFERNO"* WENT DOWN, BUT THIS MUST BE WHAT IT LOOKED LIKE.
I WAS IN HO-HO-KUS, NEW JERSEY AT THE TIME. LONG STORY.
HEY, MAN.
SHUT UP.
THIS ALL CLOWN MAN'S FAULT! WHERE IS MARCUS?!
UH-OH. THIS GUY AGAIN.
AT THE GLUE FACTORY.
I'LL HIT 'EM HIGH, YOU HIT 'EM LOW.
THIS IS FOR SENDING ME TO BRATISLAVA.

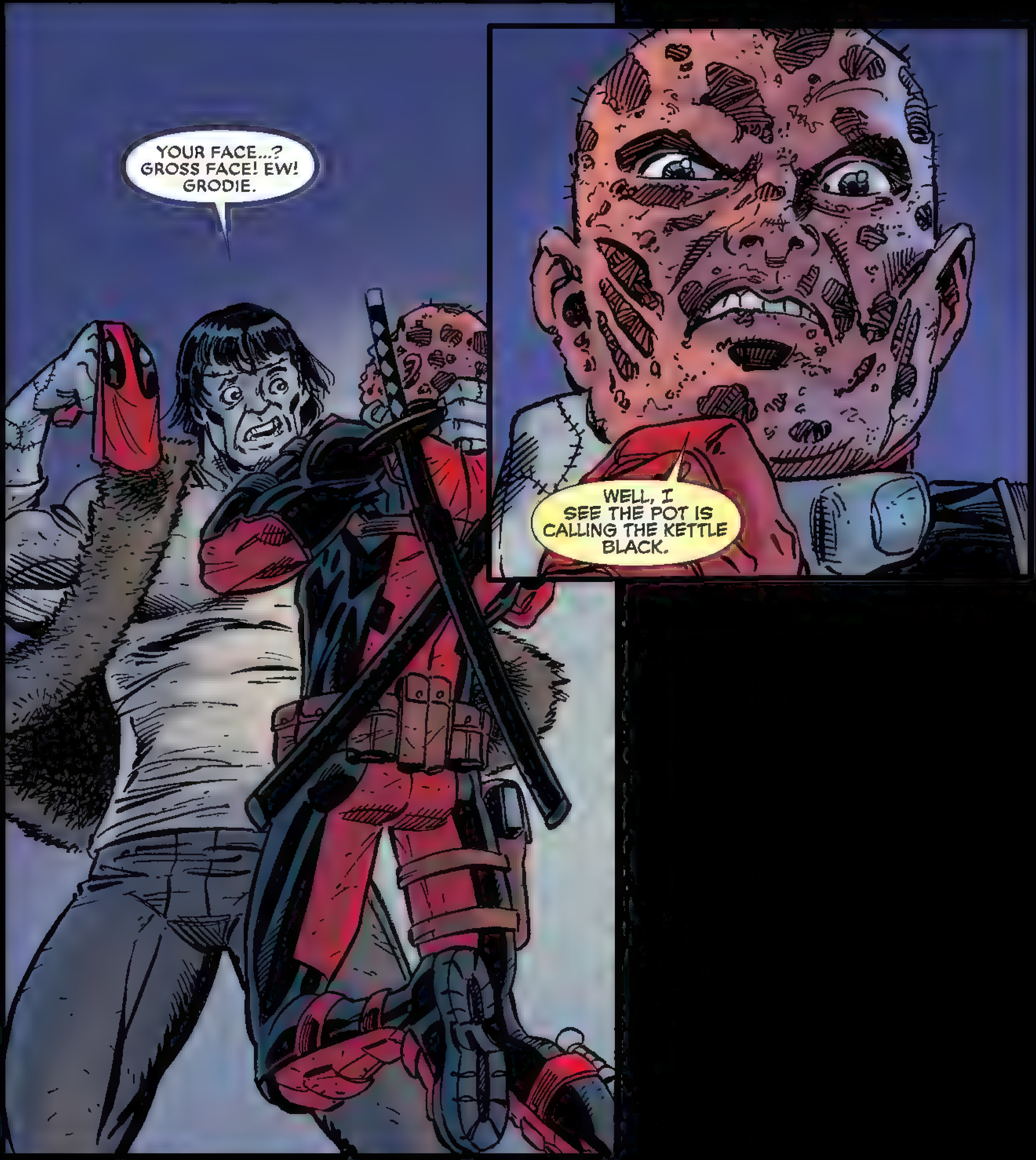

SLAKK!
HIYAH!
OW.


SLAKK!
HIYAH!
OW.
YOU HURT HEAD.

SLAKK!
HIYAH!
OW.
YOU HURT HEAD.
NOW I HURT YOUR HEAD.


NOW I EAT YOUR FACE--


YOUR FACE...? GROSS FACE! EW! GRODIE.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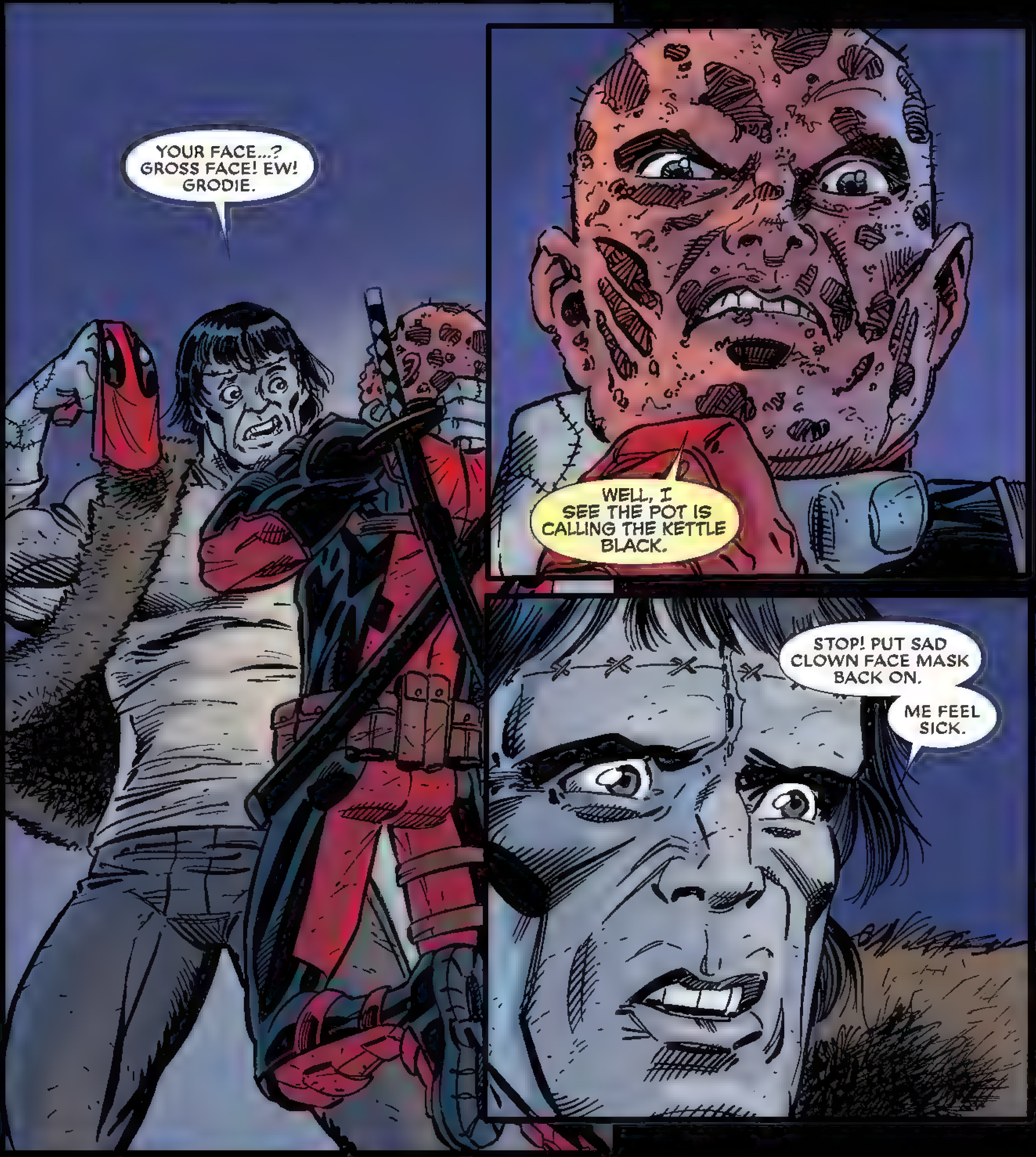
WELL, I SEE THE POT IS CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.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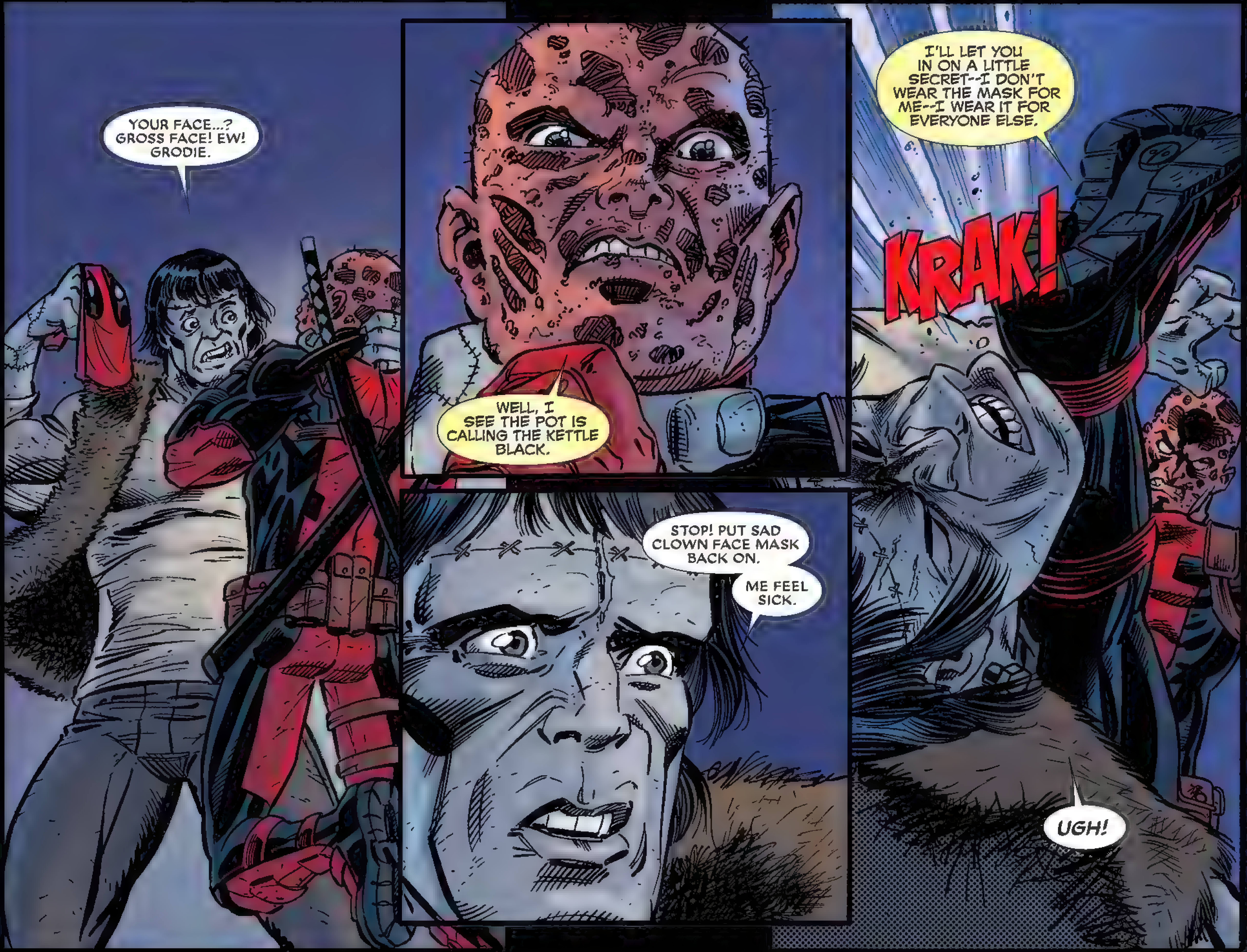
WELL, I SEE THE POT IS CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.
STOP! PUT SAD CLOWN FACE MASK BACK ON.
ME FEEL SICK.


YOUR FACE...? GROSS FACE! EW! GRODIE.
WELL, I SEE THE POT IS CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.
STOP! PUT SAD CLOWN FACE MASK BACK ON.
ME FEEL SICK.
I'LL LET YOU IN ON A LITTLE SECRET--I DON'T WEAR THE MASK FOR ME--I WEAR IT FOR EVERYONE ELSE.
KRAK!
UGH!

THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
AH, THE *INNER SANCTUM.*

THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
AH, THE *INNER SANCTUM.*
YOU CAN COME OUT, I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE.

THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
AH, THE INNER SANCTUM.
HR-ARGH!
YOU HAVE COME HERE-- TO DIE!

THOUSANDS OF FEET BELOW IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
AH, THE *INNER SANCTUM.*
HR-ARGH!
YOU HAVE COME HERE-- TO DIE!
YOUR BROTHERS DIED SLOWLY!
SURRENDER AND PERHAPS HE'LL GRANT YOU A QUICK DEATH!

NO MERCY!

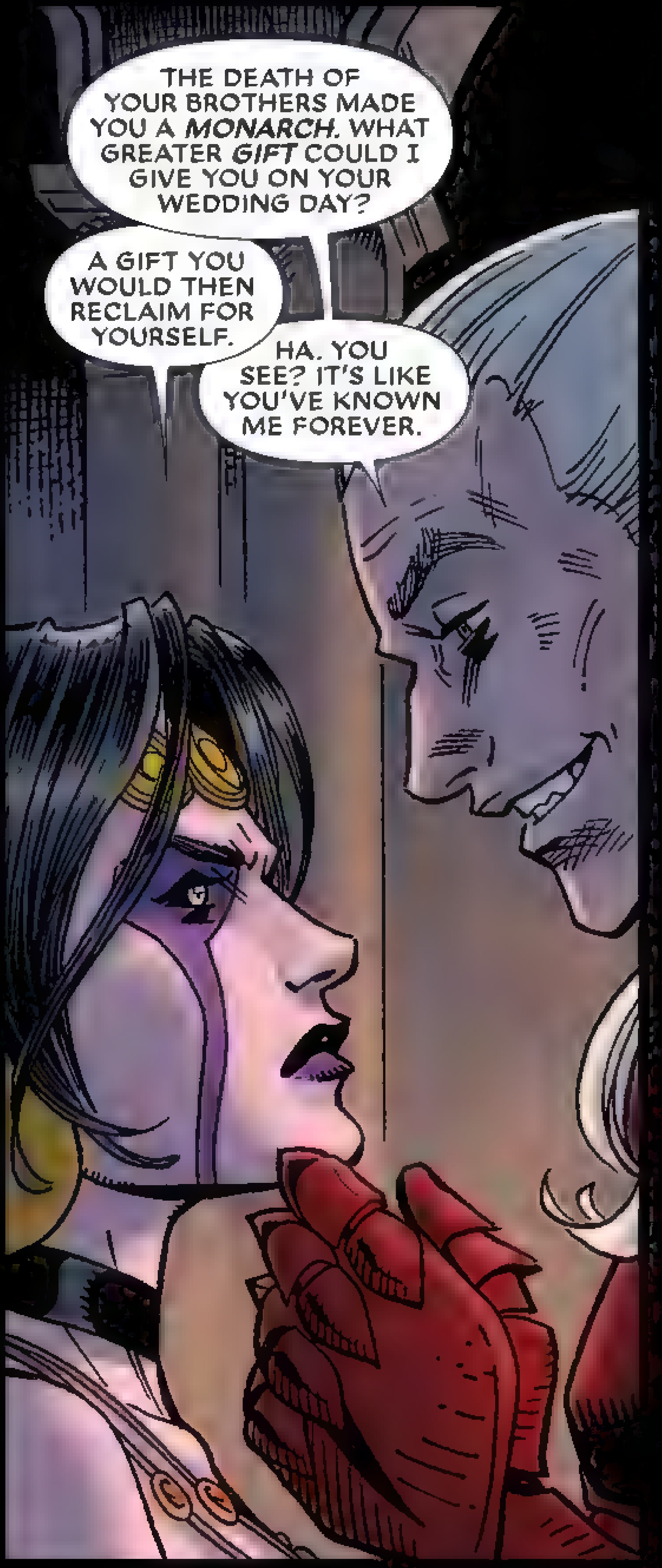
WITH YOU BY MY SIDE, I WILL NOT FALL.
AH, YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, I HAVE AN UNINVITED GUEST.

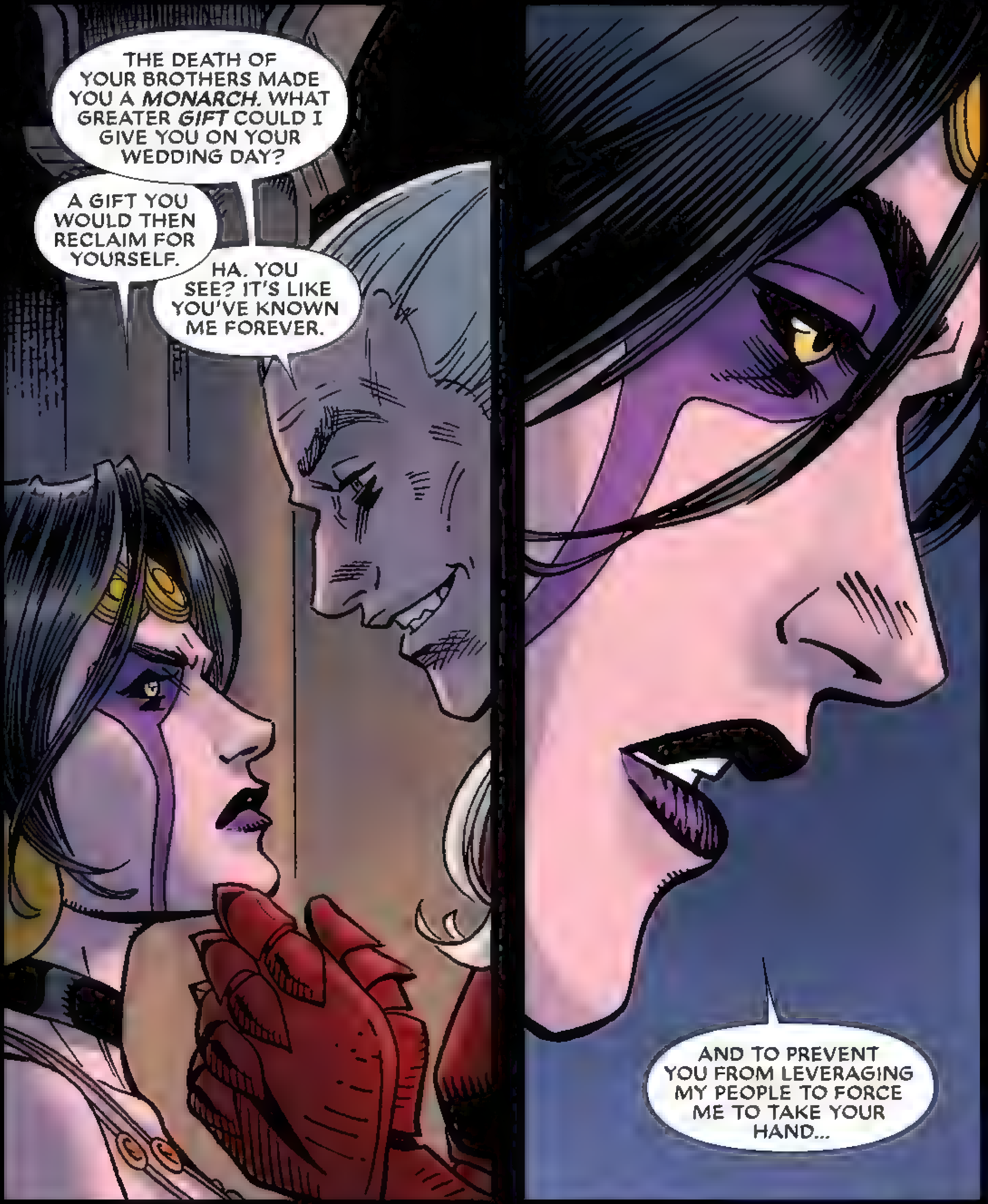
SHIKLAH, I PRESUME?

I BROUGHT YOU A PAIR OF HEADS FOR YOUR COLLECTION.

I BROUGHT YOU A PAIR OF HEADS FOR YOUR COLLECTION.
YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT, ALREADY?
I HAD WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU.

I BROUGHT YOU A PAIR OF HEADS FOR YOUR COLLECTION.
YOU'RE A CRUEL BEAST. I WOULD NEVER MARRY YOU.
YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT, ALREADY?
I HAD WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU.


THE DEATH OF YOUR BROTHERS MADE YOU A *MONARCH*. WHAT GREATER *GIFT* COULD I GIVE YOU ON YOUR WEDDING DAY?
A GIFT YOU WOULD THEN RECLAIM FOR YOURSELF.
HA. YOU SEE? IT'S LIKE YOU'VE KNOWN ME FOREVER.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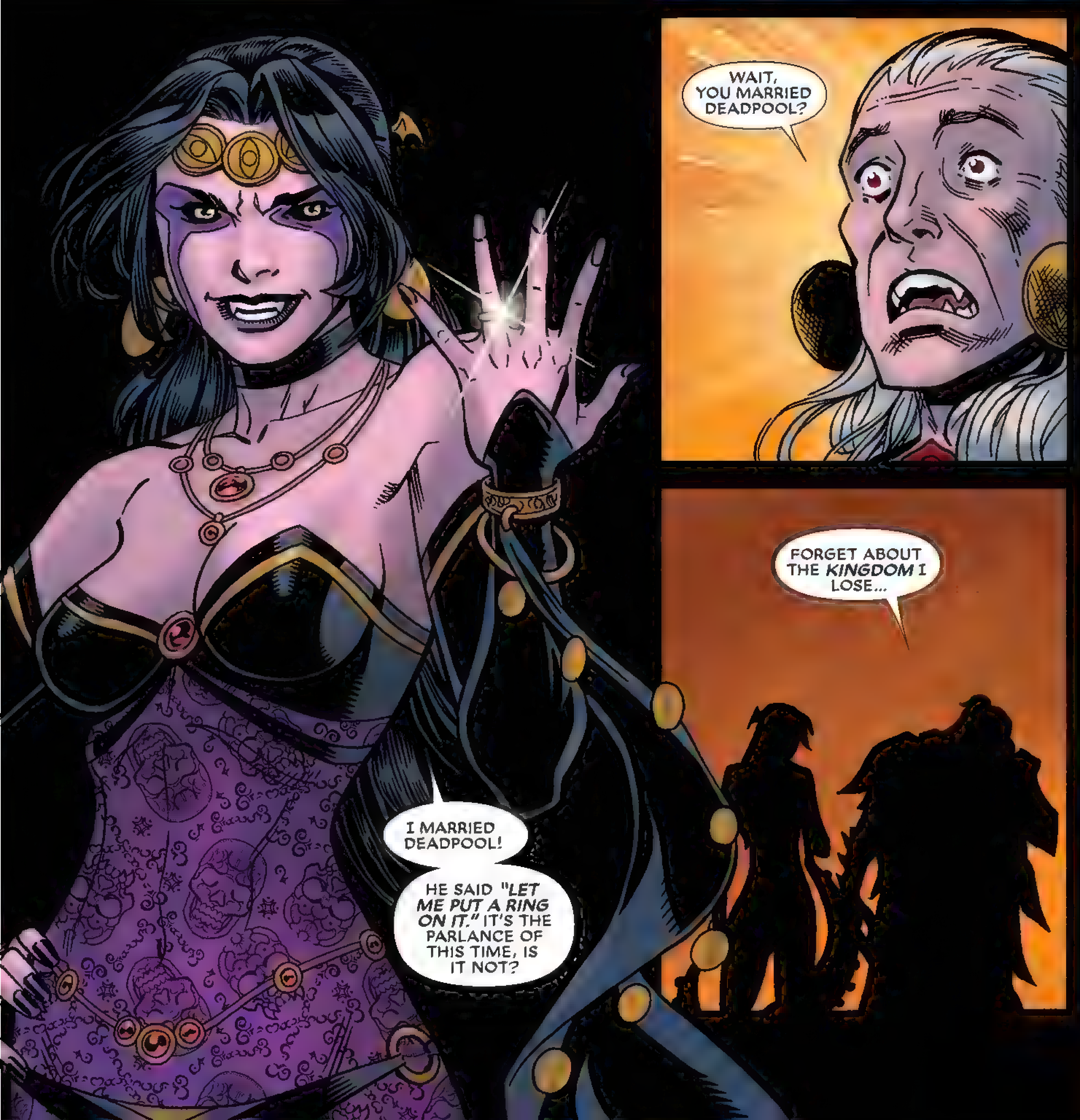
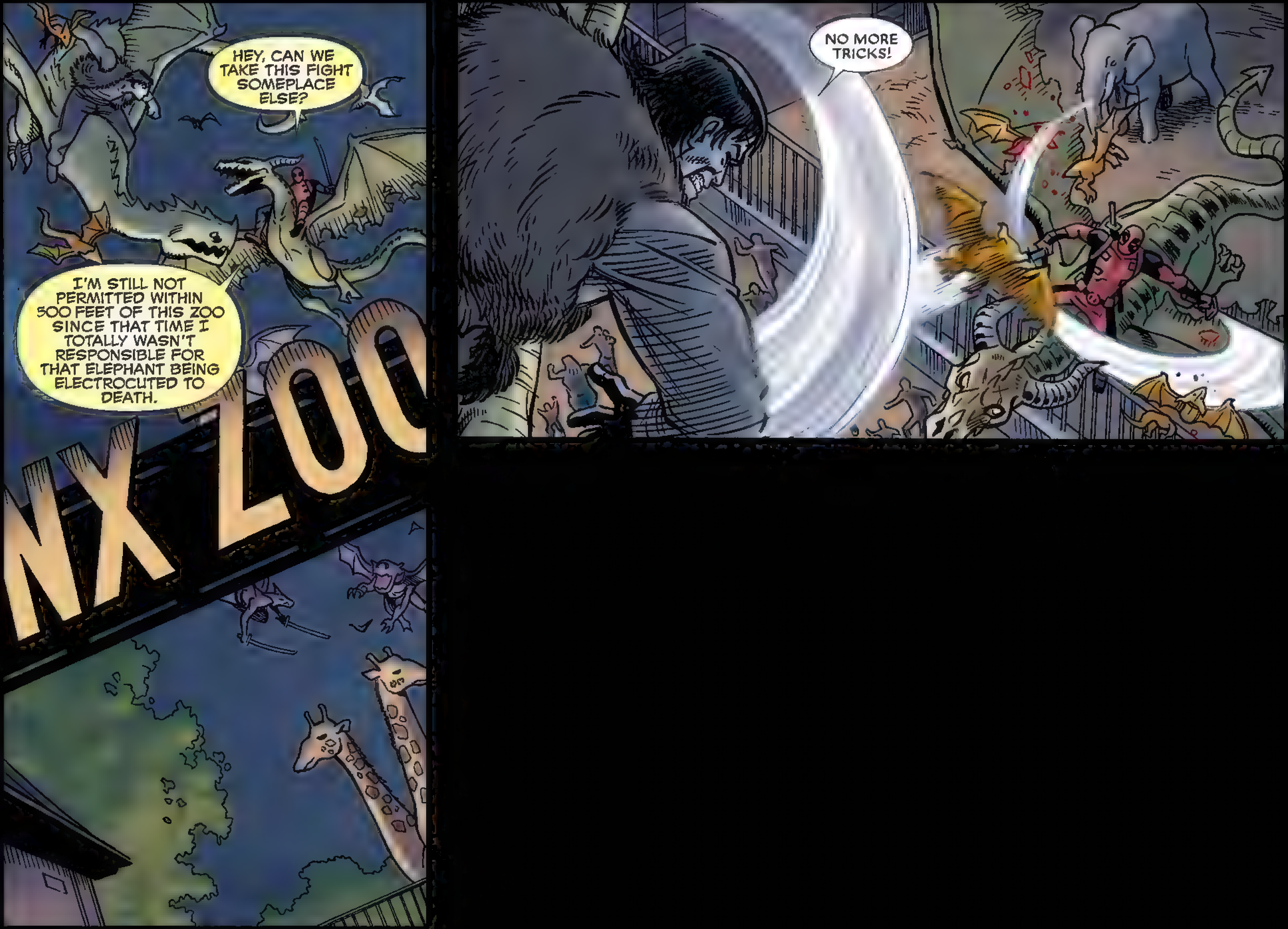
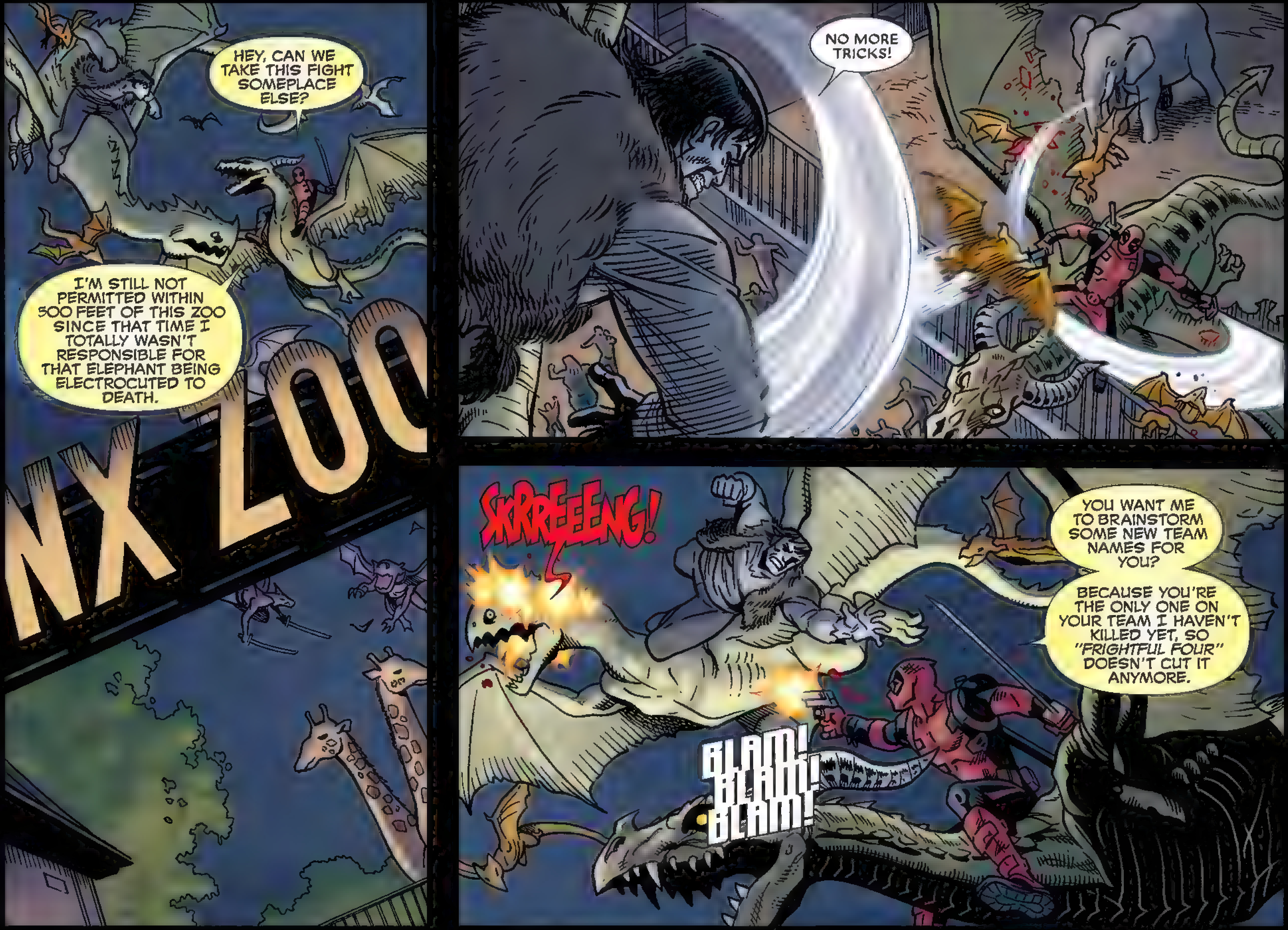
A GIFT YOU WOULD THEN RECLAIM FOR YOURSELF.
HA. YOU SEE? IT'S LIKE YOU'VE KNOWN ME FOREVER.
AND TO PREVENT YOU FROM LEVERAGING MY PEOPLE TO FORCE ME TO TAKE YOUR HAND...

THE DEATH OF YOUR BROTHERS MADE YOU A *MONARCH*. WHAT GREATER *GIFT* COULD I GIVE YOU ON YOUR WEDDING DAY?
A GIFT YOU WOULD THEN RECLAIM FOR YOURSELF.
HA. YOU SEE? IT'S LIKE YOU'VE KNOWN ME FOREVER.
AND TO PREVENT YOU FROM LEVERAGING MY PEOPLE TO FORCE ME TO TAKE YOUR HAND...
I MARRIED DEADPOOL!
HE SAID *"LET ME PUT A RING ON IT."* IT'S THE PARLANCE OF THIS TIME, IS IT NOT?
WAIT, YOU MARRIED DEADPOOL?


I MARRIED DEADPOOL!
HE SAID "LET ME PUT A RING ON IT." IT'S THE PARLANCE OF THIS TIME, IS IT NOT?
WAIT, YOU MARRIED DEADPOOL?
FORGET ABOUT THE KINGDOM I LOSE...

I MARRIED DEADPOOL!
HE SAID *"LET ME PUT A RING ON IT."* IT'S THE PARLANCE OF THIS TIME, IS IT NOT?
WAIT, YOU MARRIED DEADPOOL?
FORGET ABOUT THE *KINGDOM* I LOSE...
I HAVE A REPUTATION TO MAINTAIN! A REPUTATION THAT DOESN'T INCLUDE BEING CUCKOLDED BY AN *ESCAPED MENTAL PATIENT!*
I WILL DESTROY YOU FOR THIS!


HEY, CAN WE TAKE THIS FIGHT SOMEPLACE ELSE?
I'M STILL NOT PERMITTED WITHIN 500 FEET OF THIS ZOO SINCE THAT TIME I TOTALLY WASN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT ELEPHANT BEING ELECTROCUTED TO DEATH.
NX ZOO
NO MORE TRICKS!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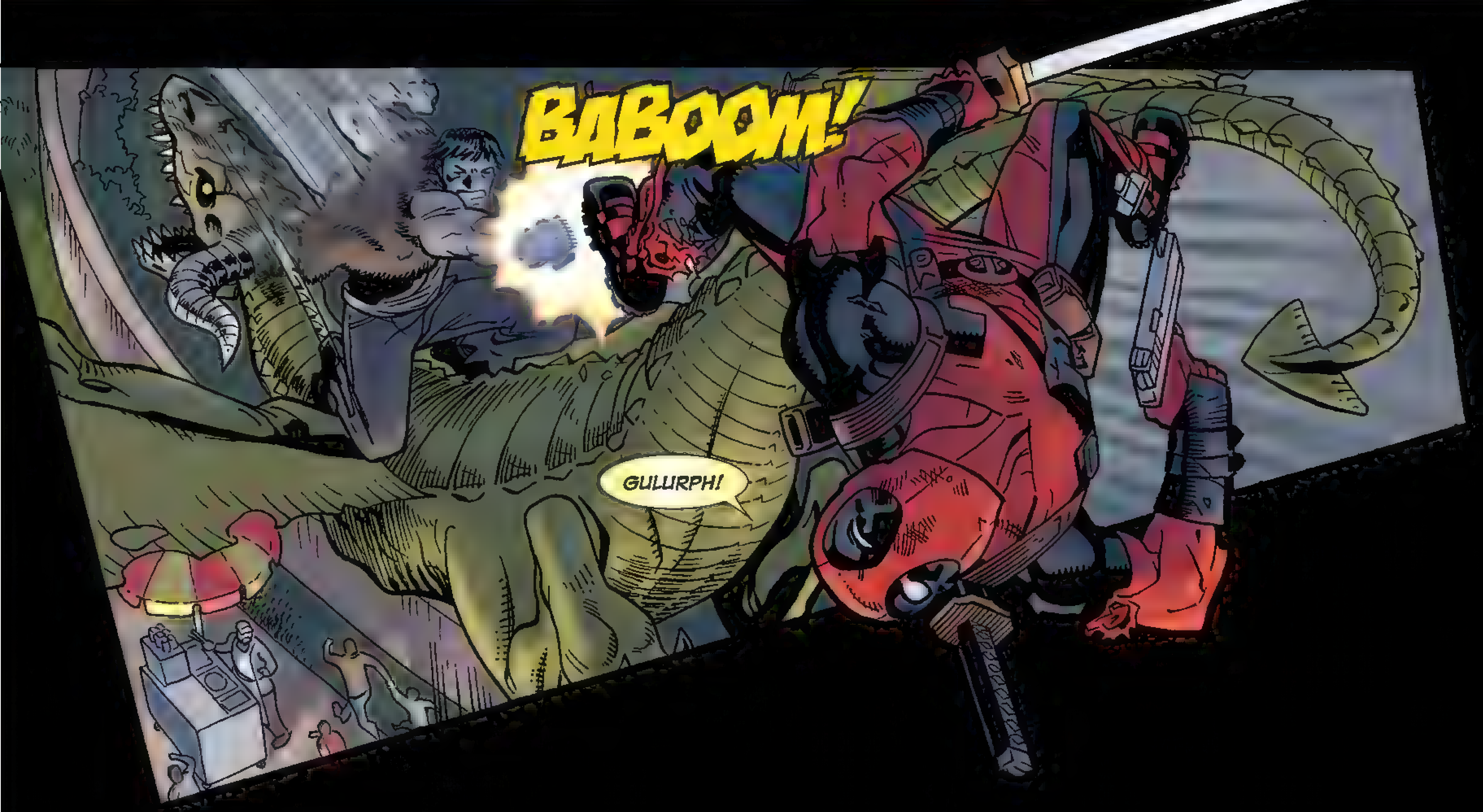
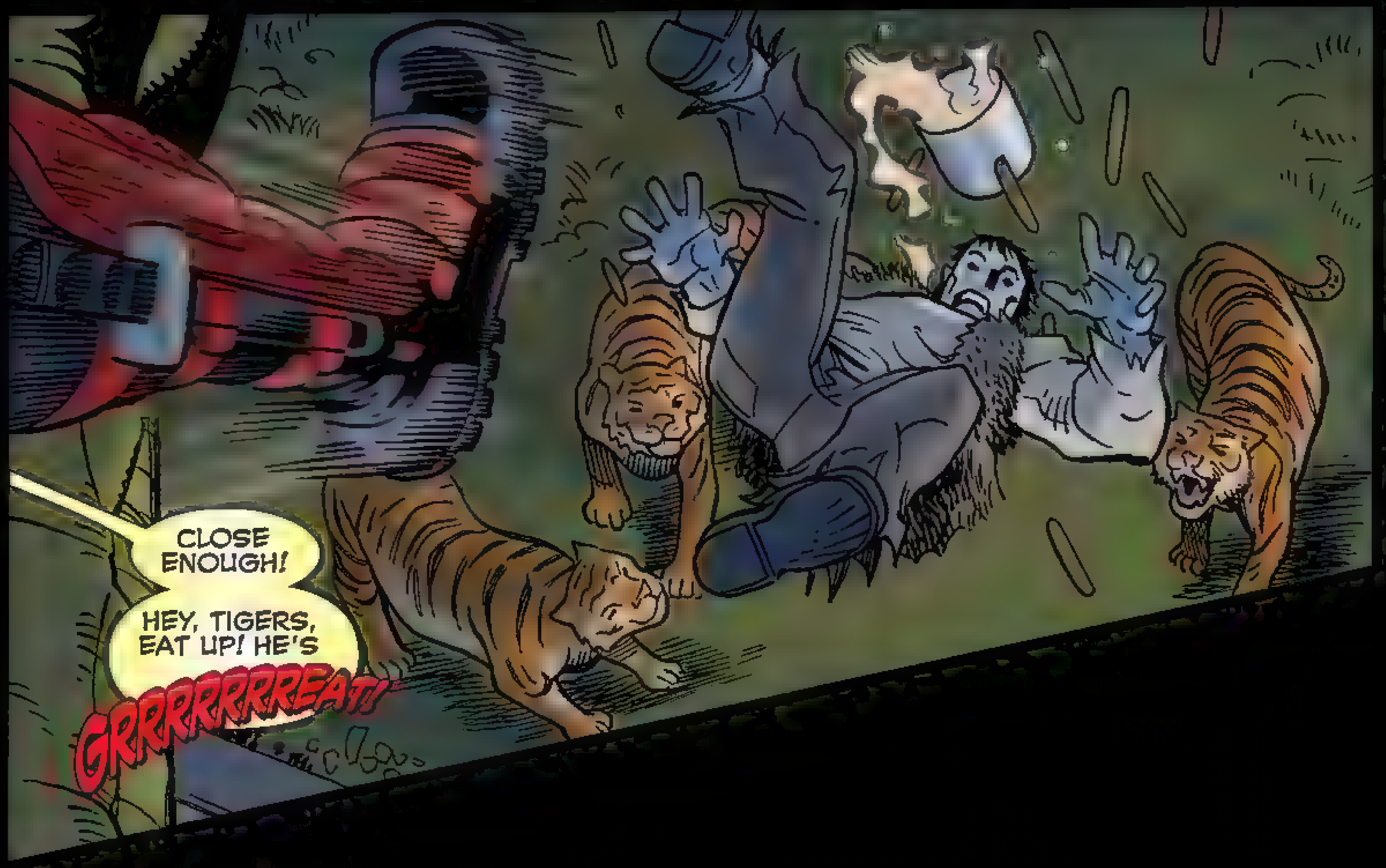
I'M STILL NOT PERMITTED WITHIN 500 FEET OF THIS ZOO SINCE THAT TIME I TOTALLY WASN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT ELEPHANT BEING ELECTROCUTED TO DEATH.
NX ZOO
NO MORE TRICKS!
SKRREEEENG!
YOU WANT ME TO BRAINSTORM SOME NEW TEAM NAMES FOR YOU?
BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE ON YOUR TEAM I HAVEN'T KILLED YET, SO "FRIGHTFUL FOUR" DOESN'T CUT IT ANYMORE.
BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

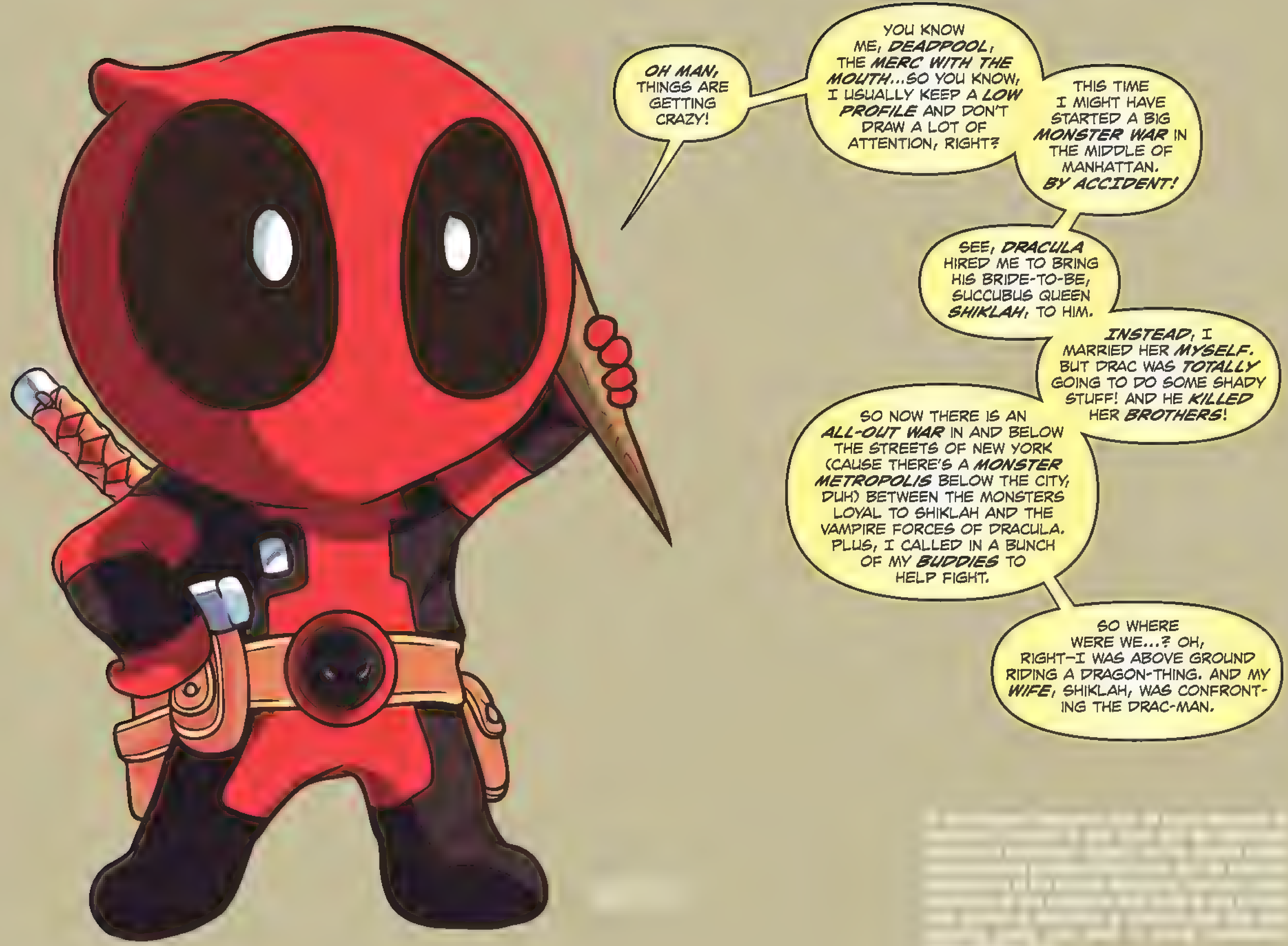

BABOOM!
GULURPH!

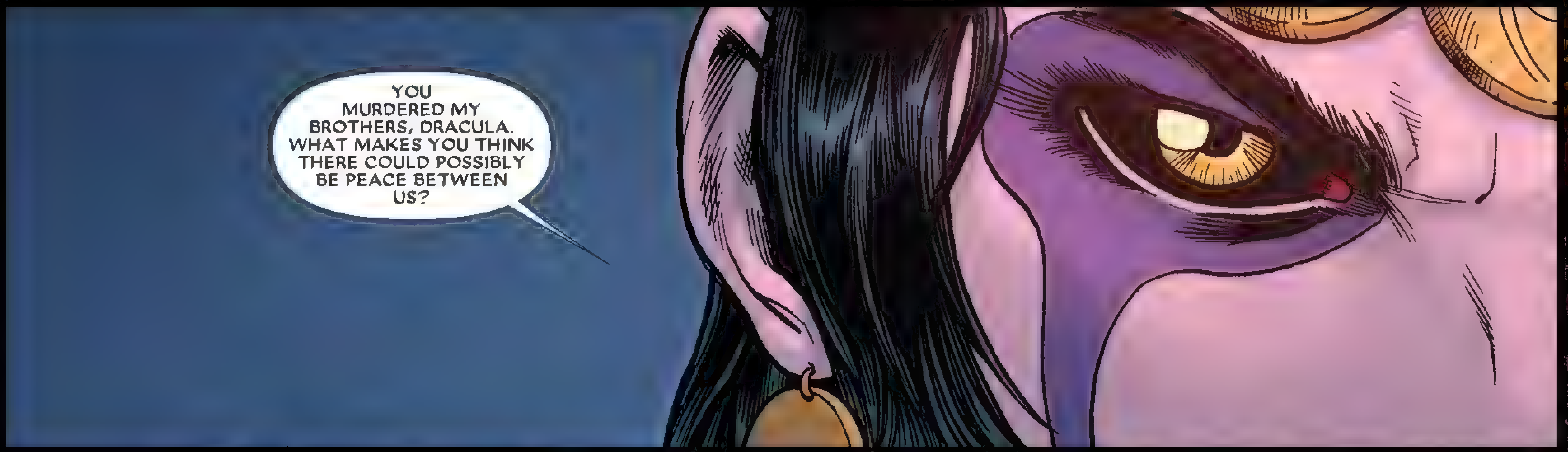
BABOOM!
GULURPH!
OOF, I'VE NEVER SAID THIS BEFORE, BUT--
I NEED YOUR WEINER WATER!
HEY! YOU BUY THOSE HOTDOGS!

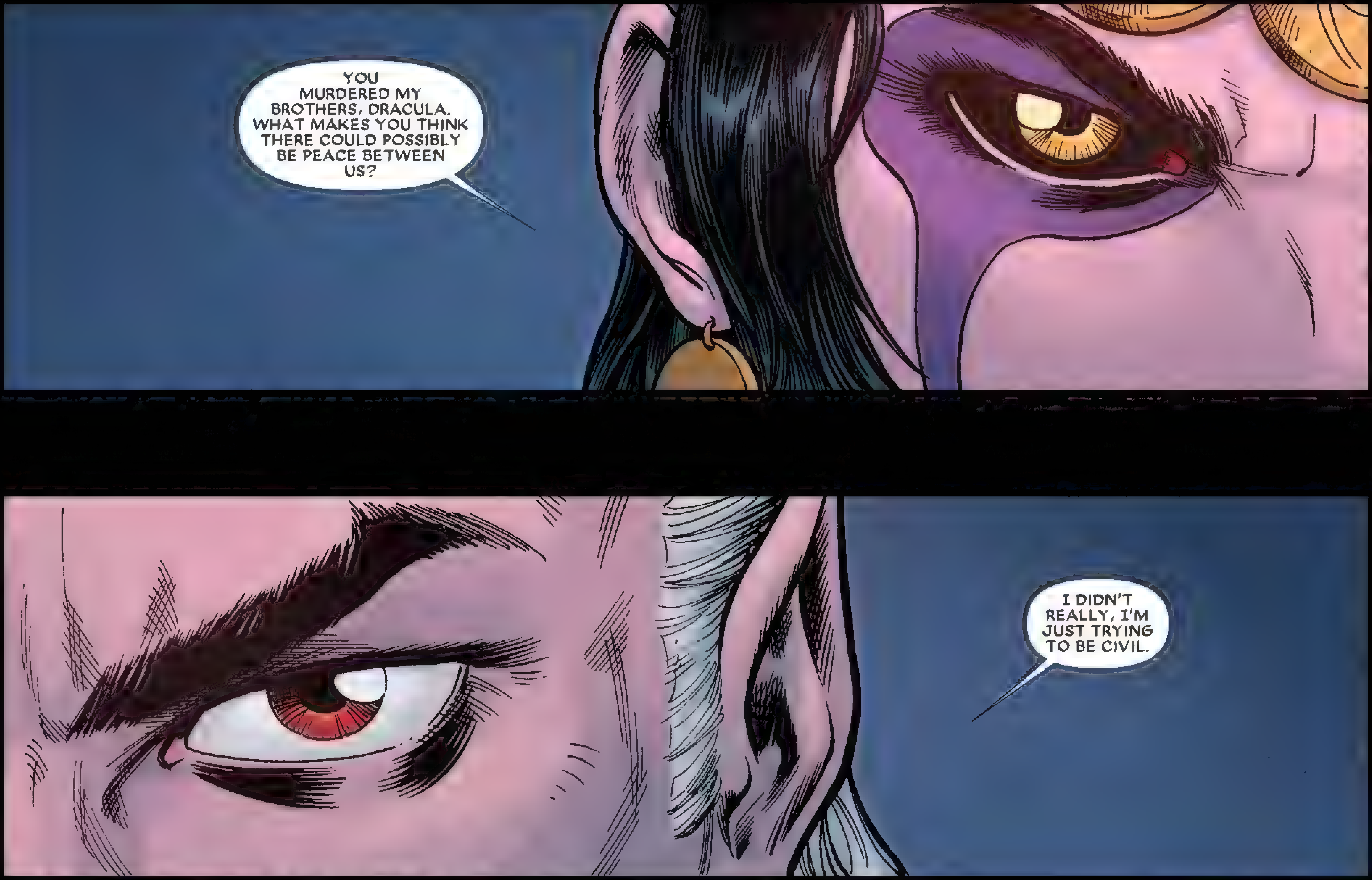
BABOOM!
GULURPH!
SLAM DUNK!
THAT REMINDS ME--SIRI, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PAY A VISIT TO DENNIS RODMAN AND THROW HIM A BLANKET PARTY FOR NORTH KOREA.
OOF, I'VE NEVER SAID THIS BEFORE, BUT--
I NEED YOUR WEINER WATER!
HEY! YOU BUY THOSE HOTDOGS!
SLONK!
I'm sorry, but there are no blankets in North Korea.

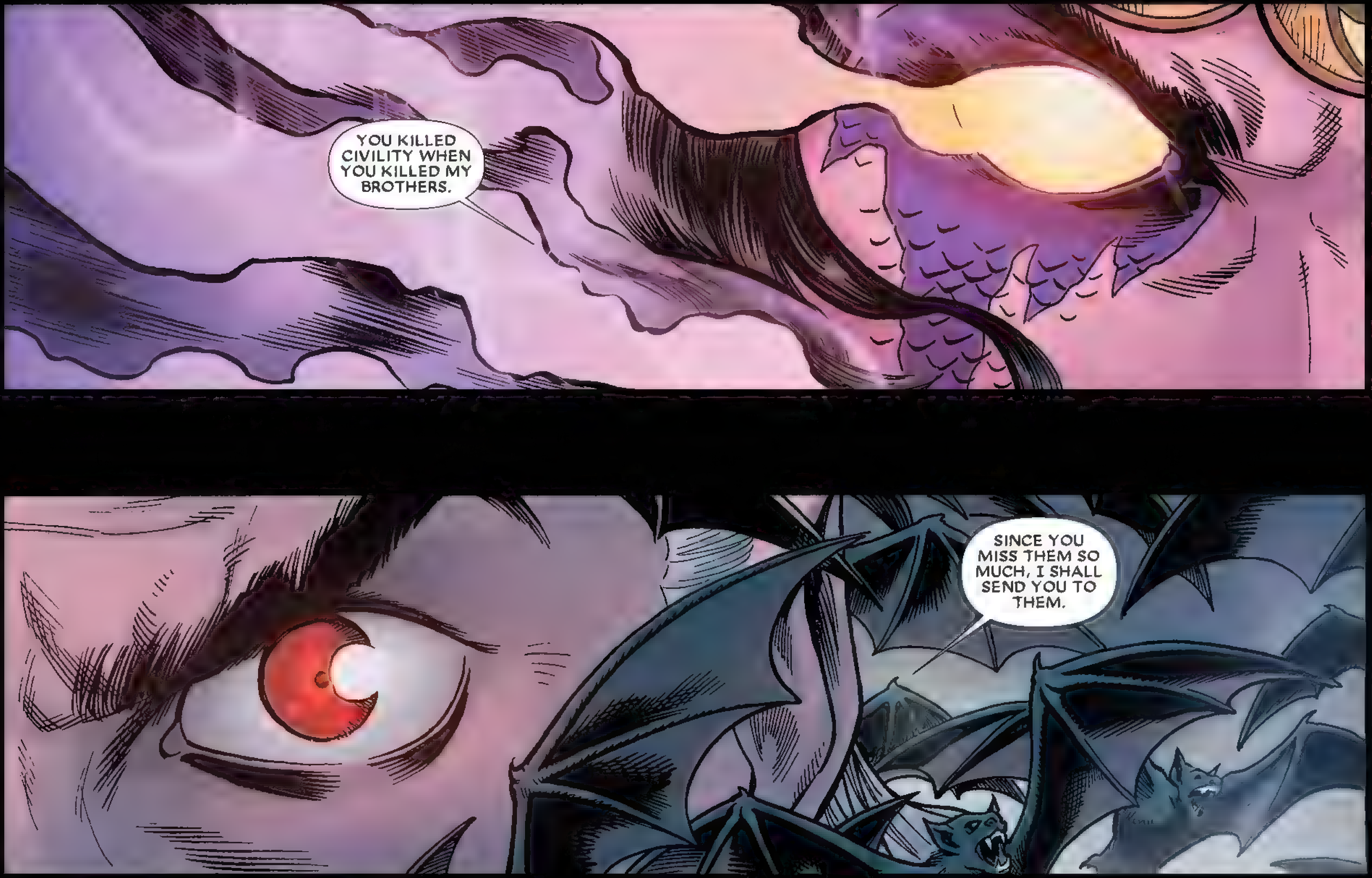

CLOSE ENOUGH!
HEY, TIGERS, EAT UP! HE'S
GRRRRRRREAT!

CLOSE ENOUGH!
HEY, TIGERS, EAT UP! HE'S GRRRRRRREAT!
AND NOW ONWARD, FOUL-COR! TAKE ME BACK TO THE MONSTER METROPOLIS!
SKREEEE!
TO BE CONTINUED...


OH MAN, THINGS ARE GETTING CRAZY!
YOU KNOW ME, DEADPOOL, THE MERC WITH THE MOUTH...SO YOU KNOW, I USUALLY KEEP A LOW PROFILE AND DON'T DRAW A LOT OF ATTENTION, RIGHT?
THIS TIME I MIGHT HAVE STARTED A BIG MONSTER WAR IN THE MIDDLE OF MANHATTAN. BY ACCIDENT!
SEE, DRACULA HIRED ME TO BRING HIS BRIDE-TO-BE, SUCCUBUS QUEEN SHIKLAH, TO HIM.
INSTEAD, I MARRIED HER MYSELF. BUT DRAC WAS TOTALLY GOING TO DO SOME SHADY STUFF! AND HE KILLED HER BROTHERS!
SO NOW THERE IS AN ALL-OUT WAR IN AND BELOW THE STREETS OF NEW YORK (CAUSE THERE'S A MONSTER METROPOLIS BELOW THE CITY, DUH) BETWEEN THE MONSTERS LOYAL TO SHIKLAH AND THE VAMPIRE FORCES OF DRACULA. PLUS, I CALLED IN A BUNCH OF MY BUDDIES TO HELP FIGHT.
SO WHERE WERE WE...? OH, RIGHT—I WAS ABOVE GROUND RIDING A DRAGON-THING. AND MY WIFE, SHIKLAH, WAS CONFRONTING THE DRAC-MAN.


YOU MURDERED MY BROTHERS, DRACULA. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE COULD POSSIBLY BE PEACE BETWEEN US?

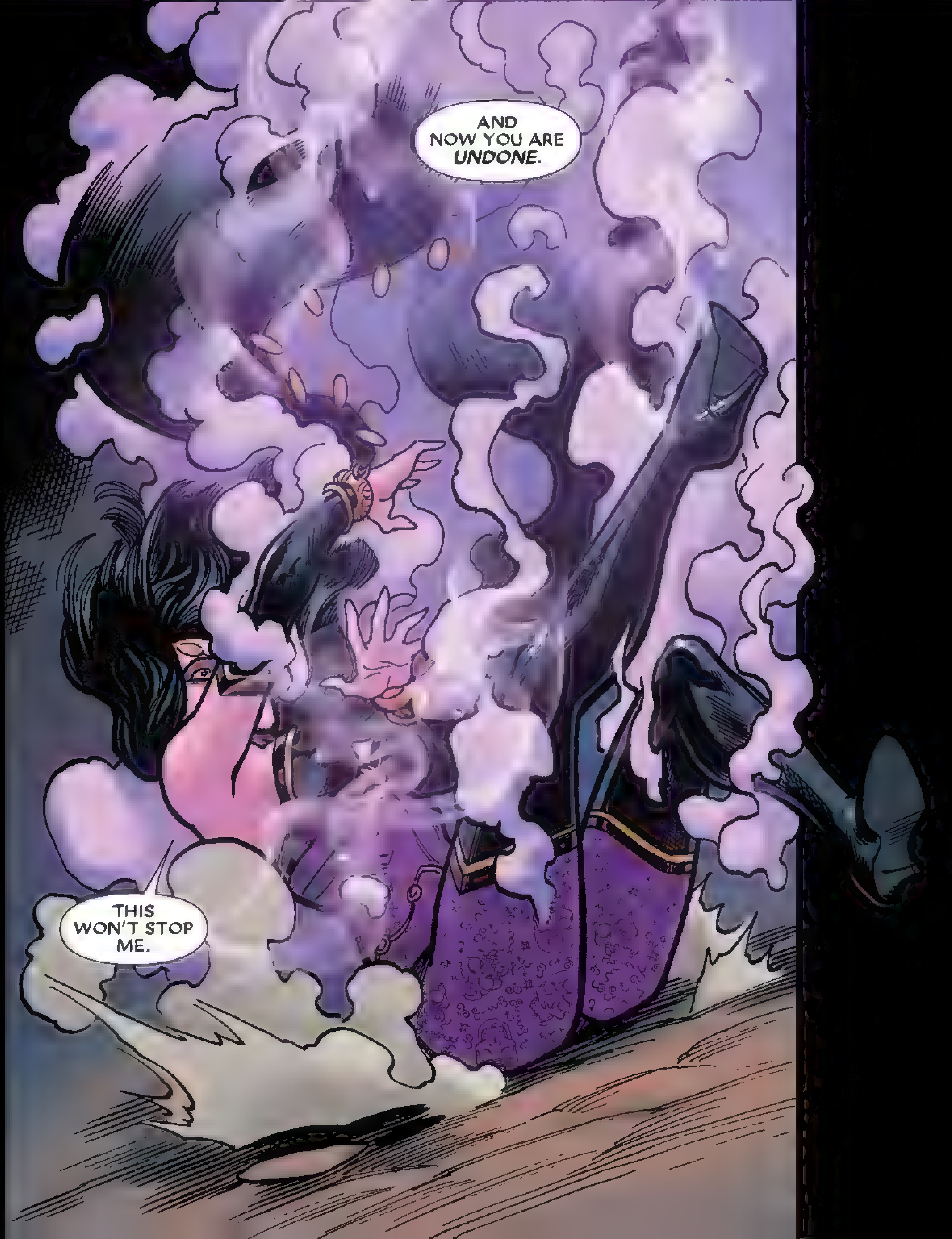

YOU MURDERED MY BROTHERS, DRACULA. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE COULD POSSIBLY BE PEACE BETWEEN US?
I DIDN'T REALLY, I'M JUST TRYING TO BE CIVIL.

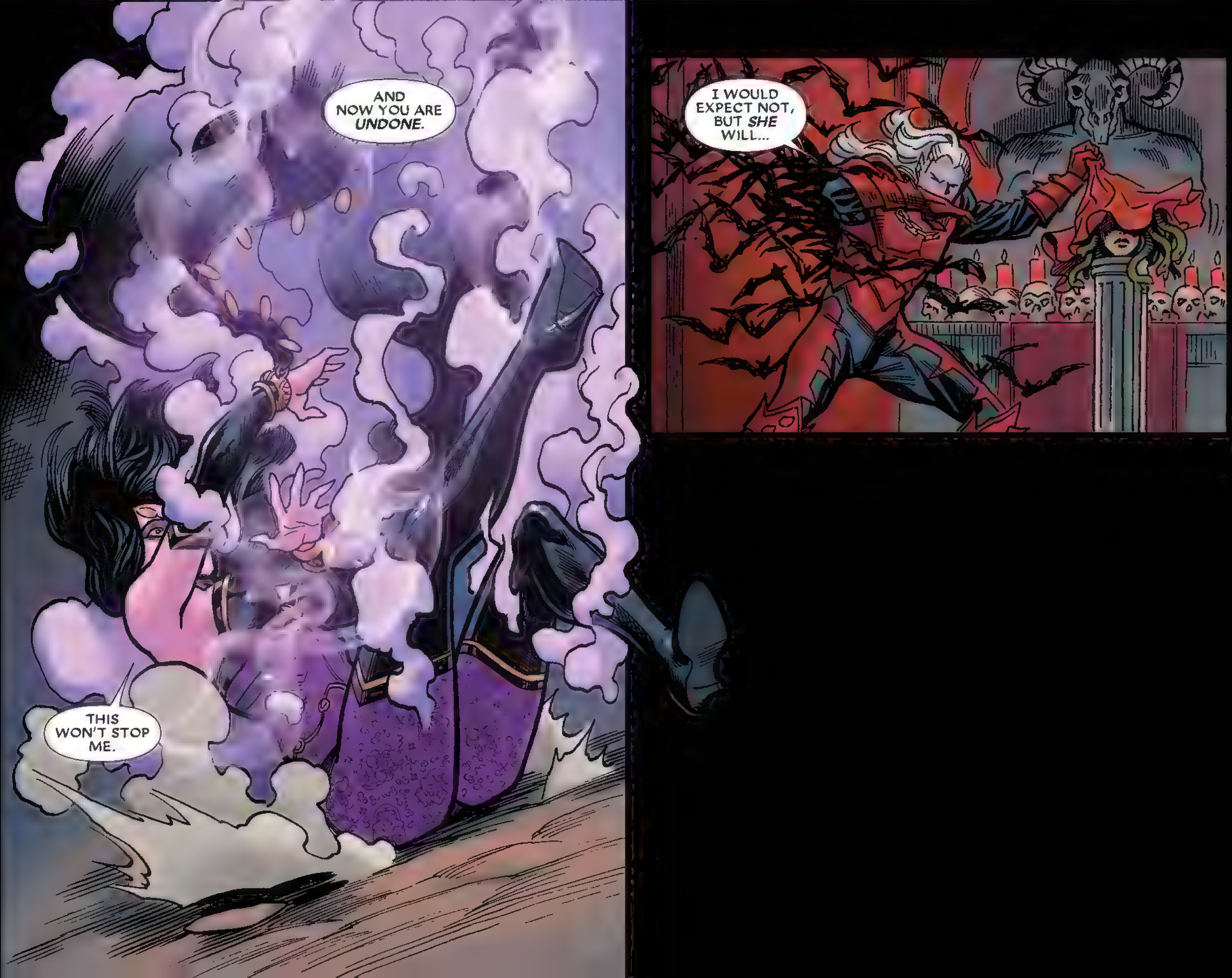

YOU KILLED CIVILITY WHEN YOU KILLED MY BROTHERS.
SINCE YOU MISS THEM SO MUCH, I SHALL SEND YOU TO THEM.

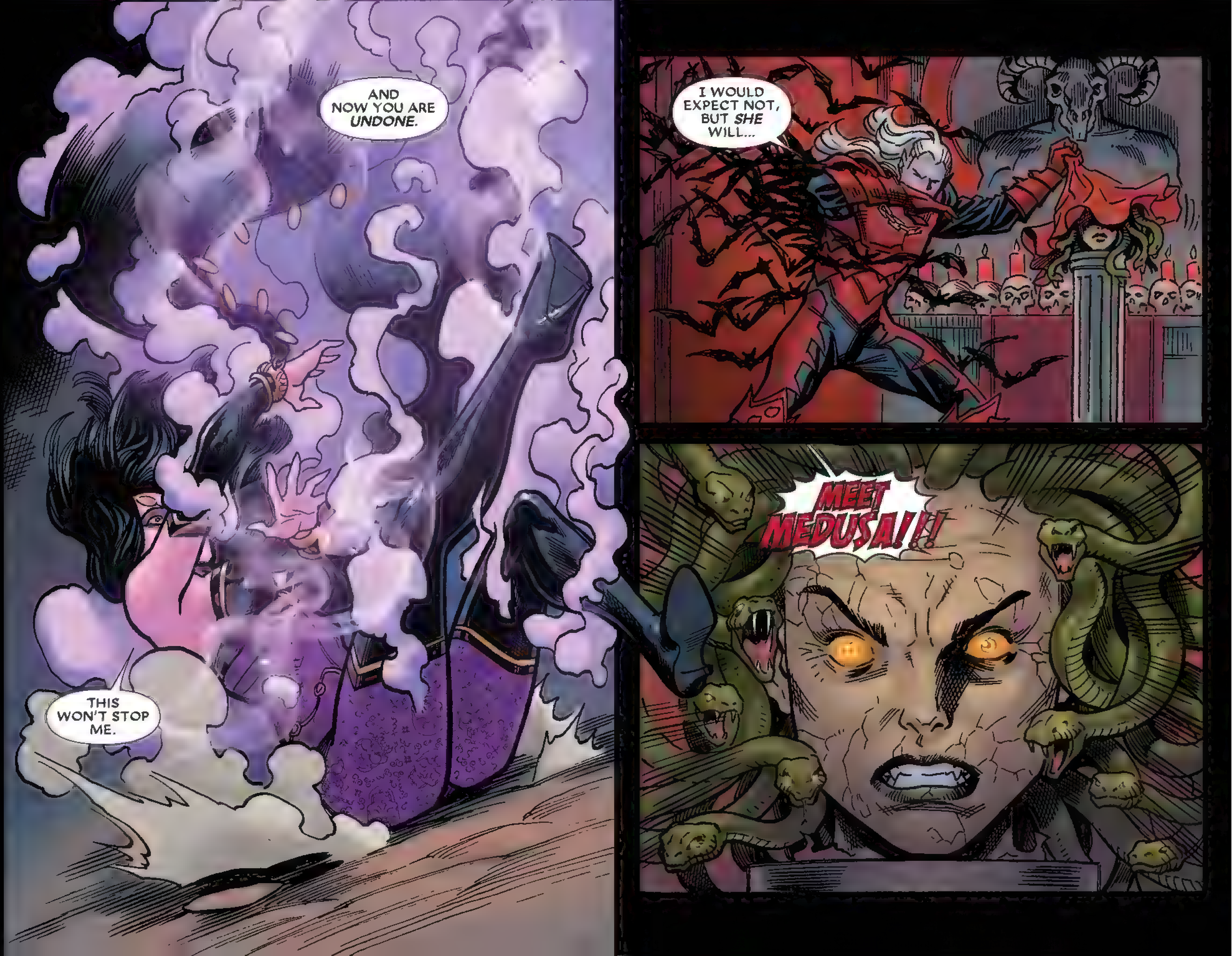
YOU COULD HAVE BEEN THE QUEEN OF THE UNDERWORLD. INSTEAD YOU ARE THE WIFE TO A *DECREPIT SELL-SWORD.*
I LOVE MY HUSBAND.
THEN I SHALL WAIT TO KILL YOU--UNTIL *AFTER* I KILL HIM.
DON'T WORRY, I'LL LET YOU *WATCH.*

I'M NOT HERE TO SIMPLY KILL YOU-- I'M HERE TO END THE ENTIRE *UNDERWORLD PATRIARCHY*.
NEVER! THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN!

WHAT--WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME?
WHILE YOU *PRATTLE,* I'M USING A *PSIONIC ATTACK*...TO *REVERT YOUR FORM!*


AND NOW YOU ARE *UNDONE.*
THIS WON'T STOP ME.


AND NOW YOU ARE *UNDONE*.
THIS WON'T STOP ME.
I WOULD EXPECT NOT, BUT *SHE* WILL...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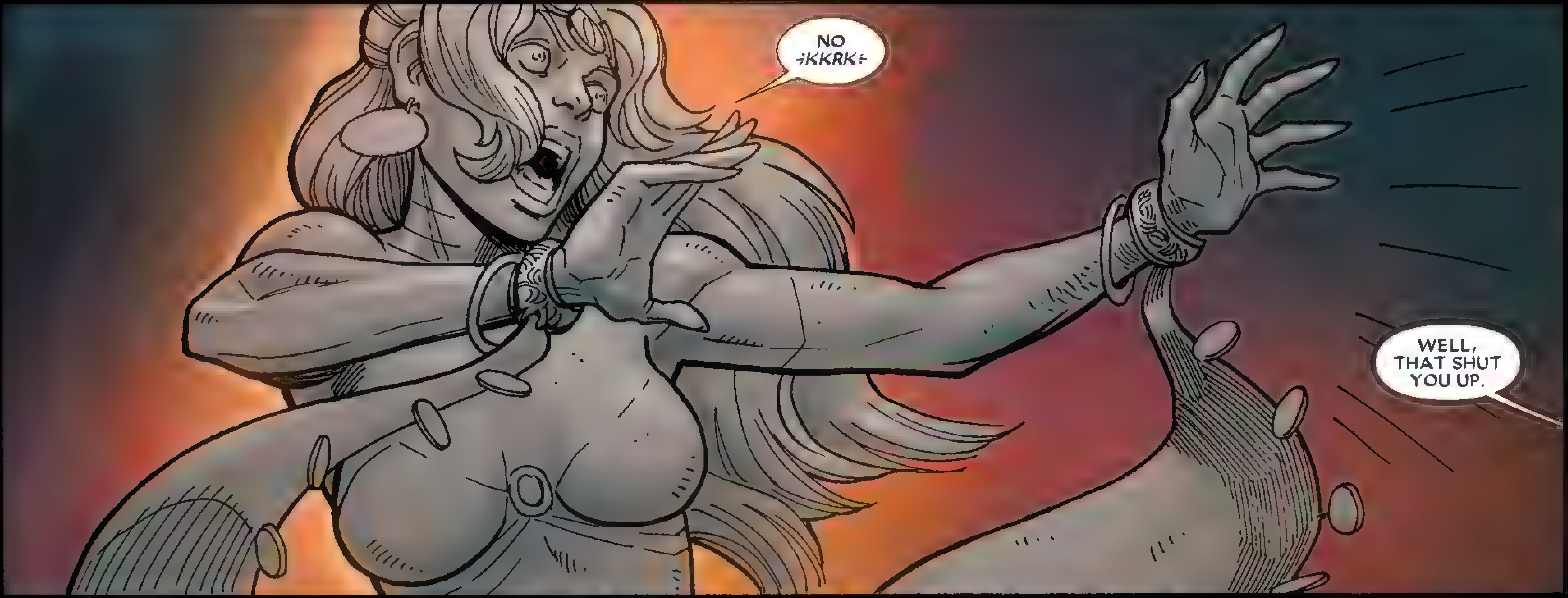
THIS WON'T STOP ME.
I WOULD EXPECT NOT, BUT *SHE* WILL...
MEET MEDUSA!!!


NO
=KKRK=
WELL, THAT SHUT YOU UP.

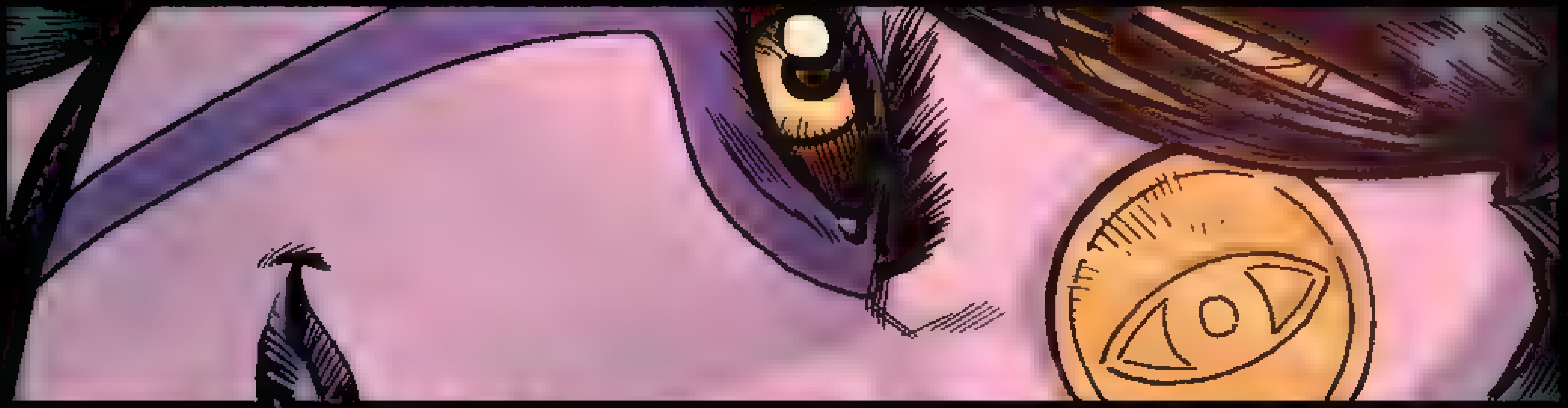
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 12: DEADPOOL, DISARMED

DEADPOOL

The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 12: DEADPOOL, DISARMED



story by
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GERRY DUGGAN

written by
GERRY DUGGAN

storyboards &
pencils by
REILLY BROWN

DEADPOOL

The Gauntlet

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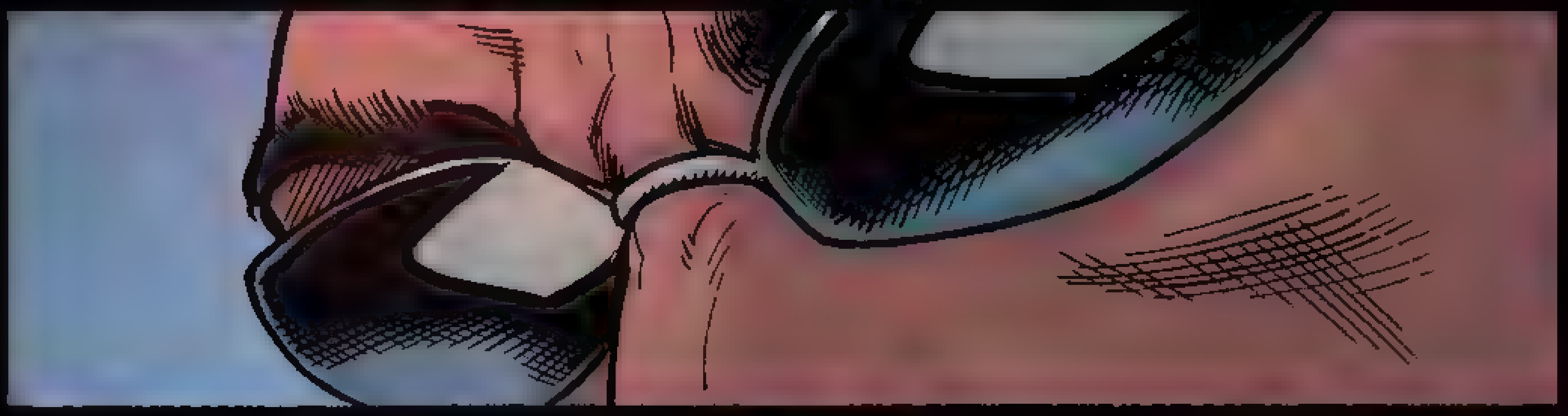
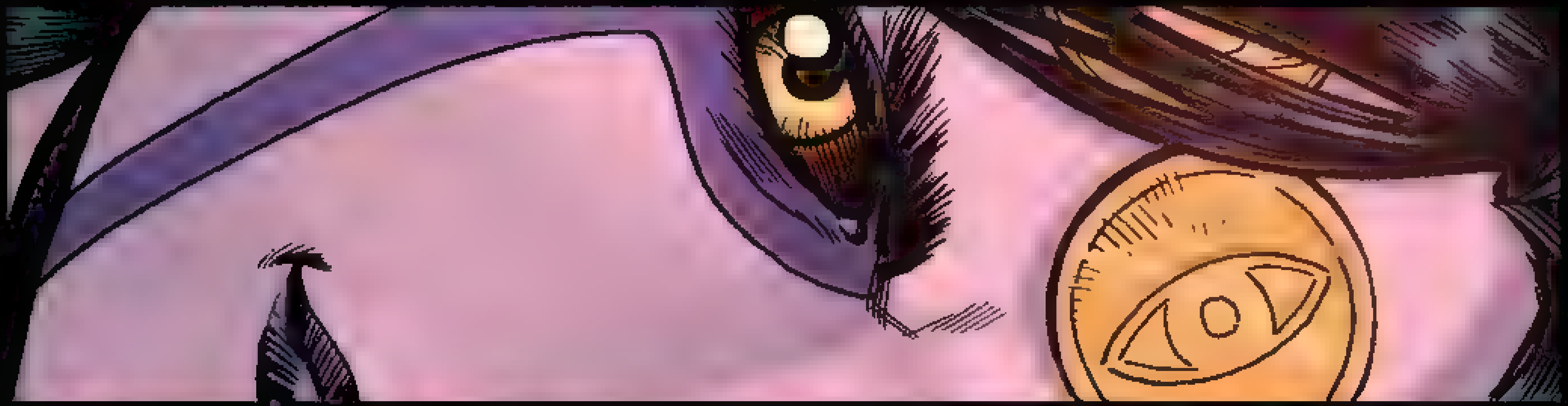


colors by
JIM CHARALAMPIDIS

letters by
VC'S JOE SABINO

DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

CHAPTER 12: DEADPOOL, DISARMED



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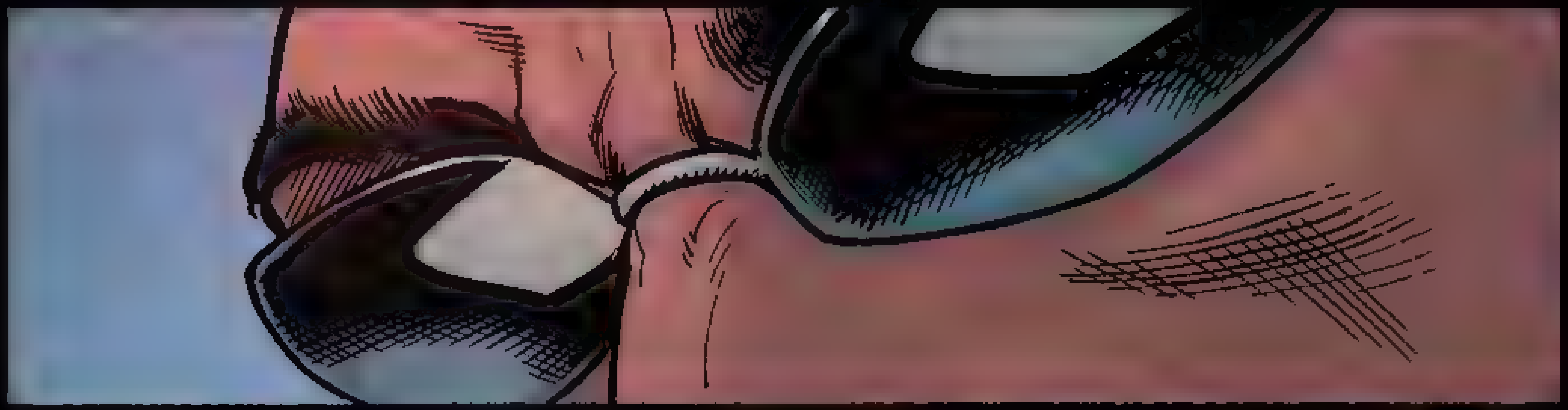

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JOE QUESADA

publishing by
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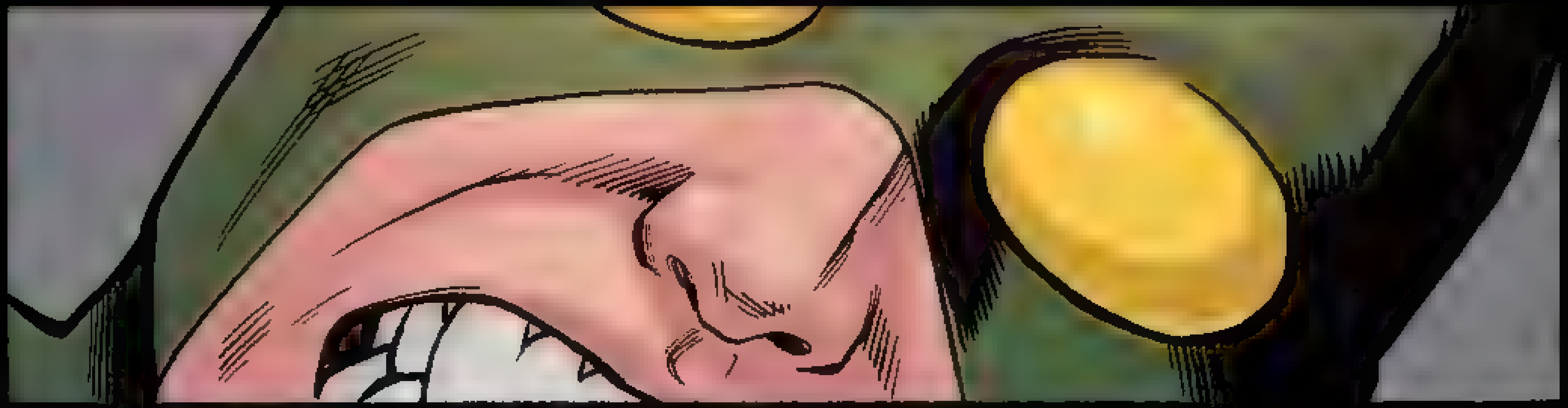
ALAN FINE



DEADPOOL
The Gaunt
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by
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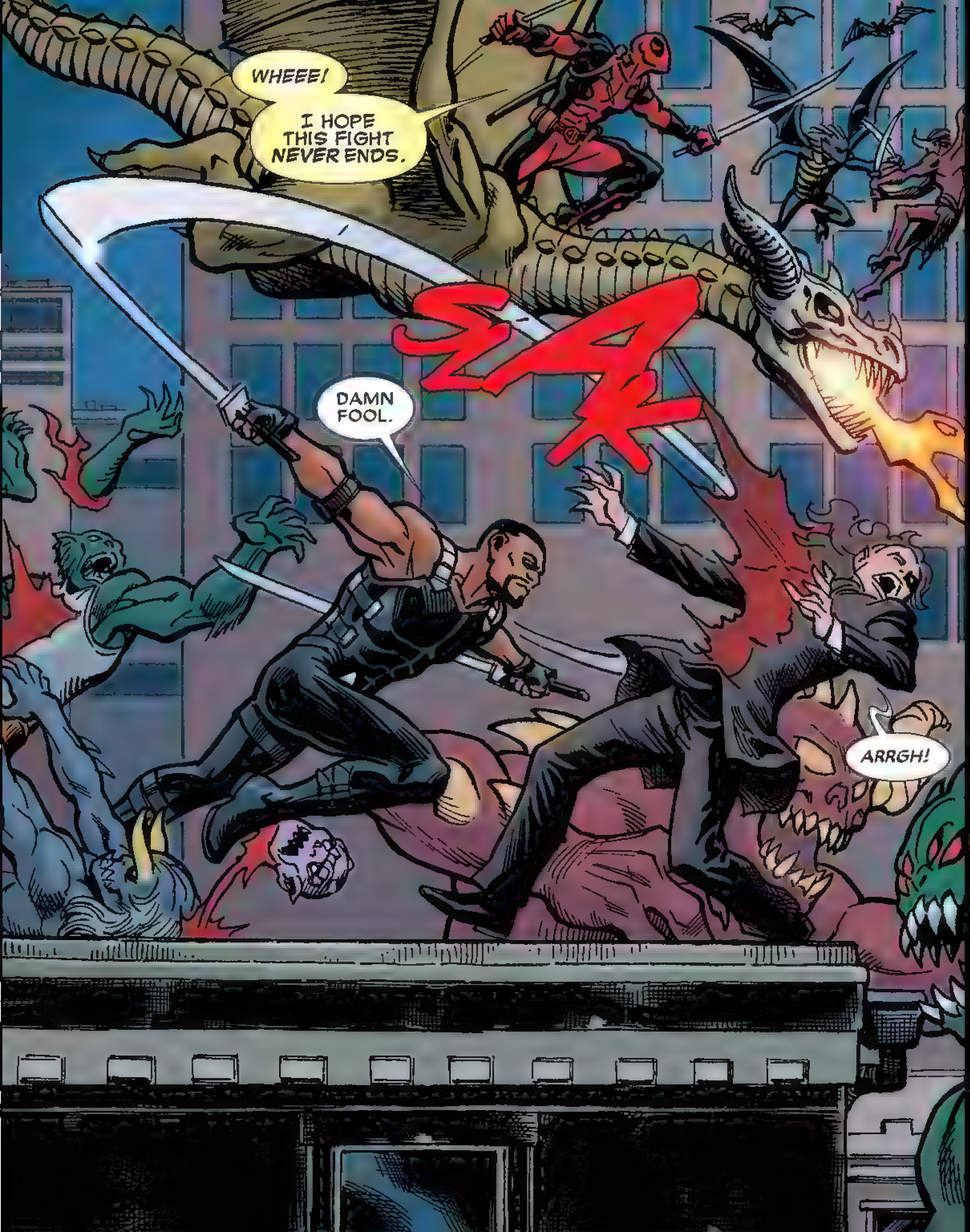
DIS
lette
VC'S
MY *SWEET LADY* HAS TO BE DOING BETTER THAN I AM!
HMM. HOPE I DIDN'T JUST JINX HER.

SLAKK
HI-HO FOUL-COR, AWAY!
SLAKK
AEEEI!


WHEEE!
I HOPE THIS FIGHT *NEVER* ENDS.
SZAK
DAMN FOOL.
ARRGH!

WHEEE!
I HOPE THIS FIGHT *NEVER* ENDS.
ZAK
DAMN FOOL.
ARRGH!
WHAT THE HELL ARE THESE THINGS?

WHEEE!
I HOPE THIS FIGHT *NEVER* ENDS.
DAMN FOOL.
ARRGH!
WHAT THE HELL ARE THESE THINGS?
THEY GO BOOM--IF YOU LET 'EM--SO DON'T LET THEM.
SLASH
PAFF
PAFF
PAFF
PAFF
PAFF

I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY, NEW YORK-- THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT. THIS IS WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU LET THE *GHOSTBUSTERS* GO OUT OF BUSINESS.
MAN, I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU...

ANY TIME
NO MATTER HOW INSANE THE SITUATION, YOU'RE SOMEHOW *CRAZIER*.
YOU *FLATTERER*.
NOT TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT, BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS?
I DUNNO HOW YOU'RE GONNA GET OUT OF THIS, BUT I'M GONNA TURN INTO A BAT AND FLY AWAY.
YOU WOULD REALLY DO THAT TO ME?
I WOULD *ONLY* DO THAT TO YOU.
&$*%'S NOT SO BAD THOUGH. WE GOT MORE FRIENDS INBOUND.

"WEREWOLF BY NIGHT IS GOOD AND PISSED. HE DIDN'T CARE FOR BEING DRAC'S BITCH."
RRAAARRGH!

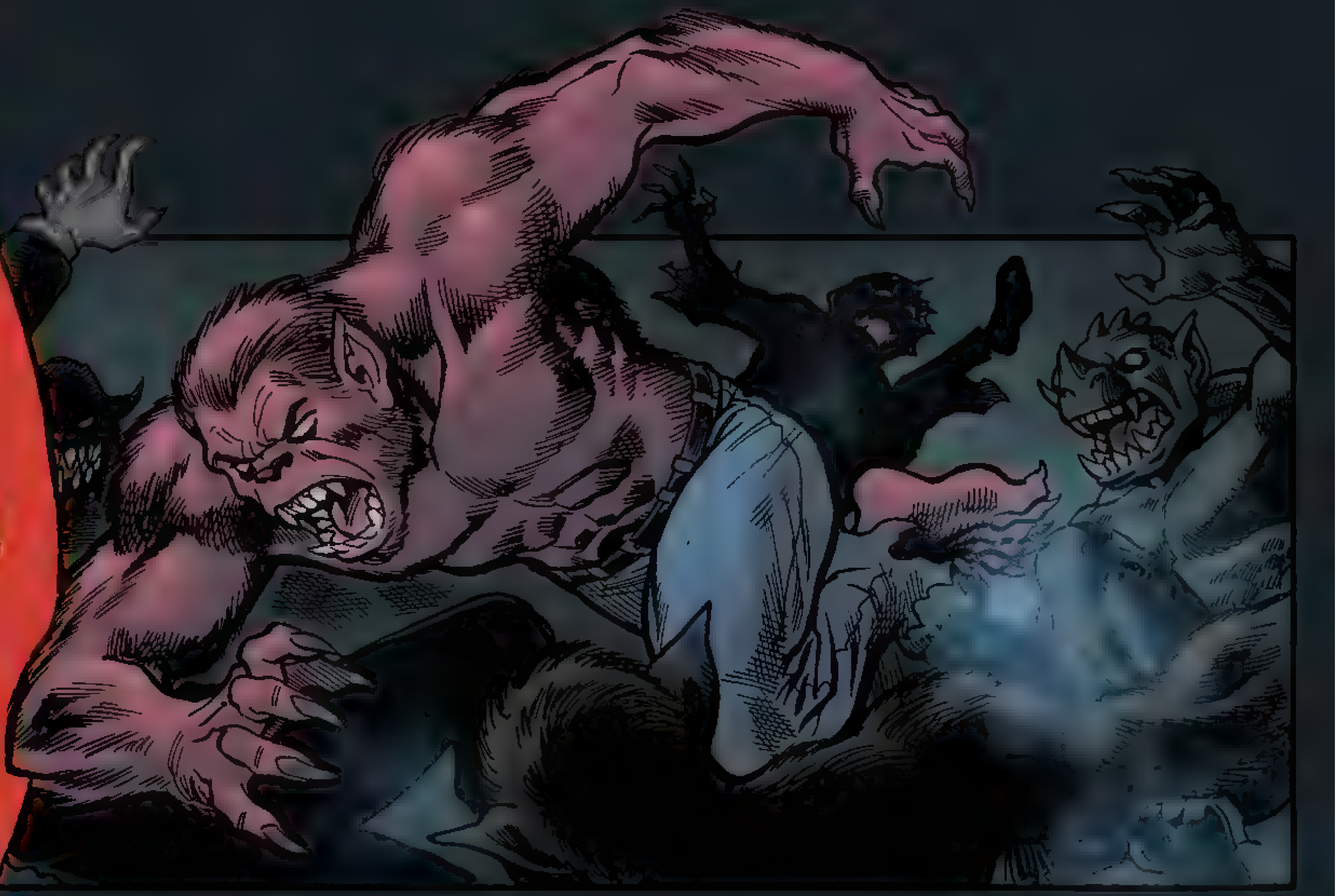
WEREWOLF BY NIGHT

ALIAS: JACK RUSSELL
"I REMEMBER HIM FROM CHAPTER 8!"
HEIGHT: 6'8"
WEIGHT: 300 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: GOOD, NOW!

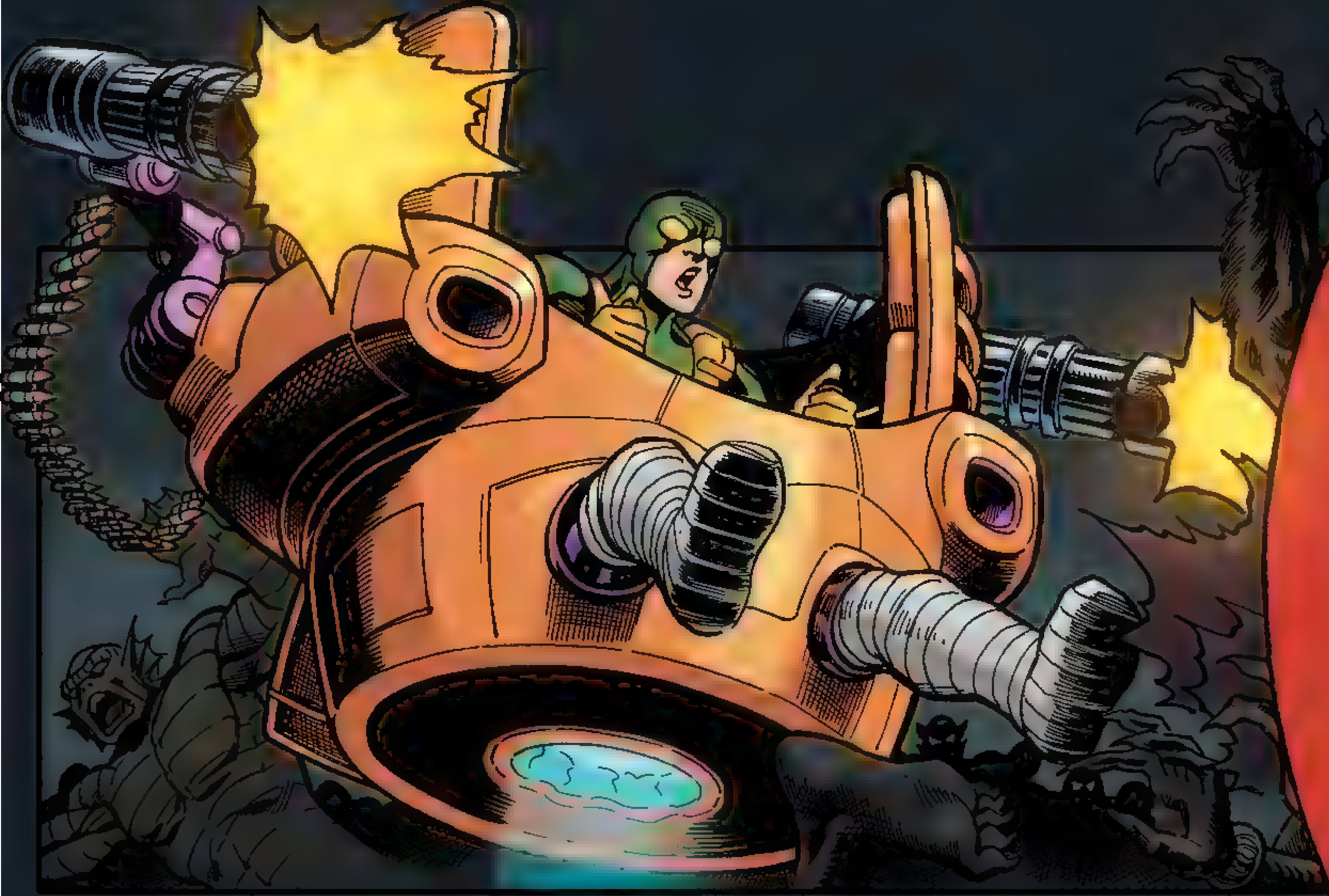
POWERS & ABILITIES:
HE'S LIKE A WEREWOLF, BUT, LIKE...EVERY NIGHT, NOT JUST UNDER THE FULL MOON.

REMEMBER HE WAS BEING CONTROLLED BY A VAMPIRE MAGIC COLLAR? WELL, NOW HE'S FULLY UNLEASHED.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
CLAWS AND TEETH, STILL.



"AND THERE'S GOOD OL' BOB!"
WHOOOHOOO!
ALL OF THESE BUTTONS ARE WEAPONS!



HYDRA BOB

ALIAS: BOB...SOMETHING.
"OH, YEAH, AND HIM, FROM BEFORE!"
HEIGHT: 5'10"
WEIGHT: 181 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: UH...ON OUR SIDE?
I MEAN...HE'S STILL A TERRORIST...

POWERS & ABILITIES:
HE'S JUST A GUY WHO WORKS FOR HYDRA...EXCEPT NOW HE'S GOT BROKEN LEGS AND IS FLYING AROUND IN A STOLEN M.O.D.O.K. CHAIR!

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
WICKED M.O.D.O.K. GUNS!

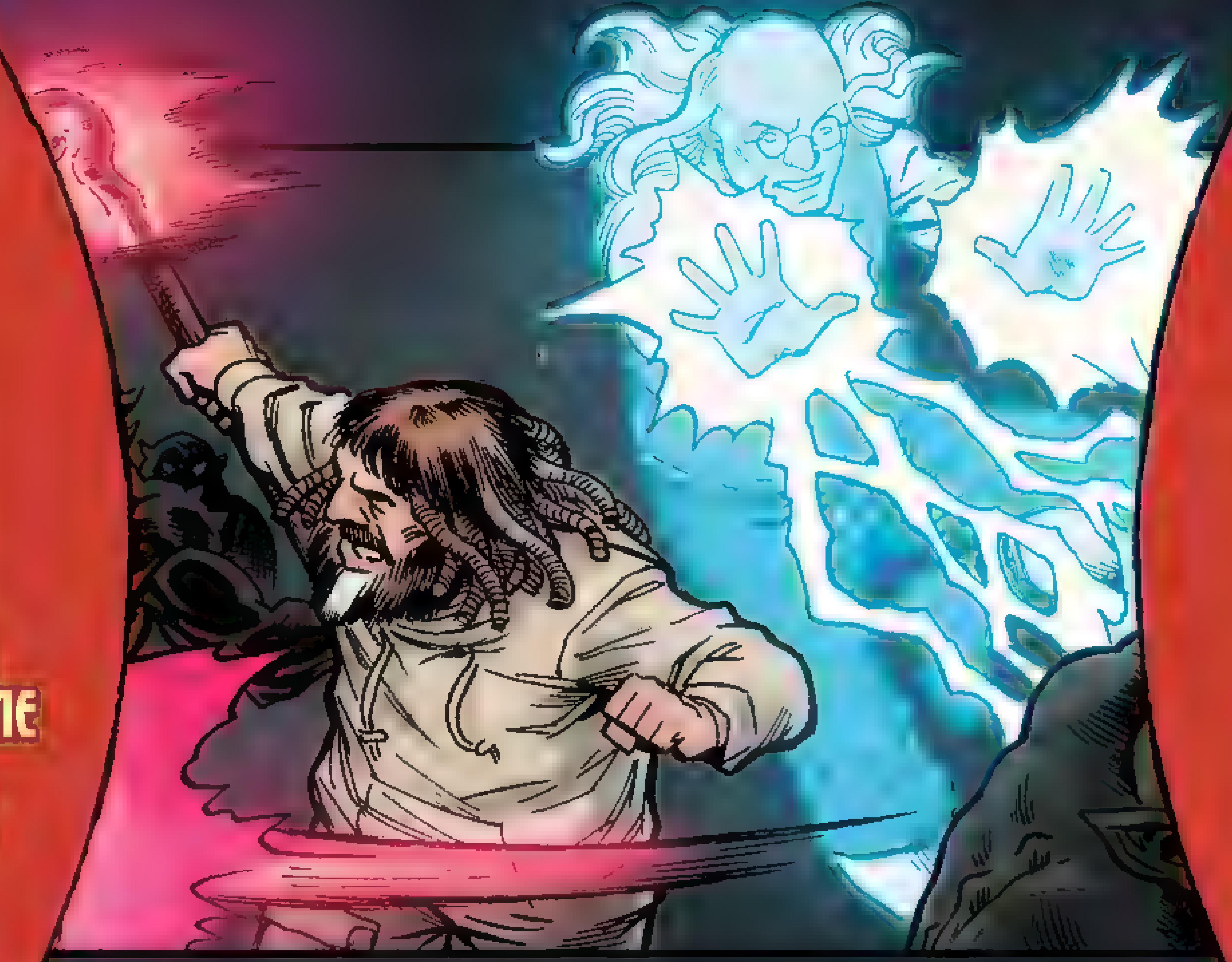
"ALL MY FRIENDS ARE HERE!
"IT'S LIKE THE END OF A BIG ACTION MOVIE!"
BACK, UNDEAD FILTH!
IT'S ALL ABOUT THE *BENJAMIN,* YOU BASTARDS!

MICHAEL THE NECROMANCER

ALIAS: MICHAEL SOMETHING, BUMBLEDOR
"THE MAGIC GUY FROM THE PRESIDENTS ARC!"
HEIGHT: 5'8"
WEIGHT: 252 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: ON THE SIDE OF DEMOCRACY.

POWERS & ABILITIES:
ALL SORT OF MAGICAL POWERS LEARNED FROM AN ANCIENT TOME OF EVIL. HE ALSO UPPED HIS MAGICAL MOJO BY SELLING HIS SOUL BACK WHEN HE WAS A S.H.I.E.L.D. MAGIC USER. NOW, HE'S BEEN TO HELL AND BACK.

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
MAGIC ZAPPY STAFF!



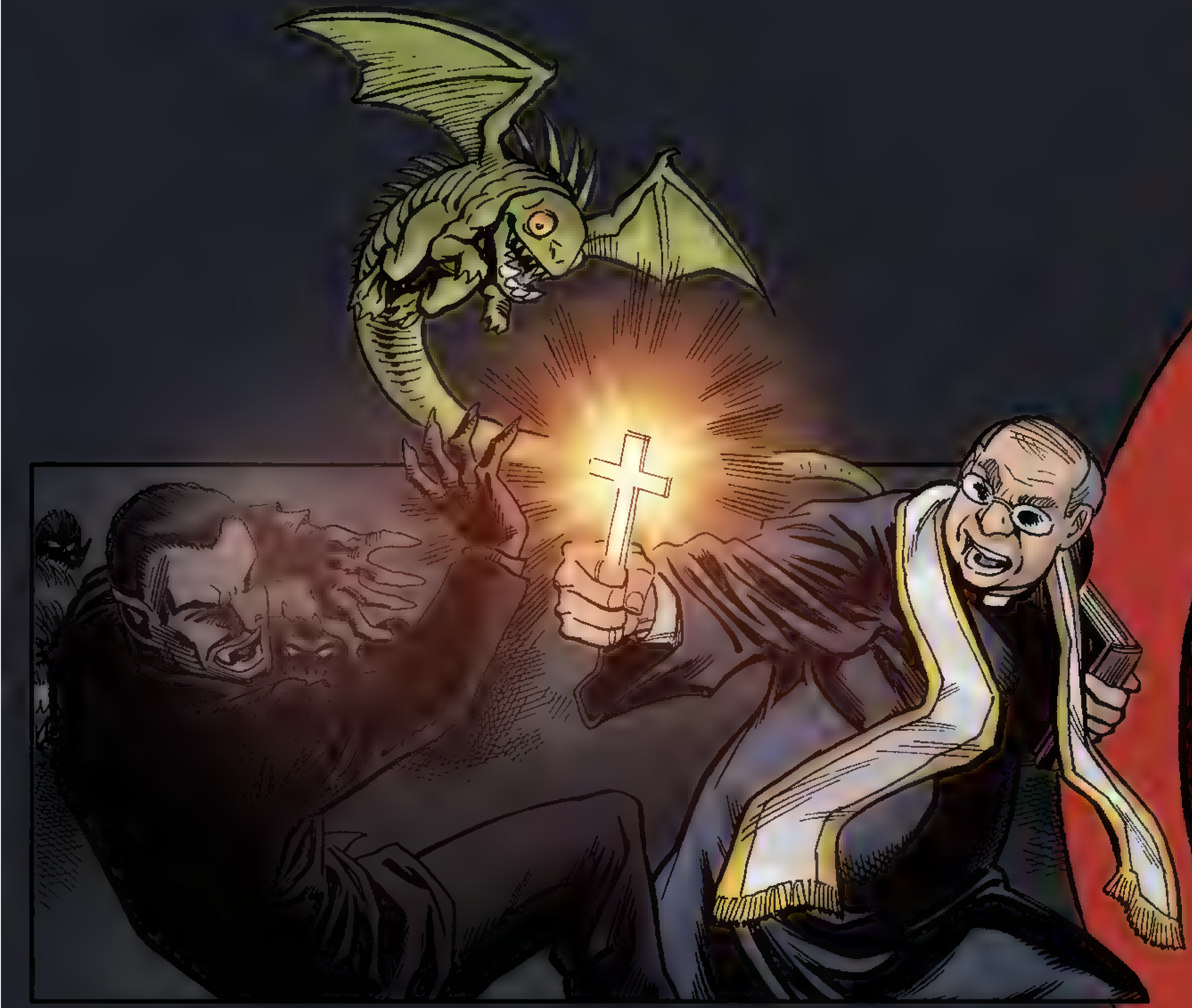
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

ALIAS: THE GHOST OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
"A PERVY OLD DEAD GUY!"
HEIGHT: 5'9"
WEIGHT: 315 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: WITH THE LADIES.

POWERS & ABILITIES:
HE WAS A FOUNDING FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY (THE U.S.A. THAT IS) BUT HE WAS NEVER PRESIDENT. NOW, HIS SPIRIT WANDERS THE LAND, INVISIBLE TO MOST, SPYING ON WOMEN AS THEY UNDRESS. AND, HEY! LOOKS LIKE HE CAN ZAP THINGS, NOW, TOO!

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
ELECTRICITY!

BACK TO HELL WITH YOU!
THAT'S RIGHT, YOU *CROSSED* WITH THE WRONG PRIEST!
THE POWER OF CHRIST COMPELS YOU--TO GET OUT OF MY CITY!
HISSS!
NO FAIR, HE HAS MAGIC WEAPON!
"WOW, *EVERYONE* REALLY IS HERE."



THE PRIEST FROM CHAPTER 9

ALIAS: FATHER SOMETHING OR OTHER
"THE MAN WHO MARRIED
DEADPOOL & SHIKLAH!"
HEIGHT: 5'10"
WEIGHT: 208 LBS.
ALIGNMENT: THE SIDE OF HEAVEN.

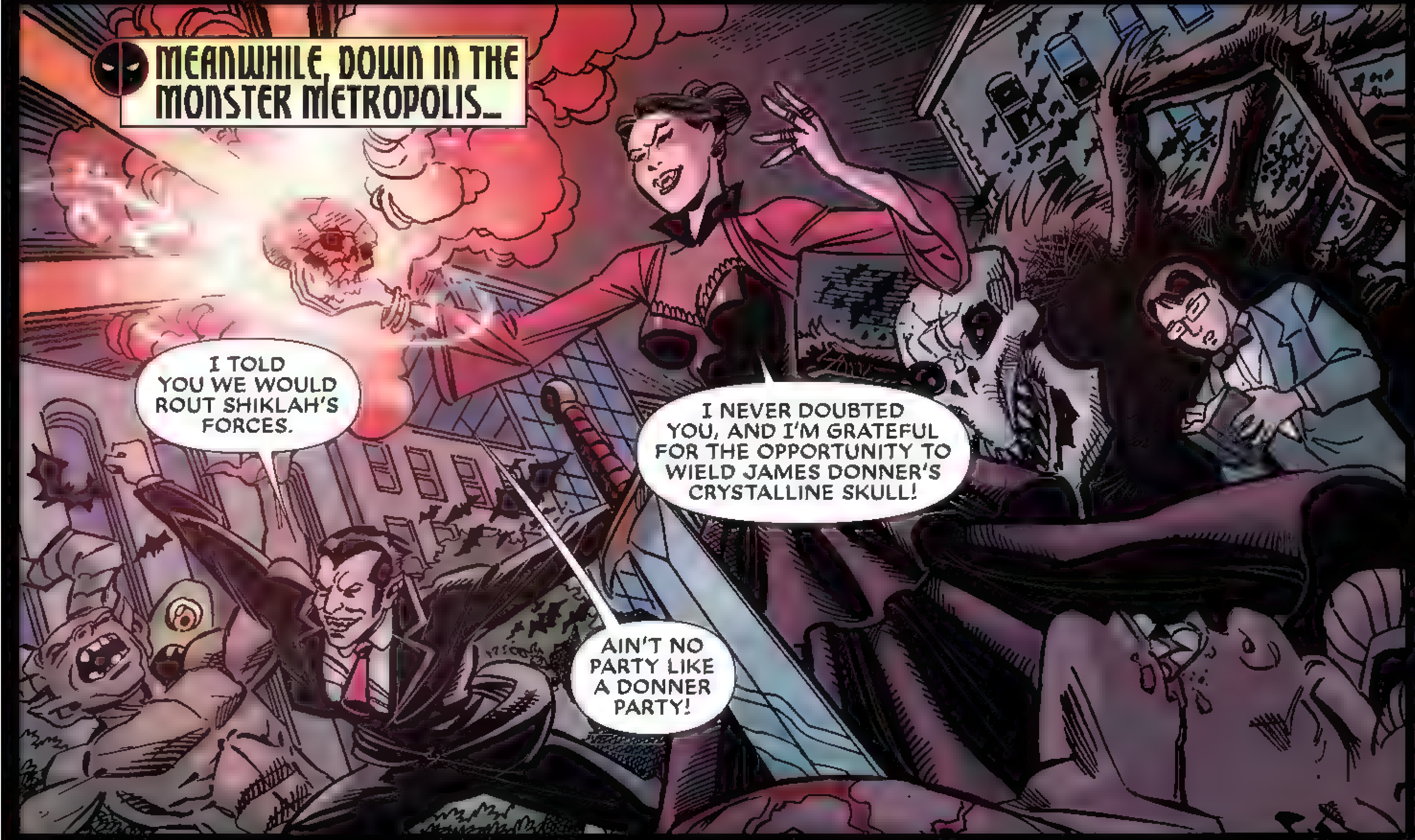
POWERS & ABILITIES:
UH...FAITH, I GUESS?

WEAPONS OF CHOICE:
CRUCIFIX!

THIS SURFACE FIGHT IS ONLY HALF THE BATTLE! DRACULA'S FORCES ARE IN A FULL PITCHED BATTLE WITH SHIKLAH'S SIDE OF THE MONSTER FAMILY TREE.
I PROPOSE WE HANDLE OUR BUSINESS TOPSIDE, SEAL THE MONSTER METROPOLIS BELOW AND LET THE TWO SIDES FIGHT IT OUT.
THEN AFTER WE CLEAR THE SURFACE, WE'LL TAKE ON WHOEVER WON DOWN BELOW.
SOUNDS GREAT!
OH, WAIT--NO, I CAN'T...

...SHIKLAH AND I GOT *MARRIED*... SO I GUESS I GOT A HORSE IN THIS RACE.

'THA HELL?
YOU *WHAT* NOW?
⫶GASP⫶
WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?
UH...


MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
I TOLD YOU WE WOULD ROUT SHIKLAH'S FORCES.
I NEVER DOUBTED YOU, AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIELD JAMES DONNER'S CRYSTALLINE SKULL!
AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A DONNER PARTY!

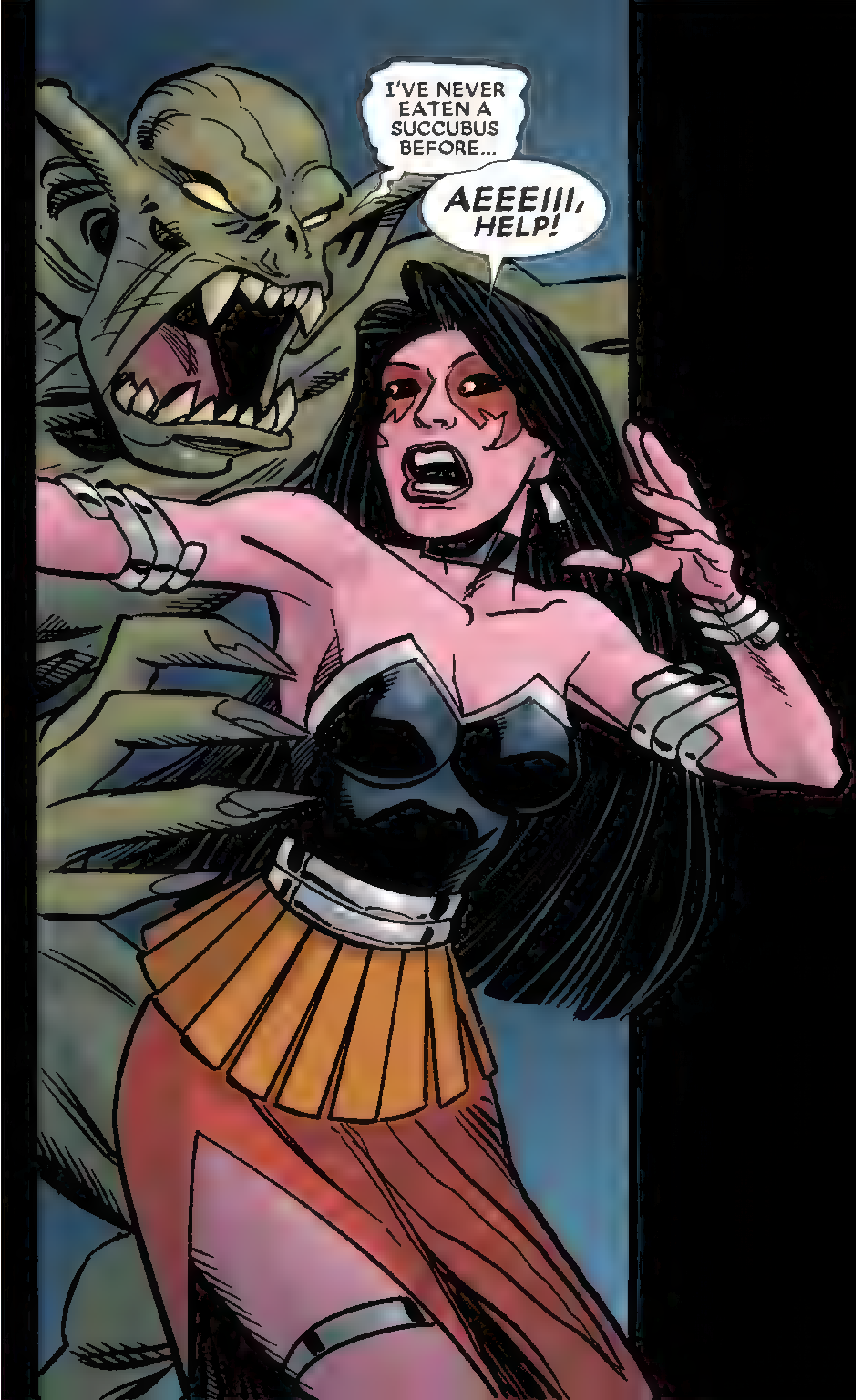
MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
I TOLD YOU WE WOULD ROUT SHIKLAH'S FORCES.
I NEVER DOUBTED YOU, AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIELD JAMES DONNER'S CRYSTALLINE SKULL!
AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A DONNER PARTY!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE ALL HAVING FUN, BUT DRACULA EXPECTS US TO WRAP THIS UP QUICKLY SO WE CAN HELP OUR FRIENDS ON THE SURFACE.

MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
I TOLD YOU WE WOULD ROUT SHIKLAH'S FORCES.
I NEVER DOUBTED YOU, AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIELD JAMES DONNER'S CRYSTALLINE SKULL!
AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A DONNER PARTY!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM. THEY'RE DEAD.
OR RE-DEAD. ANYWAY, WE'RE BRINGING THE PARTY TO YOU!
OH, DEAR.

MEANWHILE, DOWN IN THE MONSTER METROPOLIS...
I TOLD YOU WE WOULD ROUT SHIKLAH'S FORCES.
I NEVER DOUBTED YOU, AND I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIELD JAMES DONNER'S CRYSTALLINE SKULL!
AIN'T NO PARTY LIKE A DONNER PARTY!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM. THEY'RE DEAD.
OR RE-DEAD. ANYWAY, WE'RE BRINGING THE PARTY TO YOU!
OH, DEAR.
WHERE'S MY LADY?

OH, MAN! I'M IN A LOT OF *TROUBLE!*
YOU GOT ME HERE, YOU'LL BE *FINE!*
NO, I'M *MISSING* A LOT OF *WORK.*
DON'T SWEAT IT, *DR. DEADPOOL* WILL GIVE YOU A *NOTE.*
I'LL REANIMATE ANY OF MY FALLEN FRIENDS!
YOU'LL DO NO SUCH THING!
WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?
HE'S MINE!
WAIT, HE'S ONE OF THE CLAN ELDERS--VERY POWERFUL!

THWAM
CUR.
WHERE IS THE UNDEAD MERCENARY? WHERE IS DEADPOOL?
DAMMIT.
MY EARS ARE BURNING.
SERIOUSLY, SOME WEIRD SNAKE-MAN SPRAYED ACID IN MY EARS.
AHH-- THERE YOU ARE!
OOF!


I'VE NEVER EATEN A SUCCUBUS BEFORE...
AEEEIII, HELP!

I'VE NEVER EATEN A SUCCUBUS BEFORE...
AEEEIIII, HELP!
OHMYGODI'MSORRY DID I KILL YOUR FRIEND? PLEASE DON'T KILL ME? I GUESS THIS THING RAN OUT OF GAS AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FILL IT UP.
ZUT ALORS!
FWOMP

I'VE NEVER EATEN A SUCCUBUS BEFORE...
AEEEIII, HELP!
OHMYGODI'MSORRY DID I KILL YOUR FRIEND? PLEASE DON'T KILL ME? I GUESS THIS THING RAN OUT OF GAS AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FILL IT UP.
ZUT ALORS!
FWOMP
HI, YOU LOOK LIKE SHIKLAH. ALL PRETTY AND SOFT WITH ALL THAT COOL COLOR AROUND YOUR EYES. AM I TALKING TOO MUCH?
YOU SAVED ME!

I'VE NEVER EATEN A SUCCUBUS BEFORE...
AEEEIII, HELP!
OHMYGODI'MSORRY DID I KILL YOUR FRIEND? PLEASE DON'T KILL ME? I GUESS THIS THING RAN OUT OF GAS AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FILL IT UP.
ZUT ALORS!
FWOMP
HI, YOU LOOK LIKE SHIKLAH. ALL PRETTY AND SOFT WITH ALL THAT COOL COLOR AROUND YOUR EYES. AM I TALKING TOO MUCH?
YOU SAVED ME!
YOU'RE TAKING...YEARS... OFF THE END OF... MY LIFE...

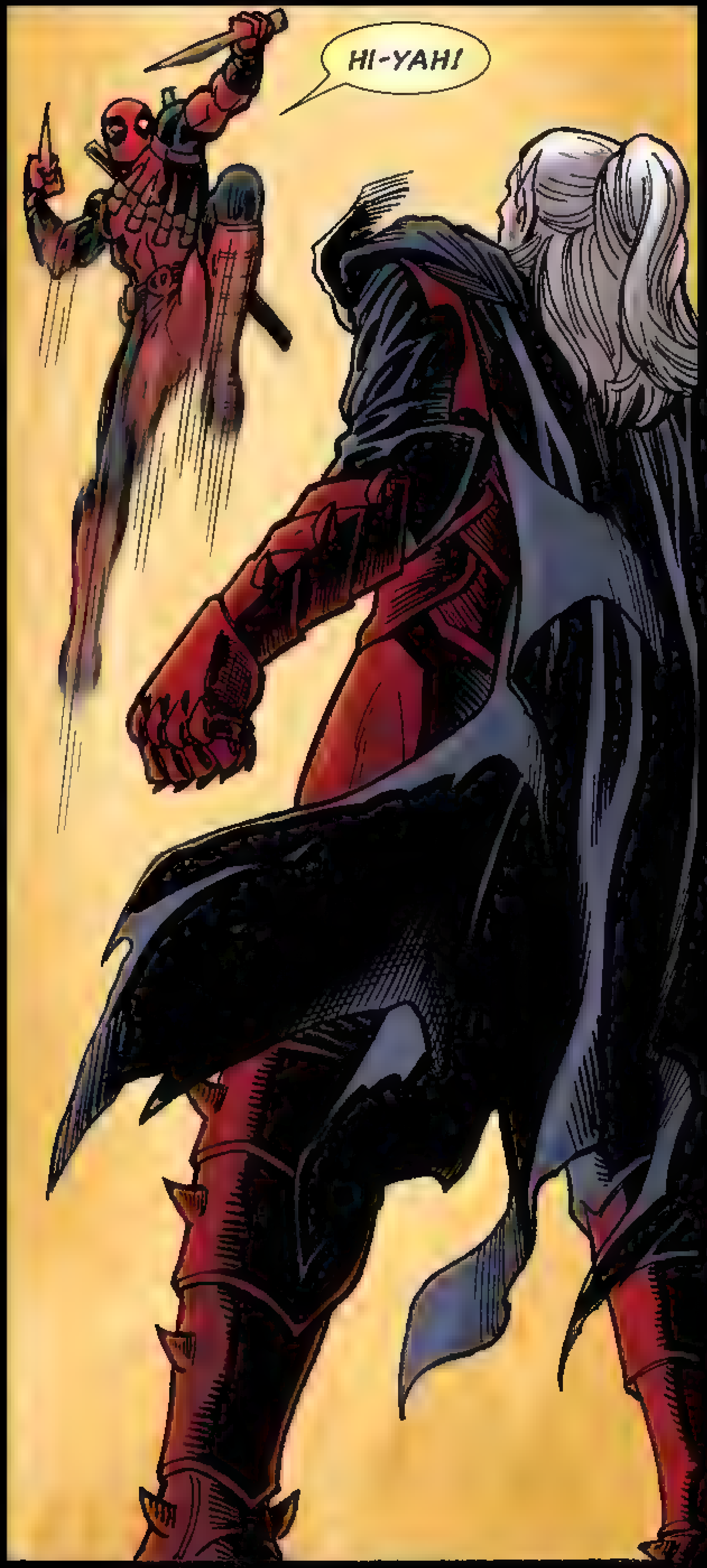
THEY'RE THE WORST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE ANYWAY.
NO ARGUMENT... FROM ME...
I DISCOVERED *ELECTRICITY*, YOU VILE KNAVES, LET ME SHOW IT TO YOU!
GO, DEADPOOL.
THAT'S DRACULA'S LAIR UP AHEAD.
FIND YOUR OLD LADY.
OH MAN, I'M STARTING TO GET A BAD FEELING ABOUT MY WIFE. NOT *"PUNISHER'S-WIFE-AT-A-PICNIC"* BAD FEELING, BUT STILL-- A KINDA BAD FEELING.

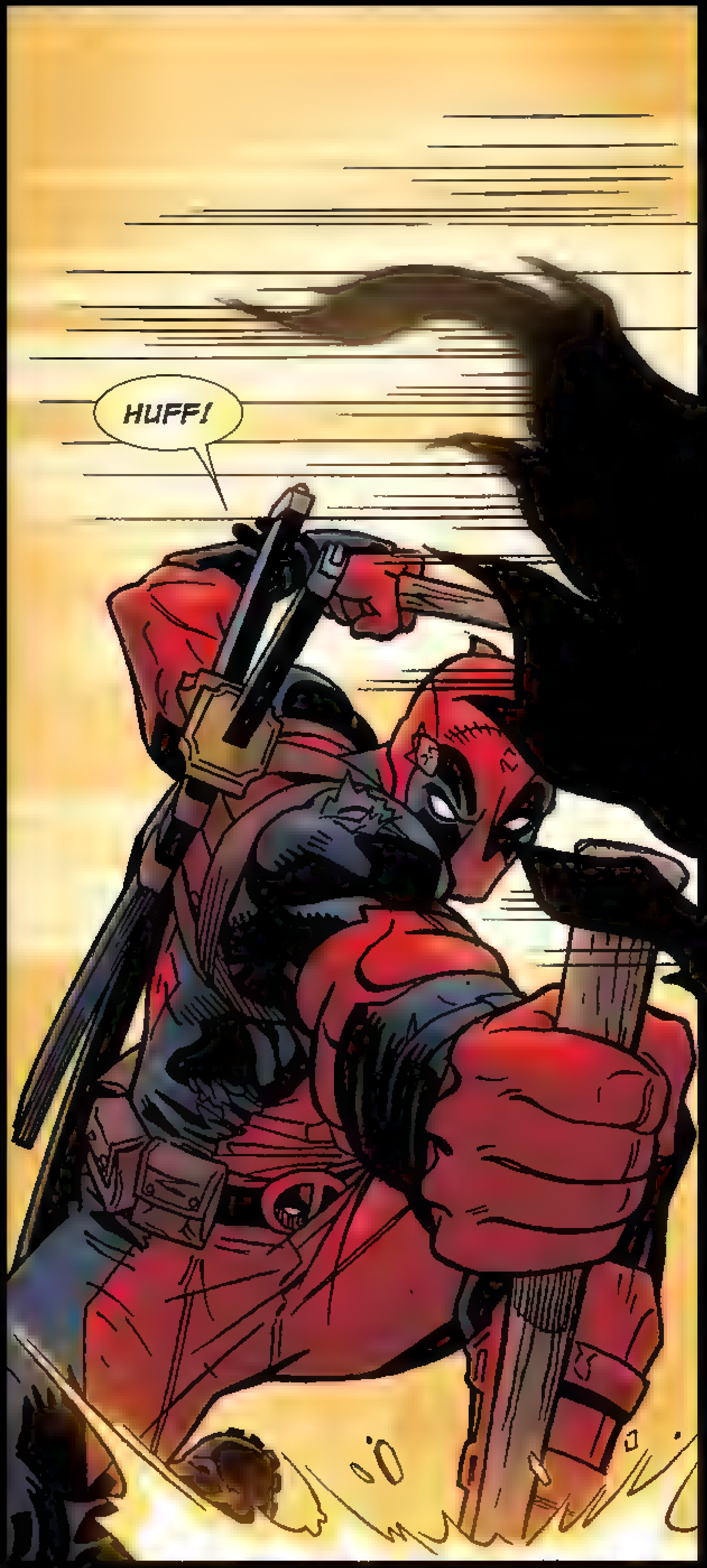
CAN SHE *SEE*, I WONDER?
ARE YOU ASKING ME?
I CAN'T EVEN SEE WITH THIS BAG ON MY HEAD.
IT'S NOT "A *BAG*" IT'S A HIGH THREAD COUNT-- NEVER MIND.

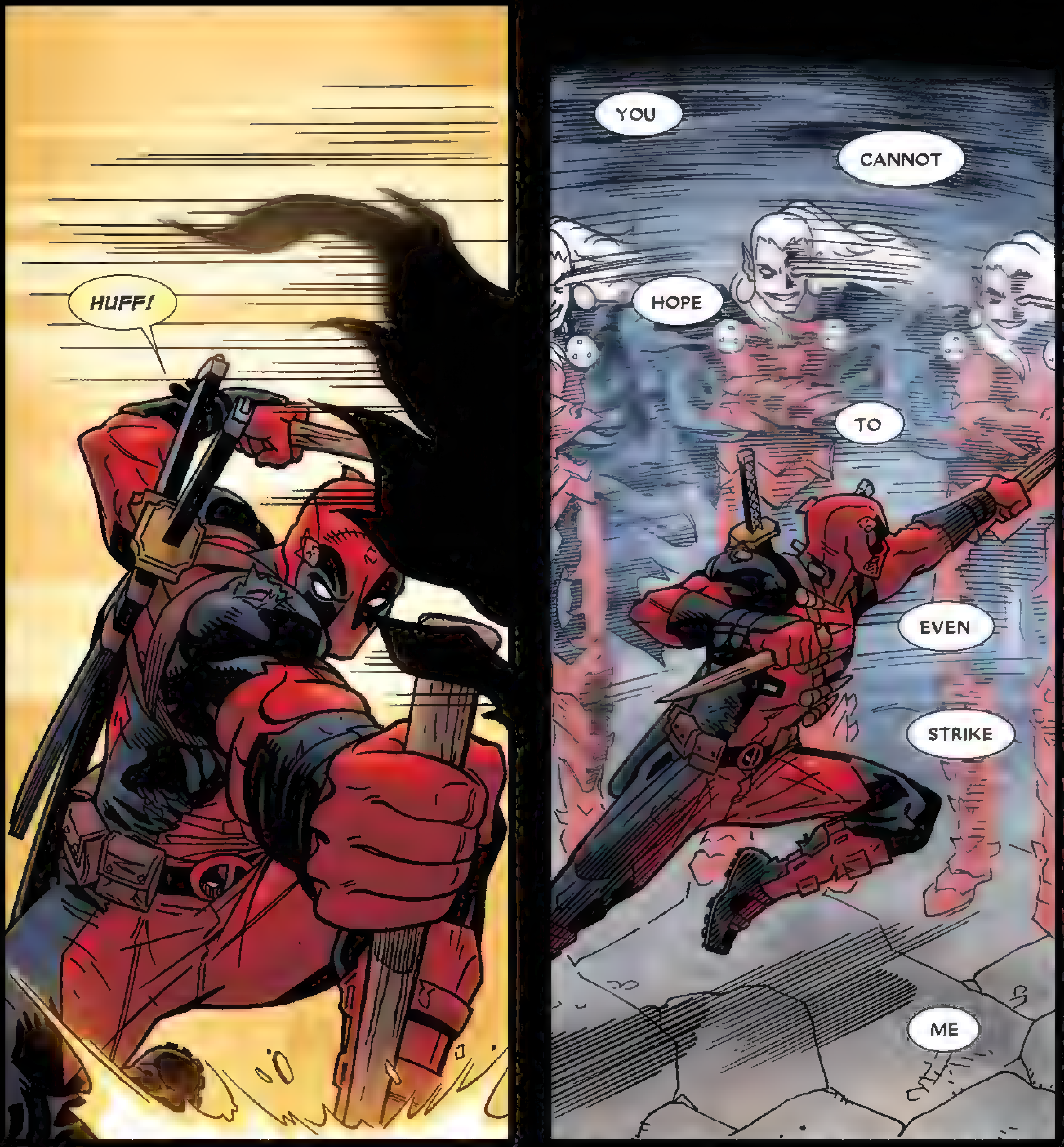
KNOCK KNOCK!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME--YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER GUYS-- *OH NO!*
SHIKLAH!
AH, DEADPOOL. GOOD, YOU SURVIVED MY *GAUNTLET.* IT'S ONLY FITTING I GET TO KILL YOU *MYSELF.*

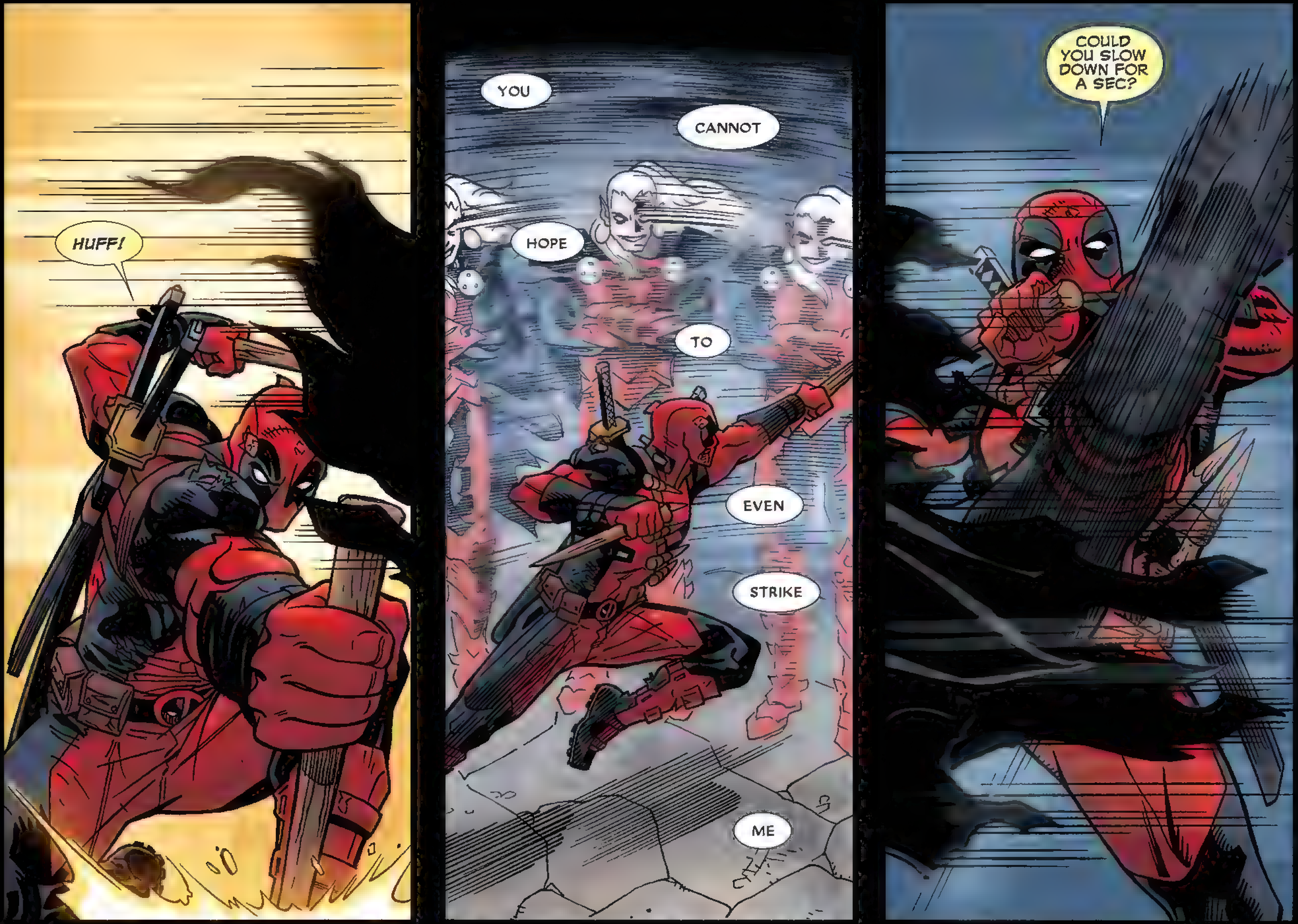
KNOCK KNOCK!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME--YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER GUYS-- *OH NO!*
SHIKLAH!
AH, DEADPOOL. GOOD, YOU SURVIVED MY *GAUNTLET.* IT'S ONLY FITTING I GET TO KILL YOU *MYSELF.*
NO B-S. HERE'S A WAY OUT OF THIS FOR YOU: RELEASE SHIKLAH, LET US GO AND LEAVE US BE AND I WON'T DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH YOUR HEART.

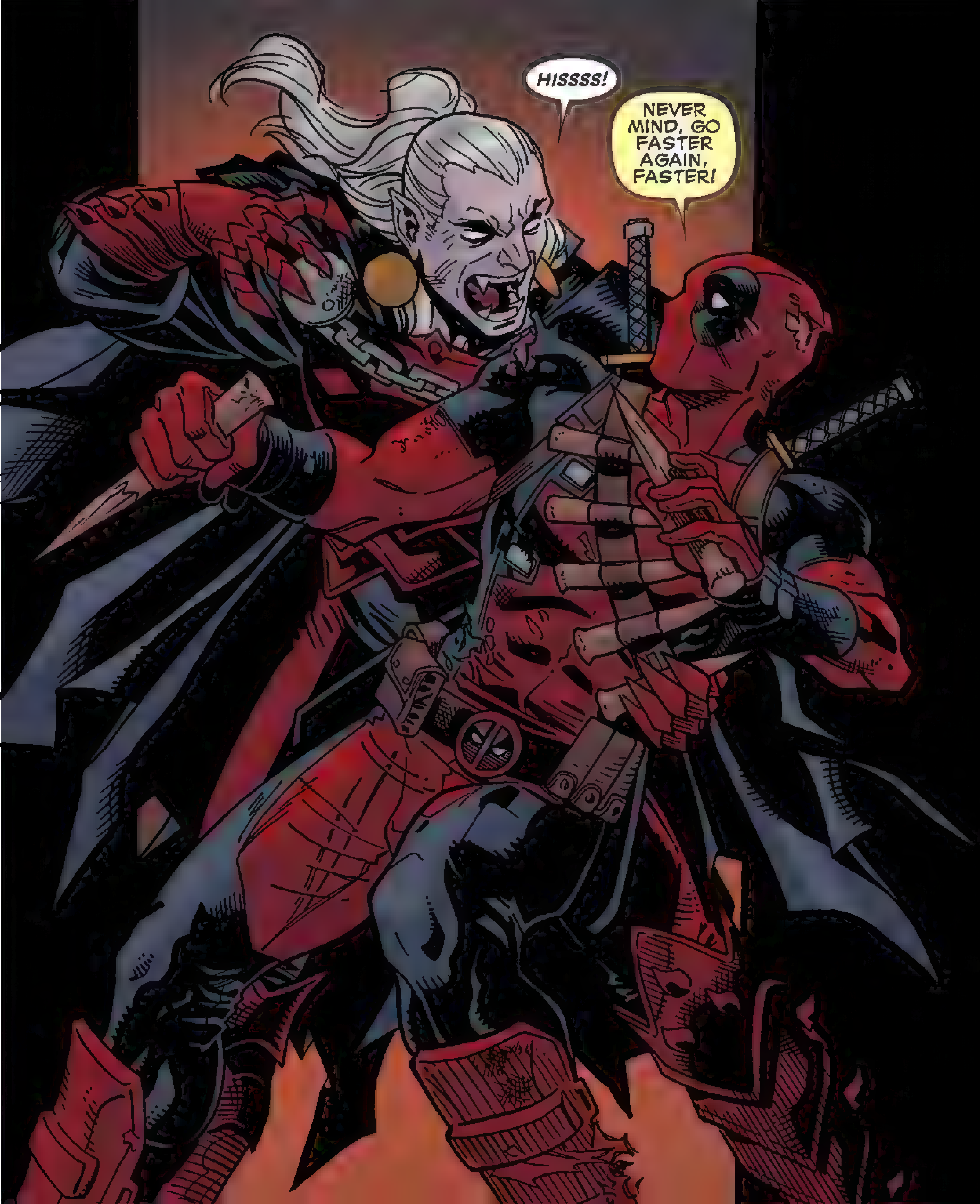
KNOCK KNOCK!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME--YOU SHOULD SEE THE OTHER GUYS-- *OH NO!*
SHIKLAH!
AH, DEADPOOL. GOOD, YOU SURVIVED MY *GAUNTLET.* IT'S ONLY FITTING I GET TO KILL YOU *MYSELF.*
NO B-S. HERE'S A WAY OUT OF THIS FOR YOU: RELEASE SHIKLAH, LET US GO AND LEAVE US BE AND I WON'T DRIVE THIS STAKE THROUGH YOUR HEART.
HA!
YOUR AUDACITY IS SIMPLY PEERLESS.
NOW-- COME DIE!


HI-YAH!


HUFF!


HUFF!
YOU
CANNOT
HOPE
TO
EVEN
STRIKE
ME

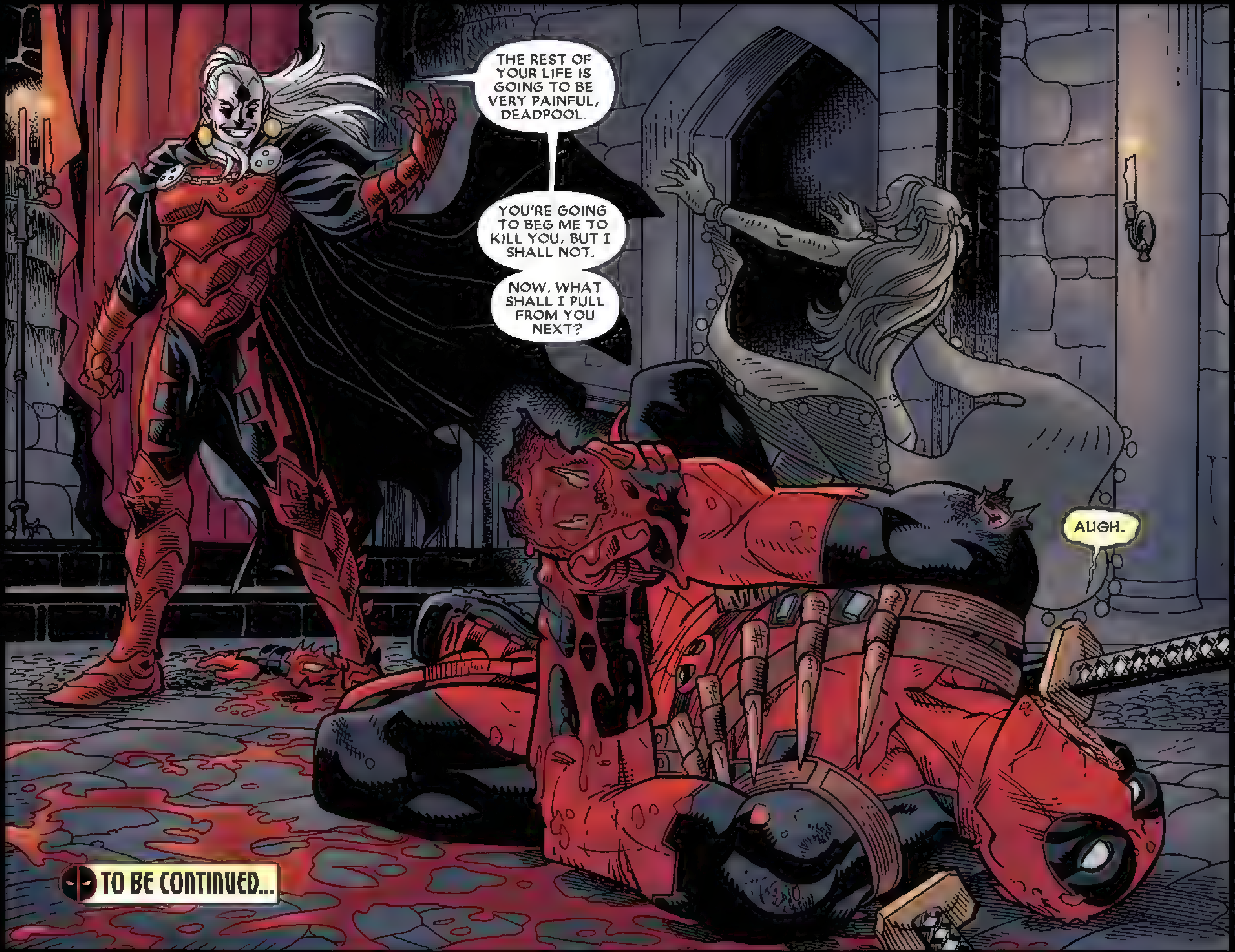

HUFF!
YOU
CANNOT
HOPE
TO
EVEN
STRIKE
ME
COULD YOU SLOW DOWN FOR A SEC?

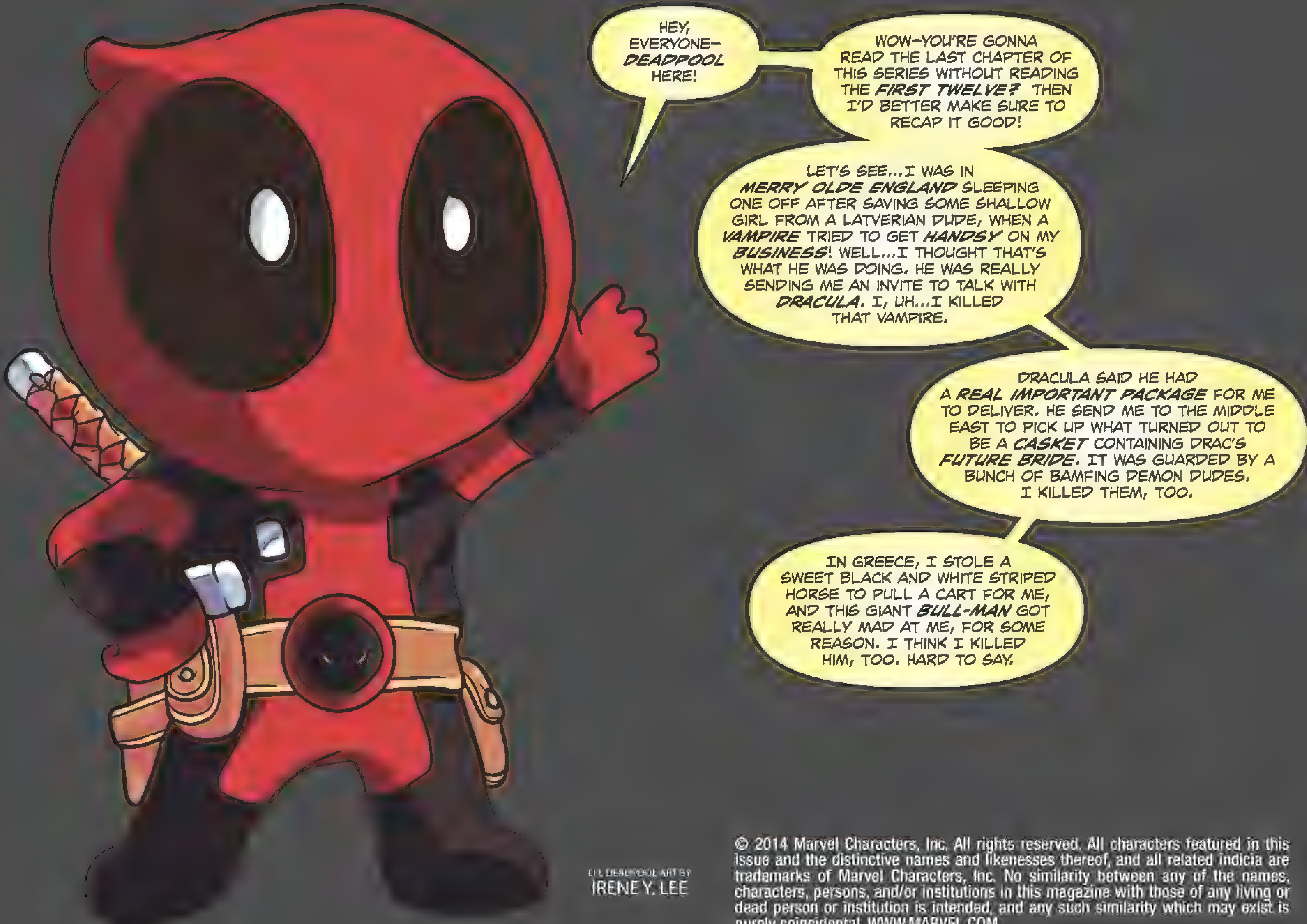

HISSSS!
NEVER MIND, GO FASTER AGAIN, FASTER!

HISSSS!
NEVER MIND, GO FASTER AGAIN, FASTER!
SKRLENCH
YEAAOOW!

HISSSS!
NEVER MIND, GO FASTER AGAIN, FASTER!
SKRLENCH
YEAAOOW!
OH, THAT'S AWFUL! YOUR BLOOD--IT'S DISGUSTING. IS THAT... WHAT *IS* THAT?
YOUR ESSENCE--*IT'S VILE!* CANCEROUS.
I HAD *ASPARAGUS* WITH LUNCH...?
I ACTUALLY FEEL *WEAK.*

NO MATTER.
I'LL SIMPLY PULL YOU APART.
WAIT--
KERACK
PIECE BY PIECE...
AEEEEIGH!


THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IS GOING TO BE VERY PAINFUL, DEADPOOL.
YOU'RE GOING TO BEG ME TO KILL YOU, BUT I SHALL NOT.
NOW, WHAT SHALL I PULL FROM YOU NEXT?
AUGH.
TO BE CONTINUED...


HEY, EVERYONE—*DEADPOOL* HERE!
WOW—YOU'RE GONNA READ THE LAST CHAPTER OF THIS SERIES WITHOUT READING THE *FIRST TWELVE?* THEN I'D BETTER MAKE SURE TO RECAP IT GOOD!
LET'S SEE...I WAS IN *MERRY OLDE ENGLAND* SLEEPING ONE OFF AFTER SAVING SOME SHALLOW GIRL FROM A LATVERIAN DUDE, WHEN A *VAMPIRE* TRIED TO GET *HANDSY* ON MY *BUSINESS*! WELL...I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT HE WAS DOING. HE WAS REALLY SENDING ME AN INVITE TO TALK WITH *DRACULA*. I, UH...I KILLED THAT VAMPIRE.
DRACULA SAID HE HAD A *REAL IMPORTANT PACKAGE* FOR ME TO DELIVER. HE SEND ME TO THE MIDDLE EAST TO PICK UP WHAT TURNED OUT TO BE A *CASKET* CONTAINING DRAC'S *FUTURE BRIDE*. IT WAS GUARDED BY A BUNCH OF BAMFING DEMON DUDES. I KILLED THEM, TOO.
IN GREECE, I STOLE A SWEET BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED HORSE TO PULL A CART FOR ME, AND THIS GIANT *BULL-MAN* GOT REALLY MAD AT ME, FOR SOME REASON. I THINK I KILLED HIM, TOO. HARD TO SAY.

LIL DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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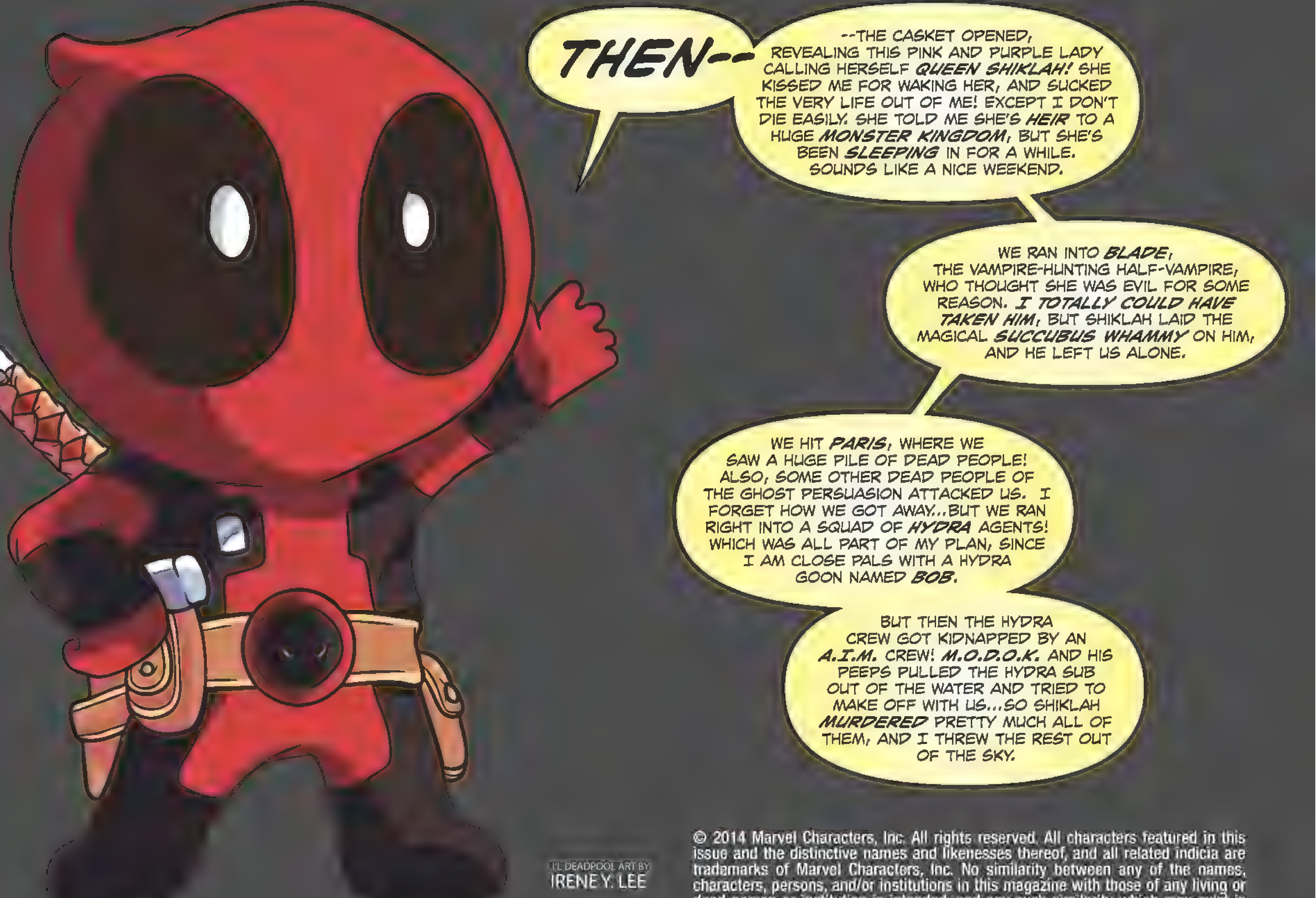
THEN--
--THE CASKET OPENED, REVEALING THIS PINK AND PURPLE LADY CALLING HERSELF ***QUEEN SHIKLAH!*** SHE KISSED ME FOR WAKING HER, AND SUCKED THE VERY LIFE OUT OF ME! EXCEPT I DON'T DIE EASILY. SHE TOLD ME SHE'S ***HEIR*** TO A HUGE ***MONSTER KINGDOM***, BUT SHE'S BEEN ***SLEEPING*** IN FOR A WHILE. SOUNDS LIKE A NICE WEEKEND.
WE RAN INTO ***BLADE***, THE VAMPIRE-HUNTING HALF-VAMPIRE, WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS EVIL FOR SOME REASON. ***I TOTALLY COULD HAVE TAKEN HIM***, BUT SHIKLAH LAID THE MAGICAL ***SUCCUBUS WHAMMY*** ON HIM, AND HE LEFT US ALONE.
WE HIT ***PARIS***, WHERE WE SAW A HUGE PILE OF DEAD PEOPLE! ALSO, SOME OTHER DEAD PEOPLE OF THE GHOST PERSUASION ATTACKED US. I FORGET HOW WE GOT AWAY...BUT WE RAN RIGHT INTO A SQUAD OF ***HYDRA*** AGENTS! WHICH WAS ALL PART OF MY PLAN, SINCE I AM CLOSE PALS WITH A HYDRA GOON NAMED ***BOB***.
BUT THEN THE HYDRA CREW GOT KIDNAPPED BY AN ***A.I.M.*** CREW! ***M.O.D.O.K.*** AND HIS PEEPS PULLED THE HYDRA SUB OUT OF THE WATER AND TRIED TO MAKE OFF WITH US...SO SHIKLAH ***MURDERED*** PRETTY MUCH ALL OF THEM, AND I THREW THE REST OUT OF THE SKY.

LI'L DEADPOOL ART BY
IRENE Y. LEE

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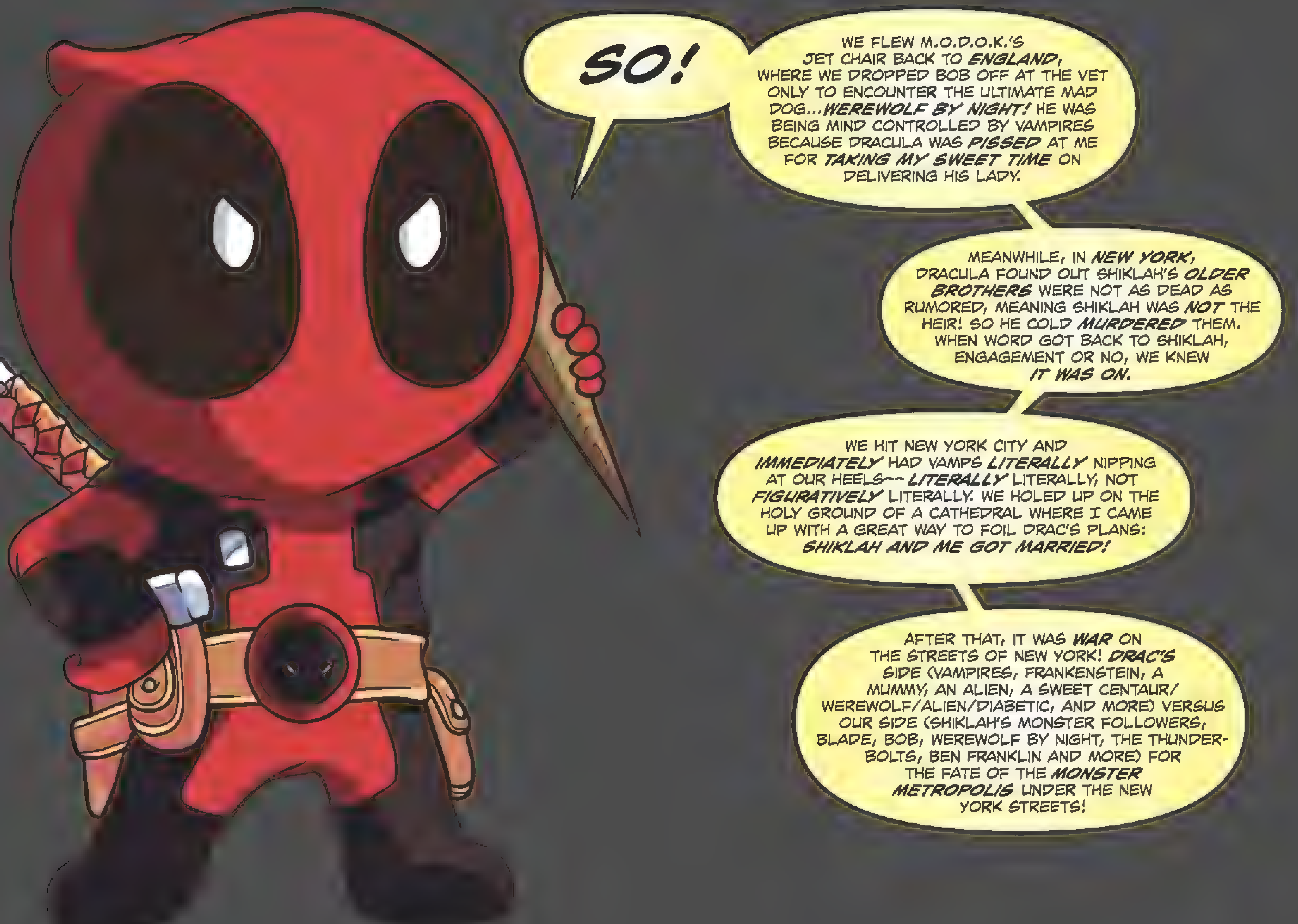
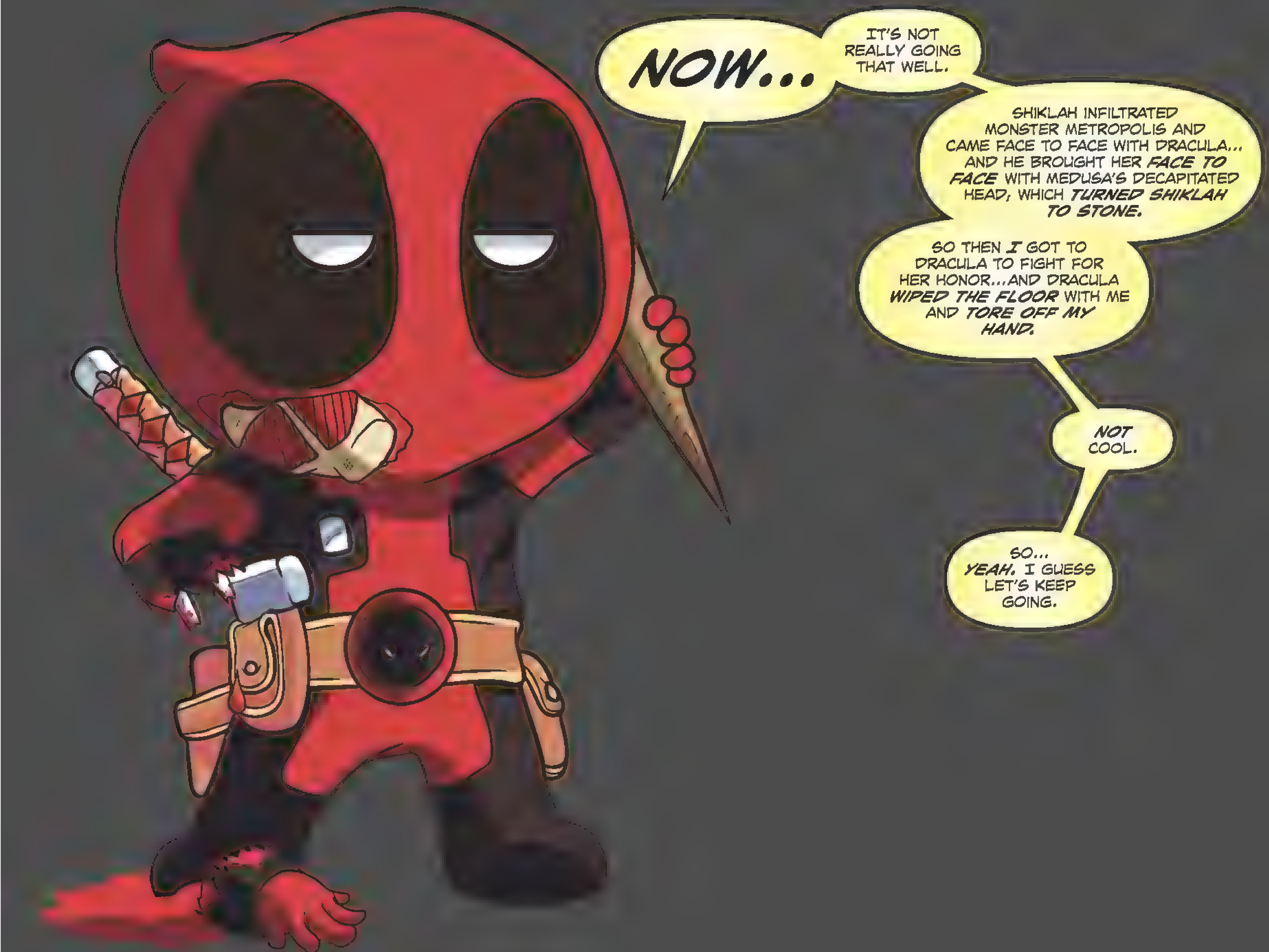
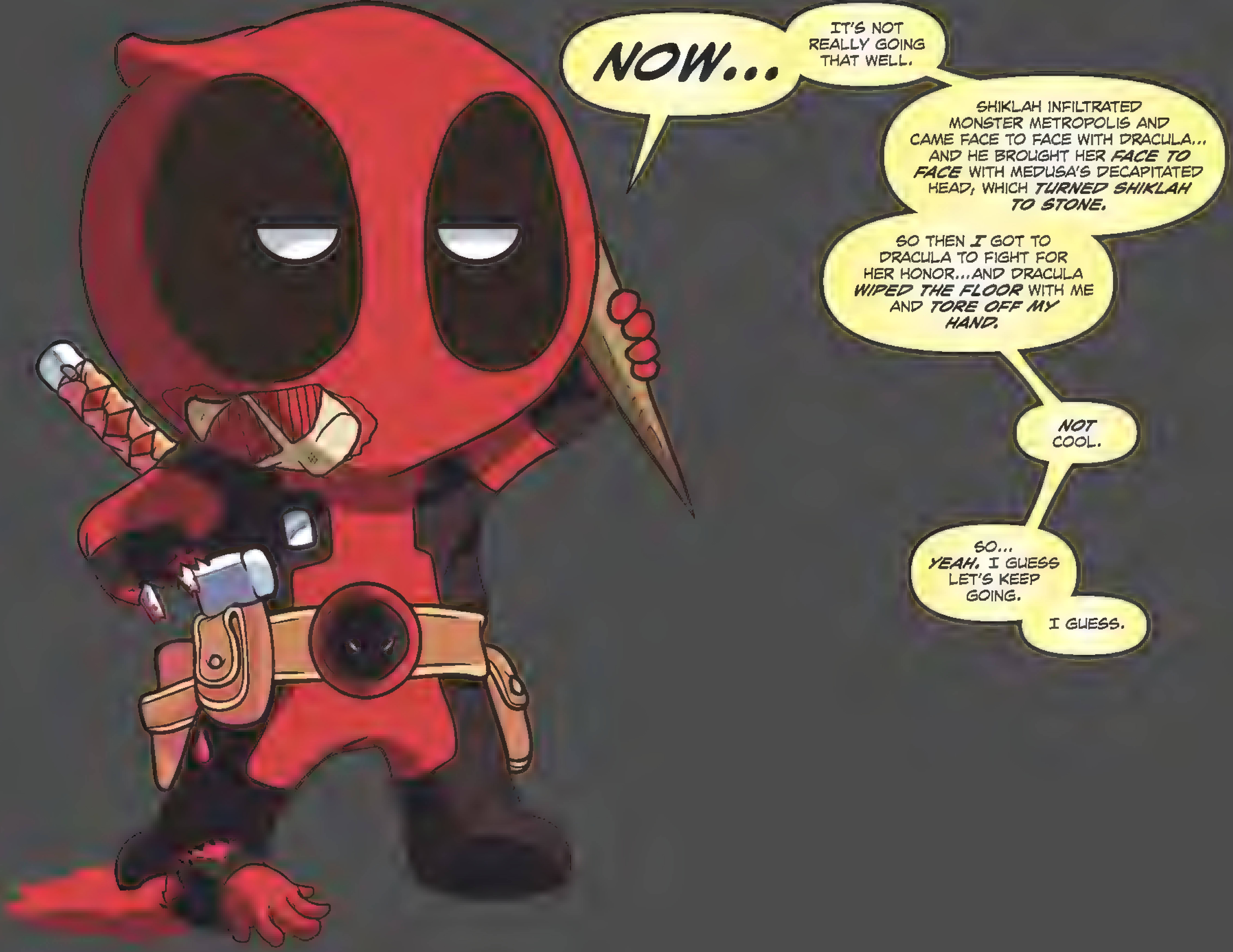
IT WAS AROUND THIS TIME I STARTED TO *FALL* FOR HER.


SO!
WE FLEW M.O.D.O.K.'S JET CHAIR BACK TO ENGLAND, WHERE WE DROPPED BOB OFF AT THE VET ONLY TO ENCOUNTER THE ULTIMATE MAD DOG...WEREWOLF BY NIGHT! HE WAS BEING MIND CONTROLLED BY VAMPIRES BECAUSE DRACULA WAS PISSED AT ME FOR TAKING MY SWEET TIME ON DELIVERING HIS LADY.
MEANWHILE, IN NEW YORK, DRACULA FOUND OUT SHIKLAH'S OLDER BROTHERS WERE NOT AS DEAD AS RUMORED, MEANING SHIKLAH WAS NOT THE HEIR! SO HE COLD MURDERED THEM. WHEN WORD GOT BACK TO SHIKLAH, ENGAGEMENT OR NO, WE KNEW IT WAS ON.
WE HIT NEW YORK CITY AND IMMEDIATELY HAD VAMPS LITERALLY NIPPING AT OUR HEELS--LITERALLY LITERALLY, NOT FIGURATIVELY LITERALLY. WE HOLED UP ON THE HOLY GROUND OF A CATHEDRAL WHERE I CAME UP WITH A GREAT WAY TO FOIL DRAC'S PLANS: SHIKLAH AND ME GOT MARRIED!
AFTER THAT, IT WAS WAR ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK! DRAC'S SIDE (VAMPIRES, FRANKENSTEIN, A MUMMY, AN ALIEN, A SWEET CENTAUR/WEREWOLF/ALIEN/DIABETIC, AND MORE) VERSUS OUR SIDE (SHIKLAH'S MONSTER FOLLOWERS, BLADE, BOB, WEREWOLF BY NIGHT, THE THUNDERBOLTS, BEN FRANKLIN AND MORE) FOR THE FATE OF THE MONSTER METROPOLIS UNDER THE NEW YORK STREETS!


NOW...
IT'S NOT REALLY GOING THAT WELL.
SHIKLAH INFILTRATED MONSTER METROPOLIS AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH DRACULA... AND HE BROUGHT HER *FACE TO FACE* WITH MEDUSA'S DECAPITATED HEAD, WHICH *TURNED SHIKLAH TO STONE.*
SO THEN *I* GOT TO DRACULA TO FIGHT FOR HER HONOR...AND DRACULA *WIPED THE FLOOR* WITH ME AND *TORE OFF MY HAND.*
NOT COOL.
SO... *YEAH.* I GUESS LET'S KEEP GOING.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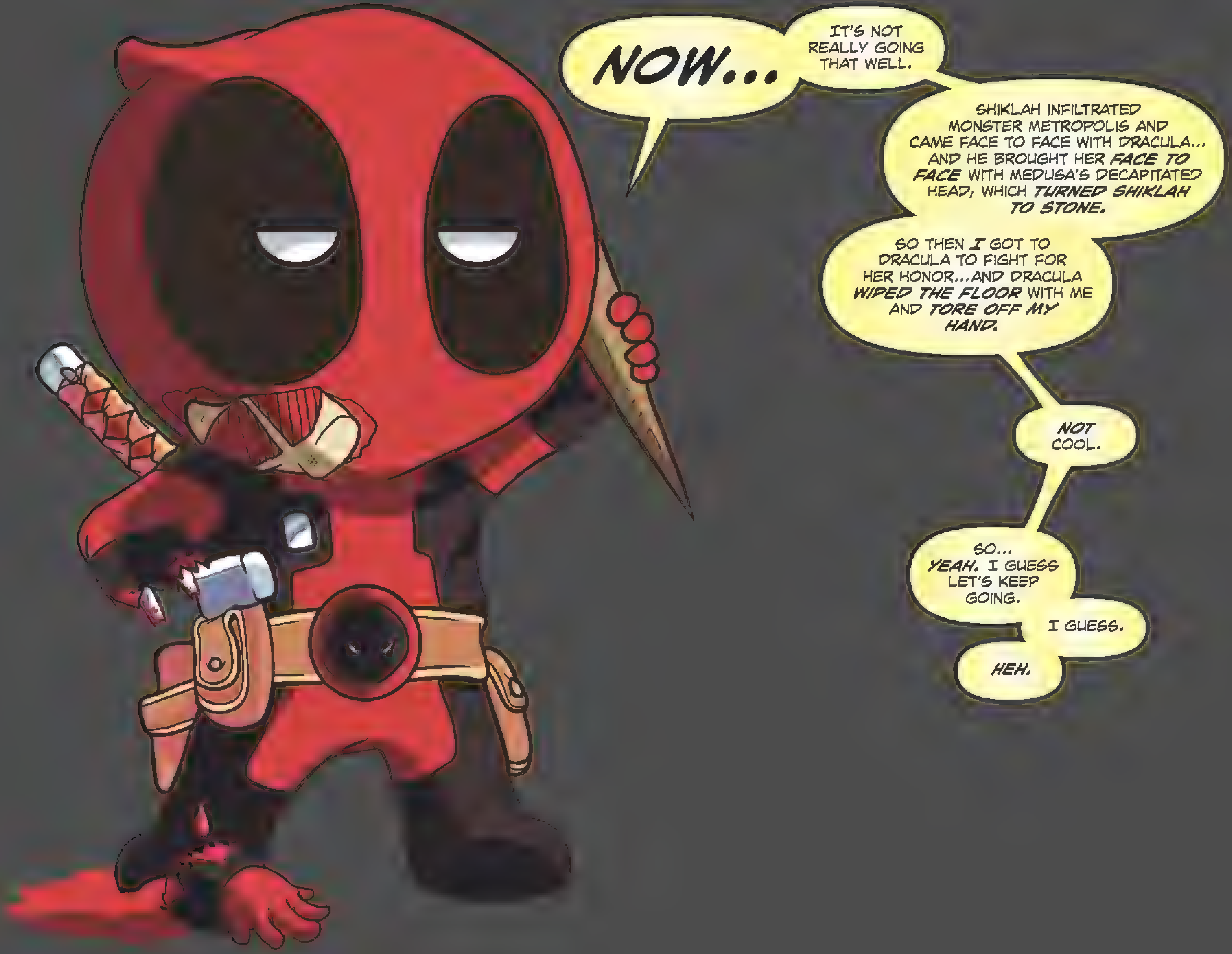
NOT COOL.
SO... YEAH. I GUESS LET'S KEEP GOING.
I GUESS.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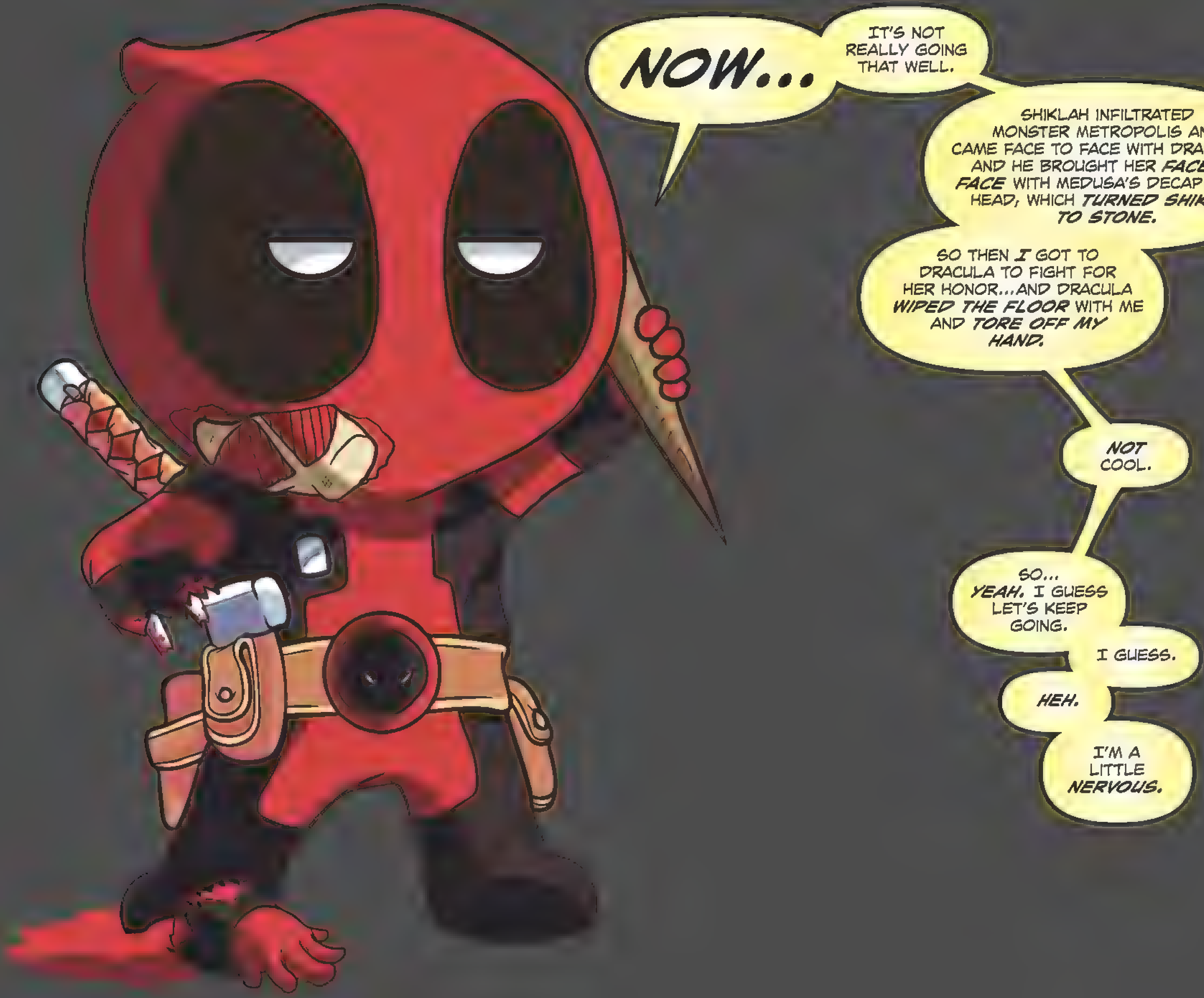
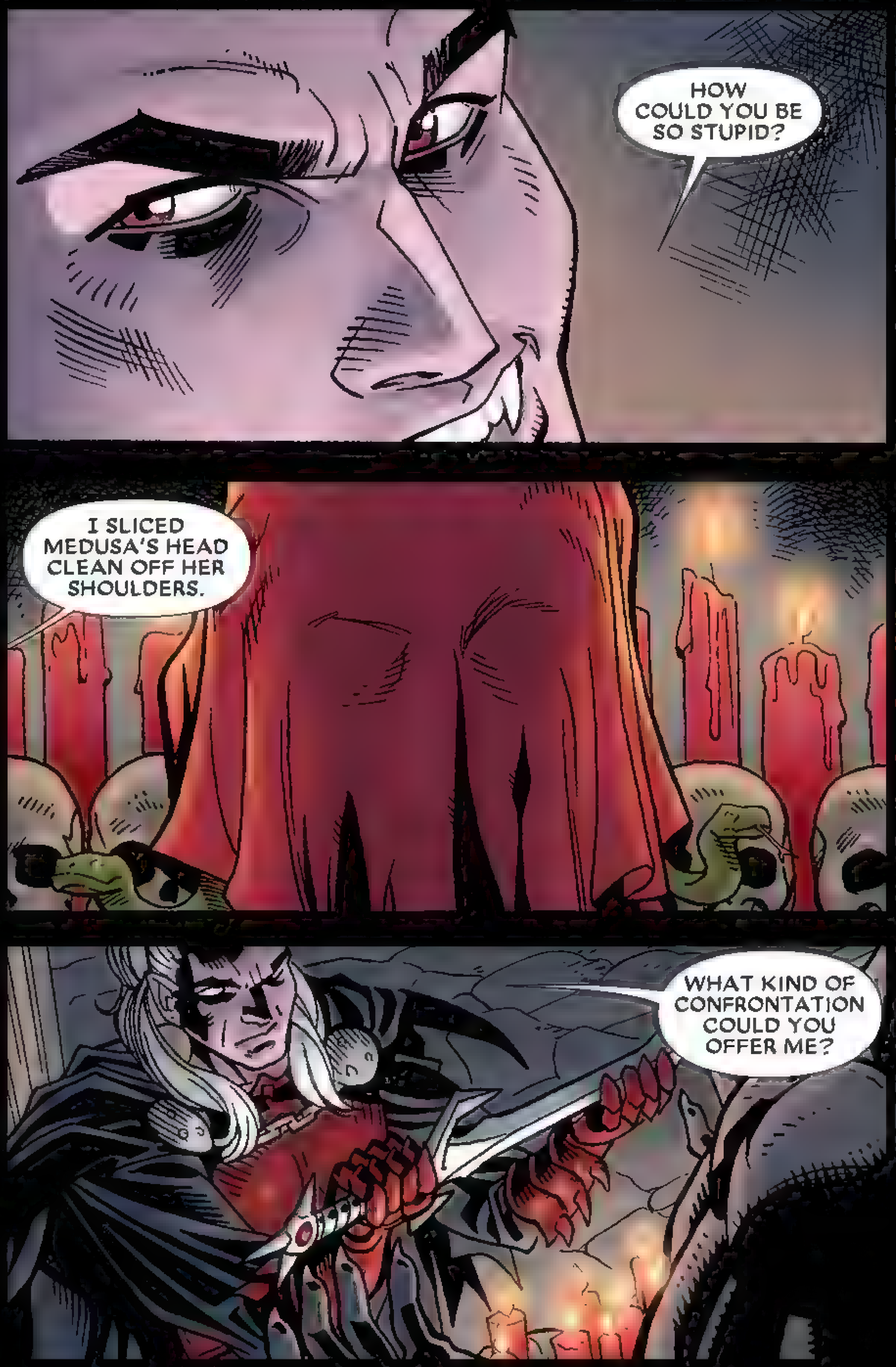
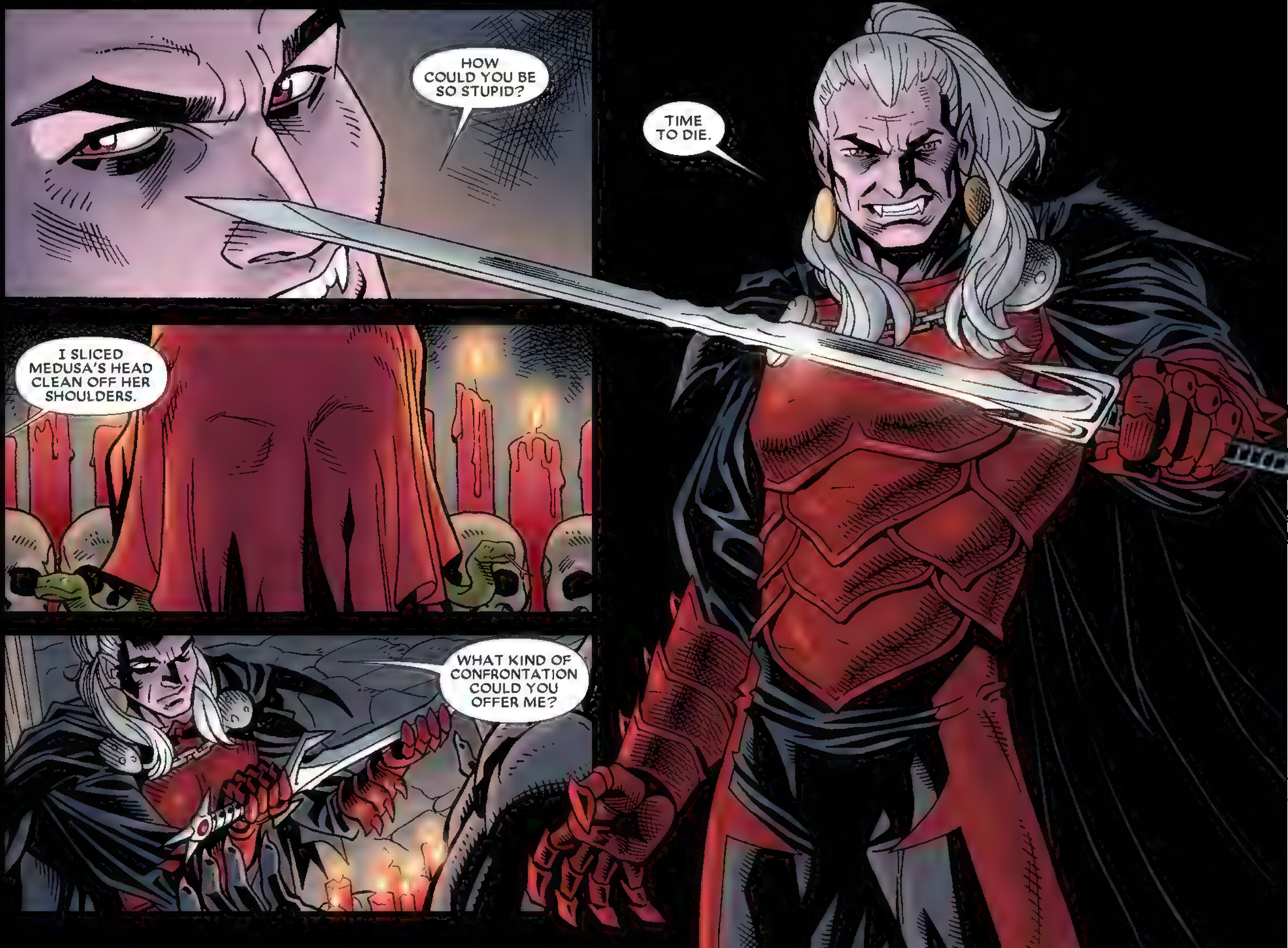
SO... *YEAH.* I GUESS LET'S KEEP GOING.
I GUESS.
HEH.


NOW...
IT'S NOT REALLY GOING THAT WELL.
SHIKLAH INFILTRATED MONSTER METROPOLIS AND CAME FACE TO FACE WITH DRACULA... AND HE BROUGHT HER *FACE TO FACE* WITH MEDUSA'S DECAPITATED HEAD, WHICH *TURNED SHIKLAH TO STONE.*
SO THEN *I* GOT TO DRACULA TO FIGHT FOR HER HONOR...AND DRACULA *WIPED THE FLOOR* WITH ME AND *TORE OFF MY HAND.*
NOT COOL.
SO... *YEAH.* I GUESS LET'S KEEP GOING.
I GUESS.
HEH.
I'M A LITTLE *NERVOUS.*

THE NOTION THAT YOU BOTH THOUGHT YOU COULD CROSS ME AND SURVIVE BRINGS ME SUCH HAPPINESS.


HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID?
I SLICED MEDUSA'S HEAD CLEAN OFF HER SHOULDERS.
WHAT KIND OF CONFRONTATION COULD YOU OFFER ME?


HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID?
I SLICED MEDUSA'S HEAD CLEAN OFF HER SHOULDERS.
WHAT KIND OF CONFRONTATION COULD YOU OFFER ME?
TIME TO DIE.

DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

story by
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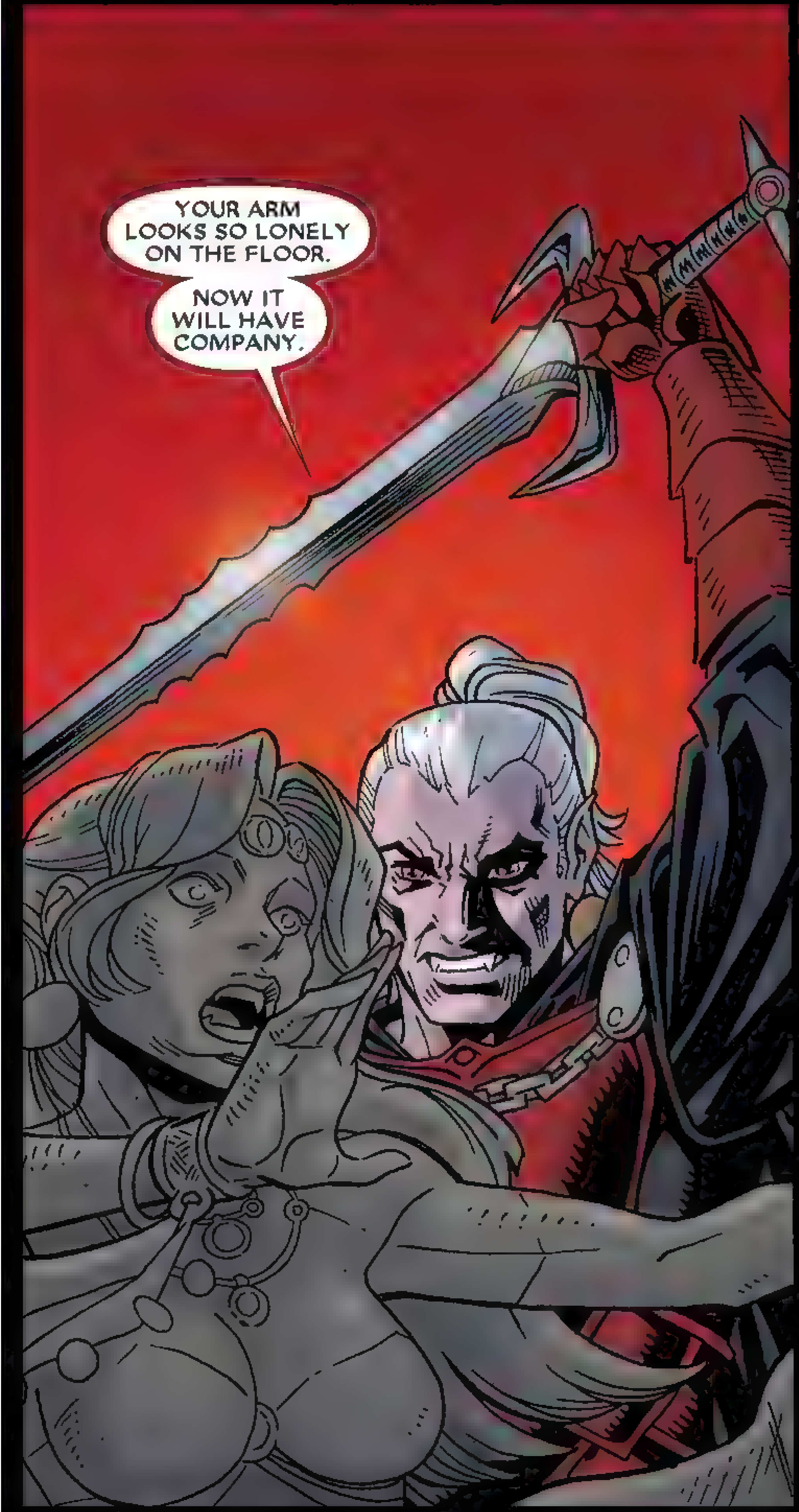
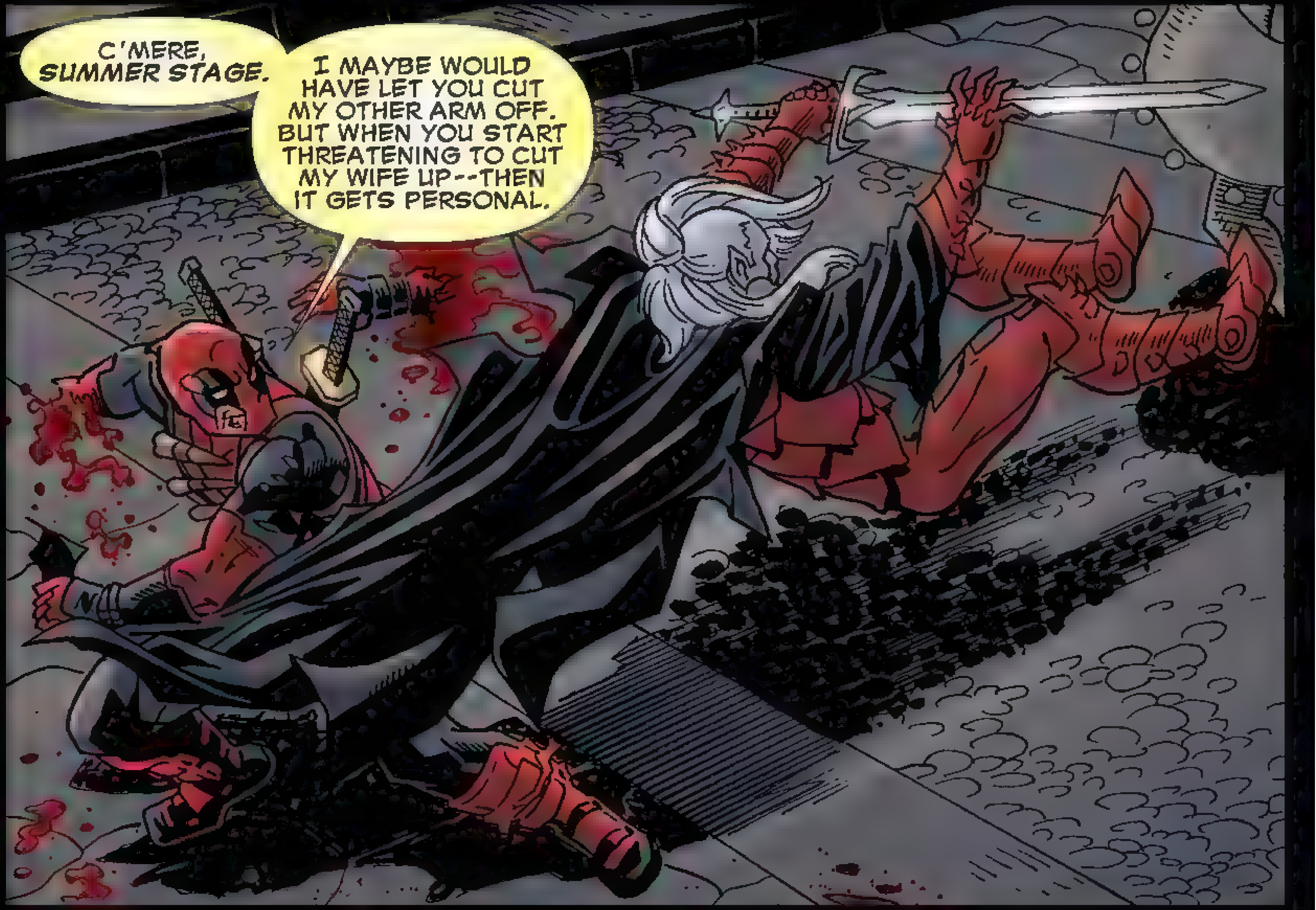
DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet

DEADPOOL
The Gauntlet
CHAPTER 13: GIVE LOVE A HAND


YOUR ARM LOOKS SO LONELY ON THE FLOOR.
NOW IT WILL HAVE COMPANY.

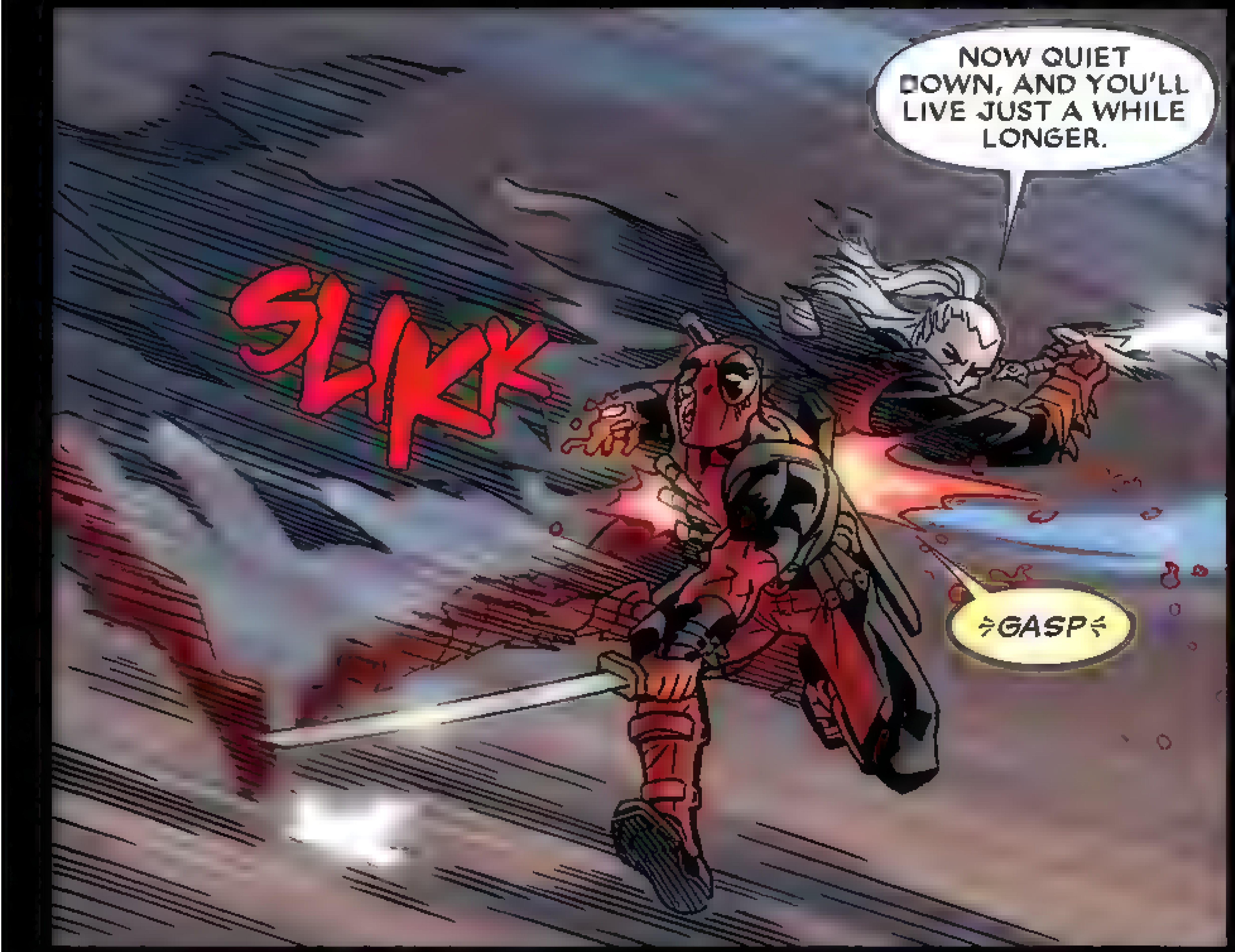

C'MERE, *SUMMER STAGE.*
I MAYBE WOULD HAVE LET YOU CUT MY OTHER ARM OFF. BUT WHEN YOU START THREATENING TO CUT MY WIFE UP--THEN IT GETS PERSONAL.

YOUR ARM LOOKS SO LONELY ON THE FLOOR.
NOW IT WILL HAVE COMPANY.
C'MERE, *SUMMER STAGE.*
I MAYBE WOULD HAVE LET YOU CUT MY OTHER ARM OFF. BUT WHEN YOU START THREATENING TO CUT MY WIFE UP--THEN IT GETS PERSONAL.
HISS
YOU DARE LAY A HAND ON ME?
IF YOU'RE GRUMPY NOW, IT'S A GOOD THING YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I *DO* WITH THAT HAND.

SILENCE!
LISTEN, I KNOW YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL ME--BUT WHAT IF YOU'RE WRONG? WHAT IF YOU'RE JUST MAKING ME ANGRIER AND LOUDER?

SILENCE!
LISTEN, I KNOW YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL ME--BUT WHAT IF YOU'RE WRONG? WHAT IF YOU'RE JUST MAKING ME ANGRIER AND LOUDER?
ADMIT YOU'RE JEALOUS!
NEVER!

SILENCE!
LISTEN, I KNOW YOU THINK YOU CAN KILL ME--BUT WHAT IF YOU'RE WRONG? WHAT IF YOU'RE JUST MAKING ME ANGRIER AND LOUDER?
ADMIT YOU'RE JEALOUS!
NEVER!
CLANG
IF YOU STRIKE ME DOWN, I SHALL BECOME MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE.
HOW COULD THAT BE?
YOU KNOW, I DUNNO--IT NEVER MADE SENSE TO ME EITHER.


NOW QUIET DOWN, AND YOU'LL LIVE JUST A WHILE LONGER.
SLIKK
GASP

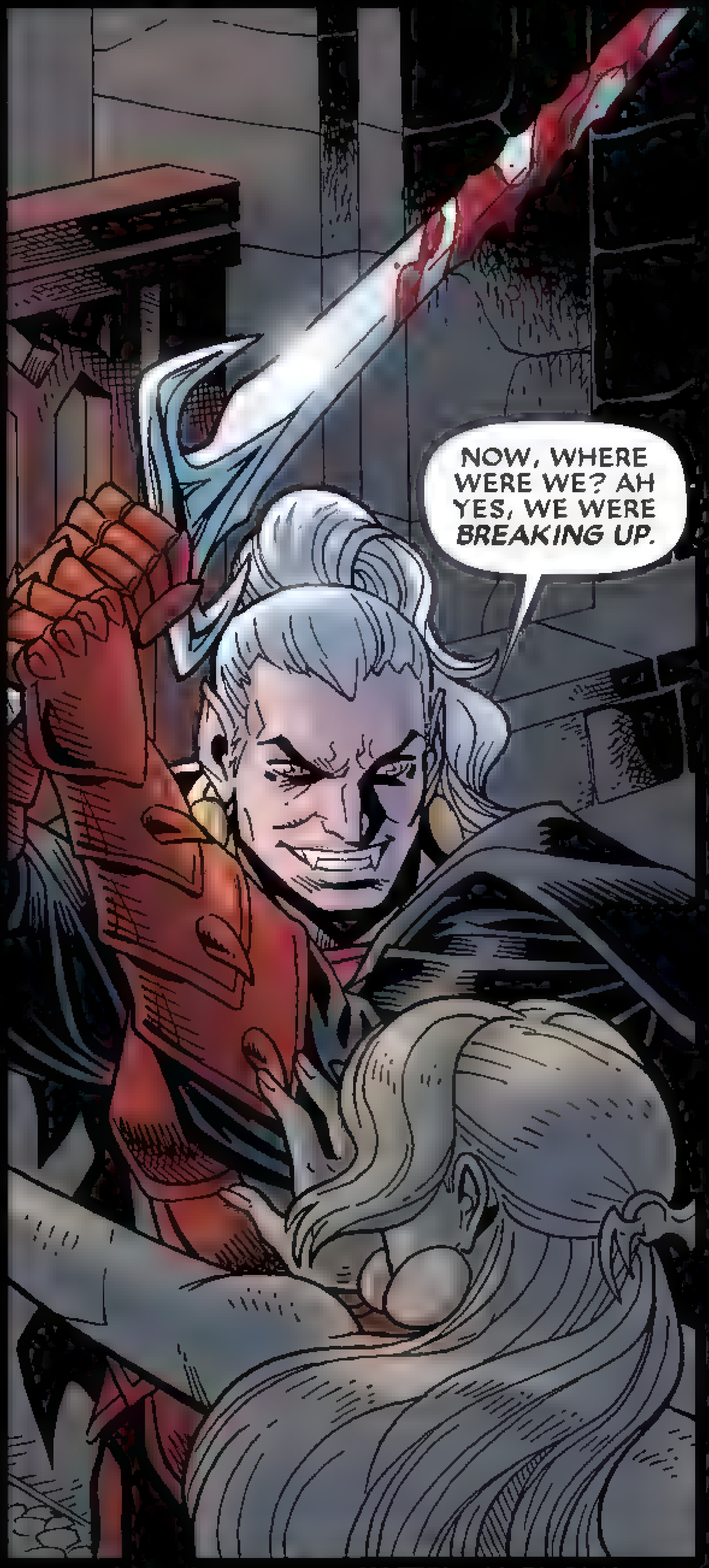
NOW QUIET DOWN, AND YOU'LL LIVE JUST A WHILE LONGER.
SLIKK
GASP
SORRY, MY MOUTH... RUNS ON ITS OWN.

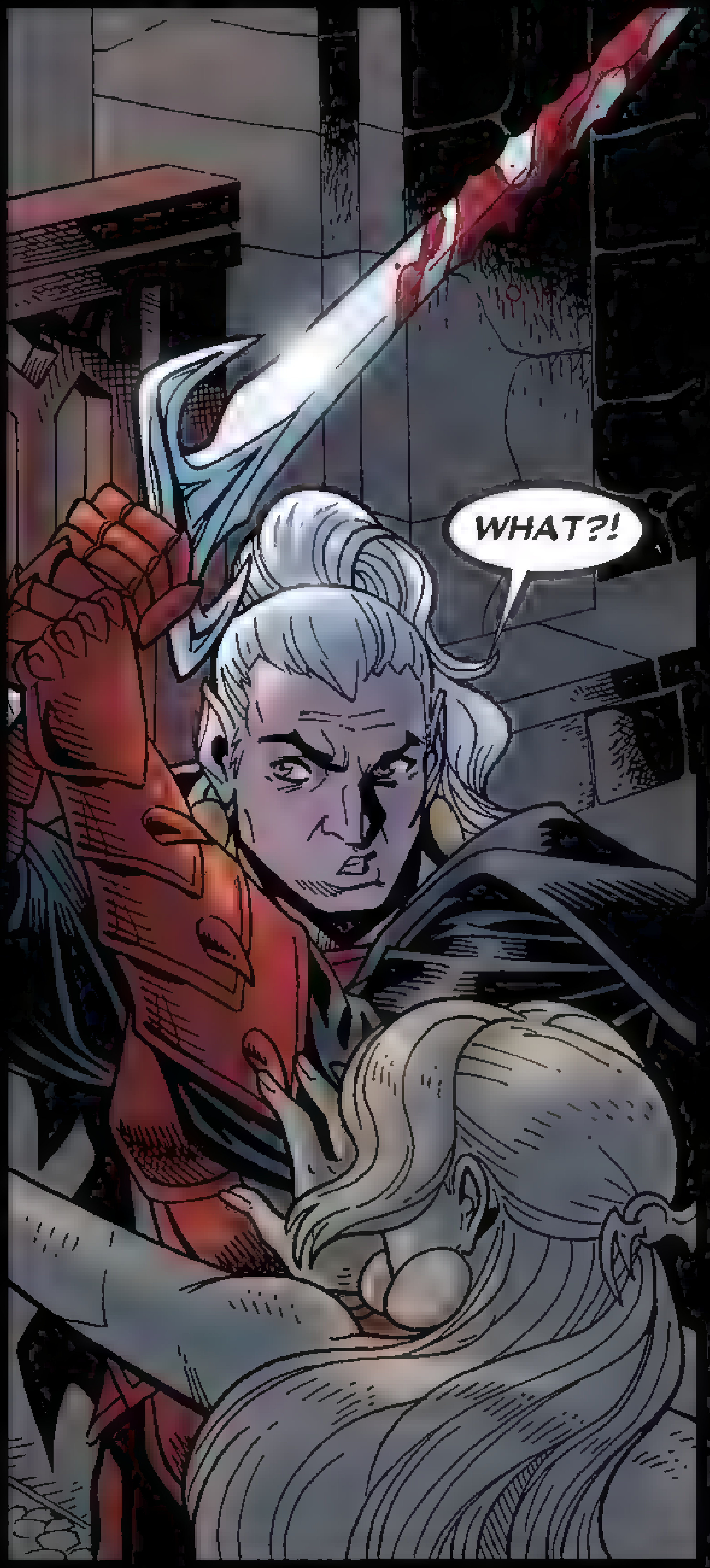
NOW QUIET DOWN, AND YOU'LL LIVE JUST A WHILE LONGER.
SLIKK
GASP
SORRY, MY MOUTH... RUNS ON ITS OWN.
NOT ANYMORE.

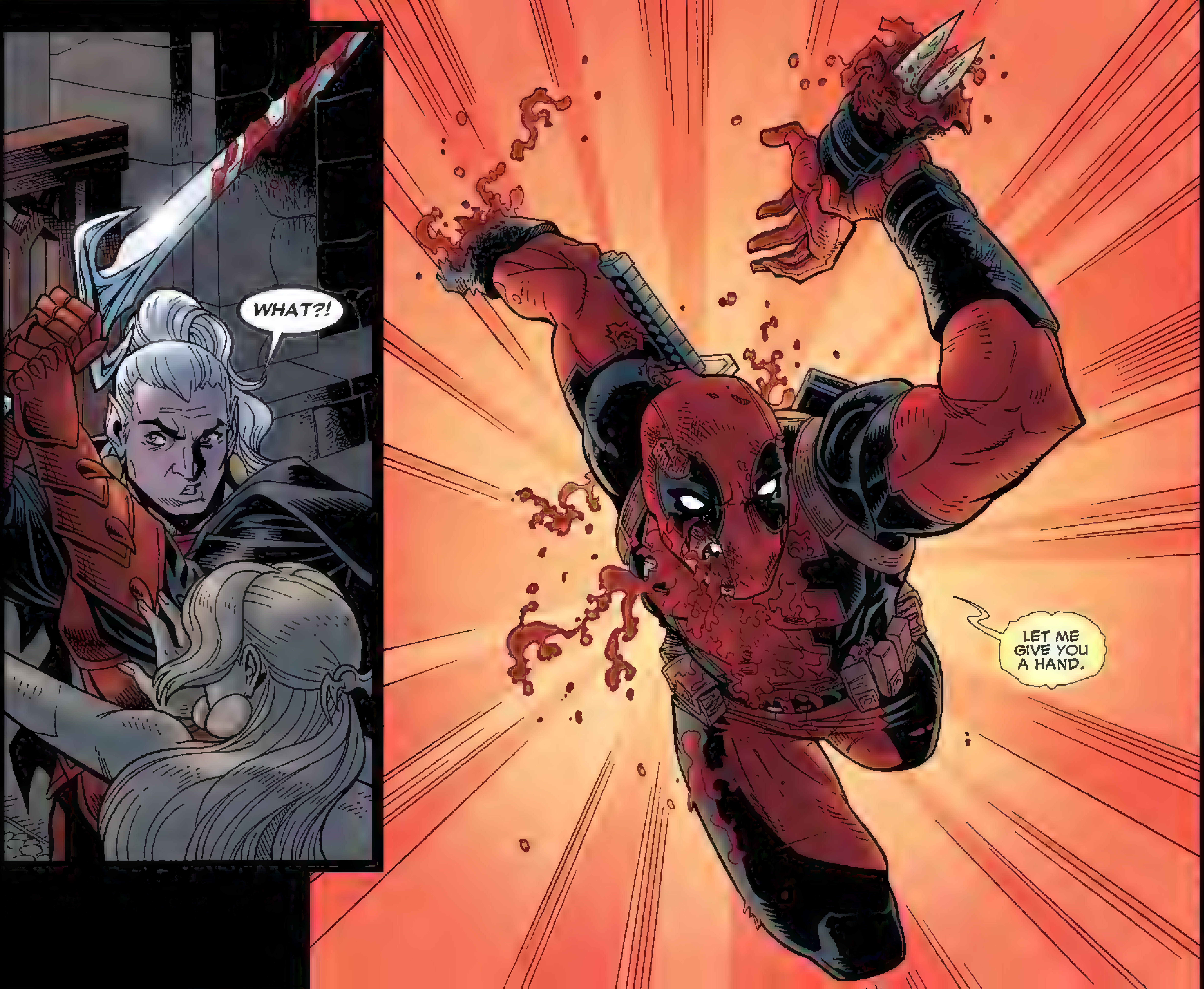
SPLORCH

SPLORCH
GURGLE

SPLORCH
GURGLE
I'M BORED.


NOW, WHERE WERE WE? AH YES, WE WERE *BREAKING UP.*

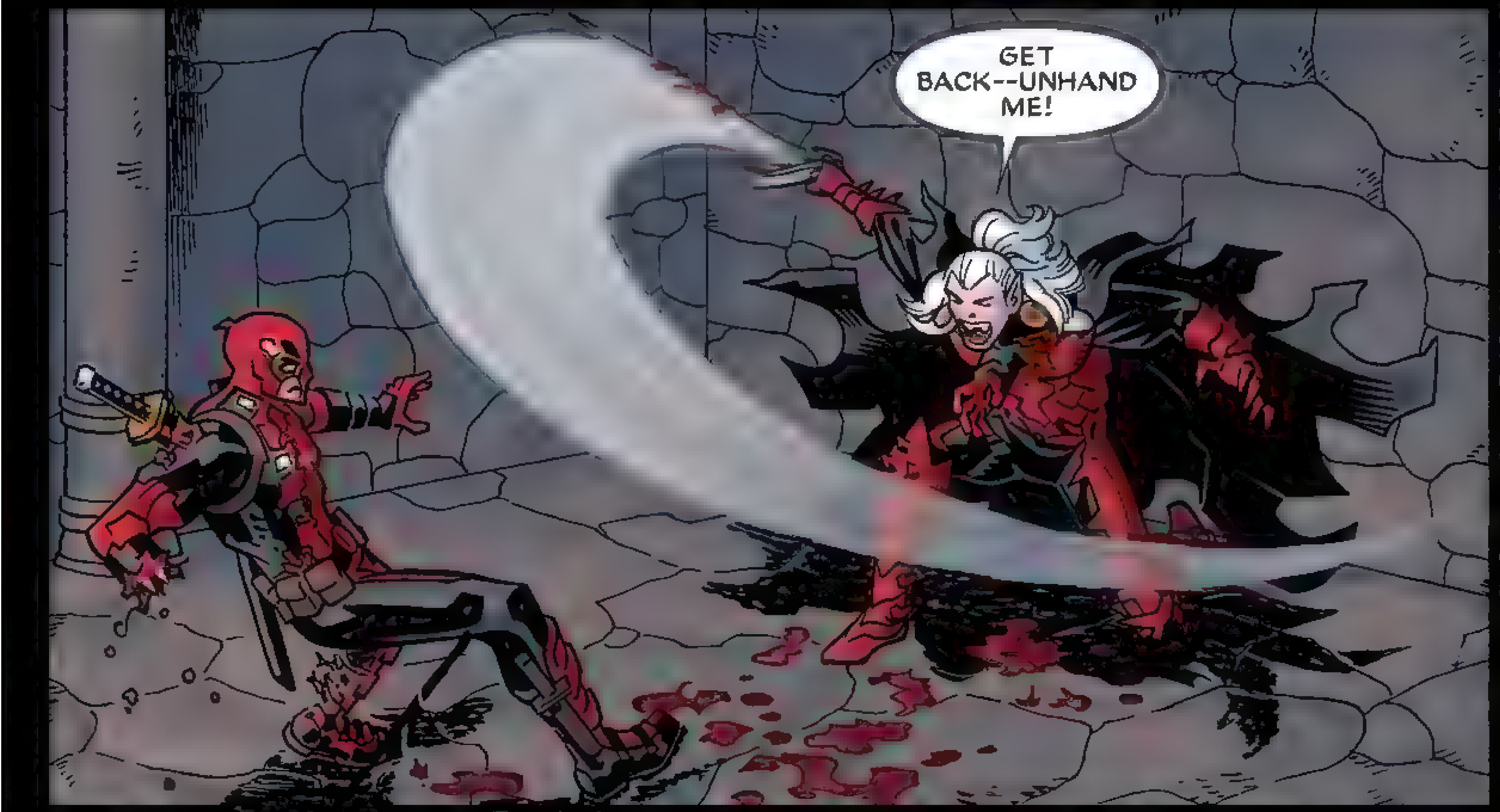

WHAT?!

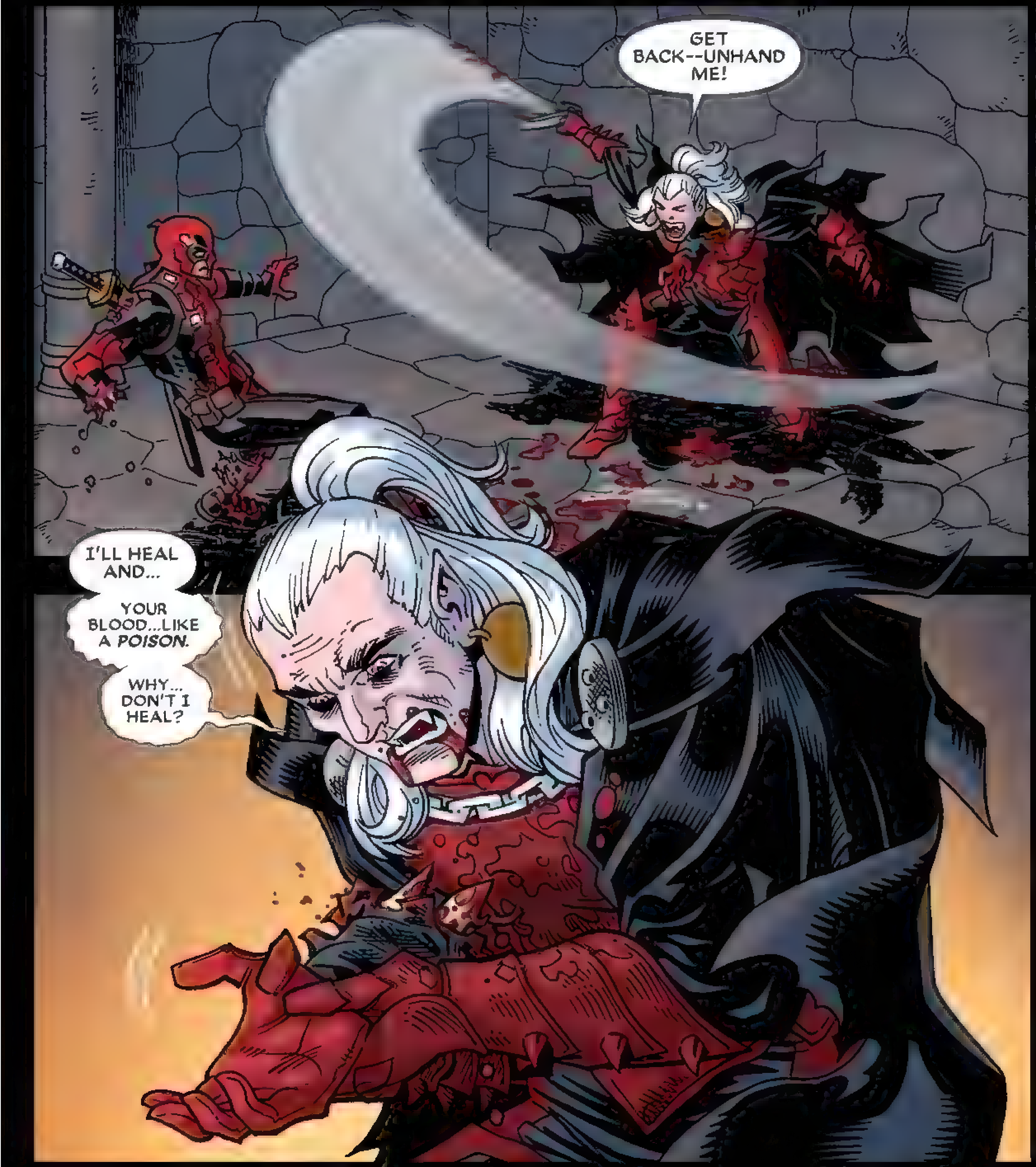

WHAT?!
LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.

-GASP-
MY HEART!
SKRAKK
YOU ONLY THINK YOU'RE HURTING...

SKRAKK
-GASP-
MY HEART!
YOU ONLY THINK YOU'RE HURTING...
I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO GO TO WORK ON YOU.
UGHN
SLIKK
SLIKK
IN ANOTHER LIFE WE COULD HAVE BEEN IMMORTAL BROS.
BUT IN THIS ONE I KILL YOU!
WHUD

I HAVEN'T EVEN BEGUN TO GO TO WORK ON YOU.
UGHN
SLIKK
SLIKK
IN ANOTHER LIFE WE COULD HAVE BEEN IMMORTAL BROS.
BUT IN THIS ONE I *KILL YOU!*
WHUD
THIS IS NOT MY END!


GET BACK--UNHAND ME!


GET BACK--UNHAND ME!
I'LL HEAL AND...
YOUR BLOOD...LIKE A *POISON.*
WHY... DON'T I HEAL?

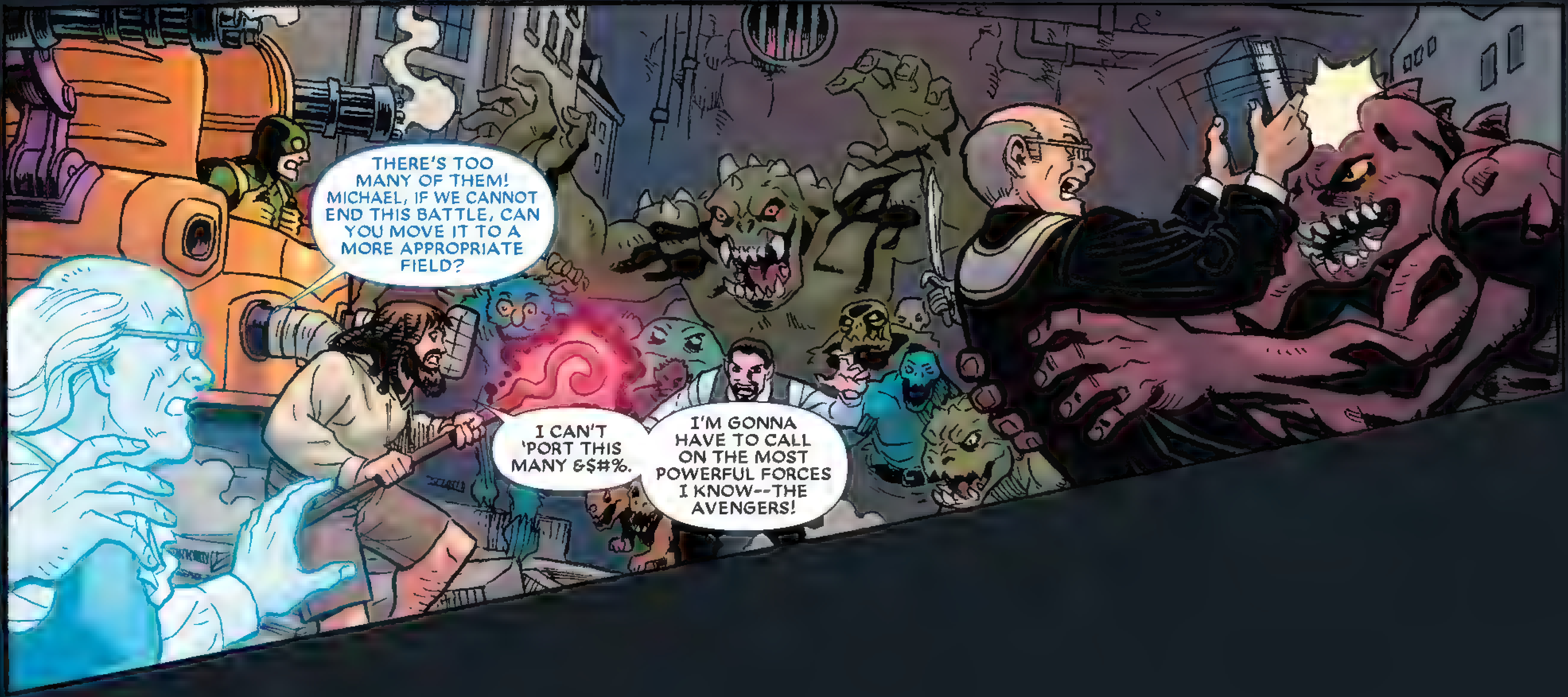
GET BACK--UNHAND ME!
I'LL HEAL AND...
YOUR BLOOD...LIKE A *POISON.*
WHY... DON'T I HEAL?
WELL, I BET IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT I USE THAT HAND FOR. IT AIN'T PRETTY--
NOT. ANOTHER. WORD!
WHEN I SEE YOU NEXT, IT WILL BE YOUR LAST DAY ON THIS EARTH. THIS, DRACULA PROMISES YOU.

GET BACK--UNHAND ME!
I'LL HEAL AND...
YOUR BLOOD...LIKE A *POISON.*
WHY... DON'T I HEAL?
OH, I'M SO SCARED!
PFFT! PLEASE! YOU'RE NOT EVEN THE SCARIEST GUY THAT ROLLS WITH BATS.
HANG ON, HONEY.
OKAY. MEDUSA. YOU'RE GOING TO PUT A ***REVERSE WHAMMY*** ON MY WIFE SHIKLAH OVER THERE.
YOU FREE HER, AND I'LL HELP YOU GET A NEW BODY. IF YOU DON'T...WELL, IN THAT CASE I'LL JUST *WHISPER* *WHISPER*
ENOUGH! I WILL DO AS YOU ASK.

OH, I'M SO SCARED!
PFFT! PLEASE! YOU'RE NOT EVEN THE SCARIEST GUY THAT ROLLS WITH BATS.
HANG ON, HONEY.
OKAY. MEDUSA. YOU'RE GOING TO PUT A *REVERSE WHAMMY* ON MY WIFE SHIKLAH OVER THERE.
YOU FREE HER, AND I'LL HELP YOU GET A NEW BODY. IF YOU DON'T...WELL, IN THAT CASE I'LL JUST ≈*WHISPER*≈ ≈*WHISPER*≈
ENOUGH! I WILL DO AS YOU ASK.
SAY CHEESE, HONEY.
WHY ISN'T IT WORKING?

HANG ON, HONEY.
OKAY. MEDUSA. YOU'RE GOING TO PUT A *REVERSE WHAMMY* ON MY WIFE SHIKLAH OVER THERE.
YOU FREE HER, AND I'LL HELP YOU GET A NEW BODY. IF YOU DON'T...WELL, IN THAT CASE I'LL JUST ⇛*WHISPER*⇚ ⇛*WHISPER*⇚
ENOUGH! I WILL DO AS YOU ASK.
WHY ISN'T IT WORKING?
IT IS-- BEHOLD!
YOU'RE BACK!
YOU SAVED ME.

WHY ISN'T IT WORKING?
IT IS-- BEHOLD!
YOU'RE BACK!
YOU SAVED ME.
MMMPH!!!
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? WHAT ARE THOSE NOISES?

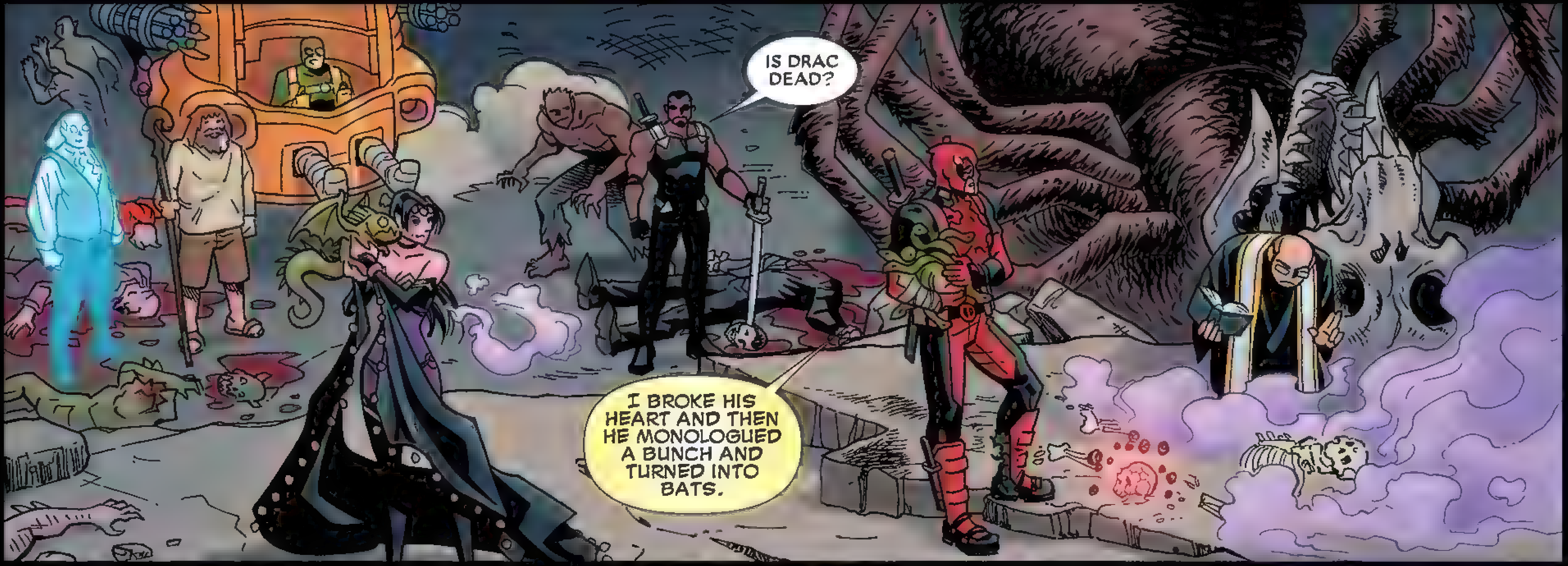

THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM! MICHAEL, IF WE CANNOT END THIS BATTLE, CAN YOU MOVE IT TO A MORE APPROPRIATE FIELD?
I CAN'T 'PORT THIS MANY &$#%.
I'M GONNA HAVE TO CALL ON THE MOST POWERFUL FORCES I KNOW--THE AVENGERS!

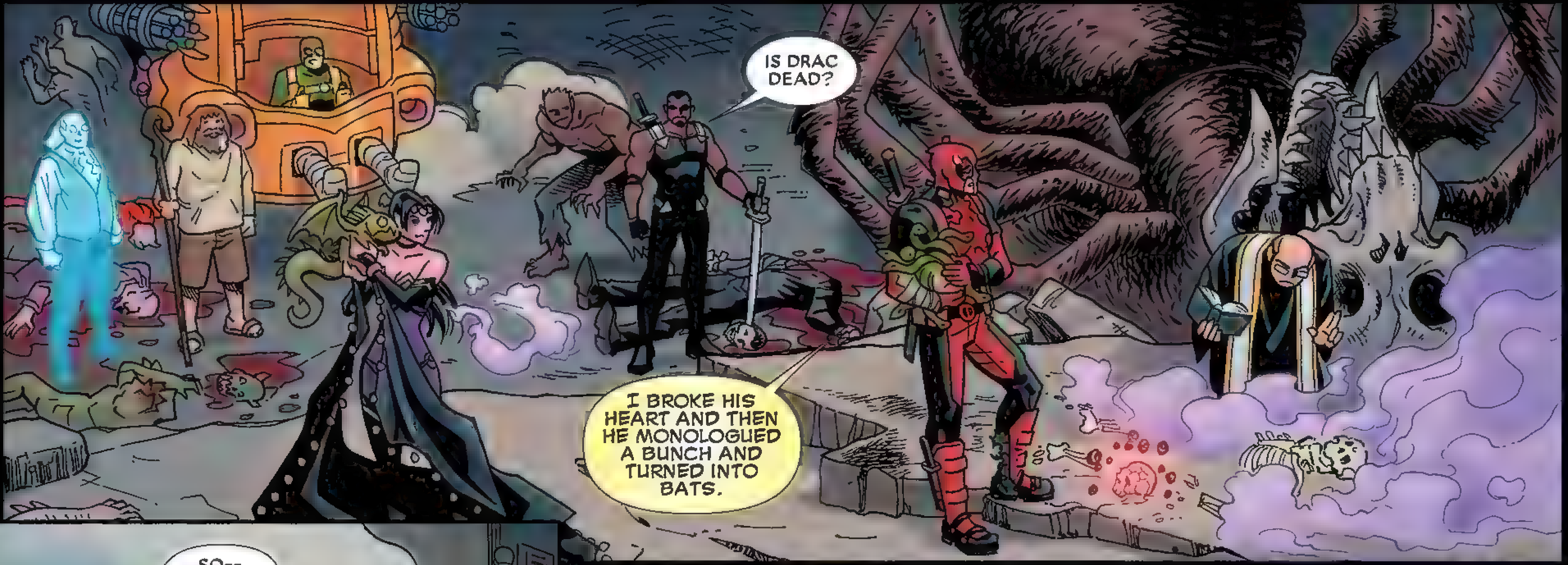
WHAT?!

JUST DRACULA'S FORCES.
I'M DECAPITATED, NOT STUPID.
YOU'RE DEFINITELY THE WORST HEAD EVER.

I *KNOW* YOU'RE NOT THROWING MEDUSA AROUND LIKE A BOWLING BALL, RIGHT?
THERE ARE RULES TO KILLIN' MONSTERS--AND THAT'S ONE OF THEM.
WHERE IS OUR LORD DRACULA?
IF YOU'VE HURT HIM, THE FORCES OF *VAMPIREKIND* WILL *DESTROY YOU* ONCE AND FOR ALL!
UH-OH. I WISH I STILL HAD LEGS AND STUFF...

THE AGE OF VAMPIRE DOMINANCE-- IS OVER!
AEEEIGH!


IS DRAC DEAD?
I BROKE HIS HEART AND THEN HE MONOLOGUED A BUNCH AND TURNED INTO BATS.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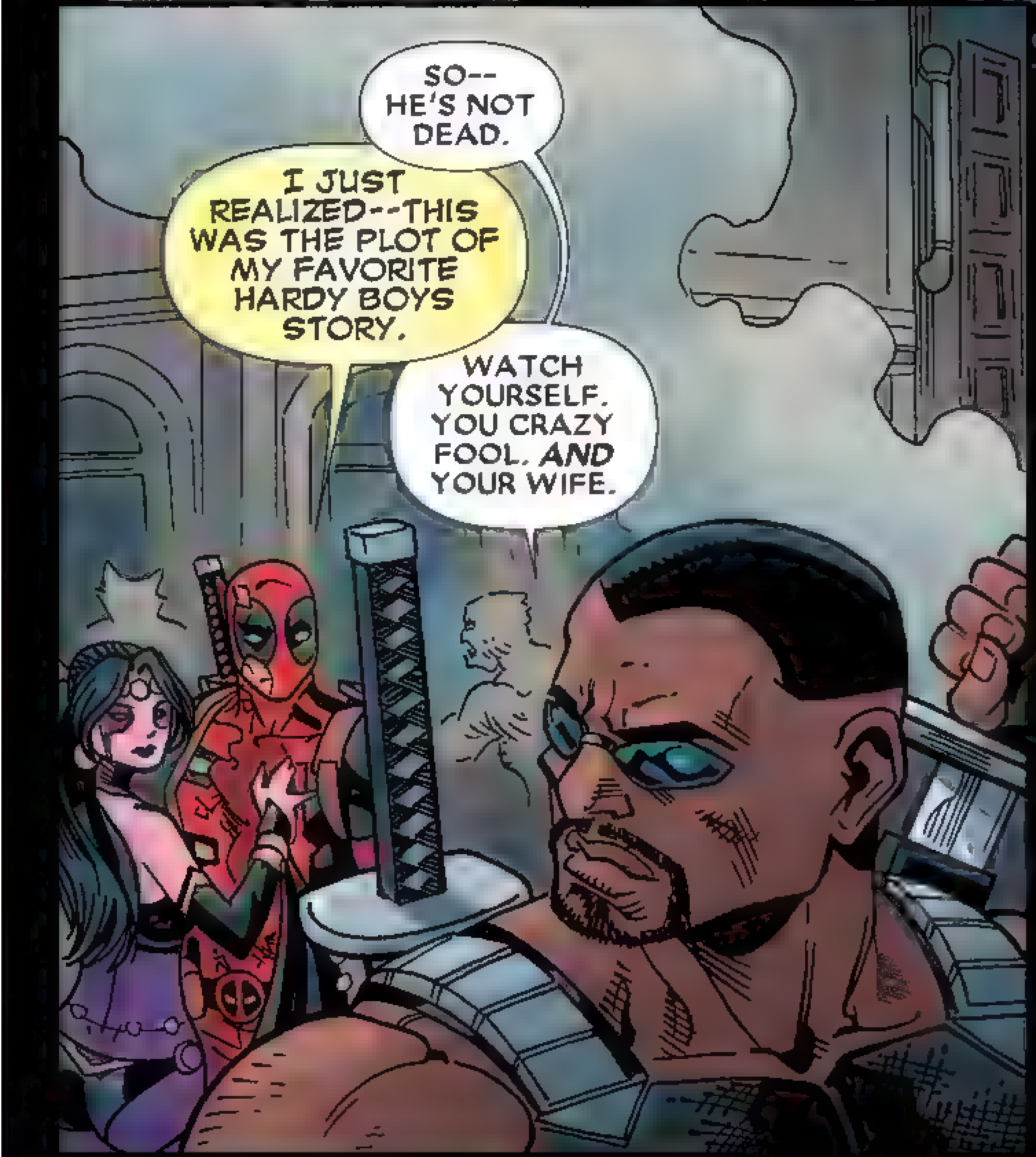
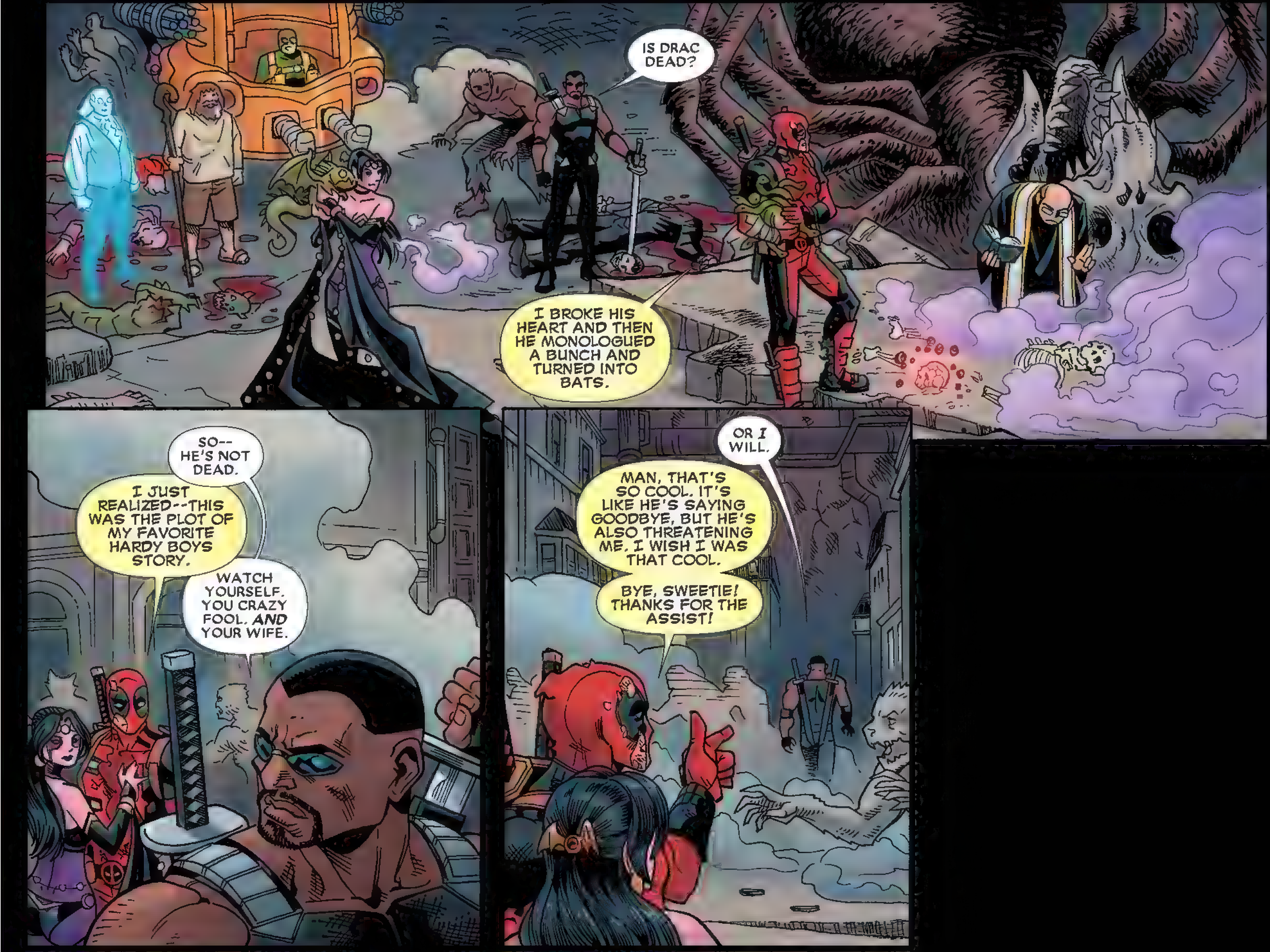

SO-- HE'S NOT DEAD.
I JUST REALIZED--THIS WAS THE PLOT OF MY FAVORITE HARDY BOYS STORY.
WATCH YOURSELF, YOU CRAZY FOOL. *AND* YOUR WIFE.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I JUST REALIZED--THIS WAS THE PLOT OF MY FAVORITE HARDY BOYS STORY.
WATCH YOURSELF, YOU CRAZY FOOL. *AND* YOUR WIFE.
OR *I* WILL.
MAN, THAT'S SO COOL. IT'S LIKE HE'S SAYING GOODBYE, BUT HE'S ALSO THREATENING ME. I WISH I WAS THAT COOL.
BYE, SWEETIE! THANKS FOR THE ASSIST!

IS DRAC DEAD?
I BROKE HIS HEART AND THEN HE MONOLOGUED A BUNCH AND TURNED INTO BATS.
SO-- HE'S NOT DEAD.
I JUST REALIZED--THIS WAS THE PLOT OF MY FAVORITE HARDY BOYS STORY.
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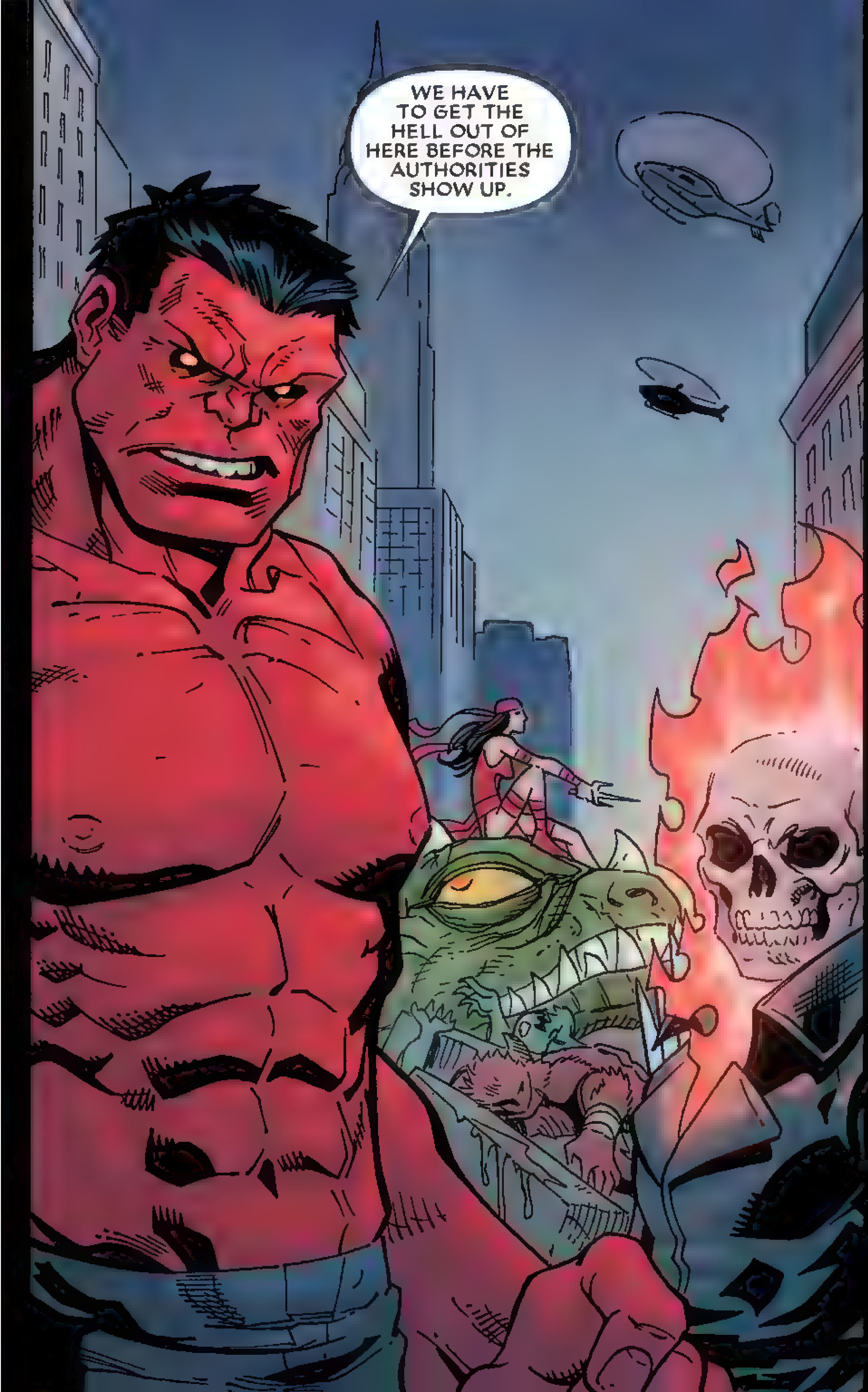
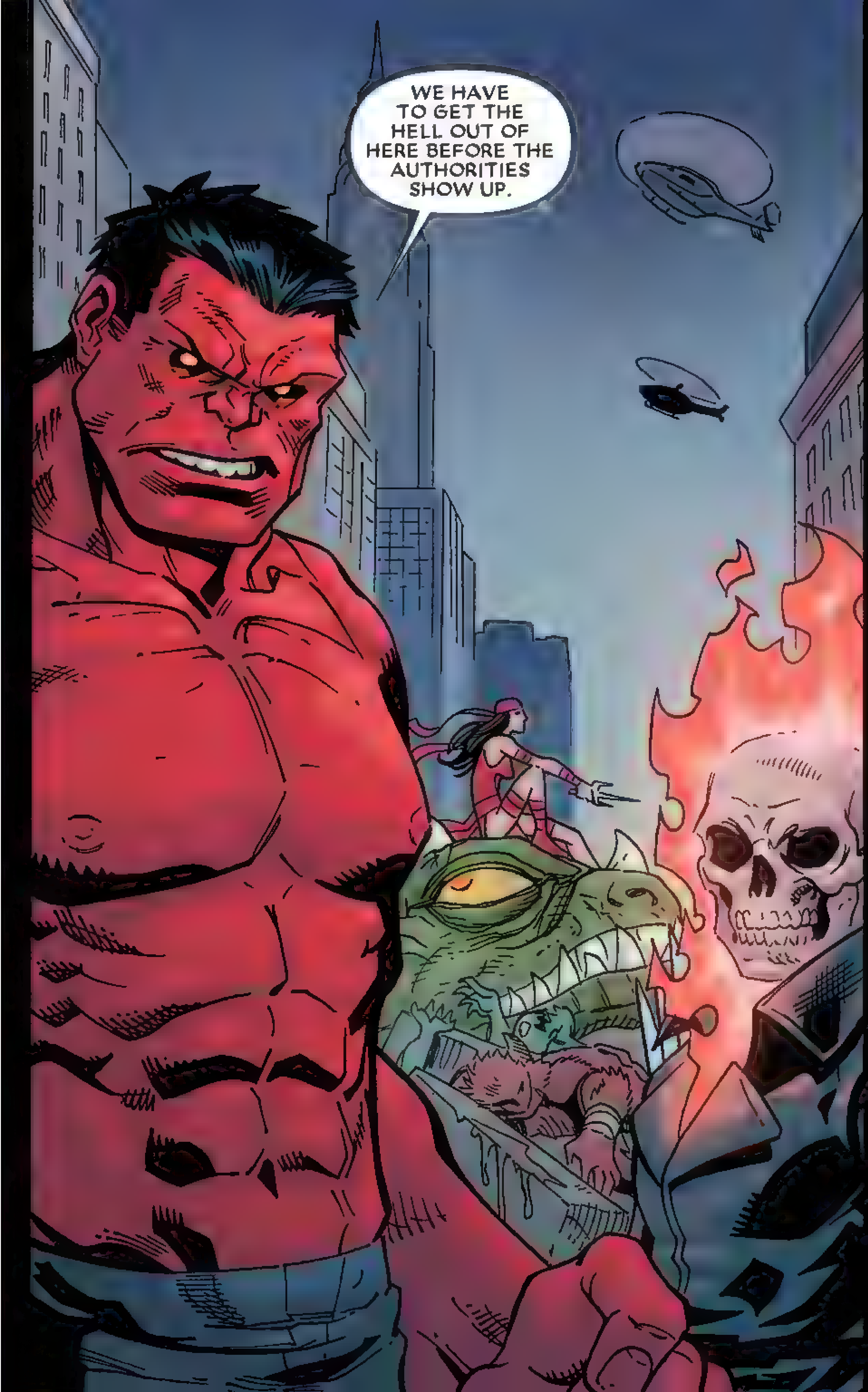
OR *I* WILL.
MAN, THAT'S SO COOL. IT'S LIKE HE'S SAYING GOODBYE, BUT HE'S ALSO THREATENING ME. I WISH I WAS THAT COOL.
BYE, SWEETIE! THANKS FOR THE ASSIST!
QUEEN SHIKLAH! WE'RE SO GLAD YOU SURVIVED.
THANK YOU ALL. ARISE. YOU'RE NEEDED BELOW. PROVIDE AID TO THOSE THAT HAVE BEEN WOUNDED.
YES, MY QUEEN.

IS DRAC DEAD?
I BROKE HIS HEART AND THEN HE MONOLOGUED A BUNCH AND TURNED INTO BATS.
SO-- HE'S NOT DEAD.
I JUST REALIZED--THIS WAS THE PLOT OF MY FAVORITE HARDY BOYS STORY.
WATCH YOURSELF. YOU CRAZY FOOL. *AND* YOUR WIFE.
OR *I* WILL.
MAN, THAT'S SO COOL. IT'S LIKE HE'S SAYING GOODBYE, BUT HE'S ALSO THREATENING ME. I WISH I WAS THAT COOL.
BYE, SWEETIE! THANKS FOR THE ASSIST!
BAMF
BAMF
BAMF


WE HAVE TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES SHOW UP.

WE HAVE TO GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE AUTHORITIES SHOW UP.
NOT ONE WORD, WADE.
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING YET.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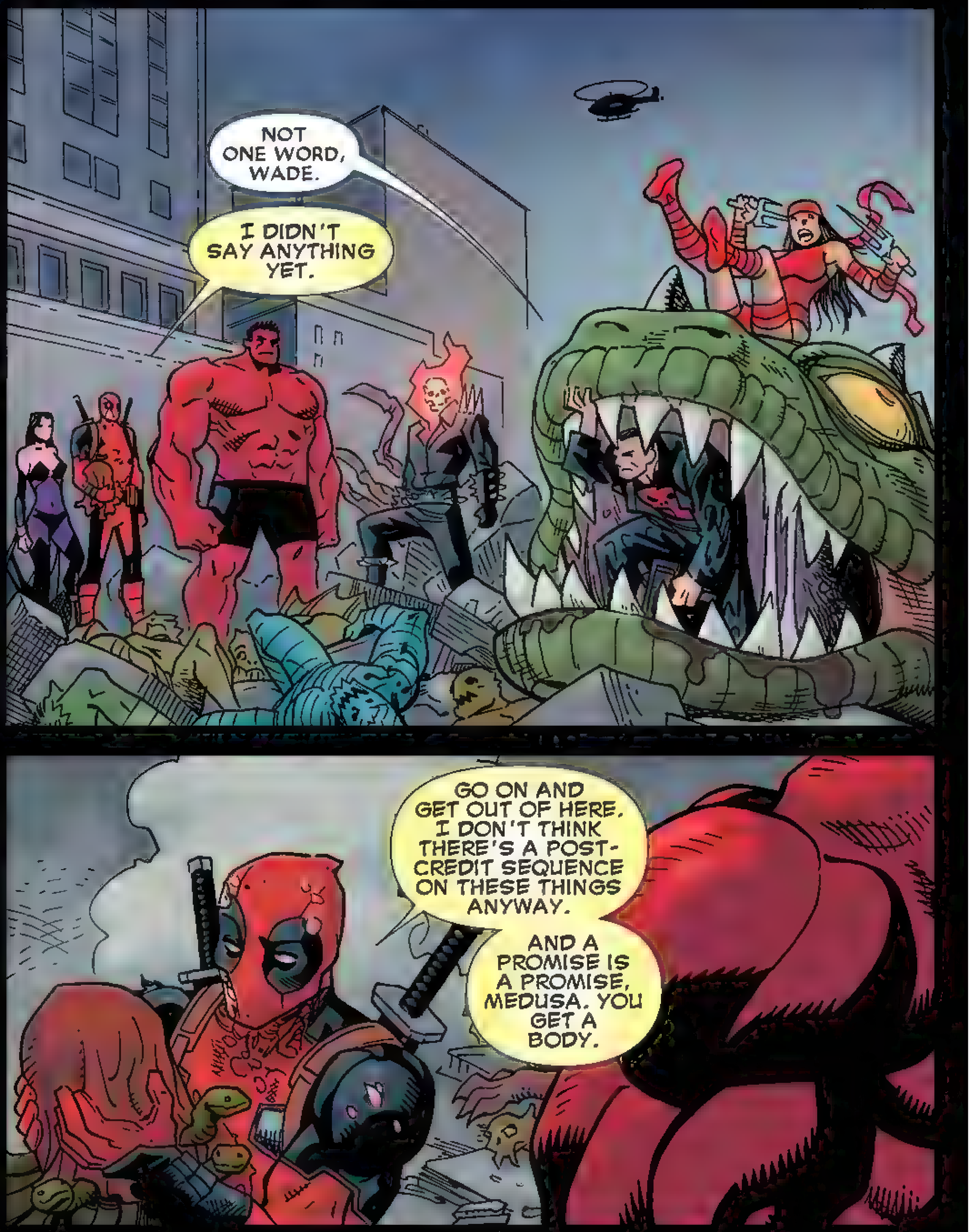
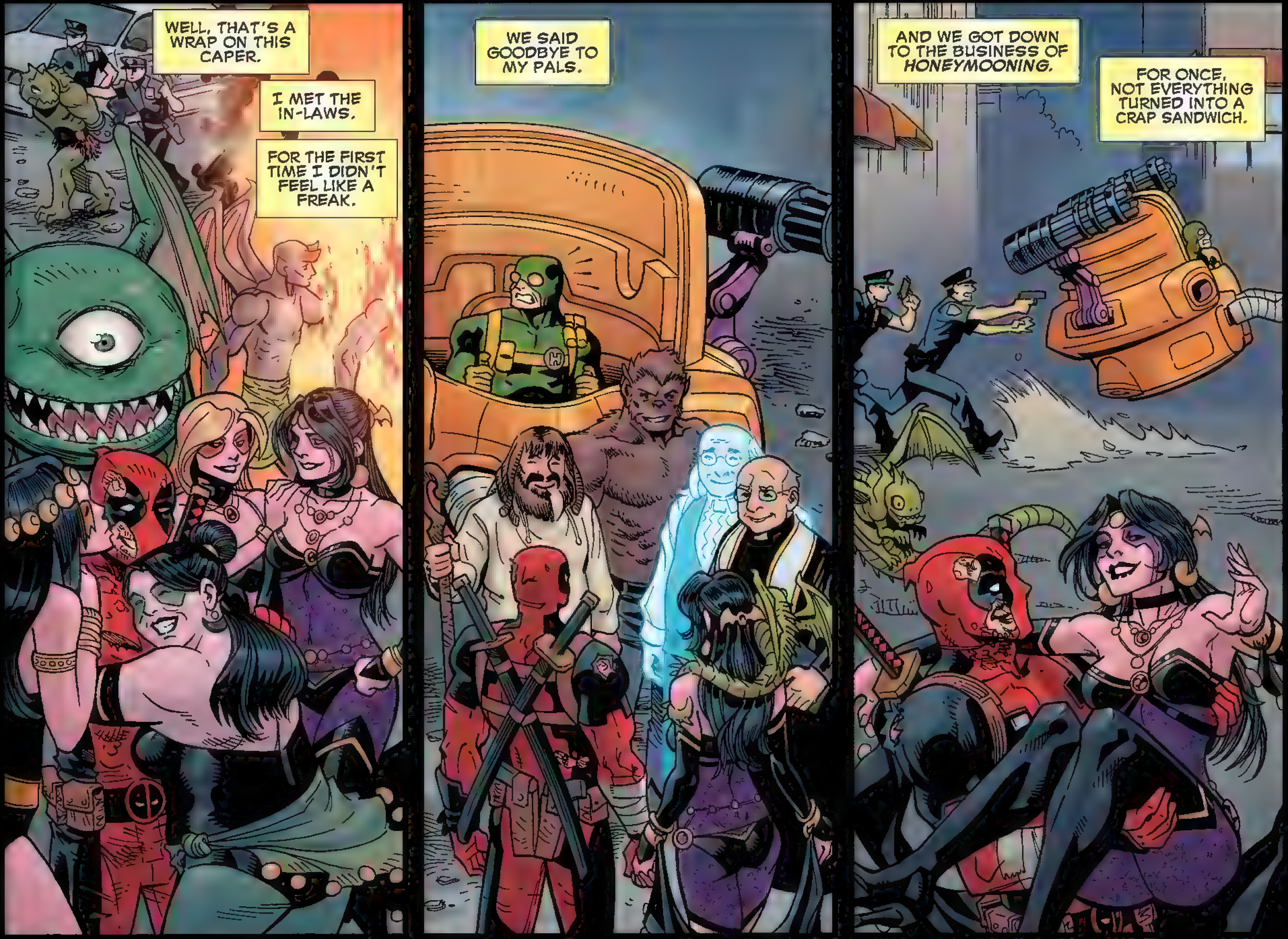

NOT ONE WORD, WADE.
I DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING YET.
GO ON AND GET OUT OF HERE. I DON'T THINK THERE'S A POST-CREDIT SEQUENCE ON THESE THINGS ANYWAY.
AND A PROMISE IS A PROMISE, MEDUSA. YOU GET A BODY.

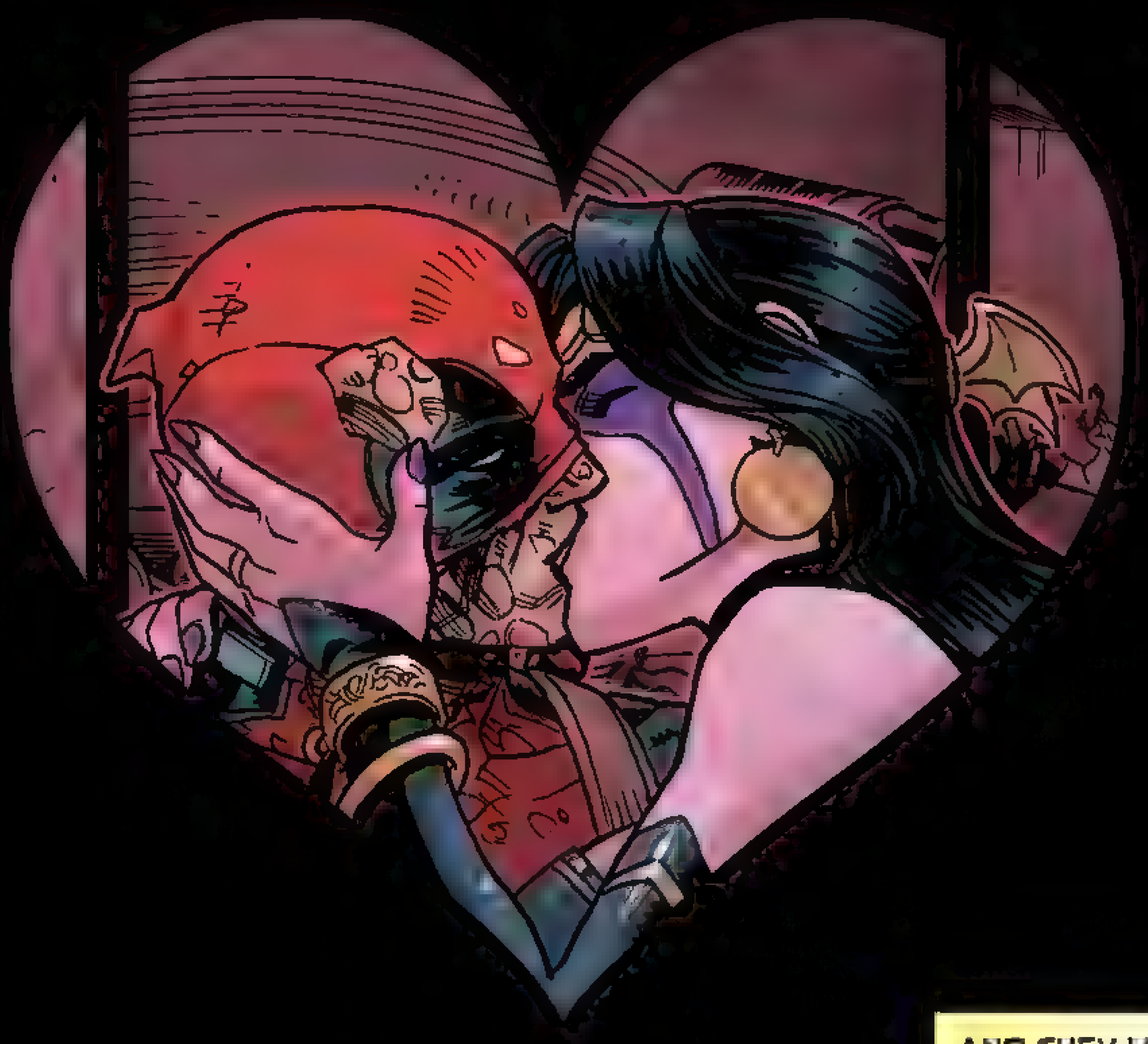
THIS IS NOT WHAT I BARGAINED FOR!

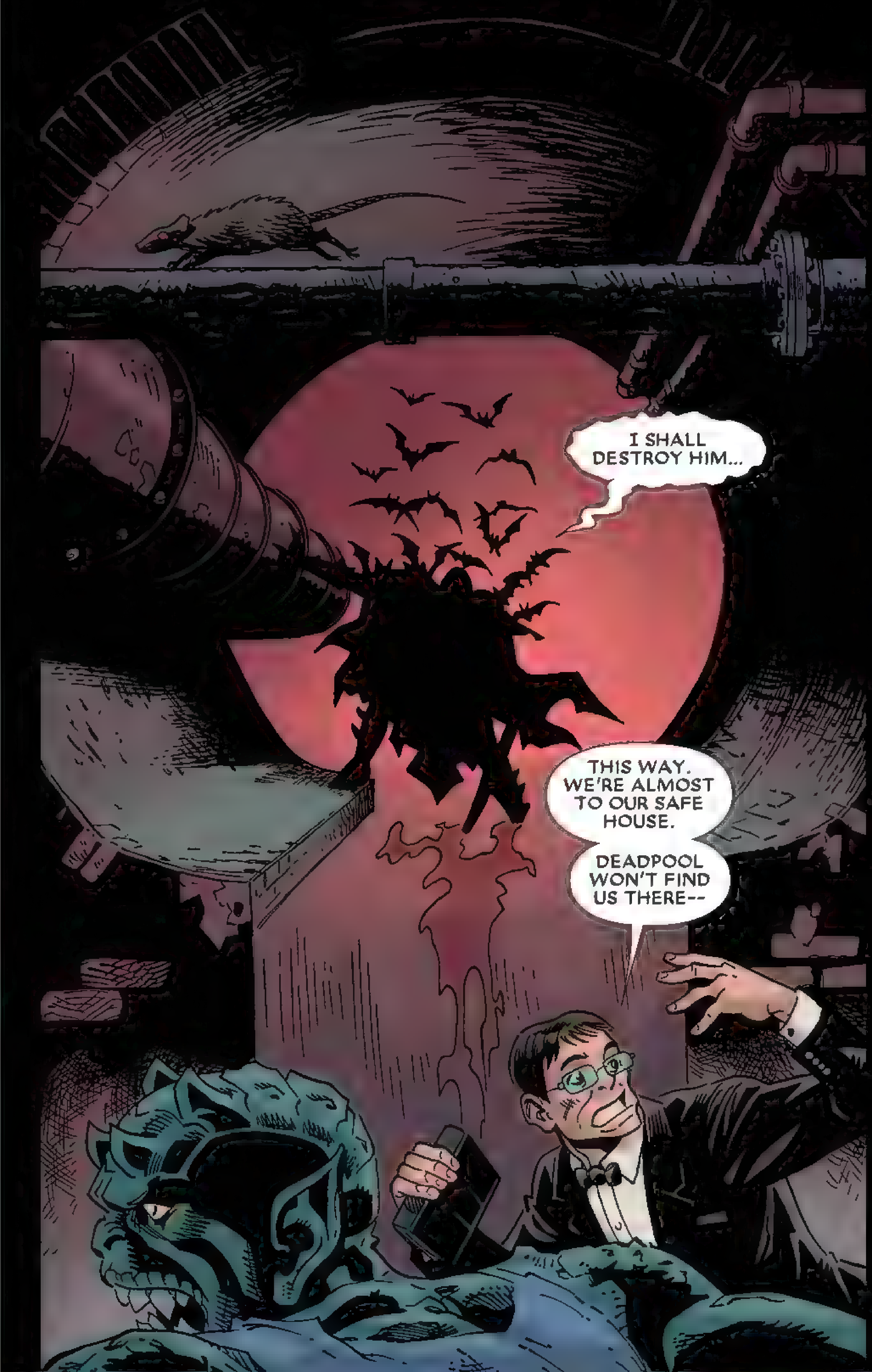
GIVE IT BACK. =WHIMPER= PLEASE GIVE BODY BACK.

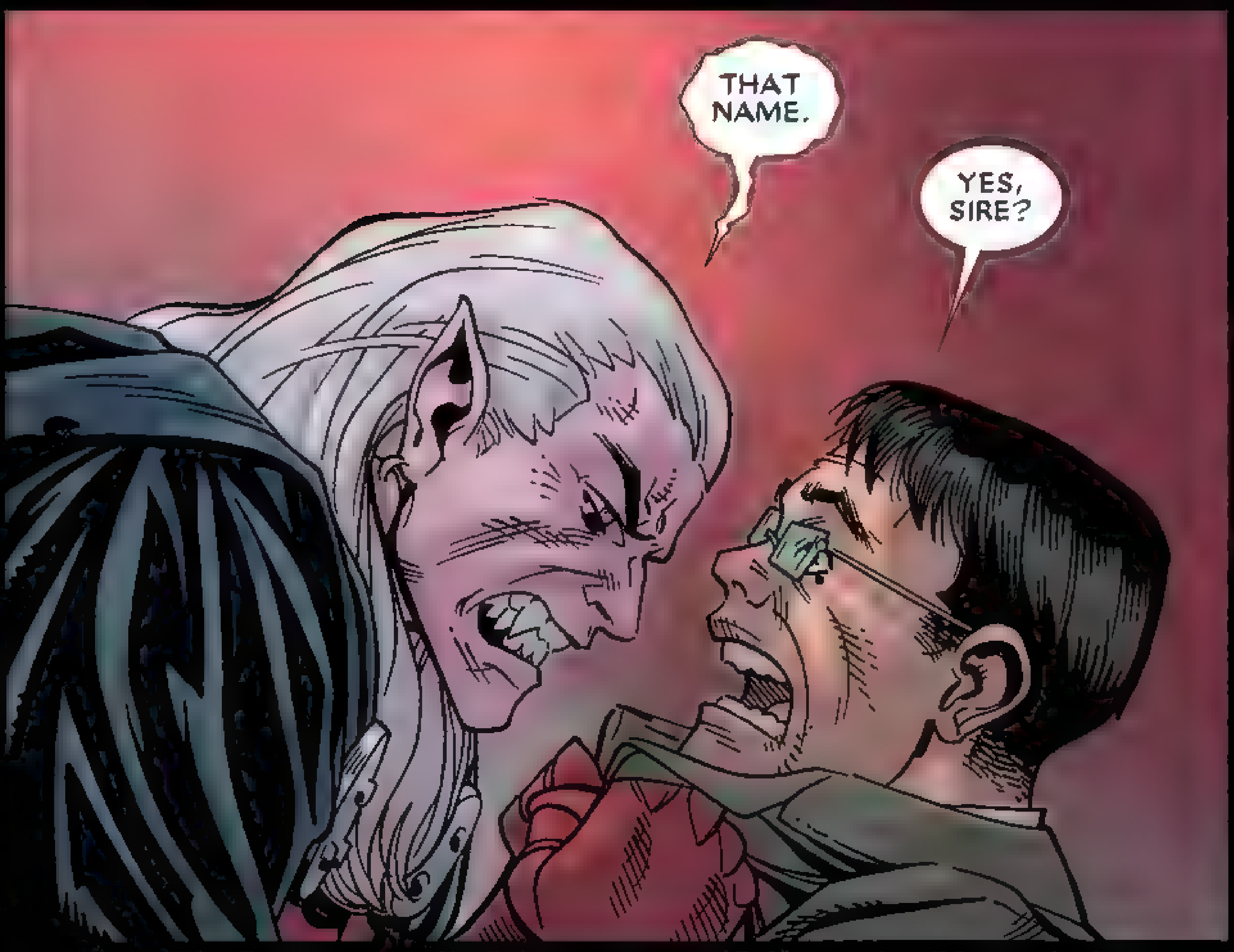
U.S. GOVERNMENT
PKG. # DL111USH29
TOP SECRET
U.S. GOVERNMENT
PKG. # KL412LFK11
TOP SECRET
ERNMENT
LIG5RYF14
ECRET
U.S. GOVERNMENT
PKG. # TK421YRN28
WARNING:
CONTENTS FLAMABLE
U.S. GOVERNMENT
PKG. # TS138WRB32
TOP SECRET
U.S. GOVERNMENT
PKG. # TS138WRB32
TOP SECRET
U.S. GOVERNM
PKG. # US122G
TOP SEC

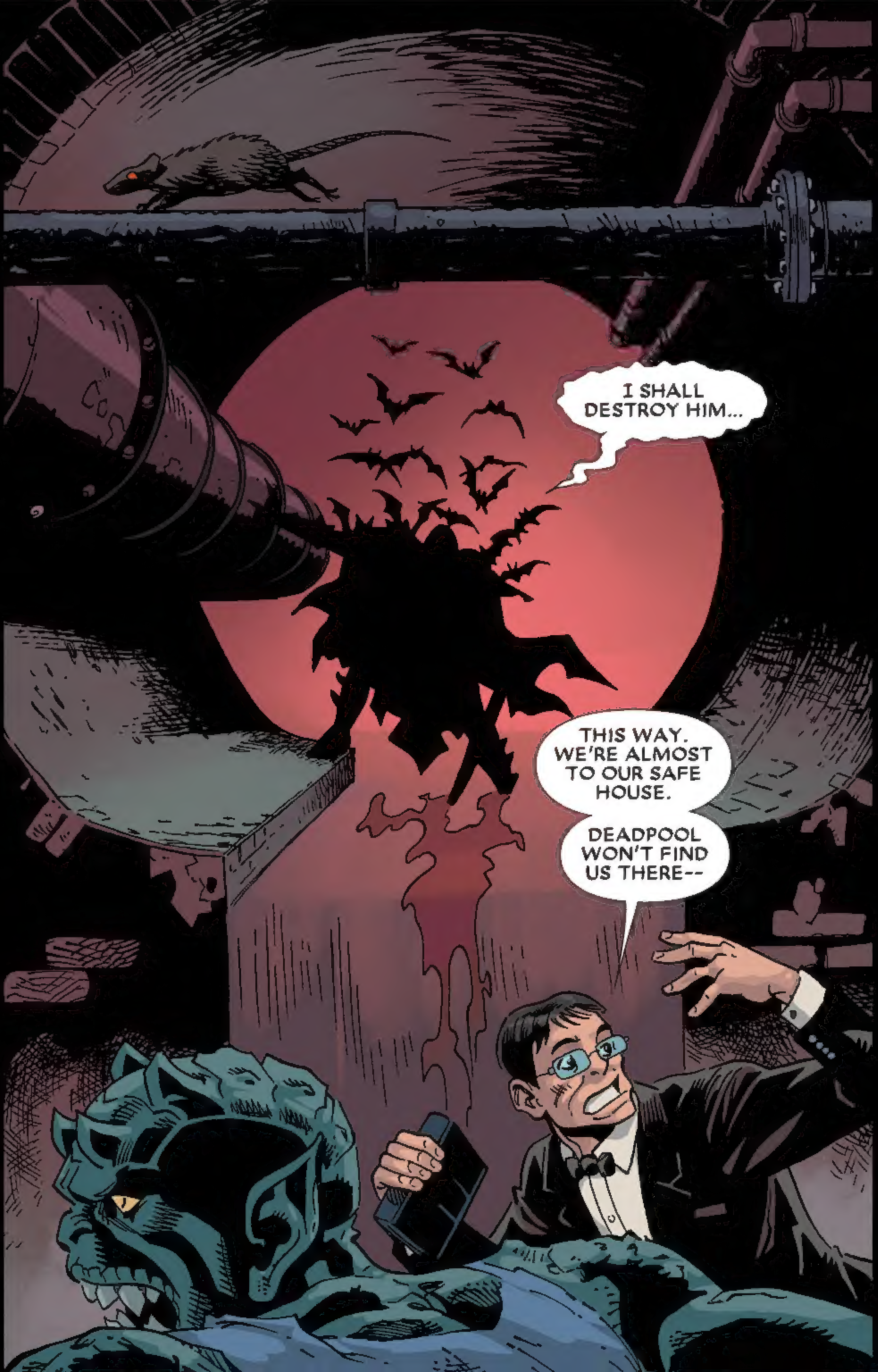

WELL, THAT'S A WRAP ON THIS CAPER.
I MET THE IN-LAWS.
FOR THE FIRST TIME I DIDN'T FEEL LIKE A FREAK.
WE SAID GOODBYE TO MY PALS.
AND WE GOT DOWN TO THE BUSINESS OF *HONEYMOONING.*
FOR ONCE, NOT EVERYTHING TURNED INTO A CRAP SANDWICH.

I'M SURE I'LL PAY FOR IT LATER...BUT FOR NOW, LET'S ALL JUST SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE STORY OF HOW I BEAT UP DRACULA AND STOLE HIS LADY.


AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, UNTIL A RETCON DO THEY PART...


I SHALL DESTROY HIM...
THIS WAY. WE'RE ALMOST TO OUR SAFE HOUSE.
DEADPOOL WON'T FIND US THERE--


THAT NAME.
YES, SIRE?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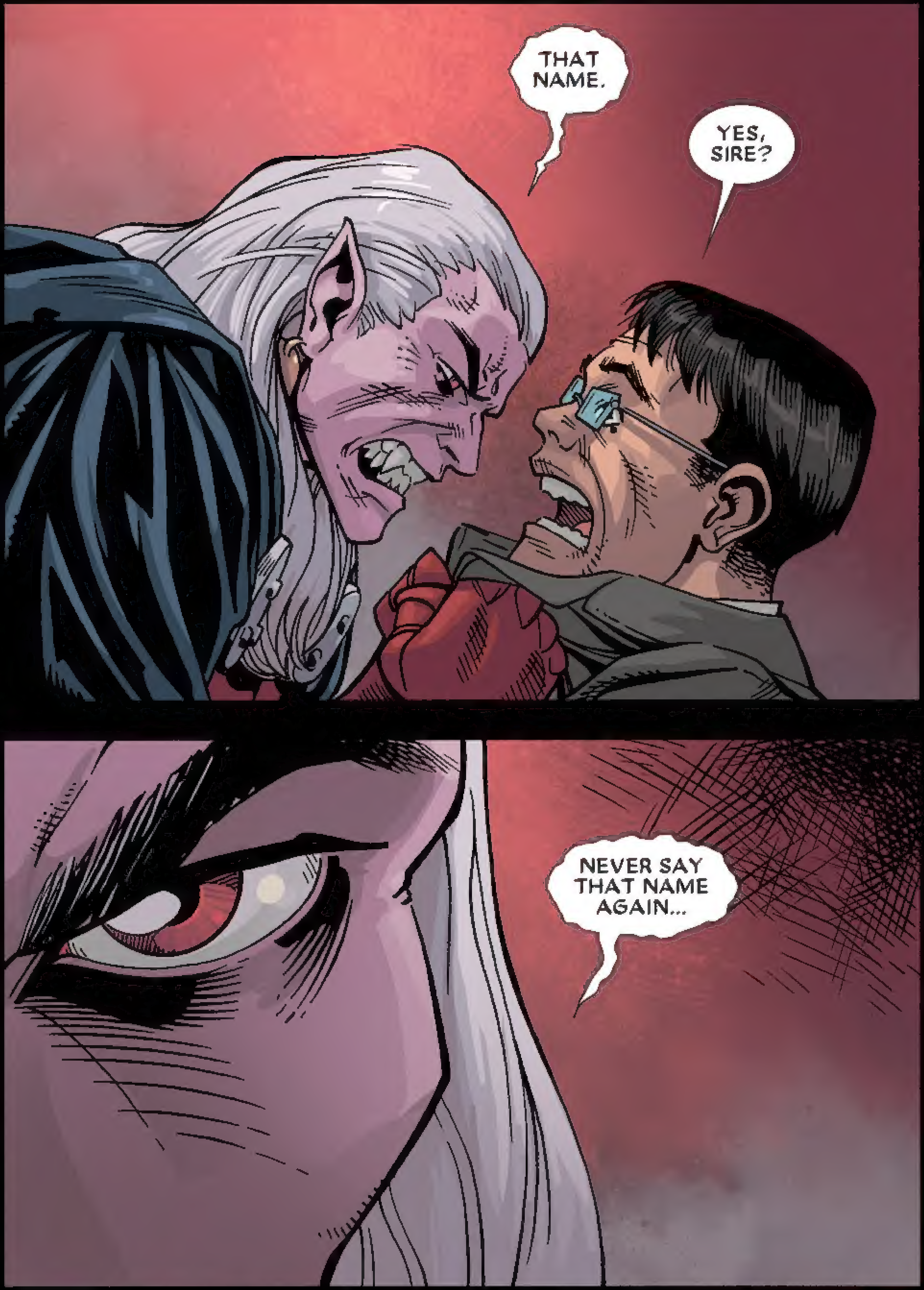
THAT NAME.
YES, SIRE?
NEVER SAY THAT NAME AGAIN...

DEADPOOL
SHUT YOUR MOUTH!
THE END.

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